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MacLean's Magazine

Vol. xxv

Toronto, November 1912

No. 1

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The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd.

Montreal

Toronto

Winnipeg

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A CANADIAN AUTUMN SCENE

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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The National Political Situation

Edward William Thomson

As Hon. W. T. White announced in a recent speech, Reciprocity is not a dead issue. Sir Wilfrid Laurier still considers it the leading feature of his policy, and there is no question but that it is the most important issue before the farmers of the Middle West. At the same time there is no doubt that some of the agitation in the West does not originate with the farmers, but is promoted by agitators financed with money from the United States interests that would benefit by lower duties. As stated in a previous issue, the views of Mr. Thomson are not necessarily those of the publishers of MacLean's. His reference to Reciprocity in this number will be found most interesting as representing the views of those who favor the policy. The situation in the West is the most serious problem Hon. Mr. Borden has on his hands, and he may be depended upon to solve it without adopting the course advocated by Mr. Thomson and his friends. Only a few days ago Governor Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, admitted that the reciprocity arrangement was a very bad one for Canada.—Editor.

AGES ago the maxim "Let well enough alone" sprang from human experience, even as it re-issued from that of the Canadian Liberal party at the last general elections. It is approved by wisdom and very dear to the timid, the cautious, and the lazy. Because it is received instinctively by multitudes in every large electorate, they are Conservatives. dreaders of experimentation in public affairs. Edmund Burke, greatest of active political philosophers, no less liberal than conservative, warned his world that "Innovation is not progress" or "not reform." Proposals for change may be retrogressive, may be for improvement, may be for action based on nothing better than puerile

fear of being taunted as inactive, or than the gambler's instinct for trusting chance and luck. Men who must always be "doing things" are ever in danger of transacting foolishness.

These respectable and even venerable truisms have recurred to the present writer's mind, over and over again, during the past two weeks, while pondering his discourse for the present number of MacLean's Magazine. Probably they arise vaguely in every sincere Canadian who sets about considering the situation of his country with relation to various proposals for change—change from conditions which not only seem "well enough" to most of our people, but which are plainly conditions of gener-

al prosperity, particularly in the older provinces and in British Columbia.

THE CANADIAN SITUATION.

To judge correctly whether the situation of a people is "well enough" in a purely material sense, one must consider, first, not the profits of financiers, speculators, traders and mercantile folk generally, but the earnings of manual workers, including, of course, agriculturists. If they are free of distress, secure of employment or markets, receiving high wages; if they are daily sheltered and abundantly fed, if they collectively save much money, if their children are being fairly educated; if the "masses" are better off than before, and as well or better off than their like in any other civilized country, then we know that the Business Classes must be prospering. Enquiry into their conditions is superfluous in such a situation, which appears to be that of Canada at large.

Never were wages so high, never was employment so constant, never were the bulk of Canadians so well off—and this is said without forgetting for an instant the grievance of which our prairie folk complain. Insofar as credit for existing conditions can be reasonably given to any except the actual performers, directors and planners of real Work—insofar as there is any truth in the rather comic assumption of politicians that they cause public prosperity when they merely do not hinder—in that degree both sets of our politicians may be fairly praised.

Canada's condition is but a prolongation of that which began about the year 1900; a condition that has been improving year by year; one which appears better in 1912 than in 1911; one attained without any notable change or reversal of the public policy of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Fielding, and their colleagues. Mr. Borden and his fellow-ministers are ridiculously blamed—since every opposition tends to dementia—for "not having done anything in a whole year." This would appear to me their high merit, if it were not rather

their good luck. They obtained power partly by effect of accurately gauging the disposition of a prosperous public to "let well enough alone." If they continue to respect that disposition as completely as circumstances have compelled them to do for one blessed year, they may not, in their time, be soon cast into that outer darkness where every Opposition in turn wails, and gnashes impotent teeth.

MINISTRY NOT ENDANGERED.

It is plain that the Ottawa Ministry is not endangered by any novelty, any conspicuous ability, any popularity in the Opposition, great as are the talents of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Beloved though he be by many of his opponents and all his supporters, one hears many impartial spectators asserting, in effect, that the fascination of even his charming figure is somewhat marred by his peregrinative association with a set of wearifu' companions, mostly so unfavorably familiar on the political stage that the mere mention of their names provokes amused yawning. Though he did recently colloque with some formidable younger Liberals—including those unrivalled organizers, Mr. C. W. Cross, of Alberta, and Mr. J. A. Calder, of Saskatchewan—he must remain the one conspicuous attraction of his own Progress through Canada unless he bring Mr. Fielding (whom I find all manner of men desiring to hear again) into his touring troupe.

Business desires to hear Fielding. Laurier, however, occupies pretty safe ground, inasmuch as he proposes nothing now novel to a people apparently so averse from change that they are thought to have ousted himself for inviting them to what many regard as a betterment of trade with friendly neighbors! By this prudence he may be recommending himself to a cautious people. Canadians have been often defined as "the Scotch of this continent." At the same time Mr. Borden, despite his caution, seems daily more and more in the way of becoming committed to several proposals for great, and, in some

cases, retrogressive change. That is what rather threatens than endangers his Ministry.

Everything under him has gone well for his year of acquiescence with what is. This month he will meet Parliament, apparently with a program for extensive innovation. It will be curious and instructive if he provoked dissension within his own ranks, and ultimate defeat of his hitherto popular ministry, exactly as Laurier did—by ignoring a stolid public conviction that things are well enough now.

LESSONS OF THE PAST.

Why should a Premier, one at least nominally conservative, not take example from the success as well as warning from the fate of his sixteen years' prosperous predecessor? Sir Wilfrid and his colleagues, in 1896, were quite as much pledged as Mr. Borden is now to disturb a pre-existing situation. They appeared deeply committed if not to perfect free trade, at least to elimination of every "protective" duty from a "tariff-for-revenue only." They continued "protection;" they twice thoroughly revised the tariff in that sense: even their popular preference to British products was more and more re-moulded so as to rather benefit than harm Ontario's principal manufacturing interest.

They had been hostile to "bounties," yet they resorted to this stimulative device extravagantly, on behalf of the iron and steel interests, not to mention some minor ones, such as the petroleum-refining industry.

In opposition they had been absolutely, lengthily, bitterly committed to a thorough investigation of the promotion, the secret history, the hidden accounts of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company—with whom they hastened to make close friends.

They reversed their attitude to the West, insomuch as that they passed from severe criticism of immigration methods, which had tended to populate the prairies with continental Europeans, to active schemes for importing multitudes of non-English-speaking folk.

They did not dispose of the Intercolonial Railway as they had much proposed to do while in opposition, but extended it as a system under political management.

They did not "reform the civil service root and branch" according to their program in opposition, but merely changed a superannuation system to one granting allowances on retirement or at death.

From having long been apparently inimical to privately owned railways by great public aids, they came to the immense project of guaranteeing the Grand Trunk Pacific.

From extreme anti-militarism, and from long devotion to the doctrine that all Canada's political steps should be toward more autonomy—which could mean nothing but toward independence—they came to contingents for the Boer war, enthusiastic participation in Imperial Conferences, schemes for military and naval co-operation with London, and the beginning of a Canadian "navy" under the Act virtually enabling any Governor-General to compel his Cabinet to hand our ships over to Old Country command without pre-sent from the Dominion Parliament.

These things are not here mentioned by way of blaming the Laurier Administration. Quite the contrary. It was Sir Wilfrid's merit as Premier to have ignored pretty much all the balderdash his party talked in opposition. In office he proceeded as a Conservative no less than as a Progressive, and ever he eschewed action as a radical doctrinaire. He did not innovate. Even as to Reciprocity he stood on the plea that the policy was not for any very notable change. He seldom if ever bothered to defend himself or his Cabinet from those imbecile charges of "inconsistency" which are roared by frantic Oppositions at every ministry in turn. The theory on which he mostly practiced in office was that the business of a Premier is to administer public affairs in such wise as to conserve his country's political independence, to promote its agricultural and industrial development

and to keep race, creed, and geographic elements in the utmost attainable harmony.

WHY THE INNOVATIONS?

All of which is here submitted as mere preliminary to enquiring:—Why should Premier Borden proceed to those great innovations that some extremists expect of him?

Will it not be better for the Dominion and therefore better for him and his ministry if they "let well enough alone," which they can do with essential consistency, since that was their main election cry last year.

What's wrong with the tariff? It produces super-abundant revenue. It has been accepted by pretty much all interests as a fair compromise. Even the prairie West is not now, and never has been truly hostile to existing schedules of customs taxation. What annoys the people of the plains is that they lack free access for their grain to the United States market. If Mr. Borden secure that boon for them—as he probably can—they will complain no more of the present tariff than they did up to last year. As a tariff it is "well enough." Why not leave it alone?

Virtually the tariff will be attacked if the Cabinet stand by Finance Minister White's proposed institution of a tariff Commission. This will be an innovation. Its establishment may be plausibly defended by party politicians and editors. They may say "mere investigation by a permanent commission can do no harm," and so on. But needless investigation of what is well enough may be as injurious as needless auscultation of a healthy human heart, which suspicious proceeding has often caused the patient to worry and so produced disease of the organ. Since none but a few extremists in protectionist theory, conjoined with a few over-greedy interests, ask or hope for a better tariff than the existing one, why institute a costly commission, whose public inquiries must inevitably cause much clamor for tariff change?

Before the projected Board almost

every witness might feel it necessary to ask for "more." Every such demand would cause other demands from "interests" threatened by previous requests. Would it not be good conservative policy to "let that fly stick to the wall," instead of devising an expensive permanent Inquest, which can have no other purpose than to disturb what everybody now agrees is well enough to let alone?

Before passing to another item of expected Ministerial policy, it may be well to explain what is meant by alleging that Premier Borden, "probably can" secure to our prairie people the boon of free sales for their grain in the United States market, and can thus reconcile them anew to the existing Canadian tariff:—

Congress has not repealed the United States Act offering that boon. Our Parliament can pass a corresponding Act, after which proceeding reciprocity could be established immediately, by Washington and Ottawa proclamation.

QUESTIONS FOR CONSERVATIVES.

Now I will put to straight Conservatives a few straight questions, presuming them to be intelligent, well-informed persons, who have read the text of that "pact" which was defeated last year. Do you honestly believe that there would be any danger to Canadian protected manufacturers or to Canada's fiscal independence, if that agreement were accepted by a Conservative instead of by a Liberal Ministry at Ottawa? Is it not a fact that the fear which caused you to oppose ratification of that agreement by the Laurier Government (one theoretically inclined to free trade) was essentially a fear that that Government would go further?—would work for concurrent legislation reducing protection for Ontario manufactures? Would you not feel safe if the Conservative ministry should now accept the agreement? Could not you trust Mr. Borden and his Cabinet to go no further in reciprocity? Did he ask Parliament to authorize such acceptance he would be in that matter unopposed by the Liber-

als. Hence, he can, probably, give the West what it desires, without endangering Ontario's protected interests, and can thus end dangerous discontents.

As for consistency! Is it to be seriously attributed to so wise a man as Mr. Borden that he would or could be silly enough to stand on a conceit that immaculate consistency with his own past is of importance compared with the propriety and advantage of conciliating the West? If he care as much and no more for "consistency" than did the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, Disraeli, Gladstone, Sir John Macdonald, or Laurier, he must feel exceedingly free to plead honestly that the public interest requires him, now a sworn administrator, to do what he did not think should be permitted to an opponent whom he could not trust to abstain from going on to more reciprocity than he proposed.

THE ARMAMENTS' ISSUE.

If reciprocity be, as it certainly is, still dreaded as an "innovation" by multitudes of Canadian devotees of the "let well enough alone" principle, how can they be reasonably expected to favor more important innovation in respect of armaments? We all know that Sir Wilfrid Laurier's "Navy" policy pleased nobody much. It was tolerated by many as a compromise between extreme opinions. There is a good deal of reason to surmise that the bulk of Canadians do not agree with the prime postulate of both sets of their politicians, viz: that a Canadian Navy or even Coast Defence is desirable. Just so the majority of electors do not take out fire or life or accident insurance. They incline to run risks rather than pay premiums. They reflect mainly on the immense amount of railway-building, canal cutting, land-clearing, scholastic or industrial education which could be effected by the many millions which both sets of politicians seem disposed to expend on ships, guns, sailors, marines, ammunition. To save the money for purposes plainly useful, multitudes are willing to run all risks of being involved in war

by continued dependency on Great Britain's strength at sea.

Being among those convinced by study that that long-sufficient strength is likely to prove inadequate to Great Britain's own security, let alone Canada's, I cannot but lament an apparent general disposition of our people to "let well enough alone" in this matter. From lengthy Peace they infer its continuance. It would be as wise to have inferred a clear harvest season from weeks of sunshine last May and June. Probably no Canadian rational enough to have carefully perused most of the many good books, the chief magazine articles, and the more notable speeches of recent years on Great Britain's naval position, can seriously doubt it to be seriously endangered, not by Germany alone so much as by the general development of naval strength in the world.

If general stolidity exist among Canadians on this matter, it must be because few of them have found time or means to study those naval conditions, acquaintance with which would force them to reflection that Great Britain's danger is Canada's danger, and our's the greater, since we have no sorts of coast defence on either ocean. It is, no doubt, this consideration which has lately caused many eminent men outside the political arena to suggest that "the navy" be dealt with by Mr. Borden, Sir Wilfrid, and their respective followers, as a non-party question. Those earnest Important Persons wish to overcome public apathy on the subject by a union of Intellectuals. The calculation is that if pretty much all the speakers and writers agree on a line, then the people will be voiceless and can be led whither the Big Panjandrum wish. This scheme amounts to a proposed negation of democratic rule, and Sir Wilfrid Laurier seems very right in staying out of it. Enough for him to promise support to all that may seem to him wise.

Surely a better way would be for Intellectuals and Big Business men to educate the masses by public discussion up to the facts and needs of the situation, thus overcoming their disposition to

rank Defence of Canada among the matters that are well enough to be let alone. Why not concentrate agreement on the one main point in which all our principal thinkers agree, viz: the need for at least a thorough coast defence—leaving to experts specification of armaments necessary to establish that necessary?

A perfect Coast defence was the first Conservative proposal, set forth by Mr. Geo. E. Foster from his Commons' seat in 1909. Had the Laurier Cabinet backed his proposition, instead of amending it by a lot of sentimental flub-dub interjected on vain hope to compete with Tories for the jingo vote, then all would have gone well, even Mr. Bourassa would have been contented, and the country been united on a matter of paramount importance.

BORDEN'S PROBABLE POLICY.

It seems now not improbable that Mr. Borden, no matter what he may propose by way of one direct and final contribution to the Old Country navy, will produce a program mainly proposing coast defence on both oceans. Sir Wilfrid has as good as promised to stand by such design. It is one that we shall all have

to back, no matter how widely and steadily we may differ in case a direct bounty of millions or dreadnaughts to the London Admiralty be proposed by the Premier. The main business, Canada's safety, is really quite outside the category of things that are well enough, and therefore suitable to leave alone.

My allowed space has been almost exhausted on the two principal affairs likely to embarrass Mr. Borden during the coming season of Parliament. His program of last session for general improvements of Canadian highways seemed good, and was probably popular. It was balked by what many of us think a fantastic objection against extension of Federal action to improvements hitherto left mainly to Provinces and municipalities. Mr. Haughton Lennox, now on the bench, then said what seemed to me a wise thing—viz.—that the Federal power should not be scared, by the bugaboo of "provincial rights," from performing good public works on Federal responsibility. But this opinion, and many others, whose development may soon spring naturally from imminent parliamentary proceedings, may be best left to future numbers of MacLean's Magazine.

SOLITUDE

The 'raptured poet often tells
Of solitude in leafy dells;
And e'en if I no poet be
Still solitude appeals to me.
And woe betide who doth intrude
Upon my leafy solitude.

I know a wood, I know a hill,
Where all is calm and all is still;
And there I sit and dream alone,
At no one's pleasure save my own.
And then I pray you not transgress
Upon my happy loneliness.

And yet if in the wood I found
Among the leaves upon the ground,
And in the shadow of a tree—
You—sitting smiling up at me,
I'd snap my fingers, though it's rude,
At poets and their solitude!

Almey St. John in Pearson's Magazine.

Pres. Falconer—an Organizing Genius

By W. A. Craick

An intimate view of President Falconer, of Toronto University, is presented in this character sketch, which is also somewhat of an interview in that in addition to revealing the personality of the man it throws an interesting sidelight on the nature of his work. As Canadians come to know him better, they are beginning to realize that not only have they a big man in Dr. Falconer, but also one eminently fitted in every sense for the successful discharge of the onerous duties which have devolved upon him in the formidable task of University organization and the raising of educational standards in this country. This article gives a glimpse of the man as he is, together with some of his views on educational problems.

IN the spring of 1907, Principal Falconer of the Presbyterian College, Halifax, took passage aboard a liner sailing from New York for Mediterranean ports. His objective was Greece and he had in prospect a pleasant summer wandering about and viewing the historic sights of that famous land. The academic year was over and with a mind free from immediate care he was bent on spending an enjoyable holiday.

The Atlantic voyage was safely accomplished and the liner entered the Mediterranean. Several stops were made at French and Italian ports and then the ship passed up the Adriatic and dropped anchor at Venice. Mail and cablegrams were brought aboard. Among the latter was one addressed to the Principal. He hurriedly tore it open and read the message. It was to this effect, "You

have been selected as the new President of the University of Toronto; will you accept the appointment?" In this somewhat out-of-the-way manner the present

head of the University of Toronto was apprised of the honor which had been conferred upon him. It is true that he was not in ignorance that his name had been under consideration by the committee of the Board of Governors, which had been instructed to name the president, but in his modesty he had never deemed it possible that the choice would fall upon him. The cablegram came almost as a bolt from the blue and for a moment he was quite overcome. Then, realizing that it was a call to a great and useful

national work, he sent back his acceptance.

The story of the quest of the committee of the Board of Governors for a



DR. FALCONER,
President of Toronto University.

successor to President Loudon is not without its interesting features. The new act by which the University of Toronto was reorganized and placed on a



Walking is his favorite recreation.

more satisfactory financial basis was passed by the Legislature of Ontario in the session of 1907. Following upon the enactment of this measure, a Board of Governors was appointed to adminis-

ter University affairs. Their first duty was to secure a new head for the reorganized institution. To expedite the work, a special committee was drafted, on which such eminent Canadians as Sir William Meredith, the Chancellor of the University; Sir Edmund Walker, chairman of the Board of Governors; Sir Charles Moss, Dr. J. A. Macdonald and the late Dr. Teefy consented to serve.

Great Britain, the United States and Canada were scoured for eligible men and a list was gradually compiled of those who were deemed strong enough for the position. Members of the committee were themselves responsible for several nominations, while numerous suggestions were received from outsiders. At length the committee met to make its selection. Eighty-seven names were up for consideration and the task of picking the best man was no easy one. Finally the choice of the members rested on Professor Michael Sadler of Manchester, England, a distinguished educationist. He was duly approached but after mature consideration declined the offer, giving as his reason the fact that he had set his heart on the work of improving the English educational system and did not feel that he could relinquish the task.

The committee, disappointed, but still with eighty-six names before them, met again. Some members, among them Dr. Macdonald who had nominated him, put in a strong plea for the Principal of the Presbyterian College in Halifax. As he was unknown personally to a large majority of the Board, the committee decided to send for him and place him under a close personal examination. This was on a Thursday. They were aware that Principal Falconer was sailing for Greece on the following Tuesday, but an urgent telegram was dispatched to him and in response, the Halifax man appeared on the scene. The experience must have been a severe ordeal. The Principal was luncheoned by Sir Edmund Walker, at the Toronto Club, was cross-examined by "Tom" White at the National Trust Co., was interviewed by Sir William Meredith at his residence and was



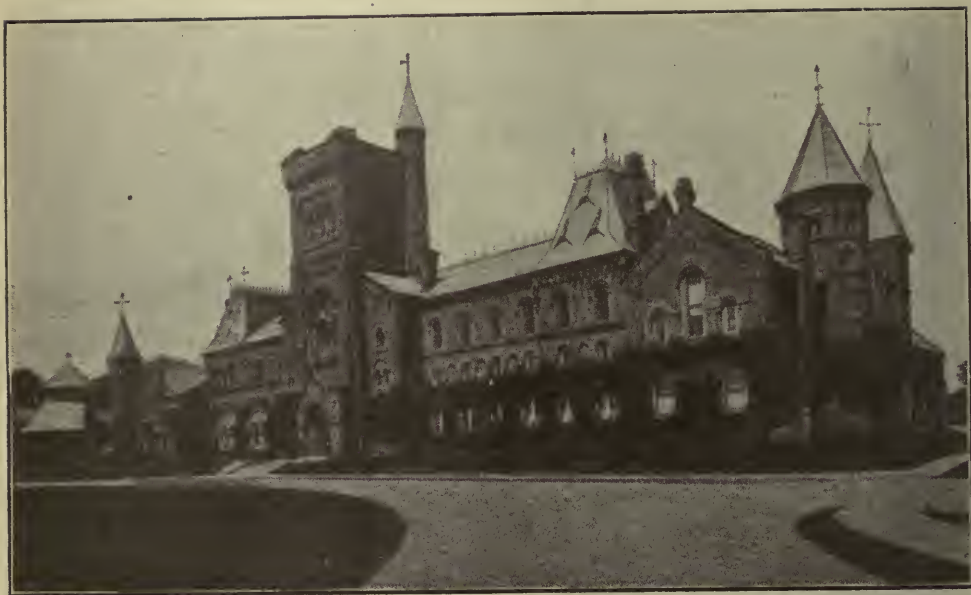
Dr. Falconer at his desk.

generally observed from all angles by members of the Board of Governors. After it was over, the future finance minister of Canada voiced the opinion of the Board, when he exclaimed delightedly, "That's the man for us." Meanwhile Principal Falconer himself hurried away to catch his steamship at New York, quite unaware that he had made such a hit. The committee re-assembled the following week and unanimously decided to tender him the appointment, sending him their offer by cable, as already described.

In the fall of 1907, President Falconer was duly installed in the important office to which he had been called and at once took up the task of carrying out the re-organization programme

that had been inaugurated with his appointment. He has now held office for five years, a sufficient testing time for any man and that he has abundantly justified the expectations of those who sponsored him is everywhere admitted. Indeed, he has proved himself a bigger and a stronger man than even his greatest admirers were prepared to prophesy.

The son of a Presbyterian minister, the future president was born in the city of Charlottetown on Prince Edward Island early in the year that witnessed the confederation of the Canadian provinces. In his tenth year the family moved to the island of Trinidad, where his father was called to a charge, and there young Falconer passed his boy-



The main building of Toronto University.

hood days. What youth brought up in the prosaic surroundings of a Canadian town would not envy this boy his opportunities, living in a part of the world where romantic adventure has long had its seat. The West Indies of the story books, with their pirates and their buccaneers, their buried treasure and their golden galleons, were right at hand, and while the reality might have been as unromantic as the life in a peaceful Canadian village, yet there must have been much to captivate a boyish mind in the strange tropical surroundings. He saw a good deal of Trinidad and at one time penetrated far up the Orinoco River in South America on a memorable holiday trip.

Young Falconer, however, was more of a student than most boys and in the school at Port of Spain, presided over at the time by an excellent old scholar, he soon became head of his class. The chief prize at this school was known as the West Indian Gilchrist Scholarship, given in connection with the work of the University of London. This he was

easily able to win and at the age of seventeen, along with his brother James he sailed for the land of his forefathers across the Atlantic. Both boys registered at the University of Edinburgh and both carried on their studies together trying the same examinations and taking the same degrees. The provisions of the Gilchrist Scholarship required its holder to be examined each year at London and to London he went at the prescribed time. From the University of London he took his bachelor of arts degree in 1888 and the following year the University of Edinburgh gave him his master's hood.

From their earliest years the Falcone boys had been destined for the ministry by pious parents, and having completed their arts course, they immediately turned their attention to divinity, continuing their studies at Edinburgh. These were halcyon times for them, for both were enthusiastic students. Their winters were spent in the Scottish capital, while in summer they crossed to Germany and attended the summer ses-

sions at Leipzig or Berlin or Marburg. Finally in 1892, having achieved the distinction of bachelor of divinity, they retraced their way across the Atlantic and took up the chain of existence again on Canadian soil.

Robert Falconer immediately received an appointment as lecturer on New Testament Exegesis in the Presbyterian College, Halifax. His brother accepted a charge in the province. From lecturer, Robert advanced to a full professorship in 1895, and in 1904 became in addition principal of the college. The life in Halifax was very pleasant for him. The duties of his position were not extremely onerous. He had time to read, to study and to write. He became a valued contributor to several theological publications and even went to the extent of writing a book on "The Truth of the Apostolic Gospel," which was published in 1904. In the long vacations he travelled extensively and at other times took a keen delight in going for lengthy rambles with congenial companions through the beautiful country around Halifax. Walking is

still, as it was then, his favorite form of recreation.

On the social side he was associated in a small club with several men who have since then won distinction in the educational life of Canada. There was Dr. Gordon, then minister of St. Andrew's Church in Halifax, now principal of Queen's University, Kingston; Alfred Gandier, his brother-in-law, now principal of Knox College, Toronto, but then in charge of Fort Massey Church; Clarence McKinnon, who had a small charge just outside Halifax and who is now his successor in the principalship of the Presbyterian College; Walter Murray, then a professor in Dalhousie University, now president of the University of Saskatchewan; and his brother James who is to-day his successor as professor of New Testament Exegesis in Halifax. The club met alternately in the studies of its members and discussed theological and philosophical questions, and if Principal McKinnon was the most brilliant of the six, President Falconer was the deepest thinker and the sanest in his judgments.



Dr. Falconer leading a Convocation procession across the Varsity campus.

Then came a time of change. Other duties devolved upon the members of the little club and in the added work of the principalship, Dr. Falconer found his time more fully occupied. The duty of keeping the needs of the College before the church fell upon him and he was constantly in the pulpit urging its claims on the people. Meanwhile further academic distinctions had been his. In 1902 his alma mater gave him the degree of Litt.D. The state University

culiarities of habit or idiosyncracies of disposition about him which make it a simple thing to sketch an interesting portrait. He is one of those thorough-going, matter-of-fact individuals about whom it is hard to weave any entertaining anecdotal paragraphs. Nevertheless there are certain characteristics in his make-up, which lend distinction to his personality and to these some reference should be made.

Absolute fairness seems to be one of



Dr. Elliot, the famous educationist, and Mrs. Elliot, on the occasion of their visit to Toronto, where they were guests of Dr. Falconer and Mrs. Falconer, in whose apartments this photograph was taken.

of New Brunswick and the Roman Catholic University of St. Francis Xavier alike honored him with the degree of LL.D., while in 1906, Knox College, Toronto, conferred upon him a D.D. Subsequently he has had LL.D.'s from Toronto, McMaster, Dalhousie and Manitoba, so that the number of his degrees is far beyond the average.

Personally President Falconer is not a man who lends himself easily to the pen of the descriptive writer. There are none of those oddities of character, pe-

his most outstanding qualities. Placed as he is in a position, in which he is frequently called upon to settle questions of discipline, he has invariably taken a broad-minded stand. He always listens to the other side, weighs conditions carefully and then decides on the merits of the case. At times he may appear stubborn in his views, but it will invariably be found that he has arrived at his decision only after long and careful cogitation.

Those who know anything of Uni-

versity affairs for the past twenty or thirty years must be aware how very much the University's progress has been hampered by jealousies engendered by cliques. No better man could have been selected to cope with this situation than President Falconer. He came to the University, "nobody's body," and he has retained his position of independence. He possesses the gift of getting on well with everybody and even with the most crotchety members of the Senate and Board of Governors he is "persona grata."

He has continued to maintain the dignity of his position with rare success. Combining a pleasing presence with a fine gift of oratory, he is an ideal representative of a great University. Toronto owes not a little of her fame among the other universities of the world to the influence he has exerted on various occasions when he has been called on to speak for her. As an instance, last summer at the congress of universities of the empire, he was one of the outstanding figures. At the same time throughout Canada he is being looked to more and more as a mentor on things educational and especially in the West his word has come to carry great weight.

His life is an extremely busy one, almost his whole time being consumed in handling the work of his office. He no longer has an opportunity to lecture and this prohibition is one of the things that he regrets most keenly, as it prevents him from getting into close touch with the students as a body. While still a comparatively young man, the burden

of his task is becoming a heavy one and his friends are anxiously looking forward to the time when he will be re-



Dr. Falconer in action as a popular speaker.

lieved of part of the work and have an opportunity to devote more time to thinking out pressing problems.

President Falconer is perhaps best known to the public as a speaker. He possesses a remarkably clear, carrying voice, which in itself is a great asset. Add to this a wealth of ideas, gathered from much study, travel and observation, and an ability to think on his feet, and he is well equipped for platform work. There is possibly a little heaviness in his remarks. He means all he says and therefore lacks some of the sprightliness and wit of the "jollier." But anyone who enjoys fine English, clearly enunciated and fraught with sound sense, will appreciate his oratorical efforts.

The President confesses frankly that he has never been a success in any form of sport, being, as he says, too clumsy to become proficient at any game requiring physical skill. His favorite recreation is still pedestrianism though he has few opportunities to indulge it. Like many men of note he pays a large annual fee to a golf club, but only plays around the course about once a year, thereby proving the truth of the contention that, next to aeroplaning, golf is the most expensive sport on earth.

And now to get a closer glimpse of his personality and to learn something of the views he entertains regarding the University, a hurried visit to his office in the main building, will prove helpful. Seated behind a large flat-topped desk, plentifully bestrewn with books and correspondence, in a room known to the graduates of the nineties as the registrar's office, Dr. Falconer receives his visitors with the kindly welcome of the man, whose life is devoted to the uplift of humanity. There is a quiet dignity about him that impresses one with the genuineness of his personality. He shows none of those airs of superiority and condescension that oftentimes cloak less important individuals, while his conversation is frank and unstilted. There is a boyishness about his appearance that would lead one to suppose him younger than he actually is. The face is open, with merely a faint suggestion of the sternness that usually marks the pedagogue. Of medium

height, the figure is erect and well proportioned.

As he sits back in his chair, let us chat with him for a few minutes about the affairs of the great institution over the destinies of which he now presides.

"What can I say about the development of the University since I became President?" he replies in answer to a leading question. "Well I must disclaim any personal credit for the great advance that has been made. We have been carried along on a wave of progress. The re-organization policy adopted some years ago and which is still being matured, is one force that has helped to build up the University. The prosperity of the country is a second irresistible cause and the growing desire of the people for higher education is yet a third. All three have contributed materially to our growth."

"What do you consider the most significant movement of recent years in the policy of the University?" was the next query.

"Undoubtedly the raising of our standards," replied the President. "The standards of entrance are going up and we are aiming to get the schools of the country to do more advanced teaching, thereby relieving the University of much of its elementary work. As a result we hope to graduate better professional men and make Toronto's degrees stronger than ever, even though they have always been good. We have advanced the course in medicine from four to five years, in applied science from three to four years, and our arts courses are also being raised. And yet in spite of that, the attendance in all the faculties continues to grow."

"A natural question arises here. How do you regard the great development in technical education as opposed to scholastic learning?"

"The development of technical education has to go on very rapidly in a country like Canada. At the same time we are maintaining the balance pretty well in the University. Centres of learning like this cannot afford to lower the standard in arts or neglect the dead languages. We want thinkers in this country, men who are not only ready to

take up the practical work of to-morrow, but who can think out the problems that confront us. The mistake is often made of considering Canadians as a young people. We are really an old people living in a new land. We must know what share the past has taken in our development. We ought to be quite free from intellectual crudity in this country and the universities should strive to prevent it. To the universities we must look for the men of original mind, who have been trained to think for themselves. And for this reason we strive to maintain the balance between action and thought."

"What are your views as to the place of sport in University life?"

"Very necessary," answered the President. "We aim to get as many of the students as possible to engage in sport and are glad to see so many taking it up. We don't want a situation where the multitude look on and see a few playing a game, but where every student will participate. When the new gymnasium is completed, we hope to see more and more take part. Meanwhile we are not permitting the sporting element to predominate, because we are raising the intellectual standard. Better to have a few well trained men, physically and intellectually, than a multitude of a lower standard of accomplishment. Compulsory physical training? Well, I wouldn't like to express an opinion on that. I am personally in favor of a physical examination of every student."

"One last question. What about the University and public life? Are the

graduates taking up their share of the burden; or are they shrinking from politics?"

"They are doing pretty well. There is W. T. White, the Minister of Finance, as a good example. It is, of course, rare for University men to go direct into public life. They need to go through a certain amount of business or professional experience first. The case of Governor Woodrow Wilson is certainly rare. At the same time graduates should take more interest in politics, while it might often be good policy for public men to consult with the men in the Universities oftener than they do."

At this point, President Falconer jumps to his feet. His day is cut into exact slices and there can be no overlapping. An inexorable memory reminds him that he is due elsewhere and the brief interview is at an end. However, there is this consolation. In fifteen minutes he has been able to give a very concise account of his views on the progress and policy of the big University.

There was much adverse comment when President Falconer was appointed. He was practically an unknown quantity; what was more, in the eyes of many, he was a minister. The only strong point in his favor was that he was a Canadian. That he has outlived this criticism and has attained a position of high regard, on the strength of his good qualities alone, is evidence of the power of his personality and his fitness for the work with which he has been entrusted.

THE LIBERAL EDUCATION

"That man is best educated who is most useful. It is necessary to define anew the liberal education. Studies are no longer considered liberal in proportion to their remoteness from practical learning, but, on the contrary, to their direct relationship to life."

The Call of The Tame

By O. Henry

WHEN the inauguration was accomplished—the proceedings were made smooth by the presence of the Rough Riders—it is well known that a herd of those competent and loyal ex-warriors paid a visit to the big city. The newspaper reporters dug out of their trunks the old broad-brimmed hats and leather belts that they wear to North Beach fish fries, and mixed with the visitors. No damage was done beyond the employment of the wonderful plural "tender-feet" in each of the scribe's stories. The Westerners mildly contemplated the skyscrapers as high as the third story, yawned at Broadway, hunched down in the big chairs in hotel corridors, and altogether looked as bored and dejected as a member of Ye Ancient and Honorable artillery separated during a sham battle from his valet.

Out of this sightseeing delegation of good King Teddy's Gentlemen of the Royal Bear-hounds dropped one Greenbrier Nye, of Pin Feather, Ariz.

The daily cyclone of Sixth Avenue's rush hour swept him away from the company of his pardners true. The dust from a thousand rustling skirts filled his eyes. The mighty roar of trains rushing across the sky deafened him. The lightning-flash of twice ten hundred beaming eyes confused his vision.

The storm was so sudden and tremendous that Greenbrier's first impulse was to lie down and grab a root. And then he remembered that the disturbance was human, and not elemental; and he backed out of it with a grin into a doorway.

The reporters had written that but for the wide-brimmed hats the West

was not visible upon these gauchos of the North. Heaven sharpen their eyes! The suit of black diagonal, wrinkled in impossible places; the bright blue four-in-hand, factory tied; the low, turned-down collar, pattern of the days of Seymour and Blair, white glazed as the letters on the window of the open-day-and-night-except-Sunday restaurants; the outcurve at the knees from the saddle grip; the peculiar spread of the half-closed right thumb and fingers from the stiff hold upon the circling lasso; the deeply absorbed weather tan that the hottest sun of Cape May can never equal; the seldom-winking blue eyes that unconsciously divided the rushing crowds into fours, as though they were being counted out of a corral; the segregated loneliness and solemnity of expression, as of an Emperor or of one whose horizons have not intruded upon him nearer than a day's ride—these brands of the West were set upon Greenbrier Nye. Oh, yes; he wore a broad-brimmed hat, gentle reader—just like those the Madison Square Post Office mail-carriers wear when they go up to Bronx Park on Sunday afternoons. Suddenly Greenbrier Nye jumped into the drifting herd of metropolitan cattle, seized upon a man, dragged him out of the stream and gave him a buffet upon his collarbone that sent him reeling against the wall.

The victim recovered his hat, with the angry look of a New Yorker who has suffered an outrage and intends to write to the Trib. about it. But he looked at his assailant, and knew that the blow was in consideration of love and affection after the manner of the West, which greets its friends with contumely

and uproar and pounding fists, and receives its enemies in decorum and order, such as the judicious placing of the welcoming bullet demands.

"God in the mountains!" cried Greenbrier, holding fast to the foreleg of his cull. "Can this be Longhorn Merritt?"

The other man was—oh, look on Broadway any day for the pattern—business man—latest rolled-brim derby—good barber, business, digestion and tailor.

"Greenbrier Nye!" he exclaimed, grasping the hand that had smitten him. "My dear fellow! So glad to see you! How did you come to—oh, to be sure—the inaugural ceremonies—I remember you joined the Rough Riders. You must come and have luncheon with me, of course."

Greenbrier pinned him sadly but firmly to the wall with a hand the size, shape and color of a McClellan saddle.

"Longy," he said, in a melancholy voice that disturbed traffic, "what have they been doing to you?" You act just like a citizen. They done made you into a inmate of the city directory. You never made no such Johnny Branch ex-création of yourself as that out on the Gila. 'Come and have lunching with me.' You never defined grub by any such terms of reproach in them days."

"I've been living in New York seven years," said Merritt. "It's been eight since we punched cows together in Old Man Garcia's outfit. Well, let's go to a cafe, anyhow. It sounds good to hear it called 'grub' again."

They picked their way through the crowd to a hotel, and drifted, as by a natural law, to the bar.

"Speak up," invited Greenbrier.

"A dry Martini," said Merritt.

"Oh, Lord," cried Greenbrier; "and yet me and you once saw the same pink Gila monsters crawling up the walls of the same hotel in Canon Diablo! A dry—but let that pass. Whiskey straight—and they're on you."

Merritt smiled, and paid.

They lunched in a small extension of the dining room that connected with

the cafe. Merritt dexterously diverted his friend's choice, that hovered over ham and eggs, to a puree of celery, a salmon cutlet, a partridge pie and a desirable salad.

"On the day," said Greenbrier, grieved and thunderous, "when I can't hold but one drink before eating when I meet a friend I ain't seen in eight years at a 2 by 4 table in a thirty-cent town at 1 o'clock on the third day of the week, I want nine bronchos to kick me forty times over a 640-acre section of land. Get them statistics?"

"Right, old man," laughed Merritt. "Waiter, bring an absinthe frappe and—what's yours, Greenbrier?"

"Whiskey straight," mourned Nye. "Out of the neck of a bottle you used to take it, Longy—straight out of the neck of a bottle on a galloping pony—Arizona redeye, not this ab—oh, what's the use? They're on you."

Merritt slipped the wine card under his glass.

"All right. I suppose you think I'm spoiled by the city. I'm as good a Westerner as you are, Greenbrier; but, somehow, I can't make up my mind to go back out there.

"I'll tell you what you are, Merritt," said Greenbrier, laying one elbow in his salad and the other in his butter. "You are a concentrated, effete, unconditional, short-sleeved, gotch-eared Miss Sally Walker. God made you perpendicular and suitable to ride straddle and use cuss words in the original. Wherefore you have suffered his handiwork to elapse by removing yourself to New York and putting on little shoes tied with strings, and making faces when you talk. I've seen you rope and tie a steer in 42½. If you was to see one now you'd write to the Police Commissioner about it. And these flapdoodle drinks that you inoculate your system with—these little essences of cowslip with acorns in 'em, and paregoric flip—they ain't anyways in assent with the cordiality of manhood. I hate to see you this way."

"Well, Greenbrier," said Merritt, with apology in his tone, "in a way you

are right. Sometimes I do feel like I was being raised on the bottle. But, I tell you, New York is comfortable—comfortable. There's something about it—the sights and the crowds, and the way it changes every day, and the very air of it that seems to tie a one-mile-long stake rope around a man's neck, with the other end fastened somewhere about Thirty-fourth Street. I don't know what it is."

"God knows," said Greenbrier sadly, "and I know. The East has gobbled you up. You was venison, and now you're veal. You put me in mind of a japonica in a window. You've been signed, sealed and diskivered. Requiescat in hoc signo. You make me thirsty."

"A green chartreuse here," said Merritt to the waiter.

"Whiskey straight," sighed Greenbrier, "and they're on you, you renegade of the round-ups."

"Guilty, with an application for mercy," said Merritt. "You don't know how it is, Greenbrier. It's so comfortable here that —"

"Please loan me your smelling salts," pleaded Greenbrier. "If I hadn't seen you once bluff three bluffers from Mazatzal City with an empty gun in Phoenix —"

Greenbrier's voice died away in pure grief.

"Cigars!" he called harshly to the waiter, to hide his emotion.

"A pack of Turkish cigarettes for mine," said Merritt.

"They're on you," chanted Greenbrier, struggling to conceal his contempt.

At seven they dined in the Where-to-Dine-Well column.

That evening a galaxy had assembled there. Bright shone the lights o'er fair women and br—let it go, anyhow—brave men. The orchestra played charmingly.

Merritt put forth exertions on the dinner. Greenbrier was his old friend, and he liked him. He persuaded him to drink a cocktail.

"I take the horehound tea," said

Greenbrier, "for old times' sake. But I'd prefer whiskey straight. They're on you."

"Right!" said Merritt. "Now run your eye down that bill of fare and see if it seems to hitch on any items."

"Lay me on my lava bed!" said Greenbrier, with bulging eyes. "All these specimens of nutriment in the grub wagon! What's this? Horse with the heavens? I pass. But look along! Here's truck for twenty round-ups all spelled out in different sections. Wait till I see."

The viands ordered, Merritt turned to the wine list.

"This Medoc isn't bad," he suggested.

"You're the doc," said Greenbrier. "I'd rather have whiskey straight. It's on you."

"How was the range when you left the Gila?" asked Merritt.

"Fine," said Greenbrier. "You see that lady in the red speckled silk at that table? Well, she could warm over her beans at my campfire. Yes, the range was good. She looks as nice as a white mustang I see once on Black River."

When the coffee came, Greenbrier put one foot on the seat of the chair next to him.

"You said it was a comfortable town, Longy," he said, meditatively. "Yes, it's a comfortable town. It's different from the plains in a blue norther. What did you call that mess in the crock with the handle, Longy? Oh, yes, squabs in a cash roll. They're worth the roll. That white mustang had just such a way of turning his head and shaking his mane—look at her, Longy. If I thought I could sell out my ranch at a fair price, I believe I'd—"

"Gyar—song!" he suddenly cried, in a voice that paralyzed every knife and fork in the restaurant.

The waiter dived toward the table.

"Two more of them cocktail drinks," ordered Greenbrier.

Merritt looked at him and smiled significantly.

"They're on me," said Greenbrier, blowing a puff of smoke to the ceiling.

Canada's Pure Food Problem

By John MacCormac

There should be reciprocity in foodstuffs in Canada in at least one particular. As between producer and consumer there should be reciprocity in quality and prices—the quality should be as good as the price is high. That is all that is involved in the fight against adulterated products and in the campaign for pure foods. In Canada the battle has been less spectacular than that waged in the United States, but the results have been quite as satisfactory. Canadians, however, are not as familiar with Canadian laws and regulations touching food stuffs as they should be. In this article some salient facts concerning them are presented.

A WOMAN once pushed open the glass doors of a corner grocery store and made her way to its main counter. There was nothing in the least extraordinary or unusual about her and that is why her actions were significant for she typified the average Canadian housewife doing part of her daily buying.

The woman made two purchases. One was a tin of fruit jam and the other of chicken soup—at least that was what she asked and paid for but not what the genial grocer with the white apron and the smiling face parceled up for her. The woman knew the grocer; he was a member of the congregation to which she belonged, where he taught a bible class and contributed generously to the mission fund. She considered him an upright man. And as the adjective is generally accepted, he was.

And yet, instead of the fruit jam and the chicken soup which this woman had ordered and had a right to expect what she really got were two tins, one containing a little—a very little—of the fruit of which such a highly colored representation appeared on the outside of the can; some dextrin, which is

a substitute for gum arabic and not the best thing for the human stomach, and glucose, which is a sirupy compound you could make yourself by treating starch with dilute sulphuric acid. The other tin was labeled “chicken soup,” but it wasn’t. It was veal soup, and slightly spoiled veal soup at that, with a faint acidity of contents due to corrosion of the can in which it was contained.

Neither the jam which was not jam nor the chicken soup which was not chicken soup was so adulterated as to be actually dangerous in use and there are those who would urge that in such case the ignorance of the ultimate consumer was also his bliss and all for the good of the canning industry. The grocer—well the grocer would simply blame it on the manufacturer from whom he obtained his goods and let it go at that. The manufacturer might plead that “they all did it,” that competition was keen, necessitating a certain amount of leeway as regards quality; and finally that if the latter were inferior his prices were lower anyway.

As a matter of fact the blame might be divided between all three parties to the deal, the manufacturer who made

the goods, the grocer who retailed them and, finally, the average housewife who bought them. Yes, the housewife is at fault for much of the present adulteration of food in Canada as elsewhere and she will continue to be until she learns to apply her mother's and her grandmother's old-fashioned methods of intelligent inspection of all purchases to modern systems of food selling. Canned goods are a comparatively recent development; two decades ago the average housewife of that time did not buy them and consequently had little to fear from adulteration. Yet one fancies that if the modern Canadian woman of a family paid the greater personal attention to detail that her predecessor did twenty years ago it would quickly become not only honesty but policy for the manufacturer to turn out pure goods.

The trouble is that often popular demand is in the other direction. The public desire for white flour, for instance, has resulted in the bleaching of much of the product by millers with oxides of nitrogen, and numerous other instances could be cited where a badly informed public opinion has tempted the manufacturers to adulteration.

But, while the education of the Canadian housewife will have to be left to time, her interests as the ultimate consumer are all along protected by an agency maintained by the government of this country, the food inspection branch of the inland revenue department. It is to this end, also, that there has been built up under the capable direction of Dr. A. McGill, chief analyst of this department and known as the Dr. Wiley of Canada, a system of national food control of which Canadians may be proud.

The question of the adulteration of food is, economically, easily one of the most important which the twentieth century has to solve. And as everybody has to eat, its solution is naturally one of universal interest not only from the point of view of the public but of the honest producer and trader himself. But to the working public, the great

mass who have to toil hard that they may earn their daily bread, it is of special import. Investigation has shown that where the purchaser with money to spend on more than his necessities seeks the best article and often, in fact, buys his food and drink for the sake of its flavor, he is not very likely to obtain an adulterated article, because the more expensive foods are seldom adulterated. It is the poorer purchaser who is buying his food for his daily nourishment who especially needs protection.

Then, if we look at the adulteration question from the point of view of the honest producer and trader it will become apparent that the unfair competition caused by trading in adulterated articles which can either be sold at a lower rate or a greater profit than the real thing is a very serious matter. Even if fraud with foodstuffs were not objectionable from a hygienic point of view commercial morality demands a food control.

THE PURE FOOD MOVEMENT.

The result has been the promulgation, from time to time, of what are known as food standards, that is, definitions of what different foods should properly be, what should be their standards of quality and their limits of variability. The work, although only commenced a short time ago, has already made satisfactory progress and the standards of meat and meat products, grain and grain products, milk and its products, maple sugar and syrup as well as a number of other foods have already been defined by the advisory board which has charge of it. The chief act of parliament under which food control is carried out is the Adulteration Act, while the Inspection and Sales Act, the Meat and Canned Foods Act, the Canned Goods Act and the Customs Act, administered by different departments, have also to do with this branch of government activity. Under the Adulteration Act samples are collected by the inspectors, analysed and the results published in bulletin form and where adulteration is found the

offender is specially notified. Adulteration of food in this country is taken to consist of reducing the quality or strength of the article in question by admixture, substitution of an inferior

which is colored or coated to conceal damage, milk or butter from diseased animals being included. Where the matter added to food for the production or preparation of an article of commerce



DR. A. MCGILL,

who, as head of the pure food bureau in this country has been called "the Dr. Wiley of Canada."

substance, abstraction of a valuable constituent, imitation or false naming, or the addition of poison. Food is also adulterated which consists of diseased or putrid material whose strength or purity is below a fixed standard or

in a state fit for carriage and consumption is not injurious to health such food is not regarded as adulterated but must be labelled a mixture. Adulteration of a character injurious to health, however, incurs a penalty not to exceed

\$500 or six months' imprisonment or both.

It will readily be seen that the determination of food standards is one of no little difficulty. Many articles of food are as yet not-susceptible to legal definition and this is the chief obstacle to the carrying of cases of adulteration into court. Yet all foodstuffs, whatever their origin, are by their very nature perishable and the products of their putrefaction, although not perhaps injurious to life, are such as to lessen the value of the food. It is therefore necessary, in arriving at a satisfactory definition, to make the first requisite one of soundness and, in the case of unmanufactured foods such as milk, to require normal origin. Milk is defined as the fresh, clean and unaltered product obtained by the complete, uninterrupted milking, under proper sanitary conditions, of one or more healthy cows, properly fed and kept, excluding that obtained two weeks before and one week after calving, and containing not less than three and one-quarter per cent. of milk fat and not less than eight and one-half per cent. milk solids other than fat. Although this legal minimum standard is fixed, however, it does not deprive any municipality of authority to enact a higher one, thus giving a community, willing to pay for what it gets, the right to state just what it is willing to buy and pay for as milk.

HOW FOOD IS COPYRIGHTED.

One of the main objects of food definition is the practical copyrighting of food names in the interest of the public, whose property they are. This does not quite fall in with the wishes of some manufacturers who would like to adopt them as disguises. The manufacturer of oleomargarine would greatly prefer to label his product butter, for instance, cottonseed stearin, tallow oil and oil admixture are offered you as lard; liquid glucose as syrup and solid glucose as sugar. A richly dyed solution of glue perhaps aspires to wide sale as red currant jelly and dilute acetic acid answers to the name of vinegar. Glucose syr-

up, too, is sometimes proffered to the unsuspecting customer under the disguise of table syrup or golden syrup, whereas golden syrup, by constant association, has really come to imply a cane sugar product. Chief Analyst McGill would make the disguising of glucose syrup illegal just because of this latter fact.

The man who produces a new food is naturally anxious to let you call it by an old and well known name if he can. Demand for a new product under a new name, you see, has to be cultivated and the public has to be educated, which is a matter involving much expense. Unless food names are legally protected, just as those medicines of a proprietary character, the producer is able to avoid this expense by allowing his new food to be known by the name of that of which it is really only an imitation or a substitute.

While a number of unmanufactured goods may be so defined that the analyst is able to say of a certain sample, "This article is up to definition and therefore genuine," it is almost impossible to attempt to do so with manufactured foods. One can require normal origin in a commodity like milk but it would be a mistake to demand fixity of method of production in raspberry jam, changes in the manufacture of which might tend only to improvement. In this case there is nothing left to the government but to fix constants, numerical or otherwise, which will enable it to say which foods have the right to be sold under certain names and which have not. Further than this it does not go. If an article is up to standard requirements it says so but does not aim to give the standard of purity, leaving it to the manufacturer of higher class goods, to do his own advertising while at the same time effecting the prevention of fraud by the maker of lower than standard foods.

ATTITUDE TOWARDS PRESERVATIVES.

What is the attitude of the Dominion Government toward food preservatives? Well, it is not so uncompromising as that of Dr. Wiley, the guardian angel

of the United States' national stomach, who has more than once stated that he expects to "continue to work until I see the whole company of preservatives and coloring matters in the boneyard." The view of our own chief analyst is that certain preservatives may be, at their worst, a necessary evil. Then there is a lot of misunderstanding about this whole question. Take the time-honored, every-day preservatives—salt, sugar, vinegar, spices, smoke, etc.—It has been demonstrated that any of these is capable of doing positive injury to digestion and yet no one thinks of banishing them or has any qualms about eating foods treated with them. The question for the expert then, in regard to the other class of preservatives, of which boric acid, formaldehyde and saccharin are perhaps the best known, is whether they may be employed in quantities so small as to have no harmful effect on the health while at the same time serving to preserve food. When it is borne in mind that, since the year 1906, there have been 26,311 recorded cases of ptomaine poisoning in the United States, of which 1,078 proved fatal, the vital import of devising some effective manner of preserving food becomes at once apparent. But for the use of preservatives the number might easily have been ten times as great.

Where foods are specially intended for the use of infants and invalids, however, Dr. McGill considers they should be entirely free from potent chemical preservatives. He is also of opinion that the presence of all preservatives not perceptible by the senses should be plainly stated on the labels of all foods and the smallest possible amount to be effective used.

Canadian national food control prohibits the use of coloring matters harmful to health, employed in making an article seem to be what it is not or to enhance the apparent value of an inferior product, but does not object to the use of colors to give attractiveness to candies, cheese, butter, cake icing, green peas or other foods.

The results of the examinations made are published in the form of bulletins

by the inland revenue department, which does not hesitate to say what it means. In the case of infant foods, for example, the chief analyst reports that, "It must be said of some of those directed to be prepared with water only that they would seem to provide a starvation diet for infants, so far as the fat is concerned."

Another bulletin points out that those of us who have been satisfying our thirst and temperance principles at the same time by consuming the supposedly innocuous root beer and the apparently harmless ginger ale, have really been whited sepulchres all along for, says the bulletin, "two samples sold as root beer and ginger beer respectively contain alcohol equivalent to more than four per cent. of proof spirit and on this account should be regarded as alcoholic beverages, although they are not malt liquors."

While our non-alcoholic liquors are, however, sometimes too strong, our openly spirituous ones are found to be too weak. According to a report on distilled liquors in Quebec province, "more than thirty per cent. of the whiskey samples fell short of containing half the alcohol strength known as proof. There can be no doubt that this constitutes a real fraud and calls for legal redress."

Besides the adulteration of food in solid or liquid form the department has given much consideration to patent medicines. Only recently a bulletin on headache powders informed the remedy buying public that it was purchasing compounds which in many cases contained drugs decidedly injurious to health and in fact dangerous to life. More than half the powders examined contained a dose of acetanilide which, with phenacetine is usually the chief ingredient of these nostrums, in amount greater than the limit declared safe by expert medical authority and without, in some cases, any indication of the presence of these drugs. In others the latter was concealed under various technical terms, while preposterous claims as to their curative powers were frequently made.

When Integrity Told

By Edward J. Moore

"Tell you what I'll do, Steel," said the senior partner, studying the young man as he spoke, "cut down those estimates for the rest of it by about thirty thousand and I'll share even with you on the profits."

The partners had been looking over blueprints and estimates for a new skyscraper which the firm was running up for the Standard Company down on St. Paul Street.

"You can do it mighty easy," Barclay continued eagerly. "You've sunk a good deal more than I expected in those caissons and concrete in the foundation. Looks as if you expected to hold up the whole town instead of a hundred feet of it, but that's done now and can't be helped. You can clear yourself on the steel work in the upper stories. Why can't you stick in some lighter 'T' beams for those eighteen-inch pieces in the main frames above the seventh story and cut down on the steel all round. We've got to do it some way."

Steel's eyes came up from the blueprints with a jerk, but his face showed even more determination than surprise. The evening's conference had revealed some hitherto unexpected characteristics in his new partner.

"I can't see how, Mr. Barclay," he said decisively. "You know I've cut those estimates down to the last possible safety notch working along the lines of the engineer's specifications, and—"

"Hang the specifications," broke in Barclay. "What difference do they make? You know how I stand with the city hall gang. If I didn't we wouldn't have had this contract. A word to Jennings will insure that the inspection goes all right. It's only a farce anyway.

"It seems to me you're a little kit-tenish, Steel," Barclay continued, defiantly. "You're trying to make your pile the same as the rest of them. Why won't you use the same tools? How did Mead and Pollock get up where they are? Got a set of plans passed by the city architect, worked from 'fixed' ones and cut out a tidy bit of stuff from each contract. The inspection didn't amount to anything and nobody outside the ring is any wiser. Their buildings are safe enough."

"Perhaps they are," said Steel, sharply, "but next time you go down William street squint up the east corner of the Towning Wedge—you know Pollock put that up in four months two years ago—and see if you can't see where the overhang is sagging. And if you go up to the first story below the roof," Steel looked out of the window contemplatively, "the seventeenth, I think, and go to a little hallway at the back, you can look down beside the fire escape and see where the wall has buckled about a foot on the outside of the elevator shaft. I ran a plumb down there one day when nobody was around."

"Oh, those are petty things," said Barclay, impatiently, "and only one man in a thousand, a crank like you who's looking for 'em, would find them. The people know nothing about it and trust to us without bothering their heads. Look at the Scotia building, Murphy's new job, just across from ours. It looks all right and he's four stories ahead of you now. Clarke told me the other day that Murphy expects to clear up forty thousand on the job. Why shouldn't we do the same? Well," as Steel did not reply at once, "I've made you my offer."

In the meantime Steel was busy with a little mental conflict. For several reasons it wasn't the easiest thing in the world to reject Barclay's proposition. Only a few months before a plump little God who is usually pictured with an archery outfit but minus his trousers, had pumped a few telling missiles into a vital spot in the young man's anatomy and in consequence he was anxiously fighting for recognition and a small fortune to found a home of his own. However, the grit instilled in him by a long line of straightforward grandfathers stood him in good stead. Barclay noticed that his jaw was set even firmer than usual when he looked up to reply.

"If you want me to inch on my estimates and go below the safety point for a few extra thousands, Barclay, you've gripped the wrong man. I don't care to carry the responsibility for the safety of a couple of thousand of my fellow citizens on my conscience. Very evidently that idea doesn't bother these other big fellows very much. I tell you, Barclay," Steel was getting vehement, "I'm hot on this thing. Your gang and others like them have no more regard for human life than you have for a sack of cement. It's altogether an unconsidered element with you. And it's not only in this town and in building construction that the thing's felt. You can see it around you everywhere. It's simply a case of graft and grab above any consideration for human safety."

Steel was talking excitedly and his eyes shone as his thoughts were given rapid expression.

"A chap nowadays gets a bridge contract through a pull," he continued, "or by buying up a couple of directors. Then he goes to work and calculates how he can follow the official plans in seeming and at the same time cut down on the original estimate. He takes a big chance, puts in some light steel or beds his piers in the mud, has the inspector 'fixed' by the ring and his job is passed as O. K. It may stand for a month or five years but some day, after an ice jam, one of the piers gives way under an excursion train, and the papers are black with a casualty list.

What's the result? The thing is howled over for a day but is hushed up by the system and mighty soon forgotten and the beggar who murdered that bunch of people gets off scot free and does the same thing over again.

"Isn't it true?" Steel queried, and without waiting for reply, "The same thing happens every day. Look at the Destroyer *Perth*, whose port boilers blew up in Prince Rupert harbor the other day and roasted sixty of the poor devils in her. The inspector had been over her at Vancouver a month before but had been bought up by the Old Country builders and passed everything as first class. Old man Simmons told me yesterday that the officer whispered to him that the middle boiler—they were Bellevilles, you know—was full of rotten tubing.

"Who suffers for this? The inspector? The builder? You know how the thing works out. I tell you, Barclay, God Almighty has a tremendous score written down against some of these fellows. And," Steel continued, more quietly, though with even greater earnestness, "I want you to know that I don't propose to be one of the number. It'll ruin me, I suppose, to get out of the firm as things stand just now, but I'll do it, yes and a hundred times more before I'll cut down on those estimates you've seen to-night.

"I did spend more than I expected on the piling and concrete in the foundation but it struck me just at the last moment that the shaft of the new Verdun tube would pass that corner. You can never depend on how those big tunnels will juggle with the ground around your pier beds, particularly if you're in quick sand, which we struck there, so I had to run down those caissons and fill 'em up with concrete to provide for that."

Barclay had been studying his young partner closely during this lengthy speech but years of political experience seemed to have hardened his sensibilities.

"Quite a sermon, Steel, quite a sermon," he said with a somewhat forced laugh. "You take these everyday affairs very hard. But I see your mind's

made up. Think the matter over for a week or so."

Steel had become thoroughly roused. He grabbed up the bunch of estimates, jammed them in his inside pocket and flung himself out of the office without even a "good-night" to his partner. The elevators had stopped hours before so he ran down the several flights of stairs and out into the street.

A few minutes of rapid walking brought him to a more rational mood, and he began to think of things about him. The thought that Murphy's building was ahead of his own and that the other contractor was apparently so successful, troubled him a good deal and after a moment's consideration he decided to walk down to the new Scotia building to have a look at what the contractor was doing. As he neared the corner the web-like steel framework of the new buildings, Murphy's near him and his own across the corner, were accentuated in the moonlight. The Scotia building was enclosed somewhat further up than his own but beyond that no appreciable difference was at first evident. A word to the watchman, a former employee of his, gained him passage through a gate in the shelter sheds and he began to look about him. He had no compunction in invading the enemy's camp, as it were, for he knew Murphy had been all over his own building some little time before. Steel indeed laid to this visit and to Murphy's interference a good deal of the trouble he had had with Barclay.

The watchman's lantern only served to light its immediate vicinity and all around was in shadow. He could see, however, piles of massive steel beams, which would later be hoisted and riveted into place in the upper framework and huge heaps of fat sacks of cement for the concrete wall, which lay around everywhere. The end of a pile protruding from one of these heaps drew his attention and he called the watchman with his lantern over for a closer inspection.

"So Murphy has it standing on cedar piling," he said to himself. "Wonder how long he thinks they'll carry the weight in this quicksand?" His own

building rested on half a dozen concrete pillars built up from bed rock by the caisson method. "Wonder if the rest of the thing is run on the same plan?" he soliloquized.

A few moments' climb up the workmen's ladders connecting the several floors brought him up to the level of the enclosing concrete. Here the steelwork was finely put together and everything appeared substantial. When he walked over and examined the wall, however, he started in surprise. The concrete was only three inches thick. True, it was fairly well reinforced with light steel but such a covering seemed a mere paste over the framework of the towering structure.

Steel went further upward till progress became difficult and then, looking about him, realized that the framework was without the usual amount of wind bracing. In the street he had noticed no breeze, but at that height the wind was quite strong and he fancied he could see the corner piers, far above him, swaying slightly. What would happen when the framework was enclosed by a wall which would present itself like a gigantic sail above the surrounding buildings? Murphy had certainly calculated closely and was taking some big chances.

Steel had seen enough to substantiate his suppositions. He made his way carefully downward.

* * * * *

Three weeks later Steel was enjoying a breezy afternoon in a cat boat on the harbor. His fiancée was with him and he had been telling her something of his conversation with Barclay and of its probable consequences. Then they bore off on a new tack and the wind began to come in glorious puffs, heeling the light boat over till the deck ran awash and the breeze spilled over the top of the big mainsail. As they came round the end of the island the city loomed up quite distinctly before them, and gaining the lee of the breakwater they got into temporary shelter. Then Steel had a chance to point out the new skyscrapers, which, side by side, towered over the buildings around them.

The Scotia structure appeared to be almost completed. Murphy had forced his concrete workers to chase up after the steelwork and almost the whole building was enclosed with a white, substantial-looking wall. Though they were gazing at one side they could see in profile the many-windowed front, showing the unique architecture of the reinforced-concrete building. It was a magnificent structure.

The building adjacent seemed rather disappointing. The brickwork had gone up somewhat slowly and now the outer wall only enclosed nine rows of stories completed. Above this the great steel framework rose in very evident slenderness, for the network of bracing and trusswork was scarcely visible at that distance.

"If I hadn't faith in you, Frank," said the girl, "I'd be inclined to think Mr. Barclay was right. Murphy does seem to be ahead of you this time."

"Perhaps I have been a bit too careful," said Steel, "but when—"

A sudden squall heeled the boat over, cutting off further reply, and the storm which had swept up unnoticed while they had been studying the buildings was on them in sudden fury. For several moments Steel saw nothing but the approaching squall, wondering if he could manage to get another reef in the sail, but a sudden horrified cry from the girl at the other end of the cockpit made him wheel round and fix his eyes on the new buildings.

The sight photographed itself on his memory as if through a moving lens. Murphy's building seemed to give a gigantic stagger, then, as if pushed by a titanic hand, it toppled over sideways, the front buckling outwards as it fell. A cloud of white dust floated upward for a moment but the storm closing down suddenly blotted out everything at a distance.

"God help the poor wretches inside of it," muttered Steel, between his teeth.

The girl sank sobbing into the bottom of the cockpit but in a moment recovered herself and sprang up to help Steel with the boat.

* * * * *

After seeing the girl in a cab Steel rushed to the scene of the disaster. He could hear the quick throbbing of the fire engines above the roar of the crowd, several blocks away. Turning a corner he drew a breath of thankfulness. His own building was standing solid as a mountain, though the lower stories were plastered with white dust.

The corner opposite showed a fearful sight. A horrible mass of twisted steel lay in stupendous confusion. Huge beams, some showing jagged ends, others doubled up like half-open jack-knives, stuck out from the debris. The wreck lay half in the street and half in the ruins of a departmental store which had stood beside it. The falling mass had crushed in the roof of the lower building, and piercing to the very cellars had crushed out the lives of scores of unwarned human beings inside.

A cloud of odorous smoke ascending from the rear of the ruins and the presence of the fire engines suggested other horrors. Scores of begrimed firemen were working frantically, though seemingly unavailably, in the depths of the wreckage. At irregular intervals white-covered stretchers bearing inanimate burdens were carried up to the crest of the ruins and out to a row of ambulances at the side. The crowd, which had earlier been hysterical and clamorous, became quieter as these added elements of the catastrophe became evident and only an occasional voice was heard calling for the name of the builder.

Steel fought his way through the crowd and with some difficulty got past the cordon of police. Getting round the corner he saw Murphy standing on a pile of broken concrete talking to a group of reporters. It was evident that the builder had been much excited but he was rapidly recovering his usual nonchalance.

"It was this new Verdun tunnel that did the mischief," he said coolly, pointing downward. "The retaining plates behind their shield forty feet down gave way just before the accident. Poor joints, I guess. The quicksand rushed in, filled up the tunnel and drew away from the piling in our foundation. Just

then that cyclone came along and tipped her over. No one's to blame. It couldn't be helped."

Just then someone burst in from the outside of the group and made for Murphy. It was Barclay. Coatless and dusty, for he had been helping in the rescue work, he shook his fist at the contractor.

"Couldn't be helped, eh?" he burst out. "Then how do you account for the fact that the building behind you is still standing," pointing to Steel's structure across the corner. "Still," after a moment's consideration, "I can't blame you much, Murphy, I would have done the same myself."

Then Barclay saw Steel and rushing round the edge of the group gripped his partner's hand.

"Thank God for such a man as you, Frank," he said joyfully. "I see it all now. You saved us from this horrible thing. I'm mighty thankful now you put in those caissons."

"I was here when the whole business happened," he went on, rapidly. "Murphy had a man 'phone to the office that the 'tube' had caved in and might affect our foundations. I ran down and looked over your work, but everything was tight and solid. Then I went across the street. Down in the sub-cellar Murphy was on his knees looking at some long cracks in the cement around one of the main pillars. 'It's nothing,' he said, when I got near him; 'let's see if your piers ain't the same.' We went over and were on the way

downstairs when the storm pushed his building over and buckled it up like a cardboard box. Jove, but the crash was awful. One of those long, ripping, grinding roars which burn out your very nerves."

"How did Murphy take it," Steel asked quietly.

"I didn't notice him much, only that he muttered something about windbracing. When he saw we were safe he groaned and said it would mean three hundred thousand to him. He seems to be taking it cool now."

"He's taking it cool," Steel exclaimed, in a tone that was biting, "but Murphy's time's coming."

They turned as another stretcher, weighed down with the usual burden, was carried out to the street. As it passed, a bit of cloth of a peculiar shade of purple hanging over the edge, part of a woman's gown, caught Murphy's attention. With a start and an exclamation he called to the bearers and rushed over. Steel noticed that his face had become suddenly white.

First he caught at the bit of projecting cloth, then groaned, then, as he reluctantly pulled the covering aside from the face, fell on his knees beside the stretcher, sobbing.

"God help him. It's his daughter," Barclay said pityingly, as he caught a glimpse of the young, upturned face.

Steel turned away with tears in his eyes. "Murphy's time has come," he said.

IN THE AUTUMN

The sweet calm sunshine of October, now
 Warms the low spot; upon its grassy mould
 The purple oak-leaf falls; the birchen bough
 Drops its bright spoil like arrowheads of gold.

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.



Kelwood, a country home which is a repudiation of the decay of age.

Kelwood: an English Estate in Canada

By W. Lacey Amy

The remarkable country home described in this article has many points of exceptional interest. Twenty years were occupied in the selection of the lumber used in its construction, walls two feet thick divide its rooms from basement to attic, and every inch of its woodwork is solid oak or bird's eye maple. Built in 1863, it still stands "a repudiation of the decay of age." Overlooking the village of Colborne, in the province of Ontario, "Kelwood" is in every sense a fine old English estate, such as is rarely found in Canada.

Frantic orators to the contrary it is not such a long step from the man with the hoe to the man with the estate. The coexistence of two conditions that sound so discordant is largely a matter of ambition in these democratic days of home-spun opulence. The possession of an estate is not a formidable aim, nor the dream of an uncontrolled brain in Canada. To his suburban lot the street-car landed proprietor hurries home at six o'clock, swallows his lunch from one hand while he changes his shoes with the other, and shoulders the immortal hoe to revel in the soil of his

twenty-five foot lot—his soil. An hour earlier a fellow land-owner, more fortunate in his half-acre and shorter hours, has tightened his belt for the solving of the problems of garden and lawn and park in space confined past his ambitions. Still earlier in the afternoon an auto has broken the speed laws in a cloud of dust to reach further out the estate of five or ten acres; and in white flannels the owner is giving directions to the landscape gardener and the shovel men, ever with the storied English estate in his mind.

But to Canada there is little oppor-



Roads hidden in dead pine needles.

tunity for the broad estates that have maintained in England not only a beauty of landscape, but also a distinct class of independent gentlemen, honest to themselves, their dependents and their country, historic for the staunch integrity that is bred of centuries of proud dictatorship and dignity. The growth of such an estate occupies too many years and demands too much ready money for Canada to have attained to that luxury in a general way.

It is only when the native forest has been seized and trained before the hum of commerce and rush began its modifying assaults that this country has been able to mould a genuine old squire's home for the ambitious Canadian. And perhaps the only instance of that in Ontario, at least, exists to-day within ninety miles of Toronto.

Kelwood is honored only in its own

district. But by age, by location, by its grand old trees and roadways it lays silent claim to wider distinction. For almost half a century it has held watch over the village of Colborne. From the brow of a hundred-foot hill rising abruptly behind the village it looks out beyond the houses half hidden in the trees, over the flashing waters of Lake Ontario, and on a clear day away to the smoke of Rochester. And behind the house it hides its sixty acres of park and drive and pond, a fairyland of shadow and brightness, of grove and clearing, of woodland paths and graded drive-ways, of hill and hollow, of rustling bower and trickling spring. The forty acres of farmland complete the requirements of the most ambitious squire.

Far back in Canadian history when the taint of commerce was relieved by government grants of land and other favours, when the pioneer with faith to spend for the future was rewarded in the present, the grandfather of Joseph Keeler built three sawmills. The risk brought the gift of several thousand acres of land, covering the present sites of Colborne, Lakeport and Warkworth. Incidentally the slow-growing seed of Colborne was planted at that time.

Joseph Keeler, the grandson, was a man of feelings and ambitions. One of these was to represent his district at Ottawa. In this he succeeded three times. Early in life he felt the spur of the estate ambition and commenced its fulfilment in his daily duties. At that time he was the master of Cat Hollow, now Lakeport, from which the shipments of the district in lumber and produce were made. Quietly he made it a practice for twenty years of selecting the best of the lumber that passed through his hands and storing it in his large storeroom, called the Marmora. In 1863 he commenced the structure that satisfied him for his life and will gratify a few more generations to come.

In those days of few contractors, fewer brickyards, a man with ideas like Keeler's had to possess the hands to back his brains; he must work out his own dreams. Keeler made his own bricks, which will stand a monument to his ability. In walls that even fifty

years afterwards stand solid he welded them together with lime burnt in a kiln, now fallen in grass-covered ruins. And inside he fitted the timber that had been drying for twenty years—drying so well that to-day not a crack breaks the surface.

The house stands a repudiation of the decay of age. Its builder was twenty years ahead of his age in design, so that it is yet more modern in appearance than structures that, born since, are ready to pass away. When Keeler built he had in mind his descendants—many generations of them. Walls two feet thick divide the rooms from basement to attic, making the cellar a formidable dungeon, and of the upper stories a heart-rending waste of space. Between the walls a four inch air space tempers the extremes without. Every inch of woodwork (there is enough of it to build half a dozen modern houses) is solid oak or bird's eye maple, the doors running nine feet up in rooms of thirteen feet ceiling.

Each of the sixteen rooms opens on both stories into a circular rotunda divided by a floor largely of glass. The floor of the lower is made up of one hundred shaped boards radiating out to make the complete circle from a point in the centre. One of Keeler's successors, possessing several traits more prominent than taste, has endeavored to make these rotundas the showrooms of the house. In every space on the walls between the many doors has been painted scenes that for imagination and execution would give pointers to the first love story of the boarding school girl. These paintings, covering the walls up the stairs, as well, are supposed to represent hunting and pastoral scenes. Wonderfully colored cattle, huge, frisky horses, fish that no line would bear, deer in beautiful poses—they're all there, with embellishments none but that painter could have imagined. And to leave no doubt of his ability to improve the original this later owner painted the hardwood floor of the lower rotunda with its hundred pointed boards—painted it, and in that useful kitchen color, grey, at that. He also added a verandah of the style of twenty years



Every inch of woodwork is solid oak or bird's eye maple.

ago, that frills-and-furbelows style, that goes with Keeler's effort about as well as a lace collar on the neck of Venus de Milo.

In every room a massive marble grate, black or white, tells of the provision for comfort. China closets, clothes closets, window and corner seats reveal the hand of a woman in the planning. The basement was built as the servants' quarters, with kitchens, bake ovens, grates, dumb waiters, ventilators and closets. And that the duties of the squire weighed on Keeler is shown by the large west wing set apart as an immense ballroom.

From the massive, handleless, oak front door, with its iron knocker, through a two-story covered driveway one looks into the real dreamland of

the estate. Only ten yards north the park commences abruptly in stately pine trees. For a quarter of a mile it wanders in a dignified way to the crest of a slope. In trees of smaller size it climbs down the hillside, jumps a well-graded driveway, and drops slowly away again to a rippling stream and the remains of a pond to which the muskrats took a disastrous fancy. A tiny ribbon of water winds through evergreen trees that give way to nothing else until they reach the dam. And there still remains a spring bubbling up in an iron pipe, approached by a grass-covered road and a crude bridge.

All through the sixty acres of trees gravel roads have been built, now hidden a little with moss and years of dead pine needles. The driveway half way down the slope was intended for the main road from the back country



A fairyland of woodland paths.



The remains of a dam.

to Lakeport. But unsentimental government surveyors interfered. The farmlands at the back of the park were selected for the site of Colborne. But with the independence of things too small to train, that village walked away and planted itself on the lower levels on the other side of the hill. Unwittingly it took a stand where it would not break in on the quaintness of old-land Kelwood.

A monied owner with taste and no reverence for those paintings, a little underbrushing in the parklands, a new dam indigestible for muskrats, a not-too-assiduous regarding of the driveways, a servants' staff to brighten the house, an old English gardener with his hands untied—these are the needs to assure the integrity of the dreamland of Kelwood as an estate fit for any squire.

The Smoke Bellew Series

TALE ELEVEN: The Town-Site of Tra-Lee

By Jack London

SMOKE and Shorty encountered each other, going in opposite directions, at the corner where stood the Elkhorn saloon. The former's face wore a pleased expression, and he was walking briskly. Shorty, on the other hand, was slouching along in a depressed and indeterminate fashion.

"Whither away?" Smoke challenged gaily.

"Danged if I know," came the disconsolate answer. "Wisht I did. They ain't nothin' to take me anywhere. I've set two hours in the deadeest game of draw—nothing excitin', no hands, an' broke even. Played a rubber of cribbage with Skiff Mitchell for the drinks, an' now I'm that languid for somethin' doin' that I'm perambulin' the streets on the chance of seein a dog-fight, or a argument, or somethin'. Did you close for the *Myrtle*?"

"Sure. She's ours. All tied up at Circle City and waiting for the ice to go out."

The *Myrtle* was an old river steamboat, which the little syndicate, headed by Smoke, had been trying to buy as one of the necessary items in the draining of Surprise Lake. The preparations for that huge work were complete, and, remained only the tedious waiting until the ice passed out and the river ran free. Then the *Myrtle* was to ply back and forth between Dawson and the head of navigation on McQuestion river, carrying supplies, machinery and laborers. From this point on the McQuestion, a trail had been blazed across the chaotic volcanic region to the lake. No more would man wander

lost in the Loco Lands as Smoke had done on his first two expeditions.

Shorty received the news that the *Myrtle* had been bought with a profound sigh.

"That settles it. It's the last thing. Now they ain't nothin' to do an' nothin' to think until the ice breaks, an' doin' nothin' is the hardest kind of work I know. I'm plumb exhausted. An' furthermore, I'm sure tired of bein' asked, 'How's eggs this mornin', Shorty?' You hear me, Smoke. I'm goin' to pull my freight. What d'you say? Let's outfit a sled an' hike up the Klondike. I just got word they's a run of caribou about two hundred miles back, an' besides, they's talk that that section is stompin' grounds of a tribe of white Indians. Nobody ain't never seen 'em——"

"Then how do they know about them?" Smoke inquired.

"I'm just tellin' you what I heard," Shorty answered in a grieved voice. "Which ain't the point I'm drivin' at. I'm sure pinin' away in this here burg of unburied dead, an' if I don't do something danged quick I'll be turnin' up my toes an' cashin' in. I'm that soft an' effete right now that I've lost my taste for beans, an' bacon. Come on. Let's hike. We can sashay up to the Rockies an' back in four or five weeks."

"I've got something better on hand," Smoke answered. "That's why I was looking for you. Come on along."

"Now?"

"Sure."

"Where to?"

"Across the river to make a call on old Dwight Sanderson."

"Never heard of him," Shorty said dejectedly. "An' never heard of no one livin' across the river anyway. What's he want to live for there? Ain't he got no sense?"

"He's got something to sell," Smoke laughed.

"Dogs? A gold mine? Tobacco? Rubber boots?"

Smoke shook his head to each question. "Come on along and find out, because I'm going to buy it off of him on a spec, and if you want you can come in half."

"Don't tell me it's eggs!" Shorty cried, his face twisted into an expression of facetious and sarcastic alarm.

"Come on along," Smoke told him. "And I'll give you ten guesses while we're crossing the ice."

They dipped down the high bank at the foot of the street, and came out upon the ice-covered Yukon. Three-quarters of a mile away, directly opposite, the other bank of the stream uprose in precipitous bluffs hundreds of feet in height. Toward these bluffs, winding and twisting in and out among broken and up-thrown blocks of ice, ran a slightly traveled trail. It was patent that no one had been over it since the last snowfall of the week before. Shorty trudged at his partner's heels, beguiling the time with guesses at what Dwight Sanderson had to sell.

"Reindeer? . . . Copper-mine or brickyard?—that's one guess . . . Bear-skins, or any kind of skins? . . . Lottery tickets? . . . A potato ranch?"

"Getting near it," Smoke encouraged. "And better than that."

"Two private ranches? . . . A cheese factory? . . . A moss farm?"

"That's not so bad, Shorty. It's not a thousand miles away."

"A quarry?"

"That's as near as the moss farm and the potato ranch."

"Hold on. Let me think. I got one guess comin'."

"Say, Smoke. I ain't goin' to use that last guess. When this thing you're

buyin' sounds like a potato ranch, a moss farm, an' a stone quarry, I quit. An' I don't go in on the deal till I see it an' size it up. What is it?"

"Well, you'll see the cards on the table soon enough. Cast your eyes up there. See the smoke from that cabin? That's where Dwight Sanderson lives. He's holding down a townsite location."

"What else is he holdin down?"

"That's all," Smoke laughed. "Except rheumatism. I hear he's been suffering from it."

"Say," Shorty's hand flashed out and with an abrupt shoulder-grip brought his comrade to a halt. "You ain't tellin' me you're buyin' a townsite at this fallin'-off place?"

"That's your tenth guess, and you win. Come on."

"But wait a moment," Shorty pleaded. "Look at it——nothin' but bluffs an' slides, all up-and-down. Where could the town stand?"

"Search me."

"Then you ain't buyin' it for a town?"

"But Dwight Sanderson's selling it for a town," Smoke baffled. "Come on. We've got to climb this slide."

The slide was steep, and a narrow trail zigzagged up it in a formidable Jacob's Ladder. Shorty moaned and groaned over the sharp corners and the steep pitches.

"Think of a town-site here. They ain't a flat space big enough for a postage stamp. An' it's the wrong side of the river. All the freightin' goes the other way. Look at Dawson there. Room to spread for forty thousand more people. Say, Smoke. You're a meat-eater. I know that. An' I know you ain't buyin' it for a town. Then what in hell are you buyin' it for?"

"To sell, of course."

"But other folks ain't as crazy as old man Sanderson an' you."

"Maybe not in the same way, Shorty. Now, I'm going to take this town-site, break it up in parcels, and sell it to a lot of the same people who live over in Dawson."

"Huh! All Dawson's still laughin' at you an' me an' them eggs. You want to make 'em laugh some more, hey?"

"I certainly do."

"But it's too danged expensive, Smoke. I helped you to make 'em laugh on the eggs, an' my share of the laugh cost me something like nine thousan' dollars."

"All right. You don't have to come in on this. The profits will be all mine, but you've got to help me just the same."

"Oh, I'll help all right. An' they can laugh at me some more. But nary a ounce do I drop this time. What's old Sanderson holdin' it at? A couple of hundred?"

"Ten thousand. I ought to get it for five."

"Wisht I was a minister," Shorty breathed fervently.

"What for?"

"So I could preach the gosh-dangdest, eloquentest sermon on a text you may have hearn—to wit: a fool an' his money."

"Come in," they heard Dwight Sanderson yell irritably, when they knocked at his door, and they entered to find him squatted by a stone fireplace and pounding coffee wrapped in a piece of flour-sacking. It was very evident, first, that he was cooking a meal, and, next, that he resented their inopportune arrival. As he glowered up at them, it could be seen that he was marvelously hirsuted. Of his face only his nose, large and hiped, and his eyes, beady and black, were visible. Hair sprouted from him. It scraggled about his ears and hid his collar, while a tangled mop fell down the forehead to meet the bushy eyebrows. The beard, iron gray and dirty, began directly under the eyes and fell to his waist in a bush almost as deep and broad as it was long. The back of every finger was a small mat of hair, while the wrists advertised how jungle-matted must be the forearms.

"What d'ye want?" he demanded harshly, emptying the pounded coffee into the coffee pot that stood on the coals near the front of the fireplace.

"To talk business," Smoke answered, "if we can sit down while we do it."

"Sit down, then," was the ungracious reply. "Nobody's hinderin' you."

Smoke and Shorty settled themselves on a couple of uncomfortable hand-hewn benches near the table.

"You've a town-site located here, I understand," Smoke began. "What do you want for it?"

"Ten thousand dollars," came the answer. "And now that I've told you, you can laugh, damn you, and go your way. There's the door. Good-bye."

"But I don't want to laugh. I know plenty of funnier things to do than to climb up this cliff of yours. I want to buy your town-site."

"You do, eh? Well, I'm glad to hear sense." Sanderson came over and sat down facing his visitors, his hands resting on the table and his eyes cocking apprehensively toward the coffee pot. "I've told you my price, and I ain't ashamed to tell you again—ten thousand. And you can laugh or buy, it's all one to me."

To show his indifference, he drummed with his knobby knuckles on the table and stared at the coffee pot. A minute later he began to hum a monotonous, "Tra-la-loo, tra-la-lee, tra-la-lee, tra-la-loo."

"Gee!" Shorty murmured in an aside to his partner. "This ain't talkin' business. It's sure take-it-or-leave-it freeze-out." He hummed and hawed and cleared his throat. "Say, old sport, what in Sam Hill did you want to locate a town-site here for?"

"For the same reason you want to buy it right now," the man retorted.

"Who? Me?" Shorty's tones were sadly indignant. "Not on your life. It's my friend here that's hankerin' to buy. He can't sleep nights thinkin' of this here town-site of yours. He's a collector, that's what he is, an' he's queer in the garret, which is the way with collectors. He just craves town-sites, an' he wants yours for his collection. I'm along to see he don't do himself no hurt. But he ain't real dangerous, take it from me."

"Shut up, Shorty," Smoke reproved. "Who's buying this town-site anyway? Now look here, Mr. Sanderson. This town-site isn't worth ten thousand. If it was worth that much it would be worth a hundred thousand just as easily. If it isn't worth a hundred thousand—and you know it isn't—then it isn't worth ten cents."

The hairy man drummed with his knuckles and hummed, "Tra-la-loo, tra-la-lee."

"Well, spit it out—what's eatin' you," Shorty cried impatiently.

"I know who you are," Sanderson said, addressing himself to Smoke. "You've got money and mines. You're a keen one. You trimmed the Dawson gamblers. Anything you touch makes money. Now folks may think you lost on them eggs, but I know better——"

"Look here, old sport," Shorty broke in with ominous solemnity. "I didn't hike across the ice an' climb this here sky-scraper of yours to hear insinuations about eggs. D'ye get that? I'm mild an' peaceable as dressed lamb an' veal chops; but if they's any one thing that'll turn me into a yelpin' wild wolf that's got hydrophoby from a skunk, that one thing is eggs. You'll sure just kindly keep eggs outa the conversation, if you don't want you an' your town-site roughhoused off the scenery. Just keep to the business in hand, that's all."

The hairy man drummed and hummed till the coffee pot boiled over. Settling it with a part cup of cold water, and placing it to one side of the warm hearth, he resumed his seat.

"How much will you offer?" he asked of Smoke.

"Five thousand."

Shorty groaned.

Again came an interval of drumming and of tra-loo-ing and tra-lee-ing.

"You ain't no fool," Sanderson announced to Smoke. "You said if it wasn't worth a hundred thousand it wasn't worth ten cents. Yet you offer five thousand for it. Then it is worth a hundred thousand. I raise my price to twenty thousand."

"You can't make twenty cents out of it," Smoke replied heatedly. "Not if you stayed here till you rot."

"I'll make it out of you."

"No you won't."

"Then I reckon I'll stay an' rot," Sanderson answered with an air of finality.

He took no further notice of his guests, and went about his culinary tasks as if he were alone. When he had warmed over a pot of beans and a slab of sour-dough bread, he set the table for one and proceeded to eat, the fringe of his long beard blobbing into the beans on occasion.

"No, thank you," Shorty murmured. "We ain't a bit hungry. We just et before we come."

"Let's see your papers," Smoke said at last.

Sanderson fumbled under the head of his bunk and tossed out a package of documents.

"It's all tight and right," he said. "That long one there, with the big seals, come all the way from Ottawa. Nothing territorial about that. The national Canadian government cinches me in the possession of this town-site."

"How many lots you sold in the two years you've had it?" Shorty queried.

"None of your business," the hairy one answered dourly. "There ain't no law against a man living alone on his town-site if he wants to."

"I'll give you five thousand," Smoke said.

Sanderson shook his head and blobbed his beard in the bean-plate.

"I don't know which is the craziest," Shorty lamented. "Come outside a minute, Smoke. I want to whisper to you."

Reluctantly, Smoke yielded to his partners persuasions.

"Ain't it never entered your head," Shorty said, as they stood in the snow outside the door, "that they's miles an' miles of cliffs on both sides this fool town-site that don't belong to nobody an' that you can have for the locatin' and stakin'?"

"They won't do," Smoke answered.



HAROLD THOMAS DENISON-12

"They entered to find him squatted by a stone fire-place and pounding coffee wrapped in a piece of flour-sacking."

"Why won't they?"

"It makes you wonder, with all those miles and miles, why I'm buying this particular spot, doesn't it?"

"It sure does," Shorty agreed emphatically.

"And that's the very point," Smoke went on triumphantly. "If it makes you wonder, it will make others wonder. And when they wonder they'll come a-running. By your own wondering you prove it's sound psychology. Now, Shorty, listen to me; I'm going to hand Dawson a package that will knock the spots out of the egg-laugh. Come on inside."

"Hello," said Sanderson, as they entered. "I thought I'd seen the last of you."

"Now what is your lowest figure?" Smoke asked.

"Twenty thousand."

"I'll give you ten thousand."

"All right, I'll sell at that figure. It's all I wanted in the first place. When will you pay the dust over?"

"To-morrow, at the North-West Bank. But there are two other things I want besides for that ten thousand. In the first place, when you receive your money you pull down the river to Forty Mile and stay there the rest of the winter."

"That's easy. What else?"

"I'm going to pay you twenty-five thousand, and you rebate me fifteen of it."

"I'm agreeable." Sanderson turned to Shorty. "Folks said I was a fool when I come over here an' town-sited," he jeered. "Well, I'm a ten-thousand-dollar fool, ain't I?"

"The Klondike's sure full of fools," was all Shorty could retort, "an' when they's so many of 'em some has to be lucky, don't they?"

II

Next morning the legal transfer of Dwight Sanderson's town-site was made—"henceforth to be known as the town-site of Tra-Lee." Smoke incorporated in the deed. Also, at the North-West Bank, twenty-five thousand of Smoke's

gold was weighed out by the cashier, while half a dozen casual onlookers noted the weighing, the amount and the recipient.

In a mining camp all men are suspicious. Any untoward act of any man is likely to be the cue to a secret gold-strike, whether the untoward act be no more than a hunting trip for moose or a stroll after dark to observe the aurora borealis. And when it became known that so prominent a figure as Smoke Bellew had paid twenty-five thousand dollars to old Dwight Sanderson, Dawson wanted to know what he had paid it for. What had Dwight Sanderson, starving on his abandoned town-site, ever owned that was worth twenty-five thousand? In lieu of an answer, Dawson was justified in keeping Smoke in feverish contemplation. Gold from the grass-roots was the camp's history, and what else than gold from the grass-roots could have netted old Sanderson so generous a sum?

By mid-afternoon it was common knowledge that several score of men had made up light stampeding packs and cached them in the convenient saloons along Main Street. Wherever Smoke moved, he was the observed of many eyes. And as proof that he was taken seriously, not one man of the many of his acquaintance had the effrontery to ask him about his deal with Dwight Sanderson. On the other hand, no one mentioned eggs to Smoke. Shorty was under similar surveillance and delicacy of friendliness.

"Makes me feel like I'd killed somebody, or had smallpox, the way they watch me an' seem afraid to speak," Shorty confessed, when he chanced to meet Smoke in front of the Elkhorn. "Look at Bill Saltman there across the way—just dyin' to look, an' keepin' his eyes down the street all the time. Wouldn't think he knowed you an' me existed, to look at him. But I bet you the drinks, Smoke, if you an' me flop around the corner quick like we was goin' somewheres, an' then turn back from around the next corner, that we run into him a-hikin' hell-bent."

They tried the trick, and, doubling back around the second corner, encountered Saltman swinging a long trail-stride in pursuit.

"Hello, Bill," Smoke greeted. "Which way?"

"Hello — just a-strollin'," Saltman answered, "just a-strollin'." Weather's fine, ain't it?"

"Huh!" Shorty jeered. "If you call that strollin', what might you walk real fast at?"

When Shorty fed the dogs that evening, he was keenly conscious that from the encircling darkness a dozen pairs of eyes were boring in upon him. And when he stick-tied the dogs, instead of letting them forage free through the night, he knew that he had administered another jolt to the nervousness of Dawson.

According to program, Smoke ate supper down town and then proceeded to enjoy himself. Wherever he appeared, he was the center of interest, and he purposely made the rounds. Saloons filled up after his entrance, and emptied following upon his departure. If he bought a stack of chips at a sleepy roulette table, inside five minutes a dozen players were around him. He avenged himself, in a small way, on Lucille Arral, by getting up and sauntering out of the Opera House just as she came on to sing her most popular song. In three minutes two-thirds of her audience had vanished after him.

At one in the morning he walked along an unusually populous Main Street and took the turning that led up the hill to his cabin. And when he paused in the ascent, he could hear behind him the crunch of moccasins on the snow.

For an hour the cabin was in darkness, then he lighted a candle, and, after a delay sufficient for a man to dress in, he and Shorty opened the door and began harnessing the dogs. As the light from the cabin flared out upon them and their work, a soft whistle went up from not far away. This whistle was repeated down the hill.

"Listen to it," Smoke chuckled. "They've relayed on us and are passing the word down to town. I'll bet you there are forty men right now rolling out of their blankets and climbing into their pants."

"Ain't folks fools," Shorty giggled back. "Say, Smoke, they ain't nothin' in hard graft. A geezer that'd work with his hands these days is a—well, a geezer. The world's sure bustin' full an' dribblin' over the edges with fools a-honin' to be separated from their dust. An' before we start down the hill I want to announce, if you're still agreeable, that I come in half on this deal."

The sled was lightly loaded with a sleeping and grub outfit. A small coil of steel cable protruded inconspicuously from underneath a grub sack, while a crowbar lay half-hidden along the bottom of the sled next to the lashings.

Shorty fondled the cable with a swift passing mitten, and gave a last affectionate touch to the crowbar.

"Huh!" he whispered. "I'd sure do some tall thinkin' myself if I seen them objects on a sled on a dark night."

They drove the dogs down the hill with cautious silence, and when, emerged on the flat, they turned the team north along Main Street toward the sawmill and directly away from the business part of the town, they observed even greater caution. They had seen no one, yet when this change of direction was initiated, out of the dim starlit darkness behind arose a whistle. Past the sawmill and the hospital, at lively speed, they went for a quarter of a mile. Then they turned about and headed back over the ground they had just covered. At the end of the first hundred yards they barely missed colliding with five men racing along at a quick dog-trot. All were slightly stooped to the weight of stampeding packs. One of them stopped Smoke's lead-dog, and the rest clustered around.

"Seen a sled goin' the other way?" was asked.

"Nope," Smoke answered. "Is that you, Bill?"

"Well, I'll be damned," Bill Saltman

ejaculated in honest surprise. "If it ain't Smoke!"

"What are you doing out this time of night?" Smoke inquired. "Strolling?"

Before Bill Saltman could make reply, two running men joined the group. These were followed by several more, while the crunch of feet on the snow heralded the imminent arrival of many others.

"Who are your friends?" Smoke asked. "Where's the stampede?"

Saltman, lighting his pipe, which it was impossible for him to enjoy with lungs panting from the run, did not reply. The ruse of the match was too obviously for the purpose of seeing the sled to be misunderstood, and Smoke noted every pair of eyes focus on the coil of cable and the crowbar. Then the match went out.

"Just heard a rumor, that's all, just a rumor," Saltman mumbled with ponderous secretiveness.

"You might let Shorty and me in on it," Smoke urged.

Somebody snickered sarcastically in the background.

"Where are *you* bound?" Saltman demanded.

"And who are you?" Smoke countered. "Committee of safety?"

"Just interested, just interested," Saltman said.

"You bet your sweet life we're interested," another voice spoke up out of the darkness.

"Say," Shorty put in, "I wonder who's feelin' the foolishhest?"

Everybody laughed nervously.

"Come on, Shorty; we'll be getting along," Smoke said, mushing the dogs.

The crowd formed in behind and followed.

"Say, ain't you all made a mistake?" Shorty giped. "When we met you you was goin', an' now you're comin' without bein' anywheres. Lost your tag?"

"You go to hell," was Saltman's courtesy. "We go an' come just as we damn feel like. We don't travel with tags."

And the sled, with Smoke in the lead and Shorty at the pole, went on down Main Street escorted by three score men, each of whom, on his back, bore a stampeding pack. It was three in the morning, and only the all-night rounders saw the procession and were able to tell Dawson about it next day.

Half an hour later, the hill was climbed and the dogs unharnessed at the cabin door, the sixty star grimly attendant.

"Good night, fellows," Smoke as he closed the door.

In five minutes the candle was put out, but before half an hour had passed Smoke and Shorty emerged softly, and without light began harnessing the dogs.

"Hello, Smoke," Saltman said, stepping near enough for them to see the loom of his form.

"Can't shake you, Bill, I see," Smoke replied cheerfully. "Where's your friends?"

"Gone to have a drink. They left me to keep an eye on you, and keep it I will. What's in the wind anyway, Smoke? You can't shake us, so you might as well let us in. We're all your friends. You know that."

"There are times when you can let your friends in," Smoke evaded, "and times when you can't. And, Bill, this is one of the times when we can't. You'd better go to bed. Good night."

"Ain't going to be no good night, Smoke. You don't know us. We're woodticks. We stick."

Smoke sighed. "Well, Bill, if you will have your will, I guess you'll have to have it. Come on, Shorty, we can't fool around any longer."

Saltman emitted a shrill whistle as the sled started, and swung in behind. From down the hill and across the flat came the answering whistles of the relays. Shorty was at the gee-pole, and Smoke and Saltman walked side by side.

"Look here, Bill," Smoke said. "I'll make you a proposition. Do you want to come in alone on this?"

Saltman did not hesitate.

"An' throw the gang down? No, sir. We'll all come in."

"You first, then," Smoke exclaimed, lurching into a clinch and tripping the other into the deep snow beside the trail.

Shorty hawed the dogs and swung the team to the south on the trail that led among the scattered cabins on the rolling slopes to the rear of Dawson.

and Saltman, locked together, in the snow. Smoke considered Saltman's gilt-edge condition, but Saltman outweighed him by fifty pounds of clean, trail-hardened muscle and repeatedly mastered him. Time and time again he got Smoke on his back, and Smoke lay complacently and rested. But each time Saltman attempted to get off of him and get away, Smoke reached out a detaining, tripping hand that brought about a new clinch and wrestle.

"You can go some," Saltman acknowledged, panting, at the end of ten minutes, as he sat astride Smoke's chest. "But I down you every time."

"And I hold you every time," Smoke panted back. "That's what I'm here for, just to hold you. Where do you think Shorty's getting to all this time?"

Saltman made a wild effort to get clear, and all but succeeded. Smoke gripped his ankle and threw him in a headlong tumble. From down the hill came anxious questioning whistles. Saltman sat up and whistled a shrill answer, and was grappled by Smoke, who rolled him face upward and sat astride his chest, his knees resting on Saltman's biceps, his hands on Saltman's shoulders and holding him down. And in this position the stampedeers found them. Smoke laughed and got up.

"Well, good night, fellows," he said, and started down the hill, with sixty exasperated and grimly determined stampedeers at his heels.

He turned north, past the sawmill and the hospital, and took the river trail along the precipitous bluffs at the base of Moosehide Mountain. Circling the Indian village, he held on to the

mouth of Moose Creek, then turned and faced his pursuers.

"You make me tired," he said, with a good imitation of a snarl.

"Hope we ain't a-forcin' you," Saltman murmured politely.

"Oh, no, not at all," Smoke snarled with an even better imitation, as he passed among them on the back-trail to Dawson. Twice he attempted to cross the trailless ice-jams of the river, still resolutely followed, and both times he gave up and returned to the Dawson shore. Straight down Main Street he trudged, crossing the ice of Klondike River to Klondike City and again retracing to Dawson. At eight o'clock, as gray began to show, he led his weary gang to Slavovitch's restaurant, where tables were at a premium for breakfast.

"Good night, fellows," he said, as he paid his reckoning.

And again he said good night, as he took the climb of the hill. In the clear light of day they did not follow him, contenting themselves with watching him up the hill to his cabin.

III

For two days Smoke lingered about town, continually under vigilant espionage. Shorty, with the sled and dogs, had disappeared. Neither travelers up and down the Yukon, nor from Bonanza, Eldorado or the Klondike, had seen him. Remained only Smoke, who, soon or late, was certain to try to connect with his missing partner; and upon Smoke everybody's attention was centered. On the second night he did not leave his cabin, putting out the lamp at nine in the evening and setting the alarm for two next morning. The watch outside heard the alarm go off, so that when, half an hour later, he emerged from the cabin, he found waiting him a band, not of sixty men, but of at least three hundred. A flaming aurora borealis lighted the scene, and thus hugely escorted, he walked down to town and entered the Elkhorn. The place was immediately packed and jammed by an anxious and irritated multi-

tude that bought drinks and for four weary hours watched Smoke play cribbage with his old friend Breck. Shortly after six in the morning, with an expression on his face of commingled hatred and gloom, seeing no one, recognizing no one, Smoke left the Elkhorn and went up Main Street, behind him the three hundred, formed in disorderly ranks, chanting "Hay-foot! Straw-foot!—Hep!—Hep!—Hep!"

"Good night, fellows," he said bitterly, at the edge of the Yukon bank where the winter trail dipped down. "I'm going to get breakfast and go to bed."

The three hundred shouted that they were with him, and followed him out upon the frozen river on the direct path he took for Tra-Lee. At seven in the morning he led his stampeding cohort up the zig-zag trail, across the face of the slide, that led to Dwight Sanderson's cabin. The light of a candle showed through the parchment-paper window, and smoke curled from the chimney. Shorty threw open the door.

"Come on in, Smoke," he greeted. "Breakfast's ready. Who-all are your friends?"

Smoke turned on the threshold. "Well, good night, you fellows. Hope you enjoyed your passiar?"

"Hold on a moment, Smoke," Bill Saltman cried, his voice keen with disappointment. "Want to talk with you a moment."

"Fire away," Smoke answered genially.

"What'd you pay old Sanderson twenty-five thousan' for? Will you answer that?"

"Bill, you give me a pain," was Smoke's reply. "I came over here for a country residence, so to say, and here are you and a gang trying to cross-examine me when I'm looking for peace an' quietness and breakfast. What's a country residence good for, except for peace and quietness?"

"You ain't answered the question," Bill Saltman came back with rigid logic.

"And I'm not going to, Bill. That

affair is peculiarly a personal affair between Dwight Sanderson and me. Any other questions?"

"How about that crowbar an' steel cable then, what you had on your sled the other night?"

"It's none of your blessed and ruddy business, Bill. Though if Shorty wants to tell you, he can."

"Sure" Shorty cried, springing eagerly into the breach. His mouth opened, then he faltered and turned to his partner. "Smoke, confidentially, just between you an' me, I don't think it is any of their darn business. Come on in. The life's gettin' boiled outa that coffee."

The door closed, and the three hundred sagged into forlorn and grumbling groups.

"Say, Saltman," one man said. "I thought you was goin' to lead us to it."

"Not on your life," Saltman answered crustily. "I said Smoke would lead us to it."

"An' this is it?"

"You know as much about it as me, an' we all know Smoke's got something salted down somewheres. Or else for what did he pay Sanderson the twenty-five thousand? Not for this mangy town-site, that's sure an' certain."

A chorus of cries affirmed Saltman's judgment.

"Well, what are we going to do now?" some one queried dolefully.

"Me for one for breakfast," Wild Water Charley said cheerfully. "You led us up a blind alley this time, Bill."

"I tell you I didn't," Saltman objected. "Smoke led us. An' just the same, what about them twenty-five thousand?"

IV

At half-past eight, when daylight had grown strong, Shorty opened the door and peered out.

"Shucks," he exclaimed. "They-all's hiked back to Dawson. I thought they was goin' to camp here."

"Don't worry; they'll come sneaking back," Smoke reassured him. "If I don't miss my guess you'll see half

Dawson over here before we're done with it. Now jump in and lend me a hand. We've got work to do."

"Aw, for heaven's sake put me on," Shorty complained, when, at the end of an hour, he surveyed the result of their toil—a windlass in the corner of the cabin, with an endless rope that ran around double log-rollers.

Smoke turned it with a minimum of effort, and the rope slipped and creaked.

"Now Shorty, you go outside and tell me what it sounds like."

Shorty, listening at the closed door, heard all the sounds of a windlass hoisting a load, and caught himself unconsciously attempting to estimate the depth of shaft out of which this load was being hoisted. Next came a lapse, and in his mind's eye he saw the bucket swinging short to the windlass. Then he heard the quick lower-away and the dull sound as of the bucket coming to abrupt rest on the edge of the shaft. He threw open the door, beaming.

"I got you," he cried. "I almost fell for it myself. What next?"

The next one was the dragging into the cabin of a dozen sled loads of rock. And through an exceedingly busy day there were many other nexts.

"Now you run the dogs over to Dawson this evening," Smoke instructed, when supper was finished. "Leave them with Breck. He'll take care of them. They'll be watching what you do, so get Breck to go to the A. C. Company and buy up all the blasting powder—there's only several hundred pounds in stock. And have Breck order half a dozen hard-rock drills from the blacksmith. Breck's a quartz man, and he'll give the blacksmith a rough idea of what he wants made. And give Breck these location descriptions, so that he can record them at the Gold Commissioner's to-morrow. And finally, at ten o'clock, you be on Main Street listening. Mind you, I don't want them to be too loud. Dawson must just hear them and no more than hear them. I'll let off three, of different quantities, and you note which is more nearly the right thing."

At ten that night, Shorty, strolling down Main Street, aware of many curious eyes, his ears keyed tensely, heard a very faint and distant explosion. Thirty seconds later there was a second, sufficiently loud to attract the attention of others on the street. Then came a third, so violent that it rattled the wind-dows and brought the inhabitants into the street.

"Shook 'em up beautiful," Shorty proclaimed breathlessly, an hour afterward, when he arrived at the cabin on Tra-Lee. He gripped Smoke's hand. "You should a-saw 'em. Ever kick over a ant-hole? Dawson's just like that. Main Street was crawlin' an' hummin' when I pulled my freight. You won't see Tra-Lee to-morrow for folks. An' if they aint' some a-sneakin' acrost right now I don't know minin' nature, that's all."

Smoke grinned, stepped to the fake windlass, and gave it a couple of creaking turns. Shorty pulled out the moss-chinking from between the logs so as to make peep-holes on every side of the cabin. Then he blew out the candle.

"Now," he whispered at the end of half an hour.

Smoke turned the windlass slowly, paused after several minutes, caught up a galvanized bucket filled with earth and struck it with slide and scrape and grind against the heap of rocks they had hauled in. Then he lighted a cigarette, shielding the flame of the match in his hands.

"They's three of 'em," Shorty whispered. "You oughta saw 'em. Say, when you made that bucket-dump noise they was fair quiverin'. They's one at the window now tryin' to peek in."

Smoke glowed his cigarette, and glanced at his watch.

"We've got to do this thing regularly," he breathed. "We'll haul up a bucket every fifteen minutes. And in the meantime . . ."

Through triple thicknesses of sack-ing, he struck a cold-chisel on the face of a rock.

"Beautiful, beautiful," Shorty moaned with delight. He crept over noise-

lessly from the peep-hole. "They've got their heads together, an' I can almost see 'em talkin'."

And from then until four in the morning, at fifteen-minute intervals, the seeming of a bucket was hoisted on the windlass that creaked and ran around on itself and hoisted nothing. Then their visitors departed, and Smoke and Shorty went to bed.

After daylight, Shorty examined the moccasin marks.

"Big Bill Saltman was one of them," he concluded. "Look at the size of it!"

Smoke looked out over the river. "Get ready for visitors. There are two crossing the ice now."

"Huh! Wait till Breck files that string of claims at nine o'clock. There'll be two thousand crossing over."

"And every mother's son of them yammering 'Mother Lode,'" Smoke laughed. "'The source of Klondike placers found at last.'"

Shorty, who had clambered to the top of a steep shoulder of rock, gazed with eye of a connoisseur at the strip they had staked, fifteen hundred feet wide, which began at the river's edge, ran up the slide, on and up the deep ravine to the mountain top, and which, as he well knew, ran on down the other side to the boundary of Tra-Lee Town-Site.

"It sure looks like a true fissure vein," he said. "A expert could almost trace the lines of it under the snow. It'd fool anybody. The slide fills the front of it—an' see them outcrops? Look like the real thing, only they ain't."

When the two men, crossing the river, climbed the zig-zag trail up the slide, they found a closed cabin. Bill Saltman, who led the way, went softly to the door, listened, then beckoned Wild Water Charley up to him. From inside came the creak and whine of a windlass bearing a heavy load. They waited at the final pause, then heard the lower-away and the impact of a bucket on rock. Four times, in the next hour, they heard the thing repeated. Then Wild Water knocked on the door. From inside came low furtive noises,

silences, and more furtive noises, and at the end of five minutes Smoke opened the door an inch, breathing heavily, and peered out. They saw on his face and shirt powdered rock-fragments. His greeting was suspiciously genial.

"Wait a minute," he added, "and I'll be with you."

Pulling on his mittens, he slipped through the door and confronted the visitors outside in the snow. Their quick eyes noted his shirt, across the shoulders, discolored and powdery, and the knees of his overalls that showed signs of dirt brushed hastily but not quite thoroughly away.

"Rather early for a call," he observed. "What brings you across the river? Going hunting?"

"We're on, Smoke," Wild Water said confidentially. "An' you'd just as well come through. You've got something here."

"If you're looking for eggs——?" Smoke began.

"Aw, forget it. We mean business."

"You mean you want to buy lots, eh?" Smoke rattled on swiftly. "There's some dandy building sites here. But, you see, we can't sell yet. We haven't had the town surveyed. Come around next week, Wild Water, and for peace and quietness I'll show you something swell, if you're anxious to live over here. Next week, sure, it will be surveyed. Good bye. Sorry I can't ask you inside, but Shorty—well, you know him. He's peculiar. He says he came over for peace and quietness, and he's asleep now. I wouldn't wake him for the world."

As Smoke talked he shook their hands warmly in farewell. Still talking and shaking their hands, he stepped inside and closed the door.

They looked at each other and nodded significantly.

"See the knees of his pants?" Saltman whispered hoarsely.

"Sure. An' his shoulders. He's been bumpin' an' crawlin' around in a shaft." As Wild Water talked, his eyes wandered up the snow-covered ravine until they were halted by something

that brought a whistle to his lips. "Just cast your eyes up there, Bill. See where I'm pointin'? If that ain't a prospect-hole! An' follow it out to both sides—you can see where they tromped in the snow. If it ain't rim-rock on both sides I don't know what rim-rock is. It's a fissure vein all right."

"An' look at the size of it!" Saltman cried. "They got something here, you bet."

"An' run your eyes down the slide there—see them bluffs standin' out an' slopin' in. The whole slide's in the mouth of the vein as well."

"An' just keep a-lookin' on, out on the ice there, on the trail," Saltman directed. "Looks like most of Dawson, don't it?"

Wild Water took one glance and saw the trail, like a moving snake, black with men clear to the far Dawson bank down which the same unbroken string of men was pouring.

"Well, I'm goin' to get a look-in at that prospect-hole before they get here," he said, turning and starting swiftly up the ravine.

But the cabin door opened, and the two occupants stepped out.

"Hey!" Smoke called. "Where are you going?"

"To pick out a lot," Wild Water called back. "Look at the river. All Dawson's stampeding to buy lots, an' we're goin' to beat 'em to it for the choice. That's right, ain't it, Bill?"

"Sure thing," Saltman corroborated. "This has the makin's of a Jim dandy suburb, an' it sure looks like it'll be some popular."

"Well, we're not selling lots over in that section where you're heading," Smoke answered. "Over to the right there, and back on top the bluffs, are the lots. This section, running from the river and over the tops, is reserved. So come on back."

"It's the spot we've selected," Saltman argued.

"But there's nothing doing, I tell you," Smoke said sharply.

"Any objections to our strolling, then?" Saltman persisted.

"Decidedly. Your strolling is getting monotonous. Come on back out of that."

"I just reckon we'll stroll anyways," Saltman replied stubbornly. "Come on, Wild Water."

"I warn you, you are trespassing," was Smoke's final word.

"Nope, just strollin'," Saltman gaily retorted, turning his back and starting on.

"Hey! Stop in your tracks, Bill, or I'll sure bore you!" Shorty thundered, drawing and leveling two Colt's forty-fours. He put his moccasin on top of Smoke's and muttered just over his breath: "Say, Smoke; pipe me! The real goods, eh? Just the stuff you read in the magazines, ain't it? Now just listen." He raised his voice. "Bill Saltman, step another step in your steps an' I let eleven holes through your danged ornery carcass. Get that?"

Saltman stopped perplexed.

"He sure got me," Shorty mumbled to Smoke. "But if he goes on I'm up against it hard. I can't shoot. What'll I do?"

"Look here, Shorty, listen to reason," Saltman begged.

"Come here to me an' we'll talk reason," was Shorty's retort.

And they were still talking reason when the head of the stampede emerged from the zig-zag trail and came upon them.

"You can't call a man a trespasser when he's on a town-site lookin' to buy lots," Wild Water was arguing, and Shorty was objecting, "But they's private property in town-sites, an' that there strip is private property, that's all. I tell you again, it ain't for sale."

V

"Now we've got to swing this thing on the jump," Smoke muttered to Shorty. "If they ever get out of hand . . ."

"You've sure got your nerve, if you think you can hold them," Shorty muttered back. "They's two thousan' of 'em an' more a-comin'. They'll break this line any minute."

The line ran along the near rim of the ravine, and Shorty had formed it by halting the first arrivals when they got that far in their invasion. In the crowd were half a dozen North-West policemen and a lieutenant. With the latter Smoke conferred in undertones.

"They're still piling out of Dawson," he said, "and before long there will be five thousand here. The danger is if they start jumping claims. When you figure there are only five claims, it means a thousand men to a claim, and four thousand out of the five will try to jump the nearest claim. It can't be done, and if it ever starts, there'll be more dead men here than in the whole history of Alaska. Besides, those five claims were recorded this morning and can't be jumped. In short, claim-jumping mustn't start."

"Right-O," said the lieutenant. "I'll get my men together and station them. We can't have any trouble here, and we won't have. But you'd better get up and talk to them."

"There must be some mistake, fellows," Smoke began in a loud voice. "We're not ready to sell lots. The streets are not surveyed yet. But next week we shall have the grand opening sale."

He was interrupted by an outburst of impatience and indignation.

"We don't want lots," a young miner cried out. "We don't want what's on top of the ground. We've come for what's under the ground."

"We don't know what we've got under the ground," Smoke answered. "But we do know we've got a fine town-site on top of it."

"Sure," Shorty added. "Grand for scenery an' solitude. Folks lovin' solitude come a-flockin' here by thousands. Most popular solitude on the Yukon."

Again the impatient cries arose, and Saltman, who had been talking with the later comers, came to the front.

"We're here to stake claims," he opened. "We know what you've did—filed a string of five quartz claims on end, and there they are over there running across the town-site on the line of

the slide and the canyon. Only you misplayed. Two of them entries is fake. Who is Seth Talbot? No one never heard of him. You filed a claim this mornin' in his name. An' you filed a claim in the name of Harry Macewell. Now Harry Macewell ain't in the country. He's down in Seattle. Went out last fall. Them two claims is open to relocation."

"Suppose I have his power of attorney?" Smoke queried.

"You ain't," Saltman answered. "An' if you have you got to show it. Anyway here's where we relocate. Come on, fellows."

Saltman, stepping across the dead-line, had turned to encourage a following, when the police lieutenant's voice rang out and stopped the forward surge of the great mass.

"Hold on there! You can't do that, you know!"

"Can't, eh?" said Bill Saltman. "The law says a fake location can be relocated, don't it?"

"That's right, Bill! Stay with it!" the crowd cheered from the safe side of the line.

"It's the law, ain't it?" Saltman demanded truculently of the lieutenant.

"It may be the law," came the steady answer. "But I can't and won't allow a move of five thousand men to attempt to jump two claims. It would be a dangerous riot, and we're here to see there is no riot. Here, now, on this spot, the North-West Police constitutes the law. The next man who crosses the line will be shot. You, Bill Saltman, step back across it."

Saltman obeyed reluctantly. But an ominous restlessness became apparent in the mass of men, irregularly packed and scattered as it was over a landscape that was mostly up-and-down.

"Heavens," the lieutenant whispered to Smoke. "Look at them like flies on the edge of the cliff there. Any disorder in that mass would force hundreds of them over."

Smoke shuddered and got up.

"I'm willing to play fair, fellows. If you insist on town lots I'll sell them to



"Bill Saltman went softly to the door, listened, then beckoned Wild Water Charley up to him."

you, one hundred apiece, and you can raffle locations when the survey is made." With raised hand he stilled the movement of disgust. "Don't move, anybody. If you do, there'll be hundreds of you shoved over the bluff. The situation is dangerous."

"Just the same, you can't hog it," a voice went up. "We don't want lots. We want to relocate."

"But there are only two disputed claims," Smoke argued. "When they're relocated, where will the rest of you be?"

"Take your feet out of the trough an' pool the town-site," the man went on. "Pool the mineral rights with the town-site, too."

"But there isn't anything in the mineral rights, I tell you," Smoke objected.

"Then pool them with the rest. We'll take our chances on it."

"Fellows, you're forcing me," Smoke said. "I wish you'd stayed on your side the river."

But his wavering indecision was so manifest, that with a mighty roar the crowd swept him on to agreement. Saltman and others in the front rank demurred.

"Bill Saltman, here, and Wild Water don't want you all in," Smoke informed the crowd. "Who's hogging it now?"

And thereat Saltman and Wild Water became profoundly unpopular.

"Now how are we going to do it?" Smoke asked. "Shorty and I ought to keep control. We discovered this town-site."

"That's right!" many cried. "A square deal!" "It's only fair!"

"Three-fifths to us," Smoke suggested. "and you fellows come in for two-fifths. And you've got to pay for your shares."

"Ten cents on the dollar!" was a cry. "And non-assessable!"

"And the president of the company to come around personally and pay you your dividends on a silver platter," Smoke sneered. "No, sir. You fellows have got to be reasonable. Ten cents on the dollar will help start things. You buy two-fifths of the stock, hun-

dred dollars par, at ten dollars. That's the best I can do. And if you don't like it, just start jumping the claims. I won't stand more than a two-fifths gouge."

"No big capitalization!" a voice called, and it was this voice that crystallized the collective mind of the crowd into consent.

"There's about five thousand of you, which will make 5,000 shares," Smoke worked the problem aloud. "And 5,000 is two-fifths of 12,500. Therefore the Tra-Lee Town-Site Company is capitalized for \$1,250,000, there being 12,500 shares, hundred par, you fellows buying 5,000 of them at ten dollars apiece. And I don't care a whoop whether you accept it or not. And I call you all to witness that you're forcing me against my will."

With the assurance of the crowd that they had caught him with the goods on him in the shape of the two fake locations, a committee was formed and the rough organization of the Tra-Lee Town-Site Company effected.

By twilight the work was accomplished and Tra-Lee was deserted, save for Smoke and Shorty, who ate supper in the cabin and chuckled at the list of shareholders, four thousand, eight hundred and seventy-four strong, and at the gold-sacks which they knew contained approximately forty-eight thousand seven hundred and forty dollars.

"But you ain't swung it yet," Shorty objected.

"He'll be here," Smoke asserted with conviction. "He's a born gambler, and when Breck whispers the tip to him even heart disease wouldn't stop him."

Within the hour came a knock at the door, and Wild Water entered, followed by Bill Saltman. Their eyes swept the cabin eagerly, coming to rest on the windlass elaborately concealed by blankets. Not quite hidden were fresh-fractured rocks that belonged anywhere save on the floor of a cabin.

"But suppose I did want to vote twelve hundred shares," Wild Water was arguing half an hour later. "With the other five thousand sold to-day it'd

make only sixty-two hundred shares. That'd leave you and Shorty with sixty-three hundred. You'd still control."

"But what d'you want with all that of a town-site?" Shorty queried.

"You can answer that better'n me," Wild Water replied. "An' between you an' me," his gaze drifted over the blanket-draped windlass, "it's a pretty good looking town-site."

"But Bill wants some," Smoke said grudgingly, "and we simply won't part with more than five hundred shares."

"How much you got to invest?" Wild Water asked Saltman.

"Oh, say five thousand. It was all I could scare up. It's outside along with youn."

"Wild Water," Smoke went on, in the same grudging, complaining voice, "if I didn't know you so well, I wouldn't sell you a single besotted share. And anyway, Shorty and I won't part with more than five hundred, and they'll cost you fifty dollars apiece. That's the last word, and if you don't like it, good night. Bill can take a hundred, and you can have the other four hundred."

VI

Next day Dawson began its laugh. It started early in the morning, just after daylight, when Smoke went to the bulletin board outside the A. C. Company store and tacked up a notice. Men gathered and were reading and snickering over his shoulder ere he had driven the last tack. Soon the bulletin board was crowded by hundreds who could not get near enough to read. Then a reader was appointed by acclamation, and thereafter, throughout the day, many men were acclaimed to read in loud voice the notice Smoke Bellew had nailed up. And there were numbers of men who stood in the snow and heard it read several times in order to memorize the succulent items that appeared in the following order:

THE TRA-LEE TOWN-SITE COMPANY KEEPS ITS ACCOUNTS ON THE WALL. THIS IS ITS FIRST AND ITS LAST.

ANY SHAREHOLDER WHO OB-

JECTS TO DONATING TEN DOLLARS TO THE DAWSON GENERAL HOSPITAL MAY OBTAIN HIS TEN DOLLARS ON PERSONAL APPLICATION TO WILD WATER CHARLEY, AND, FAILING THAT, WILL ABSOLUTELY OBTAIN IT ON APPLICATION TO SMOKE BELLEW.

Moneys received and disbursed.

From 4,874 shares @ \$10. . \$48,740.00

To Dwight Sanderson for Town-Site of Tra-Lee. . . \$10,000.00

To incidental expenses, to wit: powder, drills, windlass, Gold Commissioner's office, etc. 1,000.00

Total \$11,000.00

To Dawson General Hospital 37,740.00

\$48,740.00

From Bill Saltman, for 100 shares privately purchased @ \$50 \$ 5,000.00

To Bill Saltman, in recognition of services as volunteer stampeding promoter. 5,000.00

From Wild Water Charley, for 400 shares privately purchased at \$50. 20,000.00

To Dawson General Hospital 3,000.00

To Smoke Bellew and Jack Short, balance in full on egg deal and morally owing 17,000.00

\$20,000.00

SHARES REMAINING TO ACCOUNT FOR, 7,126. THESE SHARES, HELD BY SMOKE BELLEW AND JACK SHORT, VALUE NIL, MAY BE OBTAINED GRATIS, FOR THE ASKING, BY ANY AND ALL RESIDENTS OF DAWSON DESIRING CHANGE OF DOMICILE TO THE PEACE AND SOLITUDE OF THE TOWN OF TRA-LEE.

(NOTE—PEACE AND SOLITUDE ALWAYS AND PERPETUALLY GUARANTEED IN THE TOWN OF TRA-LEE.)

(Signed) Smoke Bellew, President.

(Signed) Jack Short, Secretary.

How The Weather is Made

By John Holt

While the actual making of the weather may still be beyond the limit of human control, the task of forecasting it has been reduced to a science. When in your daily paper you casually glance at the "probs.," do you ever ask yourself how the forecasts are prepared? So far as Canada is concerned this article answers the question in all its details, explaining to the reader precisely "How the Weather is Made." To most people the facts presented will prove of much interest, since so little is actually known of the operations of the much abused "weather man," who after all simply does his best, which, as our contributor remarks, "is a mighty good one even if it is not perfect."

"It's talking 'bout the weather

That has made the weather vain.

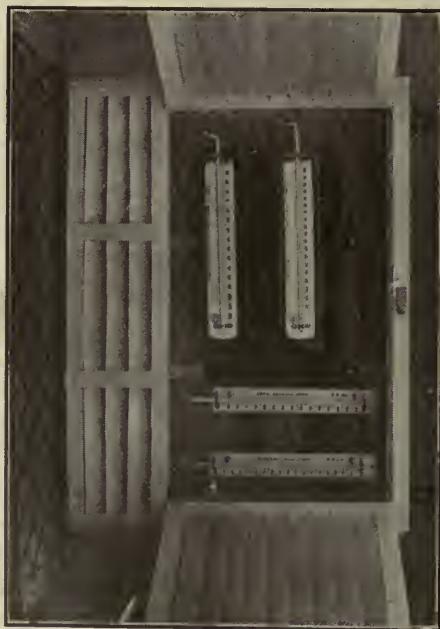
"WHEN Providence made the weather," said the dear old lady, "there was

some dependin' on it. But now these here meteorologists have got ahold of it there's no tellin' what to expect." From most of us the poor "weather man" gets short shrift. If we do not exactly blame him for the weather we get, we still cherish a sort of unspoken grudge against him as one who is connected intimately with the vile thing; and we jeer at him mercilessly when his forecasts happen to get left at the post instead of romping in winners at long odds. Poor "Probs." has almost as few

friends as the Tax Collector. But he does his best—and a wonderfully good best it is if we only stopped to realize it. Not much more than a

generation ago the weather man was still in the kindergarten stage of his business; three generations ago and there was no chance of his existing at all. Curiously enough it is electricity, one of the things he understands least about, and which occasionally is a distinct upsetter of his calculations, that has made possible a great deal of the work he does.

Until it was possible to get telegraphic reports of weather conditions from distant parts of the country, most weather work was necessarily of a



The thermometer outfit of a modern weather observatory. The upright thermometers record maximum and minimum temperatures; of the horizontal thermometers one is ordinary while the other is a wet bulb used to determine the humidity of the atmosphere.

"post mortem" nature. All the weather man could do was to say what had happened on the previous day or make a guess at what would happen on the day after based on what had happened before under similar circumstances. Now he "sees the weather coming," and tells you what he sees.

There has been a noticeable improvement in the "Probs." of Great Britain within the past six or eight years. That is to say since the lengthening of the range of wireless telegraphy and its almost universal adoption on board ship. The forecasts were pretty good before, but with the aid of wireless reports—which are still rather scrappy and unorganized—the weather man has been able to correct and add to them the information he gets from the Atlantic—where a lot of English weather is manufactured. Atmospheric conditions which were quite unknown until they touched the cliffs of Galway, or came whooping over the Cornish moors at Land's End, can nowadays be "seen coming" hundreds of miles away. And the Atlantic wireless reports are continually being improved.

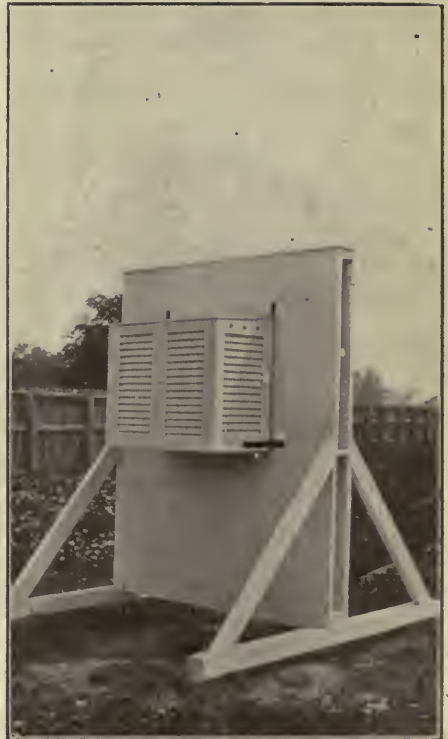
CANADIAN WEATHER IMPROVEMENTS.

The next three or four years may see a similar improvement in the Canadian weather man's work. There is talk of establishing a chain of wireless stations round Hudson Bay and through the trackless wastes of Labrador. At present all sorts of diabolical weather plots are secretly hatched in those forsaken regions of which the weather man can know nothing until they are right on top of him. He can make a rough sort of estimate of what to expect, but certainty is as yet denied him. It is as if he was compelled to keep the blinds pulled down over the north windows of his observatory—he can see weather coming from the east and the west and the south and is able to foretell pretty accurately what will be produced at any given point at any time by the conditions in these quarters of the compass; but the north is sealed and secret and at any moment something that the weather imps have been concocting behind the barrier of the arctic circle



An interior view of the thermometer outfit.

may come swooping along and upset the whole bag of tricks. The matter will probably come under discussion at the present sitting of Parliament, and



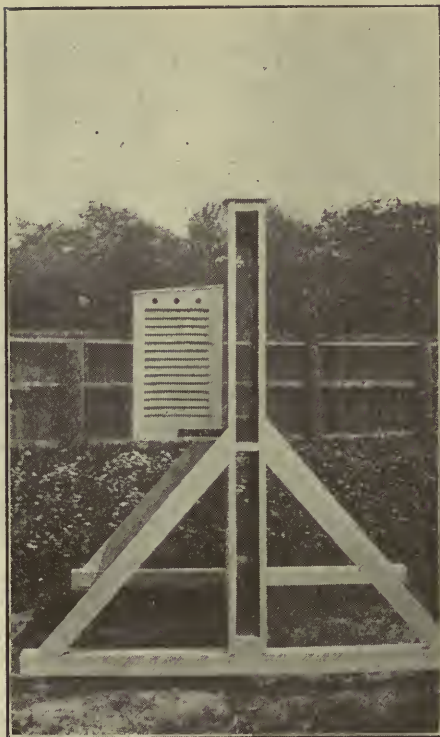
Another view of the thermometer outfit.

if the Naval Department get their wireless stations established the weather man will be able to get his north window open and the occasions will be lessened on which we take our rain-coats from the hook and mutter bitterly: "Probs. said 'Bright sunshine and continuing fair'—and now look at the darned thing!"

However, as I say, the weather man's best is a mighty good one even if it is not perfect. The difficulties under which he labors are enormous. His knowledge is great, but there are still wide gaps in it which he can fill only by guess-work. If we merely take a glance at what is the outside

edge of a small portion of the weather man's work we may realize something of the difficulties under which he labors and acquire more patience with his occasional failings.

All the weather of Canada and Newfoundland—which climatically are in confederation—pays a daily call at a not particularly conspicuous building on Bloor Street, Toronto. Most of the United States weather drops in there also, for the elections of last year had no climatic effect and there is perfect reciprocity in this commodity. And besides this there are less important calls from most of the weather all over the world. Terrible storms, cyclones, earthquakes rage—telegraphically—in that quiet building and the weather man keeps an eye on them all and records their life history by drawing lines on maps.



The thermometer outfit of a modern weather observation station. The double screen protects the instruments from the direct heat of the sun and the screened cabinet from the disturbing influence of sun and rain.

The Toronto building is the central office of the meteorological service of Canada, corresponding to the head office of the United States Weather Bureau at Washington and the Central Office of London. It is the place where the "weather is made" for the whole Dominion—except the coastal strip on the other side of the Rockies—and for Newfoundland as well. It is a big job even determining the "Probs." and that is only a small portion of the weather man's work.

To begin with it is necessary to realize that the weather man does things on a large scale—a very large scale. It

is never a mere local affair, but an organization—for want of a better word—which does business continentally. The weather may stand with one foot in Algoma and the other in Texas and reach over and tickle the Atlantic coast with its hands, so to speak. And Probs. has to figure out what will be the precise effect on every part of Canada when the Texas foot is shifted and moved up to the middle west or over to San Francisco. What is more, he must try to foresee at what precise moment the foot will be shifted and the mood which will influence the direction of the shift.

The weather is, as it were, a giant, or a family of erratic giants. The weather man has studied their habits and can foretell their movements accordingly. Occasionally one of them changes his mind in a manner con-



The meteorological observatory in Toronto, "through which all the Canadian weather passes."

trary to habit—shifts his course, suddenly decides to sit down and enjoy the scenery at one particular spot, comes into unexpected collision with a brother giant and has a stormy argument, or gives a brother the cut direct whom the weather man has expected him to meet. But as a rule the weather man, through patient observation, can see what is going to happen, just as a keen observer of character and human nature can foretell with fair accuracy the actions of a human being.

Weather conditions depend upon the progression of "atmospheric disturbances" across the face of the world. All sorts of things give rise to and influence these disturbances and have an effect on their progression—mountain ranges, large bodies of water, even the wooded or cleared nature of tracts of country, and in addition there are minor local conditions which produce minor local effects without appreciably influencing the big areas of disturbance.

In dealing with these atmospheric

disturbances the meteorologist makes use of several "tools." First and most important is the Barometer which takes note of the differences in the distribution of the atmosphere—which may be said, in fact, to determine the character of the atmospheric disturbances. Without the Barometer the weather man would be practically helpless. Then there are the Wind Vanes and Anemometers, for determining the direction and velocity of air currents; Thermometers for temperature; and Rain Gauges for recording the quantity of rainfall.

These are all very different from the ordinary variations of these instruments with which most people are familiar. The Barometer is a vastly more complicated affair than that frying-pan sort of thing which hangs in the front hall and which Pa taps with his finger and looks at wisely without really understanding anything of what it is trying to say. The Weather Vanes run on delicate bearings; the Thermometers

are tested to the last degree of accuracy; the instruments are very carefully placed so that they will not be influenced by adverse circumstances; and all of them automatically record their movements during the twenty-four hours.

This is at the Toronto station. Across the continent are a chain of forty or more big sub-stations where the instruments are accurate but not necessarily so elaborate as in Toronto; and besides these there are innumerable small observation points scattered all over the country in almost every town and village. People are sometimes surprised at the absence of snow gauges as well as rain gauges, but as a matter of fact they are of little use in a country with so heavy a snowfall as Canada; they get clogged and choked, or the snow blows out of them, and consequently the weather man has to fall back upon primitive measurements with a ruler at spots which he judges are representative, and can only regret the consequent loss of accuracy.

As a matter of fact even the most delicate instruments are not absolutely accurate. Take an Anemometer, for instance, a device consisting outwardly of four little cups at the ends of four horizontal arms which in their revolutions actuate a mechanism which indicates the velocity of the wind which turns them. Obviously when a gust of wind arises, it must overcome a certain inertia in the instrument and there must be a small but appreciable delay before the arms start revolving. Conversely, when the gust dies down the anemometer must continue to spin for a moment before it also stops. Similarly the sluggishness of a thermometer must take a certain time to overcome before it responds to a change of temperature. With delicate instruments and various ingenious compensating devices these inaccuracies are reduced to a minimum and anyway they are far too small to have any effect on the comparatively rough work of "Probs." I mention them and the snow gauges merely as an indication of the mechanical difficulties which the weather man has to face in all branches of his work; the laborious

calculations necessary to allow for these inaccuracies may well be imagined.

WORK IS EXTENSIVE.

Forecasting, as I say, is only one detail of the weather man's work—an important detail but by no means the most difficult or complicated. There is much recording and tabulating to be done, and some research work. Mariners' charts and bulletins detailing the recent weather in various parts of Canada have to be prepared and sent out; and there are certain special branches of the forecasting work to be attended to, such as wiring the various coastal stations to hoist storm signals and the like.

Take this "Notice to Mariners" for instance. "To Mariners:—In September during the past 39 years 1873 to 1911 each inclusive, 98 gales occurred on the Lakes, 28 fresh to heavy and 70 moderate. On 3 occasions the winds backed, 86 veered, and 9 they veered in some localities and backed in others. In the St. Lawrence Valley and the Gulf there were 107 gales, 32 fresh to heavy and 75 moderate, 13 backed, 83 veered, and 11 backed in some localities and veered in others. In the Maritime Provinces 76 gales occurred, 21 fresh to heavy and 55 moderate, 10 backed, 58 veered, and 8 backed in some localities and veered in others."

You see it is a digest of weather conditions over a period of forty years, and the records covering that period had to be searched in order to make it. Such searching and keeping up to date of the records is a detail of the weather man's work.

But there is work enough even behind the ordinary little quarter column of small type we are familiar with in the morning's paper and which ranks in importance in our eyes above the news of the Presidential elections, or the special correspondence from the European capitals. Directly and indirectly, some hundreds of people are concerned in building up the basis on which those half dozen slender little paragraphs are built.

Strung across the Dominion are the chain of observation stations. Victoria, Edmonton, Moose Jaw, Quebec, St.

John's, Newfoundland, and Halifax are the chief sub-stations of the forty and odd which are in constant communication with "Probs." at his Toronto headquarters. He has a sort of suburban residence at Victoria also, whence forecasts are issued of the weather along the Pacific slope. But all the rest of the Canadian forecasts come from Bloor Street.

At precisely the same instant, twice every twenty-four hours, observations are taken at all the stations. They are taken at 8 a.m. and 8 p.m. 75th meridian, which means of course, that they have to be taken later than that at points east of Toronto and earlier at points west owing to the difference of time. Thus the Dawson City man has to turn out at the cold grey hour of four in the morning to inspect his instruments, while the St. John's weather man can take a comfortable breakfast before making his observations at nine.

The smaller sub-stations submit monthly reports which are used in the record and tabulation work. Sometimes their work is hardly scientifically accurate. I remember one meteorological sub-officer who got into a tangle with his own instruments. Although it was an exceptionally wet summer his rain gauge declared vehemently that there was a drought. The instrument was examined and found faultless, yet still the drought continued. Eventually, it was found that the officer's small daughter, to save herself a trip to the pump, had been filling her watering pot at the gauge when she attended to the flowers in the greenhouse.

But occurrences like this do not happen where it is really important. You must imagine the various officers at various local hours of the day and night, but always at eight o'clock by Toronto time, going out and collecting the material for their reports. They take the barometric pressure of the atmosphere; the temperature of the air; make a note of the state of the weather—whether it is raining, snowing, clear or cloudy and so on; note the direction and velocity of the wind; and the amount of precipitation since the previous reading; also if

in the morning, the lowest temperature of the preceding night, if at night, the highest of the preceding day. The barometric readings they reduce to sea level, that is to say they make allowance for the height of the station above the sea and quote their readings as if taken at the sea level; this is in order to make them comparable.

All these observations are then telegraphed through to the Chief at Toronto, and form the chief basis of his calculations. Besides these, however, he gets similar reports from various stations in the States, also twice a day; and once a day from the whole northern hemisphere. Altogether he receives two hundred or more reports every day; about forty from points in Canada, 140 from the States, and 20 from Europe and Asia. Thus the weather man on Bloor Street, not only has a bird's eye view of the weather all over Canada, but all across Asia and Russia and Europe—over the whole world, in fact, north of the equator.

When the observations are all in, the Chief has to see how they fit in with one another, and from them deduce his various forecasts. How many maps of North America he has drawn in his time it is impossible to say, but he has drawn so many and is so familiar with the map that he can make one from memory any day and could probably come pretty close to accuracy blindfolded. The first step of his day's work is to take a map of North America and enter on it the various barometric readings he has received. Each of the stations has a barometric figure entered on it, and eventually those stations having the same figures are connected by lines called isobars. Isobars are drawn for every tenth of an inch difference in pressure, and it follows, of course, that all places along them, between the stations they connect have approximately the same barometric pressure. Arrows are drawn to show the wind direction and velocity at the various stations, and various symbols indicate the states of the weather. When the pressures and isobars have been filled in, the map has a weird appearance. It is covered with lines mostly winding and circling about

some central spot. There may be one starting up by Winnipeg winding east and south via Detroit to a point in Texas, its central curve roughly paralleling a circle planked down in Omaha or Nebraska. Other lines may skirt down around the Atlantic coast with the central circle somewhere about New York and reaching from Montreal to Charlestown. There are usually a number of these circles scattered over the map with other lines either ringing them concentrically or winding in a vague sort of way from one to the other.

MAKING THE WEATHER MAP.

To the uninitiated the map looks like a Chinese puzzle, but to the weather man it is all as clear as daylight. The circles and their attendant lines are found to group themselves in two ways. Either the pressure increases towards the centre of each circle or it decreases. In the first case the circles are "high areas" and the second "low areas"—"storm centres" in which the winds circle in a direction contrary to the movement of the hands of a watch; in high areas the movement being the other way. Generally speaking, the low areas are, as I say, storm centres, carrying with them unsettled, stormy weather with a tendency towards a warmer temperature. The high areas carry with them fine weather and a tendency to cooler conditions.

In the weather man's morning map we will suppose that the circle or "area" which he finds centered in Omaha is a low one—that is, the barometric pressures at the various stations get lower and lower as they approach that central point. There is therefore a storm centre over in the middle west; the reports of actual weather conditions indicate how bad the storm may be, whether it is merely an unsettled state of weather or an actual raging storm of one kind or another; the wind reports evidence the intensity of the atmospheric disturbance.

The direction and speed of travel of the area are deduced from the amount of rate of fall of the barometric pressure. That is to say, the area travels

in the direction towards which the barometric depression is most pronounced. In the weather map for Sept. 13th reproduced with this article, the high area centered in British Columbia would travel eastwards across the place on the map where the isobars are closest together and not southwards where they are spread out, indicating that the "slope" of the high area is not so "steep," so to speak. The speed is deduced from the rate of fall.

Roughly speaking the weather man makes his forecasts by keeping an eye on the centre of each particular area. It is travelling eastwards, say, at a certain speed. Very well then; the probable weather in its course can be prophesied with fair accuracy. Of course, the further away from the storm centre the place prophesied about may be, the more likelihood of inaccuracy in the forecast. The Omaha area, for instance, may be travelling north-east, in which case it may be expected to pass over Michigan and so on over western Ontario and upwards into Quebec, its influence stretching on either side over a district proportionate to its extent. But if it is deflected a few degrees at the beginning it may travel far to the south of the expected course and fetch up somewhere in the Maritimes instead of in northern Quebec. Like the railway time tables the courses of areas of atmospheric disturbance are "subject to change without notice" and the public who are disturbed by the change rise as one man and curse poor "Probs." just as they furiously rage against the innocent train dispatcher who cannot help himself.

This of course is merely the roughest outline of the work. The areas are not fixed, unchangeable sort of things which can be depended on arriving at their destination in the same state that they started out even if they remain of one mind as to the course they are going to pursue. All sorts of things influence them and change or modify their character.

Many of these influences are the fixed physical characteristics of the country which can be taken accurate account of by the weather man. Mountains, for

example, have a great effect on the atmospheric conditions which butt up against them. The Rockies, so to speak, hold back a lot of "weather" and keep it from finding its way into the Dominion at all; and vice versa. The height of land which stretches from Niagara to Collingwood has the effect of depositing much larger quantities of moisture on its western than its eastern slope. The areas travelling eastwards when they reach the Height of Land are forced upward into the cold upper regions where they are chilled and condensed—the moisture they contained falling as rain or snow. After the area has crossed the Height the area descends again appreciably robbed of moisture and, expanding, easily contains the moisture that remains until a meeting with a cool current of air, another trip into the higher regions, or some other cause condenses it again and results in another rain storm.

FORECASTING DIFFICULT IN CANADA.

Canada is such a "mixed" country that it is especially difficult to forecast its weather or to depend even upon its most dependable qualities. There is a general drift of weather across North America from west to east which "Probs." can reasonably depend upon, though at times the drift zig-zags across country and even occasionally reverses. The alternations of mountain, prairie, forest and big stretches of water cause all kinds of sudden changes which the weather man is not troubled with in a less varied country such as Australia for example. Here the great level stretches of desert in the interior and the comparative absence of water make it possible to foretell the weather for as long as four days ahead and when a better wireless service is arranged with ships approaching the Australian coast it will be possible to make still longer forecasts. The Canadian weather man is lucky if he can look a day ahead with any certainty as to accuracy.

The areas travel at all sorts of speeds and sometimes even remain stationary for quite long periods especially in the North Atlantic. That means, of course, that the districts influenced by the area

enjoy "a spell of settled weather," day after day the same until the area takes it into its head to move on. Moreover, it has due effect on other districts outside that immediate area since it holds up areas that are following and compels them to remain stationary also unless they slide off to one side or have sufficient force to push the opposing area on or force it aside.

Such things as this are, of course, very difficult for the weather man to anticipate. And there are things he does not know; the effect of the change in the electrical potential of the atmosphere", for instance. If he knew exactly how the free electricity in the air was acting it would be a great help to him.

But everything in nature has an explanation and knowledge is widening. Every year, almost, there is some discovery which gives the work of "Probs." greater possibilities of accuracy. All the time he is watching the weather less with a view to telling what it will be like to-morrow than to finding out exactly why it was like what it was yesterday.

Half the time "Probs." is a coroner and his "post mortem" work is of the most important. The Canadian meteorological Department has done considerable useful work in this respect. At Agincourt near Toronto they have made use of kites to explore the upper atmosphere—great kites which would soar beyond the possibilities of an airman's flight carrying instruments which record the conditions they find existing there. Balloons both captive and free have been used for similar purposes, and many valuable scraps of information have been obtained.

The Canadian weather bureau helped to confirm the theory of the "isothermal" layer. Balloons sent up succeeded in establishing the existence of a layer of atmosphere which has a constant temperature and which surrounds the immediate atmosphere of the earth in which our "weather" takes place. And beyond this again was discovered a second layer of a warmer temperature.

Though practically constant in temperature, these isothermal layers rise or fall in height and their mission is to

act as "indicators" to inner atmosphere. But at best these are only scraps to be patiently pieced together and to be added to from time to time till the weather man's knowledge of his fickle subject is quite complete.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.

And when that day arrives, what then? Will we ever know so much about the weather that we can control it, or at any rate modify it to be more in accordance with what we want. Even that day may come, though our few poor, crude attempts as it to-day are mostly failures. Attempts to "make rain" with the aid of dynamite or otherwise have in the opinion of our best Canadian weather men all been failures, and the professed "rain makers" one occasionally hears of are generally classed as fakers. The hail destroying experiments of Southern France and Italy have been among the most successful, but are woefully uncertain. In these regions hail is a very powerful enemy of the vineyards and in many places may be seen curious contrivances something like a cross between a gun and a gramophone which are used for "shooting" approaching hail clouds and dissipating them before they are a real danger. They are "shot" in actual fact, but the projectile is a whirling vortex of air exactly like a smoke ring which, whirling into the cloud, breaks it up. But the success of this scheme has been very limited and uncertain and its proved value is not great. We will not be liable to claim to control the weather until we can prevent the hail or thunder cloud from forming or can drive it where we will to dissipate itself at some waste spot where it can do no harm—what a thought, by the bye! the Sahara desert as the world's "storm dumping place" to which all the world's storms are herded, a region of perpetual thunder and lightning, cyclone and tempest. The idea is ridiculous, of course, but imposing.

No; the weather man laughs at the idea of ever being able to control the weather to any appreciable extent but he looks forward hopefully to the day

when we shall know so much about its origin and habits that we will be able to avoid most of the inconveniences under which we suffer to-day.

And very serious inconveniences some of them are, as everyone may realise. To you or me a forecast of the weather may mean no more than to influence us as to what clothes we shall wear, or whether we shall light the furnace. But to the farmer, the sailor, to everyone whose business is affected by the elements an accurate forecast is of the greatest possible service. On the coast to the fishermen a forecast of the winds especially is almost a necessity—and to this department our "Probs" in Toronto and his junior partner in Victoria pay a great deal of attention.

It is odd when you come to think of it, that the fishermen of Newfoundland should look all the way to Toronto to see what favorable winds they are going to have or what perils of fog or storm they may have to brave. It shows in a very striking way what a triumph of modern centralization is our Canadian "Probs." It shows too how science has superseded superstition. The fisherman relies on the storm cone and the weather forecast where once he listened to "weather wise" old veterans or relied implicitly on "signs" and the movements of animals or fishes. Most of the old popular weather signs are utterly discredited and the weather man can show good long lists of statistics to prove them wrong—the St. Swithin's Day superstition for example. In some of them there is just that grain of truth which makes a falsehood all the falser but practically none of them is to be relied upon. Statistics show that for every time a superstition happens to be right there are many more times that it is wrong.

Superior to all superstition, sitting in calm isolation, the weather man hovers over the North Pole and casts a comprehensive eye over the whole northern hemisphere. He and the telegraph editor of the newspaper are the men who get the world's news first—and the weather man ranks the higher of the two, for what news is more important than the weather.

Political Spoils

By J. Sanford Rickards

IN its one-store days the Hoosier hamlet of Terhune had been content with a home-made post-office: not such as now ornaments the front of one of its modern stores, but a cage built in one corner of its only business room and pigeon-holed according to the alphabet.

Although then, as now, post-offices were considered to be political plums, it so happened that David Bogan, a Democrat, had been custodian of this one through the respective administrations of both national parties, because his store, on the east side of the road, was the only business building suitable to accommodate the postal services of the neighborhood.

The daily receiving and sending of the few straggling letters and papers that constituted the mail was an item of no small importance in the eyes of the inhabitants; but apparently it was not so regarded by the swiftly passing trains that thundered by the station. No one would have guessed that Uncle Sam paid good money for the transportation of this mail, so unceremoniously was it kicked out at the doors of the "fast mail cars." It was taken on board by an iron lever reaching out from the car door and snatching the mail-bag suspended in a wooden frame. Ike Wallace, who had been operator at Terhune for eleven years, averred that only twice during this time had the iron lever failed to perform its function.

In addition to being postmaster and store-keeper, David Bogan was a Justice of the Peace, and so was referred to as the "Squire." He was also blessed with a "birth-right" in the Quaker church, and therefore held himself and his family uncompromisingly to the old-style faith, refusing to follow his fellow sheep through their stages of religious

metamorphosis whereby they successively became Campbellites, Newlights, Methodists, Presbyterians, and United Brethren.

Because of his spiritual predilections, David had never indulged himself in any self-congratulatory attitudes toward his rather exalted position in the community. However, about the year 1890 his dignity as postmaster had been radically enhanced by a new, factory-made post-office that was sent to be installed in the front of his store, and along with it had come an increase in salary.

In spite of his sober and commonplace habits, David now felt his self-importance asserting itself. Then, too, the advance in income materially simplified his living problem, which was to maintain his mother-in-law, his wife, and his daughter, and teach his son a trade.

These were indeed balmy days. For fifty-odd years, he told himself, he had been casting his bread upon the waters: now it was coming back, and it was bringing with it not merely butter but also a sweetmeat branded "distinction." Now that honor was thrust upon him, surely it was no sin to bask in its radiance! So with great waves of satisfaction he began to recall promises of milk and honey for the faithful and no begging in their last days for the righteous.

In the first year of the reign of the new post-office came store-keeper number two. This was Judson Miller, whose boyhood had been spent in the vicinity, but who, during the six years of his early manhood, had served in the army. He came home on crutches, not as a result of battles fought for his country, but as a consequence of a railroad wreck. After due course of con-

troversy, he emerged from the wreck litigation, walking with a cane, wearing a signet ring, and possessing four hundred dollars in cash. With the money he opened a store on the west side of the dusty pike, directly opposite the establishment of the scrupulous Quaker.

To be sure, he drew away some of the Squire's trade, and this greatly annoyed David's friends, one of whom approached him on the subject: "Ain't you kinder 'feared, David, that this here new store of Judson Miller's 'll take away some of yer trade?"

Before replying David balanced a lump of brown sugar on the point of a sugar-scoop, and swept it into his mouth with a sucking noise.

"Well, I don't cal'late on losin' no great site. You see, since the government of these United States put this new 'partment in my store here," and he flourished the scoop grandiloquently toward the cabinet arrangement, "I've been getin' a right smart of trade from down 'round Fancher's corner an' other places. Nope, I reckon there ain't much danger of it, Andy."

"Well, I 'spose as how you orter know, seein' as yer runnin' the business; but I'll be consarned if I think that store 'cross there's goin' to do you any good."

Meanwhile Judson seemed satisfied with a not extravagant patronage. He was also content to lean on the front gate of the Bogan residence on dull days, and recount his experiences of army life to the postmaster's daughter, Lizzie. At such times Lizzie found great comfort in the barrel-stave hammock swinging in the porch.

During one of these mid-day interviews, her mother's voice fell sharply on her ears: "Liz-zee! Oh, Liz-zee! Come here."

When the daughter ran into the kitchen, Mrs. Bogan began in a milder tone:

"A body would think that porch, with the sun a-bilin' down on thee, is a first rate summer resort, the way thee's always swingin' out there."

"Why, Maw, I was just talkin' to Judson a few minutes."

"Pears like that's all thee does. Run

over to the store an' tell yer Paw to send me a couple of eggs and a bag of corn-meal, so I c'n make him some corn flapjacks fer dinner. Hurry up, now."

Glad enough to escape further questioning, Lizzie hastened out. Her mother straightened up from the table and rubbed off the dough that clung to her fingers, while she mused aloud:

"I do wonder when that feller's goin' to stop courtin' long 'nough to pop the question? 'Pears to me it'd be better fer him an' David both if their stores could be put together."

But on the following Sunday afternoon, as a group of Terhune's male population sat on store steps and leaned against peeled poll hitchracks, Abe Farwick, the blacksmith, propounded a question that was destined not only to shatter the ambitious mother's fondest hope, but likewise to expel harmony and peace and to enthrone discord throughout the confines of the village.

"I've jist been thinkin'," said Abe, drawing the stem of a clay pipe from between his teeth, "that the post-office 'll have to move after the 'lection this fall."

"What in tarnation 're you drivin' at, Abe?" asked Andy Izzard, who had left off his incessant grinding of a tobacco cud in order to catch the full significance of the blacksmith's words. "That office's been in Squire Bogan's store for nigh onto twenty years now, an' I reckon he keeps it as well as anybody else could, don't he?"

"I'm not sayin' that the Squire don't keep it well 'nough; but ye've hearn tell of the sayin' that 'to the victor belongs the spoils,' ain't you? Well, now, if the Republican party wins this comin' campaign, as it's been doin' most of the time for the last thutty years, I reckon there won't be much use of a Democratic store-keeper runnin' the post-office, seein' as how Judson here is a Republican."

Now, Abe, like the majority of the population of Terhune, was a Republican, and could afford to conclude his argument with a very convincing wink. Andy, on the other hand, was one of a few Democrats in town who had con-

sistently voted against the Republican party from the date of its inception, and in no one could Fenwick's remark have stirred up more bitterness and apprehension. This anxiety Andy straightway conveyed to David, who received it in a crestfallen manner.

The feeling of uneasiness became widespread in the Democratic ranks as the days of autumn rolled away, but it especially possessed the old Quaker, who began to experience sleepless nights, and to upbraid himself with the preachers' cry that "all is vanity." If a Republican administration were elected, the post office must cross the street to his competitor, leaving him without a prop and divesting him of all his fame. He scarcely knew which would be the harder to bear, the memory of honors surrendered or the sting of poverty known of old.

Meanwhile Judson sat at his window with a new and unfamiliar thrill. He contemplated the increased income and acknowledged distinction that would come with his appointment. His spirits were running high, even as David Bogan's were sinking in sullen despair.

Daily the interests and sympathies of the citizens became more intensified. The two political factions unconsciously shaped themselves, each having for its recognized head its postmaster possibility. This brought on a serious change in business relations; all the Republican customers began to trade with the younger merchant, and only the patronage of the Democratic minority was left for David.

This sounded the first note of warning to Judson's conscience, for he knew that such a falling-off in business would ruin his veteran rival. But what could he do? If his party should win, he would be enrolled as postmaster. That was a perfectly honorable spoil, and had been instituted by a custom as hoary as political parties themselves. Therefore he could not refuse it.

In the community, feeling continued to mount to a high pitch, and it looked as if the once-quiet neighborhood would be torn by strife. For several days Lizzie had not been seen in the barrel-stave hammock. Miller noted this and

secretly chafed under the sting of it.

Shortly before election the minister of the oft-conforming flock returned to preach his bi-weekly sermon, and lodged in the home of the president of the Ladies' Aid Society.

"Oh, Brother Williams! I'm so glad you've come!" exclaimed that good lady, the care-worn expression of her voice exceeded only by that of her brow. "The town's all torn by strife an' factions over movin' the post office. The Republicans 're sayin' that the Squire's havin' it all these years has been jist the same as givin' aid to one of their enemies. I know you can do something that will pour oil on the troubled waters and make 'em think more about their souls' welfare."

"My dear sister, when men are contending for political spoils they shun the contemplations of the welfare of their souls," spoke the pastor, with the air of a prophet.

"Well, I s'pose you're right," she assented resignedly. "An' I do sometimes wonder if we'll ever overthrow the powers of the Evil One."

Regarding the fulfilment of this last, she was to receive no encouragement from the incidents of the coming Sabbath day. Her husband was a staunch supporter of Squire Bogan, so every Republican stayed away from church rather than listen to a sermon preached by a minister who had apparently allied himself with the opposite faction by sojourning in one of their homes.

Even the sparse Democratic audience gave place to vacant benches when the preacher began a sermon on the Scriptural admonition to "love one another."

Domestic relations were the next to be invaded. Dick Whaley, a perfectly restful and unenergetic citizen, was driven from home by his irate wife. In emphatic terms she had praised the Squire and laid special stress on the fact that he had always provided for his wife's mother. To this abnormal habit of David's Dick had taken voluble exception, and thereby hung a disagreement that ended in a violence unsurpassed even by the participations of the small boys of the village, many of

whom wore blackened eyes and bruised spots testifying to the loyalty of themselves to the champions adhered to by their respective fathers.

Up to this time but two residents had refrained from taking part in the postal controversy which had now come to be the sole issue in the approaching election. One of these was the Squire's dog—a mongrel of the commonest yellow breed, but a good fighter, who had asserted his superiority over all of his kind in Terhune except that other resident—the white bulldog belonging to Judson Miller.

The yellow hybrid and the dirty white bull were the glaring rivals in dogdom, even as their masters had come to represent a feud among the ballot-casters. It was natural, then, that before this political dissension could end, it should descend, for ultimate decision, to these canine rivals.

Election day was gray and cheerless. Groups moved back and forth between the polls and the stores, neighbor passing neighbor without recognition or greeting. The early darkness brought a cold, drizzling rain to disperse the groups of low-voiced, anxious women from the yard-gates along the road. Down at the voting place they had begun to count the ballots in the flickering glare of smoky kerosene lamps; while the knots of men outside retreated to their homes.

Squire Bogan sat by the box-stove in the rear of his store, nervously fingering the leaves of a law book. It was the final day of what seemed to him a losing fight; consequently he was filled with feverish irritation. Over his steel-rimmed spectacles, he vented his feelings to Andy Izzard.

"It ain't lawful ner constitut'nal to change the location of the post-office," spoke the Squire. "I find nothing in these statutes to support the change; an' if the other party moves the post-office, it will be the same as stealin' sugar from my store."

"Jist so, Squire," responded Andy. "Jist so. It's a plain case of bein' robbed of the privilege that's been justly your'n all these years."

An hour later, into the store across the street came a messenger from the polls to inform Judson that the town had gone Republican, and to say that he 'lowed they would soon be coming into his store to get the mail.

Judson locked the door and sat for a long time by the smouldering fire. The spoil was won—surely there could be no longer any doubt about that. He glanced toward the corner where he had decided to place the paneled creation; but the thrill accompanying previous contemplations of this arrangement did not now return. By degrees Miller was beginning to appreciate the ugliness of a community strife that had turned neighbor against neighbor, had ruptured homes, and had driven men from the house of worship; and the cause of it all was the craving for a paltry political spoil to be doled out like so much ginger-bread from the hand of a victorious demagogue. However much he rued the estrangements of his fellow citizens, the hardest part to bear was the scorn of Lizzie Bogan. Prior to the post-office difficulties, he had felt that she looked forward to his daily loiterings quite as much as he; and now he believed she was being loyal to her father at the expense of her own happiness as well as his. He regretted that he had not been more bold back in the peaceful days and entered upon negotiations that now could never be. If such an alliance could have been made, he knew that the conflict of the hour would have been easily averted.

The ex-soldier finally fell asleep in his chair, and his harassing thoughts subsided into dreams where he was tormented by demons in the likeness of his Quaker rival, and ever and anon these gave way before the face and voice of Lizzie Bogan.

A loud clatter brought him back from his troubled dreamland. He started up; his body was cold and numb, and the fire was long since out. The clatter continued at the door until he turned the key. Dick Whaley pushed into the room, and the store-keeper caught a glimpse of eastern light trying

to straggle through a cold November morning's fog.

"Gimme two pounds o' pickled meat. I'm goin' home to eat breakfast," announced the early customer, with the faintest suggestion of triumph in his tone.

"D'you mean yer wife's let you come back, Dick?" inquired Judson, between chattering teeth, as he fished into the pork-barrel and speared a chunk of briny meat on a long metal fork abundantly corroded with contaminations peculiar to a country store.

"Yep. The 'lection's over now, an' I reckon there ain't anything more to quarrel about. You got two pounds there, Jud?"

"Well, it lacks three or four ounces, but I guess that won't make any difference."

"I reckon you'd better git as much as two pounds, because — well, because Moll said so." He added the last in a sheepish sort of tone, and Miller journeyed to the barrel on another fishing expedition, this time returning with a smaller chunk of fat between a layer of skin and a streak of lean.

While this was going on, the dirty white bulldog was alternately stretching and shaking himself out from the niche between the kerosene tank and the sorghum molasses barrel. As Whaley passed out, the dog slipped by him through the closing door.

The Squire's yellow hybrid was trotting diagonally across the street, sniffing at the ground as if in search of food. At sight of him, an ugly light flashed from the eyes of the recalcitrant husband, and a triumphant smile played about the corners of his mouth. Under his hat was a sore bump made by the impact of a stick of stove-wood in the hands of his spouse, and Squire Bogan had been the main point of disagreement. However unenergetic Dick Whaley may have been in the presence of work, he was anything but phlegmatic when confronted by an opportunity for revenge.

He glanced each way along the street. No one was in sight. Quickly thrust-

ing his hand into one end of the dark-brown paper package, he pulled out the small chunk of meat and tossed it in front of the advancing cur. Both dogs sprang after the bait, but, as Dick had calculated, the yellow one arrived first and seized it with a snarling growl.

For the space of a second the white dog hesitated.

"Sic him, bull!" hissed Whaley.

A dirty white streak shot through the air and landed on the yellow dog's neck. In an effort to shake himself free, the latter hurled the meat in the direction of their provocator. It had barely dropped when Whaley caught the toe of his shoe under it and sent it into the side ditch a rod away, just as the canine pandemonium broke forth in howls of rage and pain.

A fire-alarm is the only other terrifying signal that could have brought such a response. From the two forty-rod rows of houses the inhabitants poured forth through never-closed gates. To the bellowings that issued from the writhing heap of dirty-white and yellow were added the shouts of men and the glee of boys, all of them snatching sticks as they raced towards the spot.

The Squire and Judson pushed into the quickly formed circle from opposite sides.

"Git back!" the former shouted. "Git back an' give 'em a fair chanet!"

But it was soon evident that this was not needed, for the yellow hybrid had been unable to shake off the first throat-grip of his antagonist. Every spectator turned his eyes on the Squire, who stood regarding the form of his dog as it grew more and more limp in the bulldog's powerful jaws.

The Quaker postmaster was like a solitary soldier driven to the last trench: deserted by customers and friends, ridiculed by women and boys, voted out of honor and emolument, as he believed, by fellow-townsmen, he stood witnessing the snapping of the life-blood of his faithful pet by the dog of his successful rival.

Lifting his angry face, he vented the

vehemence that was surging in his breast:

"Judson Miller, thee's drove off my customers, stole my post-office, an' now thy dog's killed mine. I reckon I can't stand no more."

With that he snatched the young store-keeper's cane and swung it above his head. But the latter, so unexpectedly thrown upon his lame knee, pitched forward to the ground and accidentally collided with the feet of his assailant with such force as completely to bowl him over, while the cane descended full in the face of Dick Whaley, who had been standing back of Miller. Blinded with pain and rage, Dick lurched forward, kicking and striking at the fallen Squire.

This was a signal for a general melee. All the pent-up feelings of the previous days found expression in curses, blows, and hurling missiles. Fists struck out, sticks gouged and whacked. At the bottom of the heap was the ex-soldier, pinned down so tightly he could not move. Just above him was his aged rival, entirely submerged by the human pile save for one free hand, that continued to brandish back and forth a piece of the now broken cane.

By the time the town constable and the neighborhood doctor reached the scene, the rumpus had made the dog-fight of a minute before appear in comparison like a tranquil autumn twilight in the presence of an infuriated blizzard.

Aided by Lizzie Bogan and other women, these worthy and dignified servants of community welfare began patiently to disentangle this conglomerated edition of election returns. When the Squire's head, turtle-like, finally protruded between the legs of those above, his daughter addressed him:

"Now, Paw! Ain't thee ashamed of thyself! Look how thee's went an' broke Judson's cane!"

Before the Squire could reply, Ike Wallace came running up the road from the depot, waving a telegraph blank and shouting:

"New York's gone Democratic! Cleveland's 'lected, an' the post-office won't haf to move!"

The Squire sat up, spitting like a rapid-fire gun.

"I reckon it's about time for me to be puttin' up the 7.43 mail," he offered, as his only observation.

With much difficulty, Judson scrambled to his feet and looked about for support. Smiling and blushing, Lizzie offered her arm. Proudly leaning on this affectionate substitute for his broken walking-stick, the vanquished victor walked back towards his store. This was a signal for the combatants to disperse.

It is a maxim repeated in every tongue that "love finds a way"; but only in these United States of America do men turn from the passionate moments of anger at white heat and willingly accept victory or defeat as it is dictated by election returns.



Dr. Marden's Inspirational Talks

By Dr. O. S. Marden

There is no longer any question as to the insistent demand for trained men; the only problem with which practical business men are confronted is the meeting of it. Want of thoroughness is the curse of the age. The tendency to go into things without thorough training is one of the unfortunate phases of modern business life. Men blunder into all sorts of lines of which they know nothing, and reap only failure and reverse as a reward. The untrained mind is no match for the educated; ignorance is no match for intelligence. In the articles which he contributes in this issue, Dr. Marden makes this clear, both in "Superiority as a Trade Mark" and "Knowing How."

I.—Superiority as a Trade-Mark

As a rule, success is the triumph of common, ordinary virtues. A careful, painstaking habit is a sign of the genius that achieves. If we analyze the lives of most successful people, we find that they were not geniuses. We do not find that they had very marked ability but that they averaged up pretty well; that they had the habit of industry, of painstaking, of doing things to a finish.

Any person of good common sense and fairly good judgment, a hard worker, thrifty, with painstaking habits, who does not botch his work, who does everything to a complete finish, is almost sure of a successful career. It is the constant application of these homely qualities, the common faculties, common principles, with great industry and determination, and the habit of painstaking—not great genius or very marked ability in any particular line—that increases the world's achievers.

The tendency to go into things without thorough training is one of the most unfortunate phases of our business life. Superficiality is a great curse in America. As a rule our youths are not half as well grounded in principles, in

technical training, as the English youths are. They have nothing like the thorough preparation of the English, their superb discipline and effective training. In England the youth is brought up with the idea that he must not only learn to do one thing, but he must learn to do it supremely well. The typical American youth thinks he can do most anything he turns his hand to, often without previous training.

I recently clipped from one of our dailies the advertisement of an institution that puts the university cap on boys and girls who cannot spell the words used in an ordinary letter without the dictionary. The advertiser claims that comparatively few weeks' or months' training, day or evening, at very little cost, will equip those who take this course as bookkeepers, stenographers, etc., and will guarantee them good positions. Think of the infinite harm to efficiency, to the laying of solid life foundations, which comes from such fake institutions. What a shame thus to deceive young people and make them believe that it is unnecessary to spend years in preparation; that they

can take infinitely shorter cuts to success, to their goal, and that it is foolish to spend precious years and lay solid substantial foundations when all the essentials of life can be learned in a few weeks.

Want of thoroughness is the great lack, the curse, of the age. Few young Americans ever thoroughly learn a trade or any one thing. Just as the student crams to "get through" a dreaded examination, most youths pick up their knowledge as they go along, without very much special training. The typical young American gets a job wherever he can, whether he is specially fitted for it or not, and watches for the "main chance." When he sees it, he goes for it, regardless of fitness or previous training. How very seldom we find young people who are willing to take time to prepare thoroughly for their life-work. They get just a little education, a little smattering of books, and then they imagine themselves ready for business.

"Can't wait" is the characteristic of America, is written over everything. Our intelligence offices are full of people who wander about from place to place, have great difficulty in getting positions, and when they have them, can't keep them, because they never learned to do any one thing well. The result is that they become drifters, never becoming proficient in any calling, never acquire facility or efficiency.

As a rule, our youths are seldom trained in staying power as they should be; they are not trained to stick and hang on. They are so loosely attached to their vocations that they are easily detached from them. The trouble with many of them is that they have no inspired faith in their own ability or in the glorious opportunity of every day work. They have early fallen into the habit of thinking themselves mediocre and the ordinary work of the world scarcely worth the doing. On the other hand, many are aspiring to do the extraordinary, overrating their own talents, and indifferent to opportunities at hand, the only means of climbing up to

higher duties and true achievement.

But if we were to examine a list of the men who have left their mark on the world, we should find that, as a rule, it is not composed of those who were brilliant in their youth, or who gave great promise at the outset of their careers, but rather of the plodding young men who, if they have not dazzled by their brilliancy, have had the power of a day's work in them, who could stay by a task until it was done, and *well* done; who have had grit, persistence, common sense and honesty.

It is the steady exercise of these ordinary, homely virtues, united with average ability, rather than a deceptive display of more showy qualities in youth, that enables a man to achieve greatly and honorably. So, if we were to attempt to make a forecast of the successful men of the future, we should not look for them among the ranks of the "smart" boys, those who think they "know it all," and are anxious to win by a short route.

The thorough boys are the boys that are heard from, and usually from posts far higher up than those filled by the boys who were too "smart" or too indifferent to be thorough.

But thoroughness from the start is the only sure foundation. Everywhere we see men being crippled by the half-done things away back in their boyhood, which they never expected to hear from again, but which are constantly bobbing up to trip them.

Look at the desk of a man who thought it was not worth while to be exact in little things when a boy. It is loaded with papers and letters. Confusion reigns everywhere. Such a man never knows where he stands. He lacks system and thoroughness, is slovenly in his business habits. His slipshod methods are infectious. Everyone who works for him catches the contagion. Nobody has confidence in the man who half-does things. The botcher cannot get credit, his notes go to protest, he misses his engagements, he can never be depended upon. What a calamity for a youth to grow to manhood and

find his whole future compromised and endangered by the habit of half-doing things formed early in his boyhood! He may not have known that careless, indifferent work makes a careless, indifferent man.

Whatever the stage of your advancement, do the thing you are doing as though your whole future depended upon it. I have in mind a poor chorus girl who got an opportunity to speak two or three apparently trifling lines in a play. She made up her mind that this might be the chance of a life-time. She studied the lines and practised giving as much color, setting and expression as possible to them, and when the time came, she gave the lines with such distinction and expression that she made the hit of the evening, was at once given important parts, and is now a noted actress.

Many a youth has been promoted because of the quality and distinction which he gave to an apparently very unimportant piece of work. First of all, thoroughness, as the foundation of success, demands putting dignity into the countless little things that make up your daily work, thus dignifying your position entire, whatever it may be. It is a curious fact that most people think because their occupations in life are humble, because they occupy no official place of special importance, no position of distinction, that they are of very little account, and they get in the habit of regarding themselves as nobodies in particular. Now, every individual should look upon his vocation, however humble, with the same sense of pride as he would if he were occupying a post of great distinction. Why not?

Your position in life, your vocation, is just as significant to you as that of the President of the United States is to him. It is your sacred duty to honor that position, to make it respected, if it has been belittled, just as Roger Sherman, Vice-President Wilson, Kitto and many other great souls lifted out of its former contempt the cobbler's trade, so that it was regarded at one time as an occupation of considerable distinction.

A great personality, a superb life's devotion, will lift any necessary occupation into dignity and respect. Insist that, whatever you do, you will stand erect; live your own life, your own creed.

It is a pitiable thing to see people apologizing to those who happen to occupy a little higher place in life, for their own humble calling, explaining that they have not been able to climb up further. Why should any human being who does what is necessary feel that he should apologize, even to the highest officials in the land? If you do your work in a kingly manner, if you put your heart into it, if you put your trade-mark on everything that passes through your hands, the trade-mark of character, the patent of nobility, you need not apologize. In the first place, we should never do anything which is justifiably disagreeable to us or demoralizing to ourselves or others.

There is a great deal of false hero-worship in this country. It is a dangerous thing to run after those who happen to have been a little more fortunate than yourself. If you are doing the best work you are capable of under the circumstances, dignify it by doing it in a superior manner. A king may cobble on the throne, while a cobbler may do kingly work mending shoes on his bench. Many a man is still cobbling in Congress while mechanics and farmers in his own community may be putting the stamp of royalty upon their work. There is many a stenographer or private secretary who is really greater than the mayor or governor she serves. She may be putting a queenly stamp upon her work, while her employer is disgracing his job. It is doing work in a kingly fashion that makes the real king. Nobility is the child of superior quality.

The fortune you make is of little consequence in comparison with the influence you have exerted in making your fortune, the standard you have set up for your fellows. Whatever your line of work, it is a great thing to set a pace for your competitors, to raise the stand-

ard of your specialty so high that your name will ever be identified with elevated methods and lofty purpose.

Recently, a memorial window was placed in a public building in memory of the Roosevelt administration. Why? It was not because Mr. Roosevelt's administration was perfect, not because he did not make any mistakes and serious blunders, but *because he set up standards in the White House which had not been there before since Lincoln's time.* It was because of his lofty purpose, his determination to give his fellows a square deal.

It is a disgrace to cobble in Congress, but it is kingly to put the stamp of royalty upon mending shoes, to cobble in the spirit of an artist, instead of an artisan.

Thoroughness, born of the dignity he recognizes in his calling, should mark any man's work. It is a dangerous time in a youth's life when he first allows himself to half do a thing. There is a certain loss of self-respect for which he can never quite forgive himself. He is never quite the same man again after doing a botched job. Something of manhood has gone out of him, a lowering of the ideal has taken place which will tend always to degrade his work and his life.

There are thousands of patents and devices in the Patent Office at Washington which are absolutely useless because the inventor or discoverer did not think out his idea to the finish, did not carry his device quite far enough to make it practical. Much of Edison's fortune and reputation has come from picking up these dropped threads, these half-carried-out ideas, of these almost successful inventors, and continuing them, completing, developing to final perfection what these almost-inventors had begun and dropped.

There are a thousand persons who can start a thing with great enthusiasm to one who can carry it to completion. The majority of people fall down before they reach their goal, stop this side of their laurels, because they never learned the habit of perfecting what they un-

dertake. The ideal of perfection must be held high and kept clear and clean. The standard of thoroughness must be kept up, or the general conduct of life will drop.

The very reputation of being a high-class man is everything. The reputation of regarding the quality of your work as your trade-mark, and of being very jealous of the quality of your service; the reputation of being ambitious to carry everything you touch to completion, will not only give you an infinite satisfaction later in life and will save you from thousands of temptations to cheat yourself and sell yourself, but it will be the greatest possible factor in your advancement, your promotion.

I once heard of a laborer who was leaning over his hoe when it was nearly time to quit work, and when asked what he was doing, said he was waiting for the whistle to blow so that he could quit. I have never known a man who made it a rule to wait for the whistle to amount to much. Everywhere we see people waiting for the whistle to blow, and as a rule, they remain perpetual clerks, perpetual day laborers.

Whatever your vocation, resolve that you will be a man of quality, that you will have nothing about you which is second-class, inferior, cheap; that you will have nothing to do with shoddy and shams, that you will have nothing to do with inferiority, because it will contaminate your ideals. Make it a rule to set the pace for those about you. Show them by your manner, your dress, that you have nothing to do with cheapness and commonness. Just make up your mind at the very outset that your work is going to stand for quality, that you will let others slight their jobs, and slipshod, slovenly work if they will, but that you are going to stamp a superior quality upon everything that goes out of your hands, that whatever you do shall bear the hall-mark of excellence. Let others work for quantity if they will, *let quality be your motto*, so that everything that your name is associated with shall suggest excellence, the best that can be done, or can be made.

Stamp the trade-mark thoroughness, of individuality, of distinctiveness, upon everything that you touch. Then you will be a marked man, your services will be in great demand, and you will have the satisfaction of constantly hearing the "Well done!" of that small voice within you.

Accustoming oneself to the second-best is fatal to all excellence, just as familiarity with inferiority, with slipshod, easy-going methods, is fatal to the building up of habits of system and order. Learn to be particular with yourself, exacting as to the quality of your work. Never accept from yourself inferior work. If you do, every time you attempt to slight your task, slovenliness will grow easier and easier. *The habit of doing one's best and never accepting anything else, is a character-builder*, it buttresses and sustains and supports the whole man. The habit of forcing oneself up to standard is a most important one.

All slipshod, slovenly work is lying. Many people who tell the truth with their tongues lie with their service, lie in poor work, bad work. Lies in half-done jobs are often worse than lying with one's tongue, because their indifference and carelessness may cost precious lives or limbs. Many a railroad accident, many a disaster on the water, has been caused by careless workmen away back in the machine shop.

Imperial material, defective bolts, bubbles in steel rails, iron columns or beams, the fault of careless workmen in the foundry, have caused many fatal accidents. Multitudes of people have been permanently maimed or have lost their lives by the half-done job or botched work.

The dangers of carelessness cannot be over emphasized. Just a little indifference or carelessness, just a few little bubbles in a casting, and a whole building is wrecked or a bridge goes down into the river, carrying its train of precious human freight.

Yet everywhere we see evidences of carelessness and shirking.

A prominent New York business man tells me that he was once tempted, because of the meanness and stinginess of his employer, to slight a very important piece of cabinet work, and cover up defects. He says that he has never forgiven himself. This poor job has haunted him for twenty-five years, and it has cost him many a sleepless night.

On every hand we see people cheapening themselves, marring their own records, injuring their reputations, without realizing it, by doing a poor job. Resolve to be a high-class man in everything. Resolve that you will have nothing to do with anything that is cheap, inferior, shoddy, or with shams. Be genuine in everything, so that people will look up to you. Get the reputation of being a man of quality.

Mr. Tiffany made it a life rule never under any circumstances to deceive a customer, or allow him to be disappointed in anything purchased at his store. This is why people from all parts of the world felt perfect confidence in sending to him large sums of money for goods, goods they had no chance to examine before purchasing, but without a shadow of doubt that they would be treated squarely. And this practice of utter fairness to his patrons has acted supremely to the advantage of the establishment. The name of Tiffany on a piece of silver or jewelry has been all the protection it needed from competitors for nearly three-quarters of a century.

"Expected to do it better later" would make a fitting epitaph for many a failure. One of the most insidious ideas that ever deluded any mortal is the thought that he will get more time later to do the things which he is slighting at the moment. The habit of doing things temporarily, "just for now," with the expectation of taking them up later and doing them better is a great demoralizer of character. It ruins one's system to have a lot of fag-ends, tail ends, half-done things, around one. It violates every sense of fitness of things, of wholeness.

The mind is constructed on lines of

perfection. It loves wholeness, completeness, and the faculties protest against any half-done or botched work. The intensity of this protest is always in proportion to the distance from the first offence. First impressions are always strongest, and the mind becomes used to the conditions in its environment and gradually protests with less and less intensity. The adjusting power of the mind counteracts the exacting demand of the normal mind. To leave a thing half done, to postpone perfecting it, is a most dangerous entering wedge for inferiority. One must be very exacting with his mental processes in order to keep his brain machinery up to the standard.

I know young men who are always telling how other people's success and ability are due to a mysterious luck or to unusual qualities. They seem to think fortune unjust. Why should not the fates deal as kindly with them? Yet they would not, probably, in ten months, keep up their work to the standard of one day's work of the men of whom they speak. If they would only watch for a single day the men they envy they would learn the secret of the great difference between their stations in life.

For years I marveled at the wonderful success of a friend of mine. When I left school I was ahead and I could not understand why he got along in the business world so much faster than I. But I soon found that he made it an inflexible life rule, never to allow anything to go through his hands that was not done just as well as he knew how to do it. No matter how hurried, he would not dictate a slipshod, slovenly letter. He would not scrawl or scribble an address on an envelope. Everything had to be done just so. His business associates called him "The Tartar" and laughed at his exactitude in everything. They thought it a foolish waste of time. It did not occur to them that doing things with such severe exactitude bore any particular relation to getting on in life. But they soon saw that this man went ahead by leaps and bounds, while

they were perpetual employees. It was just the difference in the way they did things. The man whose position they envied had a high ideal and he lived up to it. He was always prodding himself to do his best, while they under him were content to do their second best.

There is something in the constant struggle to attain the ideal which makes for our own betterment. When we are trying with all our might to do our level best we are improving all along the lines of our natures. Everything looks up when we struggle up, as everything looks down when we are going down hill. Aspiration always lifts the life, as groveling lowers it. The whole life grows when we are striving for excellence; but when we are slovenly in our mental habits, and slipshod in our work, there is a downward tendency in our lives.

Refuse to work for a man who wants you to slight your work, or to do poor work because the price he gets as the result of your labor will not warrant thorough work. Tell him you cannot work unless you can put the trade-mark of your manhood, of superiority, the stamp of your integrity, upon everything you do. Give him to understand that no amount of salary would compensate for the loss of self-respect, that you cannot cheat yourself for salary or cheapen your work for any consideration. Let your employer understand that the way you do your work is your capital, that the quality of success means everything to you. He should know that, moreover, the quality of your work affects the quality of his business. Inferiority taints everything it touches. The public unconsciously carries the image of the quality of his establishment in its mind. It is made up of impressions received from the courtesy or the rudeness of the employees, from the quality and style of the merchandise, from the order and system or the slovenliness of the establishment. And only with the closest co-operation for excellence, down to the least details, between employer and em-

ployee can the establishment have a name for consistent superiority.

What a man can do should be his greatest ornament. Every man's life work ought to be a masterpiece. Every least piece of work he does should be a masterpiece.

A well-known judge in Ohio once made a contract with a young man to mend a fence for a dollar and a half. He told him that as the fence was to be covered with vines, not to plane the boards and to do a rough job.

The judge, however, was amazed to find that the boards were all carefully planed and the entire work done just as painstakingly and as carefully as though the fence were intended for the front yard of a fine residence. He was angry, because he supposed the young man would try to collect a large price for the work. But he would only take a dollar and a half. The judge told him that nobody would have seen the poor

work because the vines would have covered it, and the young man replied: "But I should have known it was there."

Ten years later, the judge awarded this young man the contract for several large public buildings, which made a rich man of him.

Resolve that your life's work shall be a masterpiece. No matter whether it is farming, cobbling or law-making, or only fence building, let it be a masterpiece. No matter what your work may be, look upon it as a great painter looks upon his masterpiece, the destiny of which is affected by every slightest stroke of the brush. Your whole life is affected by the quality you put into everything that goes through your hands. Quality, the trade mark of superiority is the foundation of all success—your own inner success in character building, and your outward efficiency, the building you do for your times and for the world of progress.

II.—Knowing How

Many a man, capable by nature of being an employer, is often compelled to be a very ordinary employee because his mind is totally untrained. Everywhere we see young men and young women tied to very ordinary positions all their lives simply because, although they have good brains, they have never cultivated them. They have never tried to improve themselves by good reading, study or observation. Their salary on a Saturday night and a good time are about all they can see, and the result—the narrow, the contracted, the pinched career.

"Side-tracked by ignorance, for the lack of a little more preparation," would be a fitting epitaph over the grave of many a failure. In every department of endeavor we find men switched off, obliged to stop just this side of their laurels, because they did not follow the main track of thorough preparation in their youth.

Perhaps there is no other country in the world where so much poor work is done as in America. Half-trained medical students perform bungling operations, and butcher their patients, because they are not willing to take time for thorough preparation. Half-trained lawyers stumble through their cases, and make their clients pay for experience which the law school should have given. Half-trained clergymen bungle away in the pulpit, and disgust their intelligent and cultured parishioners. Many an American youth is willing to stumble through life half prepared for his work, and then blame society because he is a failure. Nature works for centuries to perfect a rose or a fruit, but an American youth is ready to try a difficult case in court after a few months' desultory law reading, or to undertake a critical operation upon which a precious life depends after listening to two or three courses of medical lectures.

Fifty years ago a poor boy with health and ambition could make his way as a manufacturer of cotton or silk, or as a producer of iron or steel. But to-day he would need a thorough technical training for any kind of an opportunity, and without it he would soon be "frozen out."

Science has gone into business as never before. To-day, scientific methods are being applied everywhere. There never was such an opportunity in the history of the world for the trained mind, the specialized brain, as to-day.

The untrained mind is no match for the educated. Ignorance is no match for intelligence.

Scientific methods dominate everywhere. It was the science of the German army that beat France in 1871. It was intelligence against ignorance, the scientific methods, that enabled Japan to humiliate Russia.

The business to-day which is not conducted along scientific lines will be very short-lived. Science is invincible. Nothing else can successfully compete with it.

When the Germans went into business, they took science with them. The same thoroughness, the same painstaking methods which have so long characterized the German scholar, are now characterizing the German business man. If he is a manufacturer, he manufactures scientifically. If he is a merchant, he is a scientific merchant. No matter what line he takes up, he makes a profession of his trade.

What a difference there is in boys as to the sharpness of their observing power, the retention of the memory, the quickness of their perceptive powers.

Some boys never seem to know anything you ask them. If you put to them a question, that is the least out of the ordinary, you are practically sure that they will say, "I do not know."

Others always seem to give you the information you want. Their minds are alert, quick, receptive, their knowledge definite, certain; their memory reliable.

The "I don't know" employee is not a climber in his vocation; he is a perpetual clerk, because people who fill important positions must use their gray matter.

Every human being is a lodestone, drawing to himself his affinities, things which correspond with his ambition. The majority of employees only use a small part of their ability, because they are not sufficiently ambitious to be always on the alert to absorb every bit of information which will increase their facility and expertness.

Knowledge is power. No matter how small your salary, every bit of valuable information you pick up, every bit of good reading or thinking you do—in fact, every effort you put forth to make yourself a larger, completer man or woman—will also help you to advance in your position.

A tanner in England whose leather became famous said that he never would have made such good leather if he had not read Carlyle.

I have known employees who were working on small salaries who did more for their advancement in their spare time, at every possible opportunity, by improving their minds, than by the actual work they did. Their salaries were insignificant in comparison with the growth of their minds.

The youth who is ambitious for promotion is always preparing himself for the position above him. He is always studying the situation and he is trying to make himself so valuable in his position that his employer cannot afford not to advance him. The employee cannot win promotion by slighting his work or filling his position just well enough. He must do more than is expected of him before he attracts special attention to himself. Most employees are not ready for promotion when it comes. They did not think there would be an opening so soon and they had not been training for it. They thought there would be plenty of time.

Mr. Rockefeller says: "My plan has been, not only to know how to do my

work, but also that of the man above me."

It is a great thing to keep your eye on the man above you, to learn to be able to take his position, for changes come about very suddenly and unexpectedly, and the man who is best prepared is prompted.

Many employees seem to think that their employers have a monopoly upon all the good ideas, the best methods of doing things, and that it is not much use for them to suggest anything. One of the unfortunate things of selling our services to others is that most of us take it for granted that we are inferior to those who pay us, or we would not be working for them—we should be doing something for ourselves.

This is far from true. It is possible for the humblest employee to make his employer feel his power by the very superior way in which he does his work, and by constant study of the situation he may often suggest better ways of doing things.

When Hugh Chalmers was working as a cash boy in the National Cash Register Company, the superintendent over him viewed with contempt the new ideas which the boy suggested, and often intimated that he would better mind his own affairs. But the boy was not to be squelched. There was something in him which told him that he was superior to the man over him, that all he needed was an opportunity and a little time, and he resolved that he would soon show

those who had domineered over him a thing or two.

There were lots of employees who sneered at what they considered his presumption, and tried to keep him down, but he had yeast in him which could not be kept down. Chalmers believed that he had a lot of ideas which were far in advance of those of the men above him, that he had a message for the proprietors of the concern, and that sooner or later he would "deliver the goods." It did not trouble him that those who envied him called him a wilful upstart. He had his eye on the goal, and pushed ahead.

Nothing else will attract an employer's notice more quickly than superiority in the way of doing things. Better methods, quicker, more efficient ways of reaching results, more than ordinary alertness, evidences of progressive methods, indications of superiority, are what your employer is always looking for. There is nothing else that pleases an up-to-date business man more than evidences of marked ability in employees.

For employees realize how much they could assist their employer by keeping their eyes open and their minds alert for new ideas or suggestions for him. Even if he cannot always utilize the idea, an employer will generally appreciate the spirit which prompts it.

Power gravitates to the man who knows how. "Luck is the tide, nothing more. The strong man rows with it if it makes toward his port; he rows against it if it flows the other way."





Tandem-Buck hitting a stone wall defence.

Training a College Football Team

By W. A. Hewitt

All of the fine points in the training of a college football team are given in this article which is written by a leading authority on rugby matters. Rugby football is essentially a college game and in the colleges has reached its zenith in point of perfection. There is science behind the game, entailing brains, system and sacrifice. How the modern college team in Canada is trained, how players are developed and how plays are planned—these constitute the features of this article which marks the autumn Rugby season.

RUGBY football is essentially a college game, and should be exclusively so, though at present in Canada there are several prominent leagues made up of city players. The transition, however, is coming slowly but surely, and in the course of time, as the country expands, the city teams will disappear and the college players will furnish the only competition on the gridiron. Even

now, city teams are at an immense disadvantage, inasmuch as there are insurmountable difficulties in their way as regards time and place for practice. Young men just starting in business life cannot get away from their employment at the stated hours of practice, and as a consequence the unity of action and perfection of team play absolutely necessary to success in Rugby can-

not possibly be obtained. Practice by artificial light is not feasible, though it has often been tried, and the best proof of the superiority of the college article of football lies in the fact that for the past three years the University of Toronto team has won the championship of Canada, easily defeating the pick of the city teams in the final contests for the supremacy.

The college teams, of course, are limited to players from their own student body, but that in itself is an advantage,

encouraging state of affairs has been chiefly due to the development of the game of inter-faculty games at the universities by which every student is induced to participate in the sport. Much new material is discovered in this manner that otherwise might never come to light.

In the United States football in the colleges has been highly specialized, and some of the students practically take a course in that subject alone. In Canada it is vastly different. Football here is looked upon as a pastime, pure



Rounding the end on a passing play.

as it means that every player in the squad is possessed of that indefinable something known as the "college spirit," a quality that prompts and inspires great deeds for the honor of the alma mater.

Not so many years ago, there was a dearth of good football players, even in the colleges, because the game had not been developed in the proper manner, but in the past decade immense strides have been made in this direction, until now the supply sometimes exceeds the demand, and those in authority are often perplexed in their final selection of men to make "the team." This en-

and simple, and not as a serious business, and is treated in that light by all of those in authority. The idea is to get everybody playing the game, and ultimately to select the best men in college to represent the University in the championship games. Only in recent years, this year in fact, has the paid coach been introduced into the Canadian colleges, and it is only in the nature of an experiment, though the city teams tried it out four or five years ago with more or less success. The highly successful methods of honorary coaches at the University of Toronto and Ottawa College during the past four years



A kicker must get the ball away quickly.

probably induced McGill to pay a fancy salary to an expert to look after the Montreal team this year. This keen desire for victory also induced the establishment of what is known as "a training table" for the McGill players. They all live in the same house, eat the same kind of food, and are expected to have the same kind of habits. The coach is supreme and many American methods have been introduced by one who has gone through the mill.

Where the amateur or honorary coach is in charge things are vastly dif-

ferent. When the students return to college from the midsummer vacation a call is issued for all players desiring to play the game to report at a certain date at the campus or field. The first move is for each candidate to submit to an examination by the physical director, the main idea being to make the exercise safe and give the examiner an opportunity of prescribing any special work required to get the player into the best possible shape for rugby. Students return to college in varying physical condition. Some are fat from



Most injuries are received in mass plays.



Organized rooting is a feature of College Rugby.

an easy summer; some are hard from working on the farm, or (as in the case of many science students), from employment in machine shops; while others are both hard and fast from canoeing, swimming, rowing and other out-door exercise during the summer.

From the physical director the many candidates are then turned over to the coach, who has absolute charge of the entire squad during the football season. The players are put upon their honor to cut out all bad habits—no smoking or drinking or excessive eating or late

hours during the training period. The men are warned to eat plenty of plain ordinary food but to refrain from pastry and rich stuff; also to go to bed early.

The first work is of the gentle order. The players are instructed to kick the ball around and take light running exercise. No line-up is attempted the first week, merely running and passing and kicking. Everything is done by degrees and, while apparently haphazard, is in reality very methodical. Short runs with quick stops, sudden



The doctor's services are often required, as may be seen from this illustration, which shows the players gathered around one of their fellows who has been injured.



Going over for a touch-down.

sprints and falling on the loose ball follow naturally. The men short on condition and the men who are fat are sent around the campus a number of times each evening in addition to the regular work and the latter wear two or three heavy sweaters and the running exercises gradually reduce the excessive weight.

Signal practice begins almost at once. Every player is shown the plays, which are at first called by names so that all candidates can comprehend easily. "So-and-so through so-and-so" is the signal for the first couple of weeks, but once the men commence to condition themselves numbers are used exclusively, and when the squad is divided into first, second and third teams, every player is supposed to know, not only his own particular number and play, but every signal and play, so that he can follow the ball intelligently and, if at all possible, get into the play.

The coaches first sift a senior team out of the squad but by no means over-

look the others; on the contrary many a man placed on the intermediate or scrub team at first, has been selected for the seniors on his work in practice, and has made good decisively on the college team. The writer has in mind one of the greatest outside wings that ever played the game in Canada, who was picked out of the scrub scrimmage the day before an important game, and was a star of the first magnitude on his initial appearance on the gridiron. His constantly good work on the scrubs had not passed unnoticed, and when opportunity knocked at the door he was able to deliver the goods.

Players who receive their rudimentary football education in the preparatory schools prove the most apt pupils and it is a mistaken notion that a football player can be made out of any kind of an athlete. For instance, though it has often been tried, there is on record in Canadian football only one isolated instance of a great runner making a high-class football player, and that was

Jimmy Craig, of Montreal, who was a sprinter of renown and the captain of the M.A.A.A. team when they won the championship of Canada in 1907.

In the selection of players the first requisites nowadays are speed and game-ness, but ability to tackle and to carry the ball is almost as necessary. The man who plays the game cleanly and fairly and in a sportsmanlike manner is given the preference always over the other kind. Weight is some consideration but not an absolute essential, though a fast big man is almost sure to catch a place if he has the other requisites.

The coach quickly finds out the real calibre of the men under his charge and after placing them to the best advantage commences the drilling practice to perfect team play. Signals are never neglected. They are pounded in at every practice—at least fifteen minutes devoted specially to the mere calling of the numbers and the execution of the plays against imaginary opponents.

Then comes the line-up against the

scrubs—a real game every night against rival candidates for positions. This is harder than a real game against strangers because the opponents know the signals and the plays, and are on the alert to stop them. The practice may last only twenty minutes, perhaps half an hour, or it may go on over an hour without a stop. It is entirely within the judgment of the coach. Then follow a run and rub-down for all participants. Altogether the time consumed in football training is two hours a day, from 4 to 6 p.m., with an occasional chalk talk in which the signals and the system of attack and defence are elaborated upon so that there is no possible chance of any misunderstanding.

The coach is quite rightly the supreme director of affairs. The captain of the team directs the tactics of a game in an actual match and the manager looks after the needs of the players as to uniforms, trips and other essentials. But the coach is the final authority on the men who shall play and the style of game to be played.

“PLAY BALL”

If you've made a bad beginning,
If the batsmen all go wrong,
If the other team is winning—
That's the time to play up strong!

You know you made a fumble?
Well, keep your head and wait!
Just watch the ball; don't grumble!—
You have it! Send it straight!

Don't fuss about the scoring,
Don't weaken at the din;
Let others do the roaring;
You—play the game to win!

And when life's conflicts meet you—
They come to one and all—
Don't let your fears defeat you;
Keep steady, and “play ball!”

—By Arthur Chamberlain in *St. Nicholas*.

Miss Minch's Wedding Day

By Ethel Hamilton-Hunter

THE little village of Ballymona was astir. It was Miss Minch's wedding-day. Now weddings, at least most of them, are of interest, but there was a peculiarity about this auspicious event which rendered it I might almost say, unparalleled; a peculiar fact that imbued it with special interest; it was this—that it took place not once, as I think most other ceremonies of a similar character do, but in truth every year saw the same procession, every year the same bride. The wedding was in fact an annual occurrence.

Wedding! Did I say? Alas! Can there be a wedding without a bridegroom? For a strange item in this peculiar ceremony was the absence of that usually important personage—the groom. For twenty years the same carriage, and of a truth! the same horse, waited before the door of Laurel Lodge, and precisely at noon the same white-decked figure drove off to the village church, where year after year the same patient rector waited to chat with the poor little bride as she stood forlornly before the altar.

It was just the time when the village children played. They usually filled the church, and some even acted as bridesmaids. They loved Miss Minch, and well! everyone went. For each year saw almost the same folk gathered there, though growing older surely as time passed. Then after quietly waiting until the clock struck the half-hour the little party would disband, the bride (what irony to use such a name!), walk slowly down the aisle out to where the carriage stood and drive back again down the busy village street, to the little cottage where the faithful Ann was waiting to receive her.

It was May, and the air was filled with the first warmth of summer. The hawthorn, all pink-and-white-and-red decked the country lanes. The lilac and the golden barberry filled the gardens with luxuriant beauty, while the fields were bejewelled with yellow splendour by myriads of cowslips and primroses, that peeped their beauteous heads between the emerald blades.

In all the year there is not such a beautiful month as May. Out of the dreary past a fresh glory has awakened, born of harsh winds and nurtured into life by the tenderness of spring. A new-clad world covered with garments of changeful green. Oh! what faint hues, what tints, what delicate colorings there are clothing the forests and the hedges and decking all the land with wondrous beauty. It is nature's birthday. Young life abounds on every hand. Little lambkins skip about the fields; the thrill "chirp" of nestlings mingle with the sweeter parent song. Butterflies and moths, just liberated from their long sleep, lightly pass over the flower's heads or find cool shelter beneath their spreading leaves.

Across the village street the golden sunlight slanted, across God's acre; it even crept around the church and in through the stained glass windows of the holy edifice itself, and gleamed brightly against the burnished cross that hung above the communion-rail.

Morning service was just over, and the rector waited, as was his wont, to meet the queer little procession which was even now drawing near. One by one the people crept into the empty pews. A few had remained after matins and stayed to see the fulfilment

of the queer little comedy now so familiar.

"I be s'prised" whispered the Postmistress to her neighbor, John Newman the grocer's wife, "I be s'prised sich doings be allowed in the house o' God. 'Taint proper. There's no respect nor revrince in a mock cer-a-monie. Sich things be out o' place in any decent church."

Mrs. Newman bowed her head submissively. She was possessed of a meek and lowly spirit.

"I agree with ye Mam 'taint proper. I says only yesterda' I says to John, John, says I, why-some-evir does the rector allow Miss Mary Minch to desicate th' church. Ye're right Mam in what ye says, 'taint right; but John says he, he says to me, 'Our rector is a good mon and its out o' sheer kindness o' harrt that he humors that-poor dithrat creathure. 'Taint our consarns,' e says, 'and it don't do oos no harm.' But I agrees with ye Mam, 'taint proper. Do ye mind th' day whin th' poor thing was forsook, an' they all in th' church an' all? Miss Mary she were a noice slip then. 'Twas rale sorry I was whin they waited an' waited an' no wan come. She niver cried nor nothin', but just walked so quiet-like away. Th' poor master was sore bet. It killed him sure. Twinty year! And she thinks he be comin' back still. Yes, I agrees with ye Mam 'taint proper, but thin as John says—"

At this moment a stir was created by a party of visitors who had driven over on the tourist coach, entering the church. They hesitated, uncertain for what the people waited. One, seemingly not of the same party stood without the porch. Everyone was chatting now. The stranger inquired if something unusual was about to take place.

"Its a wed'ding," returned a dark-eyed girl, "leastways a sort of one. A poor little lady what isn't all right, who was treated cruel wanst, comed here year after year thinking to find him what played her false. It's very sad to see her, dressed as she were the day she cum to meet him at the altar.

'I know that he will come,' she says, and she waits here year be year. Oh! min is the ru-min-ation of the worrld, lycastways cowards like *him* be."

"And is she *quite* mad, poor thing?"

"Mad! See for yourself sir. Here she comes."

The carriage had stopped now, the door was open. Up the steps came the little figure clothed in white.

Slowly she mover nearer and nearer, her head bent, a wreath of orange blossoms crowning her once fair hair.

"There she be," whispered the girl, "would you ever think that anything was the matter with her? She's so good and kind a little body it's a cruel shame she should be trated so bad. Parson, he just lets her have her way. Seel how he has taken her hand. Dade 'twould melt a harrt of stone to think what she has suffered. Are you moving off sir? Wait and see her coming down. 'I know that he will come, she says, with her hand in parson's . . . See she waits! Bless me you *have* grown white Sir, it's—"

"What is the matter?" asked someone.

The matter!

Through the window where the Christ looked down with pitying eyes, flooded the golden sunlight. Through an open door came the scent of the summer flowers. The mellow light shone with ruddy glory upon the old figure of the Man of God; it crept about the little figure in the satin robe, until it formed a golden halo about the drooping head, and sped on to where the children waited with nosegays in their baby hands—poor little brides-maids, resplendent in their simple cotton gowns.

"God hath sent us a beautiful day," said the old man in a gentle voice, as his fingers closed over the small white-gloved hand. "And you, dear Miss Minch, are looking so well, so well. How thankful we ought to be for all His benefits to us."

She threw back the veil and lifted her face very quietly.

"I do thank Him dear friend," she

said "and you also. You who *never* fail me, who wait patiently for the time when he shall come. I thank—"

Somebody had elbowed his way up the aisle and stood facing her now. Someone whose identity even long absence of years nor the change that comes with growing age, could conceal. A cry rang through the church. He was on his knees now! Tears were on his cheeks.

"Mary!"

And she—

One hand was in her old friend's, but the other was waiting still, waiting aye! as was her faithful heart.

Time! Pain! Infidelity! Were as naught. Agony! Weariness! Wrong! Forgotten!

God bless women! He has made them such.

She raised him up until his tears fell upon her poor white face and were at length lost in the satin of the old white gown; until her trembling arms met close about his neck; until for want of strength her weary frame rested against his breast.

What though she might be mad! What though she had been waiting twenty years!

The old rector donned his surplice, the organ pealed forth, the children smiled, smiled between their tears.

Nothing mattered now, nothing of any consequence, since it was Miss Minch's wedding-day.



THE FRUIT GIFT

A gift of clustered sweetness,
Full-orbed, and glowing with the prisoned beams,
Of summery suns, and rounded to completeness,
By kisses of the south wind and the dew.

—Whittier.

Paralysis: The New Epidemic

By Helen MacMurchy, M.D.

Infantile Paralysis is epidemic in some parts of Canada. The germ attacks rich as well as poor, adults as well as children. In Ontario last month half the cases were fatal. Dr. MacMurchy is able to give our readers the latest developments concerning this dread disease direct from the great specialists, having recently attended a medical congress where the question was discussed. It is now thought that the germ is carried mainly by the stable fly. Dr. MacMurchy says, Never let a fly rest on an infant.

The toll of the victims of tuberculosis grows smaller every year. When shall we be able to say this of that disabling disease which now counts its victims by the thousand where it used to count them by the couple. Theirs is the sad fate of the disabled, who must go on life's rough way never able to walk as well again, never able to skate at all, or to dance or to run. It is hard.

The increase of acute anterior poliomyelitis to epidemic proportions has forced every medical laboratory to study it with the industry of Sisyphus, the keenness of Sherlock Holmes and the patience of Job. A little gleam of hope came with Flexner's results in procuring passive immunity, but not much. Still we shall know some day.

Nor is the treatment of the sufferers from this disease as heart-breaking and hopeless as it used to be. It is wonderful how far and how long recovery may go on, especially if the patient is under skilled medical care from the first. The paralyzed muscles may be re-educated, growth may proceed, modern appliances and modern surgery may conceal or minimize the deformity, until disablement disappears altogether or is reduced to a minimum. Thus the disease is in a manner conquered. Sir Walter Scott was one of the conquerors. Stricken by it in early infancy, he was sent to

his grandfather's farm to recover. A Scotch shepherd took charge of that baby genius and carried him out every day to nurse him back to health among the hills, laying him down on the plaid, and encouraging him to use his limbs. It will be remembered that only a slight limp remained.

FIRST EPIDEMICS.

The first well-recognized epidemic of acute anterior poliomyelitis was in Sweden in 1881. The first epidemic in England was in 1897. Many American epidemics occurred where there were Scandinavian immigrants. Five-sevenths of all cases so far reported have occurred in the United States, the first epidemic being in Massachusetts and Vermont in 1894. From 1880-1884 only 23 cases were reported in the United States, a number which gradually increased to 349 in 1900-1904. Then came the destroyer in overwhelming strength and suddenly. From 1905-1909 there were 8,054 and in 1910 alone there were 5,093. Flexner thinks there have been at least 20,000 cases in the United States with 10,000 or 15,000 disabled. Twenty-eight cases of infantile paralysis were discovered in Buffalo, August 1, 1912, and three of these died in one day.

Our own Commission of Conserva-

tion has collected some interesting statistics as to Canadian cases from November 1, 1909, to October 21, 1910. The figures as given by Dr. Hodgetts to the Canadian Medical Association are as follows:

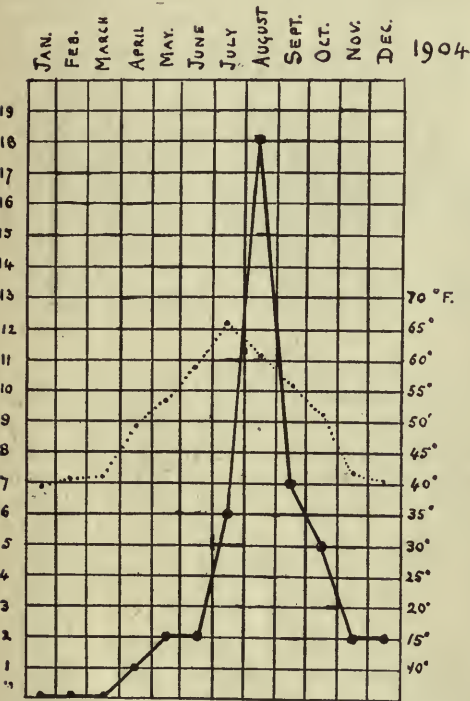


Chart showing the month of onset of forty-five cases of poliomyelitis occurring in London during the year 1904.

Dominion of Canada:

Ontario	354
Quebec	187
British Columbia	48
Alberta	27
Manitoba	17
New Brunswick	12
Saskatchewan	6
Nova Scotia	6
Prince Edward Island..	1

658

It is certainly a disease of the Temperate Zone and of the colder part of that zone, and while the worst season is from May to November, yet it may and does occur in any month of the year. 1910 was in a terrible sense a "wonder year" for epidemic poliomyelitis.

*Press Report.

In that year it appeared all over the world, as it were. Epidemics occurred in Britain, Canada, Cuba, the United States, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Belgium, Russia and Denmark. A remarkable epidemic occurred in Naura, a small island in the Pacific, 160 miles from the nearest land, where there were 700 cases and 30 deaths though the total population was only 2,330.

The disease itself was first described by an English physician, Dr. Underwood, in 1774, but it was not till 1860 that Heine wrote of the spinal cord as the place where the damage occurred.

Of those attacked by this enemy ten to twenty per cent. do not survive. About 80 per cent. suffer from paralysis and of this 80 per cent. only about one out of four recovers perfectly. All the rest are more or less disabled. In Ontario in September fifty per cent. of the cases were fatal.*

The majority of cases occur from three to five years of age, 75 per cent. of the total number being under four years of age, and more males are afflicted than females. Still, there are many patients under three years of age, and the number of adults varies from one per cent. to 15 per cent. or more of the total number of cases. A number of cases have occurred after the age of fifty years, but the rule is that age increases resistance.

No one who has considered the matter at all now doubts that the disease is communicable. This was proved by Flexner and others in 1909. It is certainly caused by a living organism, probably too small to be seen even by the aid of the best microscopes we have, certainly small enough to pass through porcelain, or rather to be driven through porcelain as we drive fluid through a filter.

And what is more, that virus, whatever it is, has been found in the blood, in the cerebro-spinal fluid, in the glands, in the cells of the nervous system and in the discharges from the nose, the mouth, and probably in the other discharges of the body of any patient.

The period that elapses from the time that the infection is "caught" to the time that the symptoms appear is not surely known yet. But it is probably from 1 to 14 days, though it may even be 30 days, and in monkeys, which also suffer from this disease, it is sometimes as long as 46 days. Rab-

among the poor, or delicate. Often the vigorous and healthy are attacked and those who have comfortable homes and good care. Six years ago the head of one of the largest industrial corporations in Canada was a victim. So was in that epidemic a professor in Queen's College, Kingston.



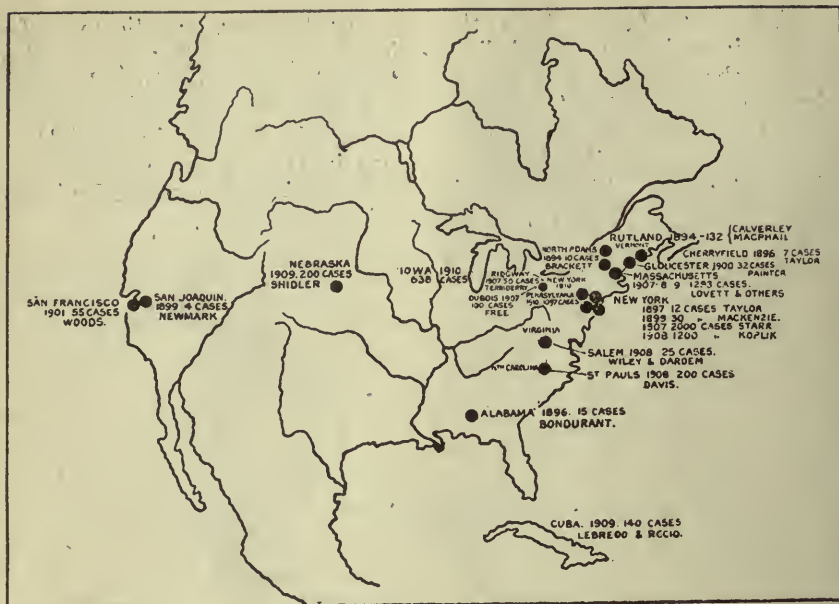
Map of Europe, showing the places at which epidemics of poliomyelitis have occurred, the number of cases in the epidemic, and the date of the epidemic, from 1881 to 1910.

bits probably suffer from the same disease and there is some evidence that poultry do, and possibly horses also.

One case is on record where anterior poliomyelitis occurred twice in the same patient but this is almost unknown.

The victims of this disease are not

Nor is there much within the first twenty-four hours to rouse anxiety. There may be vomiting, there usually is fever, often headache, always some weakness, tiredness or prostration. Sometimes the next day the little patient feels better and wants to play and



Map of America, showing the places at which epidemics of poliomyelitis have occurred up to the year 1910, the number of cases in the epidemic, the date of the epidemic.

run about. Better not. It is possible that nature is making a brave fight and with rest and careful watching and nursing will rout the enemy. We have reason to think that in some cases where the patient is better for a day or two and then the dreadful paralysis appears, that the paralysis is really a relapse, from which rest might have saved the patient. Anyone who is really indisposed, young or old, should "make haste slowly" about returning to the usual strenuousness of modern life. There is another important group of symptoms—the nervous group. Restlessness, irritability and excitement, with little or no cause, always attract the attention of the wise and watchful head of affairs, and where the foolish precipitate a struggle for authority and the harsh resort to punishment, the more experienced and more sensible mother will soothe without capitulating to every whim and will give a comfortable bath and put the poor child to bed, thus perhaps averting serious consequences, and at least giving Mother Nature a chance to exercise her supreme powers.

Pain, unhappily, is almost always present and may be soothed by warmth, especially by hot applications, sometimes even by the continuous hot bath, where the child is, as it were, put to bed in a warm bath and so saved a deal of pain and discomfort. Pain is felt in the head, the neck, the back, the limbs, even the face—one or all of them.

Paralysis comes on usually about the second, third or fourth day. It may be delayed till the seventh or eighth day. It appears sometimes in one limb and then in another. Almost always there is some recovery, often a great deal, especially in the first few weeks.

A troublesome and distressing symptom is contraction of the muscles so that the limbs cannot be extended, and sometimes so that the back is curved and cannot be straightened. This is due more or less to spasm of the muscles, and gradually improves, though almost imperceptibly at first. Nothing gives more comfort and joy to the patient, the family, or the physician than the gradual regression of this and other symptoms which so greatly threaten not only the bodily comfort of the poor patient,



Map of Australia, showing the places at which epidemics of poliomyelitis have occurred, the number of cases in the epidemic, the date of the epidemic.

but the peace of mind and the happiness of everybody concerned.

DIAGNOSIS.

Watch for muscular weakness. Often, because the little patient can manage to move the limb in bed, probably from the hip only, the real condition is not recognized, till he gets out of bed, and the poor paralyzed limb hangs useless and lifeless, refusing to support the child. The natural vigor with which a child moves and wriggles, and often objects to examination is a tremendous comfort when all are wondering whether we have influenza or infantile paralysis to fight, and when the child dislikes to be touched and yet its efforts are feeble, it makes one anxious.

On September 1, 1911, acute poliomyelitis was made compulsorily notifiable in London, England. It is notifiable now in Canada, the United States and in civilized countries generally.

No subject at present occupies more attention than this. Governments and laboratories have issued splendid reports dealing with the whole question. Among these are the reports of the work done by Dr. Simon Flexner, in

New York, the Blue Book issued by the Local Government Board in London in 1912, and those issued by the Boards of Health in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

The British Medical Association gave much time to it this year at their annual meeting, and at the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography in Washington on September 26, a whole morning was given up to the discussion of this one disease. It was a meeting of giants. The great hall in the Pan-American Building was crowded to the doors, and on the platform were such citizens of the medical world as Flexner and Levaditi. The interest was breathless and when Dr. Rosenau announced that his recent researches went to prove that the stable fly was probably the chief carrier of the infection a sensation ran through the audience. There are a good many facts which seem to corroborate Dr. Rosenau's theory.

Preventive medicine is presented to the readers of this magazine as the only hope for dealing with anterior poliomyelitis. We shall never cure it once the enemy has massacred the good gray

cells in that part of the spinal cord which gives the child the gay and glad activities of play and work, and the adult the power of independent motion. But we can do something to prevent it now and we shall do more in the future.

CAUSE.

Every question concerned with this disease arouses a fascinating, almost a painful, interest, but when one comes at last in sight of the possible mode of infection one's interest reaches white heat. There is a cause. But it is "the pestilence which walketh in darkness." How does it select its victims and where does it strike them that we might protect them from its murderous and cruelly disabling attack?

It has been proved that in monkeys affected with the disease, the virus passes from the central nervous system to the nasal mucosa.

It has been proved that if the virus of the disease be implanted on the nasal mucous membrane of a healthy monkey then the monkey contracts the disease, especially if there is any crack or scratch or sore place there. The amount of the virus required is small, about the fiftieth part of one drop.

The following causes have been mentioned:

1. As to vermin — it is not likely that they spread the disease. Thousands of cases are reported where vermin could not have had anything to do with the infection. But the fly is a different matter. The virus remains active when carried on the feet of a fly for 48 hours or more. There is no reason why, if flies are in the house or the sick room they should not come into contact with infective secretions. The fly is a carrier of infection. Kill the fly. Not one fly should ever be allowed in or round a house. This is imperative. Never let a fly touch a baby.

2. Food. Unlikely. Certainly the virus is neither water-borne nor milk-borne.

3. One physician reports that nearly all the patients affected in a large epidemic had been wading in ice-cold

water shortly before the onset of symptoms. This is probably a mere co-incidence.

4. Bathing in water contaminated by sewage. In the Massachusetts epidemic of 1909, 150 cases were investigated and 62 of these had been swimming or wading in water more or less contaminated by sewage.

Every public bath should have the water in it frequently changed. Slime should never be allowed to collect. Chlorination should be carefully done daily or oftener, so that the water may be free from infection. Specimens of the water should be examined by a competent bacteriologist. Diluted sewage is dangerous to bathe in.

5. Animals. There are on record several cases where paralysis in horses, chickens and rabbits was followed by infantile paralysis in the children of the house.

6. Diarrhœal. It is thought that inasmuch as diarrhœal diseases are most prevalent when infantile paralysis is most prevalent, i.e., in the warm weather, that some connection may exist between the two. This is possible, but not proven.

7. Contact with a patient. There is now quite sufficient evidence to make us think that the disease is conveyed from one patient to another. Therefore the patient should be isolated with a nurse or other person able to give all the necessary care and nursing. Visitors should not be allowed. It is better not to let the other children in the house go to school for about fourteen days. All the patient's excretions should be properly disinfected, especially those of the nose and throat. The mouth and nose should be gargled and cleansed with an antiseptic solution. Handkerchiefs should be boiled. It would be better if cheese cloth were used instead of handkerchiefs, and burned afterwards. The nurse and the physician should observe the usual precautions against infection or carrying infection to others. The use of antiseptic throat tablets (as aldoform or formamint) and of antiseptic nose-wool is a convenient

and sensible precaution. Menthol and hydrogen per-oxide preparations kill the virus.

After the attack is over the health authorities should disinfect the house with formaldehyde. This should also be done in any school where cases have developed among the pupils and perhaps the school should be closed.

8. Carrier cases, that is, persons who harbor the virus in the throat and nose and so may and do transmit it to others, though not suffering from the disease themselves, are known to exist and undoubtedly are a great source of danger.

9. As to school infection, the evidence is not conclusive, though there are many cases that almost prove it. On the other hand, there are facts which seem to show that school infection cannot be an important cause. The subject needs further investigation, and in the meantime, the patient should not go back to school for a considerable time—perhaps three months, and every vigilance should be used to watch against school infection. Contacts, i.e., other children in the house with a patient should not attend school for fourteen days after the onset and then only if the patient has been isolated.

10. Dust. There is not a little evidence that dust is a possible source of infection. At Cornell University the dust on the floor of rooms in each of which was a patient with anterio-polio-myelitis was used to inoculate monkeys, and these animals in several instances developed the disease.

GOOD ROADS.

Further. A great many cases have occurred on main roads and dusty thoroughfares, not in houses where lawns or fields intervened between the house and the road. This is a good argument for good roads, street cleanliness, for oil and other anti-dust remedies, for the nightly flushing of asphalt pavements, for frequent waterings and for damp dusting, perfect cleanliness and other things characteristic of good private and public house-keeping and city-keeping.

Lastly, a few words must be said on the nursing and medical care of the patient. First of all, we need the best medical skill. There will be found in every large city some one or two doctors who have made more or less of a specialty of infantile paralysis, and the good family physician will be eager to utilize the special skill of such a consultant. It does make a difference to have such aid as this. With him and the family physician the medical care is assured. As to the nursing, this will be carefully directed by the doctor, but a few general hints may not be out of place here.

The bowels need to be cleared out—it helps to carry off infection. All the water, lemonade, orangeade, etc., that the child can take between meals will help in the same way, carrying off infection by the kidneys and the skin. A warm cleansing bath daily is necessary.

Perfect rest and quiet in a cool, well-ventilated room, somewhat darkened, no visitors at all, but a cheerful, pleasant atmosphere, is of the first importance.

As soon as the fever and nausea have subsided good nourishment is also of the first importance. Milk and eggs in many attractive forms, well-cooked cereals and vegetables and fruit, and some meat and a few sweets. Keep up the child's interest in his food.

Keep the patient comfortable but cool if the weather is warm, and remember, if hot water bottles are necessary, that sometimes while the case is acute, the skin is a little insensitive. Beware, because this means the child may be burned and yet not feel it. So you must watch.

Never have the patient lying on the back. Turn frequently to either side and persuade to lie on the face. It lessens the congestion in the spinal area. An ice-bag to the head and spine is helpful.

The greatest single resource we have to combat the paralysis is to watch constantly and eagerly with the child the return of every atom of power or move-

ment. Make a great deal of it, and get the child absorbed in using the newly recovered power, but rest often, often. Never tire out the slight returning strength. Keeping up all possible movement of this kind will give really wonderful results. But it must be disguised to charm the child into working for it. Get a canvas bag from the bank with 100 new cents. If the child is old enough to understand give him one cent for ten kicks or 100 kicks at a tiny rubber ball, etc. The "kick" may be only one-quarter inch but the foot moved! With an infant, a big brightly colored rubber ball can be made the basis of an attractive game in which the partially recovered muscles may be used.

Massage, thorough, skilful and long-continued, is an indispensable aid to the best results. A great deal can be done, however, by good rubbing by mother or nurse, carefully directed by the doctor, if the expense renders expert massage impossible.

The surgeon can give great aid in certain cases where the muscles have atrophied and the result is a serious handicap. Every year mechanical appliances are made lighter and better and are sometimes of great benefit. The latest improvement is celluloid splints.

POSITION.

Another important point is to watch that the weak muscles never get over-

stretched. Everyone has noticed that the toe in the paralyzed foot "drops" as it were and the patient has to hold the foot away up in order to walk at all. This may be prevented largely by always supporting the front part of the foot when sitting so that the toe is about two inches higher than the heel, and wearing a simple light splint in bed at night so that the foot is kept in that same position, with the ankle bent, and the toe on a higher level than the heel. If this is not done at night the weak muscles get overstretched by the faulty position and the weight of the bed clothes and so the foot drops, producing a permanent difficulty in walking. Patience and care in all these little details ultimately give in most cases a magnificent result, as is narrated, in the little pamphlet published by Professor Earl Barnes and his wife, called "A Case of Infantile Paralysis," which concludes with these words, "Finally, while there is no probable cure in most of these cases, there is possibility of improvement in all of them, and this improvement in details or as a whole, may come so close to cure as to be virtually the same thing. *Nowhere in the long process of recovery is there any place to stop, nor any reason to be discouraged.*"

The Amateur Detective

By William Hugo Pabke

YES, we newspaper men get to know some mighty queer characters. You have heard me remark that same thing before while telling you tales of Donohue's gambling joint and the doings of his customers. And you, sir, who pass the plate in church of a Sunday; and you, madam, who ride through life in a luxurious limousine, like to meet these picaresque individuals—through the medium of printer's ink, of course. They give you a bit of a thrill; their lives are so very different from yours. Do you ever find time to spare one little emotion of sympathy for some of my friends on the seamy side? I hope so.

The day that Jimmy earned his sobriquet he was standing on the corner of St. Catherine and Victoria streets in this big city of Montreal, hands deep in his pockets, and a wistful, faraway look in his eyes. This unwonted expression proceeded from no desire on his part to clothe his thoughts in poetry, nor did it evince a symptom of nostalgia. He was just plain hungry.

Jimmy was a barker, a crackerjack. He should have been in funds, but he had been careless of his bankroll. He had made a good season, extolling the wonders of side-shows at state fairs across the line and at the expositions through Ontario and Quebec; his mistake lay in staying north too long. Moreover, he had run across an old pal of his in Montreal who had urged him to join in a moving picture venture.

Just as things began to look rosy, Chesty got into some trouble with the authorities and was sent back to the States. It took most of Jimmy's wad to square things so that his partner might be banished instead of languishing in jail. You see, Chesty had — But

there! that will do for another tale some other time.

Jimmy didn't look exactly like an object of charity this late fall afternoon as he stood scowling at the frozen mud in the street. True, his jewelry was gone; but a man may be presentable even without an ounce or two of diamond in his necktie. Also, his overcoat was gone (he had breakfasted and dined off it for some time past); but his dark gray suit was excellently well cut, and decidedly becoming. No, Jimmy would have had a hard time trying to panhandle, even had he been inclined to try. He wasn't inclined, though; he wanted to stir something up, and that mighty quick.

As he stood with his back against the corner of a building, apparently unconscious of the crowd streaming past him, but in reality vitally alive to the meaning of its every unit, he glimpsed a familiar face across the street. He drew in his breath sharply between clenched teeth.

"Boston Slim, or I'm a hayseed!" he ejaculated.

From beneath half-closed eyelids he watched the slight, shifty figure on the opposite sidewalk darting in and out amongst the crowd. He waited eagerly, knowing what he would see if only his eyes were quick enough. Suddenly it came. Slim pressed against a portly gentleman, his right hand moved like a flash of light, then, he crammed his fists into his own pockets and walked nonchalantly down the street with seemingly not a care in the world.

"Caught him with the goods on," chuckled Jimmy. "Here's where I get what's coming to me."

He drove around the corner and ran

until he reached a certain grim building. He ran through the corridor and knocked at a certain door. A grim voice bade him enter. Opening the door, he found himself facing a grim man.

"Cap'n," he said breathlessly, "Boston Slim's in town."

"Well?"

"What's it worth to bring him in with the goods on him?"

"Who are you?" growled the grim man, glancing up with heavy-lidded eyes.

"I'm the best ballyhoo man on the Northern circuit," said Jimmy proudly. "I've been in the sideshow business for twenty years, and I ain't thirty yet. I know every dip and crook from Boston to San Francisco. My name don't matter to you, Cap'n, so long's I can deliver the goods."

"Sure you're talking business?"

"I got him dead to rights! And I need the money. Even so, there ain't a dip from Quebec to Vancouver that I'd do dirt, me broke or no broke, always exceptin' Boston Slim. I got it in for him!"

"I want him," said the grim man heavily.

"What's it worth?"

He named the price.

"Looks good to me," said Jimmy; "I'll have it in half an hour. There's just one thing more, Cap'n; I need a little expense money."

"Oh, that's it, eh?" snorted the grim man, contemptuously.

"Tain't much—thirty-five cents—but I got to have it." Jimmy smiled deprecatingly.

The other dug his enormous hand into his pocket and flung some change on his desk.

The next moment Jimmy had left the presence. Running out on the street, he made his way to the stage entrance of a nearby theatre. He asked the doorkeeper to take him to the property-man, giving the "high sign" that entitled him to the privileges of the show people's freemasonry.

"Say, Sport," he said, when he was

ushered into the presence of the busy official, "lend me a wad for half an hour. I need a roll that'd choke a horse; stage money will do."

"What's your game? Goin' to trim a rube?" asked the property-man quizzically.

In spite of his question, he had already unlocked a chest and dug his hands in. In a moment he drew them out full of the make-believe currency that make-believe capitalists had exchanged thousands of times for make-believe railroad systems or apocryphal gold-mines.

"You're all right," commented Jimmy, reaching for the tempting-looking roll. "I won't forget you. This game of mine is on the level—that's straight."

He started to go, then turned back once more. "And now," he hesitated, "if you'll lend me a false wig for my face I'll run along."

Next he visited a hardware store and invested his "expense money" in a spring rat-trap. Then, seeking the privacy of the washroom in the Savoy, he prepared to set the stage. He cut a hole in his left-hand trouser-pocket and let the chain attached to the trap run through, binding the end securely to his leg above the knee. He slipped his newly-acquired mustache into place and then, with tentative fingers, set the trap that was resting in his pocket. That done, he retraced his steps, and emerging again on St. Catharine Street, he sauntered up and down that busy thoroughfare until he beheld his prey.

Jimmy turned into a saloon, a preternaturally sober young man, emerging again in less than a minute with every outward sign of an advanced state of inebriation. He stood for a moment swaying unsteadily on the step, trying to count with clumsy fingers an enormous roll of money. After four or five futile attempts he apparently became discouraged and shoved it with careful carelessness into his pocket, back of the trap. He staggered from the step and tottered across the sidewalk to the curb, where he stood in weak-kneed helplessness, his eyes partially closed,

and an expression of utter drunken inebriety on his face.

To all appearances he was a flush sporting man cutting loose. At all events, so he appeared to Boston Slim whose sharp eye rested on him avariciously the moment he came out of the saloon. This worthy hovered near, vulturelike, passing and repassing behind his seemingly unconscious victim's back, ever keeping an eye out for possible interference.

At last Jimmy knew that the crisis was at hand. With a sixth sense he felt Slim approach in an abnormally casual manner. He felt a slight pressure against his back, sensed the shadow of a shadow hand slip into his pocket, heard the snap of the trap as it closed on soft flesh, and then a sharp cry of pain.

He turned lazily, his drunkenness evaporating like some volatile spirit.

"Hello Slim," he said in a conversational tone.

"Jimmy!" gasped the pickpocket, his pain twisting his face into grim lines. "Jimmy! for Gawd's sake leave me go! My hand's busted!" he whined.

"Nix! You come with me!"

"You ain't goin' to sell me!" pleaded Slim, terror and unbelief showing in his eyes. "You was always a white boy, Jimmy."

"Come on!" growled his captor. "Keep close to me, and they won't notice your—hand."

"Is it coin you want?" whispered Slim weakly as they pressed through the crowd.

"Sure! Everybody wants coin."

"Then I c'n fix you up, Jimmy—I got a bunch. Here—" he dug his free hand into his pocket and displayed a roll.

"I'll fix you up, all right," he offered again. His voice was husky with the pain he was bearing. It was evident that he could not walk much farther.

"Answer me one question," said Jimmy. "Where's Nellie Clancy, her that used to do the lion-taming act with Franc's show?"

"I dunno," he said, after a moment of thought.

Jimmy breathed hard.

"You ain't married to her?" he said tensely.

"Not so that you'd notice it!"

"That's all for you! Come!"

"What d'ye mean?" asked Slim, wincing as the other started up the steps.

"What do I mean?" said Jimmy fiercely. "I mean just this: that you cut me out with the cleanest, sweetest little girl in the show business. Her and I was going to get hitched when you butted in. I didn't tell her that you was a crook because that didn't seem the square thing to me; besides, I never knew just how rotten you was."

"You ain't goin' to sell me for a bloomin' girl?" said Slim, trembling. "You're damn right I am!" thundered Jimmy. "I wouldn't have done you dirt, the way I'm going to, if you'd treated her honest. But you put her on the bum."

Slim realized with a throb of fear that his last hope was gone. That one unconsidered mean act in his mean, evil life condemned him. And he had almost forgotten that the girl had ever crossed his path!

"That's why your money don't look good to me, you rat!" goaded Jimmy. "You couldn't earn enough at your dirty game in a thousand years to square yourself with me." He took a step forward. "Now come!" he rasped.

A moment later Jimmy stood before the grim man with his prize.

"Just on time, Cap'n," he said genially. "Will you help me get this flipper loose?"

He loosened the jaws of the trap with his huge fingers, and Slim sank weakly into a chair.

The grim man opened a drawer, took out a cashbox, and peeling off a layer of large bills, handed them to Jimmy without a word.

You, sir, and you, madam, have probably seen Jimmy, smiling and suave, in the box-office at his moving picture establishment some off night when you designed to patronize the amusements of the proletariat.

House Building as An Investment

By Frank J. Drake

NOT many years ago young men in Canada were content merely to save money. All their surplus earnings they cheerfully handed over to the bankers, who were wont to tell them that it was not so much what a man earned as what he saved that really determined his financial station in life.

But times have changed. The modern problem which now confronts the young man of energy and ambition is not how much he can save but rather how best he may invest. By all means he saves all he can, but once he amasses a little capital the really formidable task is to handle it to the best possible advantage. And therein is the measure of commercial success.

The general prosperity of the country has made saving a simple problem and investment a difficult one. In our large cities hundreds of young men are succeeding in the first task and failing in the second. Scores of them are annually saving from \$500 to \$1,500, which is quite possible on salaries ranging from \$1,500 to \$3,000 per annum. But once possessed of their savings the bulk of them invest in a fashion both reckless and unprofitable. Why is it? The truth of the matter is that in times of prosperity saving is merely a thing of method, but investment at all times is something more—it requires knowledge, judgment, foresight and courage.

To cite a case in point: young men without number, blunder into various lines of business with only a few hundred dollars to finance them and achieve nothing more than failure and reverse. It is the experience of trained business men that too much investigation cannot be given any business enterprise before one puts capital into it. Better far to pay experts for a report on condi-

tions and prospects than to learn for oneself at the price of all one's capital when it is too late. Yet every day young men, knowing nothing of business conditions or management, and having neither sufficient capital nor training, launch into business careers at a risk of practically everything they possess. How much better it would be for them were they to invest their savings wisely that they might have a safe and profitable income in addition to their regular salary?

As has been pointed out in this series of articles there are numerous channels of desirable investment in Canada. But in order to follow most of them to a successful issue one must have a knowledge of and experience in the realm of business and finance or else seek the aid of experts in whose advice confidence may be reposed. Comparatively few are sufficiently in touch with conditions to invest wisely in stocks, bonds or industrial enterprises without guidance, and for some inexplicable reason most people are loath to seek counsel in matters of money, which they consider are their own personal affairs about which outsiders should know nothing. Thus investments of this character to many people, particularly those who are lured by promises of a large yield on doubtful ventures, are attended by considerable risk.

It is not to be wondered then that in the estimation of the average young man, knowing nothing of the inner workings of the business and commercial world, one particular line of investment has grown steadily in favor in recent years—that of house building. This does not imply reckless flights in real estate of doubtful value, but rather the following of a sound business pol-

icy as applied simply to the building of houses anywhere. And it's a line which certainly has much to commend it.

I have in mind several young men who have carried on house building as a side line for some years and who have each year realized handsomely from their operations quite apart from the earnings which they have made from their regular occupations. The undertaking calls for no special ability, comparatively little capital is required, the risk involved is slight, the experience is both pleasant and valuable, and the returns are substantial. It is a line which many more young men might follow with profit, and too, with actual benefit to the communities.

The plan embraces the securing of a number of lots within or just on the outskirts of a rapidly growing centre of population, the erection of suitable houses, and the selling of them on advantageous terms. Oftentimes the purchase of good building sites is the most difficult feature of the entire operations. Particularly is this the case in large cities where land is held at exorbitant prices. In order to secure a reasonable rate it is sometimes necessary for several to syndicate in their purchases of property which may later be subdivided and financed according to the amount of land each member acquires. Then the various parties in the syndicate may combine in their building operations or follow their own plans.

Provided a young man has sufficient capital, once he has purchased his lot the remainder of the scheme is usually accomplished with little difficulty. The securing of suitable plans is an easy matter since houses of every type are being erected everywhere, and the task of awarding the contract is readily surmounted with the aid of a couple of contractors, several of whom are always willing to figure on any job and submit tenders. Care, of course, must be taken both in the selection of lots and in the planning of houses with a view to keeping down the outlay. It is not, however, the purpose of this article to enter into these details but merely to suggest

a general course of action. Under favorable conditions in from three to four months from the time work is commenced the completed house is ready for occupancy and the young owner must choose whether he will offer it for sale or rental.

The cost involved in the purchase of a lot and the erection of a house varies widely in accordance with conditions, among which the determining factors are the location and frontage of the lot, and the size, character and finish of the house. In building one must have in mind primarily the needs of the community the house is to serve and the possibilities which it offers in the way of a rental or sale. It would not, for instance, be prudent to erect a very expensive structure in a locality where high rents are impossible by reason of the existing conditions, nor again, to sacrifice the opportunity of realizing substantially in a desirable district by erecting a cheap house on an expensive lot. One must exercise judgment to the extent of meeting the public demand—of giving what is wanted, where it is wanted most, and at the right price.

After all, however, the cost of the entire property—house and lot—is not such an important item with the builder provided he has chosen his location wisely, has been careful to build the proper style of house at the lowest possible figure, and is content to sell or rent at a reasonable profit or interest. The cost will take care of itself; a property will sell for what it is really worth. If additional money has been put into it in giving it a better finish and in providing expensive fixtures, the extra value is there and can be realized on when the right sort of buyer appears. So within reason the cost problem will take care of itself and as a matter of fact is doing so every day.

But to return to details, let us consider a couple of actual cases. The first is recorded in one of our largest Canadian cities and is merely a sample of what young men are doing. The young man in question purchased 50 feet of land within the limits, but on the out-

skirts of the city, at \$30 per foot, or \$1,500 in all. He held it for two years, during which time the value of the land increased to \$60 per foot. Then he erected two bungalows, each costing \$3,000, well planned, nicely finished and completely equipped. The total cost to him was \$7,500. He sold the houses at an average of \$5,250, the one as soon as it was completed and the other after holding it a week or two, thus securing in all \$10,500 and realizing \$3,000 on his investment in two years. Or, cite a second instance. Another young man, in still another Canadian city, purchased 30 feet of ground for \$1,500 and built immediately a desirable house at \$3,500, which he sold shortly after its completion for \$6,000, making a gain of \$1,000 in only a few months. In a third case a young man in a smaller city purchased a \$600 lot, built a house at \$2,800 and sold quite readily for \$4,000. If instances of larger gains are desired we could cite them in great numbers where very much more has been realized but usually on more expensive houses requiring a heavier outlay in financing or where land has advanced rapidly in price owing to local conditions.

The purpose here, however, is not to illustrate big gains which require a large investment, but to show that smaller ones are possible for the small investor with only limited capital. In the first case instanced the party paid down only \$500 on his lot and when he commenced building a year and a half later there was still a mortgage of \$500 on the property. He having paid an additional \$500 in the interval. Thus he really had \$1,000 in the lot when building operations commenced. With \$1,000 cash which he had in the bank he erected the first \$3,000 house, putting on a new mortgage of \$2,500 covering the balance as well as the remaining indebtedness on the lot. A prompt sale, in which the purchaser assumed the mortgage and paid the balance in cash, enabled him to proceed with the second house in like manner and, indeed, to

sell it on similar terms. Thus his only investment was the \$1,000 in the lot and the \$1,000 for only a few months first in one house and then in the other—a total investment of \$2,000 on which a profit of \$3,000 was realized. Of course the increase in the price of land was responsible for half of this. Likewise in the second instance, the young man paid cash for his lot and built at once, mortgaging the entire property for \$3,000, and later selling for \$6,000, the purchaser assuming the mortgage and paying \$1,500 cash. Thus the builder got his money back immediately and in addition had \$1,500 still coming to him for his trouble. The third was also a comparatively simple deal, financed on a little less than \$1,500, on which \$600 was realized.

Sufficient has been cited to show the possibilities of the house-building plan if properly carried out in any growing centre. It is an investment which lends itself specially to people of small capital and it is usually quite safe and almost certain to realize a reasonable profit on the outlay; indeed, if land increases rapidly in price, as often happens, the gains may be substantial. In this latter connection many builders in new and growing sections prefer to rent their houses for two or three years and then dispose of them at a higher rate, depending upon a general rise in prices to favor them in this regard. There is, of course, something to be said on either side, as each plan possesses advantages of its own. Usually, however, owners are content to accept a fair price, especially if a good cash payment is offered, as it aids in releasing their money for new investments elsewhere.

There can be no doubt but that in Canada, in the ensuing period of its development, many young men—a great many of them starting with limited means—will follow the house-building line, offering as it does the widest possible field for operations and returning as it will a most satisfactory yield on investments.

Canadian Painting

By John E. Staley

It is somewhat difficult to review Canadian Painting in the course of a single article. Yet that is what the writer has attempted in this brief but racy sketch covering the history and development of fine art in Canada during the past two hundred and fifty years. A general survey of the past is presented together with several illustrations representative of the best work of present day artists. It is hoped that the treatise will stimulate renewed interest in art in this country and that it may be followed with other sketches in which the career and works of prominent Canadian artists now in the public eye may be featured.

IT WAS not yesterday that the fairy Fine Art set up her boudoir in Canada. She has been arranging ravishing toilettes in this beauteous land for quite two hundred and fifty years. At her Court, through many generations, companies of distinguished wielders of pencil, chalk and brush—foreign, naturalized and native-born—have been busily engaged in offering of their best for the decoration of her foyers.

Many capable artists have worked in coteries around Quebec, Montreal and Toronto, and within the boundaries of the three Maritime Provinces, through all these many years. Schools of painting these cities scarcely may be called: rather are they camping grounds in the painted-pageant progress of the Fine Arts.

The first pictorial work done in Canada was by no less a famous hero than the intrepid Champlain. The diaries he kept and the books he wrote he illustrated with thumb-nail sketches, maps and more ambitious drawings in their margins. These are chiefly Indian in character; they are not crudities, but evidence a feeling for form and a sense of color quite commendable. Then came the cultured teaching Jesuits with their lessons in pictures, for savage eyes

—pictures illustrative of Holy Writ and the precepts of Holy Church. The demand was ever in excess of the supply. Colored prints, together with illustrated religious booklets, and picture flysheets, and more ambitious paintings for the adornment of the altars of the churches, were carried by the missionary fathers from Old France to the New. Many of these reverend pioneers also set to work to draw and paint pictures and ex-votos on the spot—crudely done for the most part but generally marked with suggestiveness. A considerable number of these early aids to Christianity are preserved in the Province of Quebec; they are painted on wood, on bark, on canvas, on parchment, on paper, and on other materials.

The name of Père André Perron stands foremost upon this roll of painters, properly so called, on Canadian soil. He landed in Canada 1663. La Mère de L'Incarnation, in her "Lettres" speaks thus of him: "He preaches all day and paints all night." She alludes to the reverend artist's skill in two directions—his work as an illustrator-miniaturist of "The Hours" and other religious books, and also of his wider range in fresco on conventual walls. Little, alas, of any of Father Perron's

work remains. He was treacherously killed by an Indian scouting party 1673.

In the same Society of Jesus was Père François Luc a Recollet, born at Amiens in 1620. Coming to Canada almost immediately after his noviate he decorated the Recollet Chapel in Quebec, and undoubtedly did similar work elsewhere, all of which has per-

the better-to-do laity. He went back to France and died in 1686. The latter was stationed at Montreal. In 1700 he became a brother in the Ordre des Frères Charrons, and painted portraits with great success—among the rest that of La Mère Marguerite Bourgeois, Foundress of the Congrégation des Dames de la Visitation. Père Leber died at Montreal in 1707.



Clearing the Land—Homer Watson, R.C.A.

ished. His subjects were ecclesiastical, but he was influenced by the precursors of the School of Antoine Watteau in his composition and arrangement. He returned to France in 1685. Two other missionary artists have inscribed their names on the annals of early Canadian art—Pères Hugues Pommier and Pierre Leber. The former landed at Quebec in 1663—a companion of Père Perron. In 1676 he was busy at Point Levis and along the Côte de Beaupré, painting panels for churches and canvases for the brethren and for some of

We must remember that all through the seventeenth century there was an influx of refugee French gentry into Canada. Driven from their native land by political upheavals, they carried with them, among their household goods, many pictures painted by the artists they admired in France. Many of them too had artistic proclivities, and, as opportunity offered, applied themselves to the graphic arts and painting. Examples of their work may be found almost everywhere in the older settled places in the Province of Quebec.

In 1720 there came to Canada a noted etcher - draughtsman - engraver from Paris — Henri Gravelot — otherwise Gravelot d'Anville. He had been

1727 when he returned to France, but his interest in the new country was not lessened for he became an enthusiastic agent for despatching works of art



Indian Camp at Fort Matagami—J. W. Beatty, A.R.C.A.

a pupil of Watteau and Restout, and he brought with him to Quebec several canvases by them and other French masters. He worked in Canada until

across the seas. Jean Antoine André Créqui was a contemporary of Gravelot —born in 1749 he visited Canada and remained there until his death in 1780.

Many of his altar pieces and wall frescoes remain in churches in and around Quebec.

With Chevalier de Beaucour began a line of Canadian-born artists. To be

have done much more than make excellent copies of the great masterpieces, but, with these, he returned to Canada and bestowed his treasures upon institutions and individuals with like tastes as



Outskirts of the Forest—Mary E. Knowles, A.R.C.A.

sure his profession was that of arms—he was a military engineer under Frontenac—but, laying aside his lethal weapons for awhile, he set off to study art in France—the first of all students from America. He does not appear to

his own. He was appointed to the post of Governor of Montreal. He survived the struggle for supremacy between England and France, and, accepting the status quo after the war, went on quietly painting under the new régime.

Due perhaps to him as well as to Grave-
lot is the fact that the Province of Que-
bec is remarkably rich in examples of
such masters as Philippe de Cham-
paign, Le Soeur, Lebrun, the Coypels,

Canadian painters worked on calmly
and improvingly. Louis Dulongpré,
who worked at Montreal, 1793-1830,
has left numbers of portraits of notable
people of the province in oil and pastel,



The Inglenook in My Studio—Mary H. Reid, A.R.C.A.

Restout, Nattier, the Vernets, I. and C.
Parrocel, the Van Loos, N. Poussin,
Mignard, Bourdon, Boucher, de la Tour
and other French painters.

After the British conquest French-

quite after the Nattier manner and in
his colors. The technique is not re-
markable, but the historical interest is
considerable. Born in 1795 Joseph Le-
garé, who became a Councillor of State,



In the Selkirks—R. F. Gagen, R.C.A.

of Quebec, was an enthusiastic art-lover and collector, and became proficient with his pencil and his brush. A picture of his obtained the first gold medal ever awarded of painting in Canada—given by the Society of Artists of Montreal—the first association of the kind in Canada. Dying he bequeathed his collection of drawings and pictures to the Laval Seminary in Quebec—that noble institution founded by the first Bishop of Canada, Monseigneur Laval-Montmorency.

Two other names of Canadian painters stand out from the great company of limners—Antoine Plamondon, born in Quebec in 1803. He went to Paris to study art and entered Guérin's studio, where his chief friends were Gericault and Ary Scheffer—their art affected him. Back he came to his Canadian home and began to paint portraits, historical subjects and religious themes. Much of his work remains of course, for he lived until the end of the century. His arrangement, technique and finish

are vastly superior to any who had preceded him—a clear proof of the happy progress of Canadian art. Cornelius Kreighof, a Dutchman, educated in Bavaria, came to Montreal in 1849. He was, perhaps, the first artist of note who painted Canadian life and scenery. His pictures were small and bought up by officers of British regiments; and, if not remarkable for skill and dash, they are valuable topographically and historically, whilst in genre they are interesting.

There were three painters of the older generation, who have made their mark most strongly upon the art of Canada—Adolphe Vogt, born in Quebec in 1842, he studied in France, and came back to paint animals and landscapes, bold in execution and finely colored; Allan A. Edson, born at Stanbridge in 1846, went to France and England, where he became an adept at landscape painting, and returned to Canada to limn her beauties upon his canvases; and Wyatt Eaton, born in 1849 at Phillipsburg—

his chief master was Gérôme in Paris, and his style genre and portraits. These men all died but yesterday.

So far painting in Canada had been confined almost exclusively to residents in Lower Canada, but in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Art began to show her light, where she held by one hand Gilbert Stuart Newton (1793-1835), who did genre very well, and James Field, a portraitist (1812-1868), and by the other Robert Parker, a painter of miniatures on ivory (1798-1850), and Charles C. Ward with minutely painted suites of Indian studies (1815-1896). Ontario lagged behind in her welcome of the Fine Arts. The first artist of Upper Canada was the son of one of Governor Simcoe's gardeners, Paul Kane, who was born at York (Toronto) in 1810. He went off to Europe to study in the schools of art. On his return he drew and painted Indian scenes, and took infinite pains in his work. Daniel Fowler, born in Kent, 1810, came to Toronto in 1843. He painted things he saw upon his ex-

tensive travels, and taught drawing, taking up the pencil old Edward Drury had laid down. George Berthron, a Viennese, settled in Toronto the year after Fowler came, and painted portraits in oil and pastel. They both died in 1894.

II

If these artistic priests and painting laymen were not exactly Makers of Canadian Art, they were at all events the precursors, or the scouts, of the army of Canadian artists. Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries they and those they ministered to in things sacred and profane, kept their eyes fixed upon the East whence they and theirs had come. To return to their native land was the fervent hope of every one of them, and few regarded the virgin soil they tilled, the forest lands they cleared, and the dwellings they erected, in any other light than temporary habitations. To very few, if indeed to any, did the idea of settling permanently in New France



Mount Victoria and Lake Louise—F. M. Bell-Smith, R.C.A.



Logging—

present itself. Everything around them—their language, their religion, their dress, their habits, their occupations and their possessions were just those they had adopted in their old country.

But, hark! a homing cry from out the West, a loud cry, and insistent, smote upon their ears—"This land is yours, your very own, hold it, till it, and thrive upon it!" Sons buried fathers in the new soil, mothers brought forth children of the land, and work and play fitted into novel situations on the spot. The consciousness of new horizons, new hopes, and new enterprises, grew in strength and solidity. For none was this cry of the land more incentive than for men and women of artistic tastes and culture. Forbears had been satisfied to look at pictures of

the past—the love of picture-story moved striplings mightily; not one but many living artists in Canada to-day attribute the first bud of their art rose-tree to the effect made upon them by the sight of some old oil painting when they were children. The new race of British-French-Canadians, however, began to stare right into the face of nature.

The land of the Lady of the Snows was good to look to—magnificent mountains reared their verdant hoary heads, superb rivers, with blue and green, and silver water, flowed impressively along, resplendent lakes spread wide reflections multi-colored, grand virgin forests covered land with untold treasure, and rolling prairies, sun-kissed, were prophetic of ample nourishment. If



G. A. Reid, R.C.A.

the coasts to the north were ice-bound they were illuminated by pure skies, and the air was invigorating. Life was free and noble and inspiration came to all. Nymphs of the forest glade and sirens on the rocky shore danced and sang into men's and women's hearts the poetry of Nature's land and sea. Things of grandeur and of beauty ever yield impressive joy and unmingled gladness, and so art-students had not far to look for subjects new and ravishing. Here and there, and far and wide, pioneer painters set up their easels and took toll of what they saw and felt.

The natural beauties of the Canadas, the genre of market, quay and hamlet, bore draughtsmen on, and the romances of Indian tribes and settlements stole their hearts away. Character entered

into the painting schemes of all who used pastel, pencil or pigment; and local color found expression.

Already, and for many a year gone by, painters in Canada have been reproducing on stretched canvases the picture pageant of their beloved land. The characters and numbers are absolutely reproductive of the fascination of the fair land of the Maple Leaf, and such as only sons of the soil know well. Their work cannot be mistaken for labored souvenirs or clichés of other lands: they may and rightly should display signs and tokens of good gained by study in foreign schools of art.

This may sound pedantic, but rhyme and reason point one way—the cult of a National style—unlike in its expression anything known in the Old World



The Valley Rich in Corn—C. W. Jeffreys, O.S.A.



Fishing Boats—George Chavignaud, R.C.A.

studios. This cult is bearing proof to-day, and the work of our living artists is worthy to be placed by the side of, and compared with, the work of foreign contemporaries. It is necessary to proclaim this fact aloud, to correct prejudice and ignorance and to put an end to pessimism in dealing with achievements of the present day. "To have a good conceit of oneself" is essentially a personal practical duty. Admittedly Canada has no artist of the "Grand Style," of which Frederick Leighton

hibitions of pictures which are held annually in all the great centres of population. To state a case is easy—the display of the work of Canadian artists in this year's Canadian National Exhibition was of such merit, that in no land could there have been gathered together a more complete and representative show. Canadian pictures held their own, class by class, with the British, French and American contributions.

* * * * *



At the Roadside, Beau Prié—F. McG. Knowles, R.G.A.

was the highest exponent, nor has she any one able to paint the nudes of the British and French schools proper.

Jack Canuck is, however, quite as good a fellow as Jack Corot, or Jack Rosseau. We have our Israels and Mauves, our Rembrandts and Franz Hals, our Millets and Constants, our Manets and Renoirs—in embryo.

Evidences of the excellence of the brush work of Canadian painters is offered convincingly at the numerous ex-

For obvious reasons the names of living painters have found no places in this article, nor has any attempt been made to advocate special lines of painting by preference. Art is as broad and free as the air we breathe. At the same time the illustrations are chosen from the works of living artists. Each one is characteristic of a special feature in the ritual of Canadian National life and art. Portraiture is also, for obvious reasons, not represented here.

Review of Reviews

BEING A SYNOPSIS OF THE LEADING ARTICLES APPEARING
IN THE BEST CURRENT MAGAZINES IN THE WORLD

Trained Men For Big Offices

Frank A. Munsey, in a "Free-Hand Talk on Politics," Advocates Men of Ability, Training, and Experience for Presidency.

IN his introductory remarks to a "Free-hand Talk on Politics and Business," published in Munsey's Magazine for October Mr. Munsey makes a strong plea for the election of an American president of ability, training and experience, in which he says:

There is one point in connection with this election on which I think most of us are agreed, and that is that we want to see the man triumph in November who would administer the affairs of government most efficiently, and in the broadest and fullest interest of all our people—not any one section of the country, not the favored few, and not to the injustice of the few.

The triumph of any man, or any party, is of little consequence as compared with securing the right man for the job, and, believe me, the Presidential job in our country, now grown so big, is the biggest executive and administrative job in all the world. It is far and away too big for any man to handle properly. Our scheme of government puts too much work and responsibility upon a President. It does not fit a country of such vast dimensions, such vast wealth, and of so vast a population.

But so long as the present scheme of government stands, the only chance we have of getting anything like satisfactory results is to put a man in the White House who has God-given executive and administrative qualities, who has genius for work, tremendous initiative, and the power to energize everybody and everything about him.

We have tried Mr. Taft on this job and found that he does not measure up to the requirements in a very big way. He is not a worker, and has little genius for getting work out of others. He is not an organizer. He loves play and social contact far better than official grind. His ability does not express itself in an administrative way. He lacks initiative and push. He lacks the intuitive qualities necessary to interpret the people, the intuitive qualities that impel a man to do the right thing at the right time. Taft is a lawyer and a judge. This training often minimizes vision and clogs it with precedents and balance.

Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, is a worker. He loves work as a schoolboy loves play. He is wonderfully equipped for work, with a mind and body that never tire, and with a wider and bigger knowledge of and experience in public life than any other man in America.

In his many-sided qualities Roosevelt has an immeasurable advantage over other men. He is a scholar, a man of widest reading, a brilliant writer, an impressive and effective speaker, a powerful debater, a man of scintillant imagination, tremendously alert, tremendously intense, and tremendously earnest. With all this he has extraordinary genius for administration, and an intuitive mind that has played an important part in his career.

Roosevelt reads everything, and has been reading everything all his life. He not only reads but remembers, and best of all is that

this accumulated knowledge is always at his command. History is at his finger-tips. He keeps himself absolutely abreast of the times, and has an intimate knowledge of men and the best thought of the day.

Dr. Wilson, the Democratic candidate, is a ripe scholar, a brilliant writer, and a graceful and effective speaker. He began his career in the South, practising law for a short time in Atlanta. From there he went to Bryn Mawr as an instructor in history and political economy, finally becoming president of Princeton College. Beyond the recognition that he received as the head of this institution, he added to his reputation by his books and occasional public speeches.

Except for his brief experience as Governor of New Jersey, he has had no service in public life. He has had no experience whatever in the affairs of the national government. He has never been in Congress or the executive departments of the government. His experience and known qualities in no way guarantee a successful administration for him if he is elected. At best, he would be an experiment.

In every important business undertaking other than that of the government, men of training and known capacity are selected for executive places. No board of directors would ever think of placing the management of an important railroad in the hands of one not thoroughly trained in railroad-ing. He must not only have the training, but must have demonstrated that he has real genius for executive management. This rule should obtain in governmental affairs as well as in private and corporate affairs.

In connection with this point, let me refer to the German system of selecting its mayors, though I mentioned it recently in this magazine. If Munich, for instance, wants a mayor, she does not limit her selection to the citizens of Munich. She hunts the country over for the right man. With those wise Germans it is not a question of

local pride or good fellowship or oratory, but a question of getting a man of demonstrated ability and known experience in the conduct of municipal affairs.

This is precisely what we do here at home in the business world, but not in the political world. No great banking institution, no great manufacturing concern, no great transportation company, no great trust, no great railroad, ever selects a man to dominate its affairs because he is a good fellow, or because he writes well, speaks well, or is in theory a whirlwind. These institutions seek trained men who have demonstrated their genius for the job.

It does not follow that an untried, untrained man may not have inherent qualities that would make him a very great success at the head of any vast business, or as the President of the United States. Such a man, however, would be an experiment, and can we afford to experiment in the Presidency?

Mr. Roosevelt has had approximately thirty years of experience and training in political life, starting with his election to the New York Assembly soon after taking his degree at Harvard. Practically all of his active life has been in the public service. As a very young man in the New York Legislature, Roosevelt showed, even at that early age, extraordinary qualities for legislative work and a genius for leadership.

In whatever capacity he has served, whether as legislator, as civil service commissioner, as police commissioner of New York, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as an officer in the Spanish-American War, as Governor of the State of New York, or as President of the United States, he has been a dominant and powerful force. He is a known quantity, with a marvelous record of achievements.

Both Taft and Roosevelt are known men as concerns their respective capabilities for the Presidency: Wilson is an unknown man as concerns his capabilities for the Presidency.

Producing Spine Thrillers

How successful melodramas are furnished—some confessions about art of capitalizing spines

MANY experiments in the art of producing melodramas furnish A. H. Woods, producer of "The King of the Opium Ring," "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl," and num-

berless other thrillers, the material for some observations and confessions about the art of capitalizing spines. He writes in the Associated Sunday Magazines that the

spine is the seat of the emotions—the reserved seat—and twice as hard to get at as the mind. The theatre's tested category of the emotions in the order of their precedence is, he finds, the laugh, the cry, the thrill. Far from discovering a decline it is still as good a contributor to the box-office receipts as ever—"it has simply moved up-town, so to speak." That is, the fifty-cent thriller has become two-dollar melodrama. The story of "The Gambler of the West" turns up again with better actors and more beautiful scenery as "The Girl of the Golden West," and the public cheerfully pays an extra dollar and a half for a ticket, although the elemental thrill emotions remain unchanged. Mr. Woods states his theory boldly:

"Melodrama never declines. In some cycles it merely puts on airs, as the result of a temporary condition of obesity in the national spine's pocketbook. The thrill secrets and tricks and geographical analysis remain the same, however, in the cases of both kinds of melodrama, old-fashioned or new-fashioned.

"Human nature will gladly pay out its good money any night in the week to sit in a theatre for three hours and wait until it has the satisfaction of seeing the villain 'get his' at eleven o'clock. Young America's human nature will crowd the playhouses at the matinees for the same purpose. Give me a good, thrilling news story, a pair of patent leather shoes and some cigarettes for the villain, and a soft, blue flannel shirt for the hero, and I'll guarantee that I, or any other producer, can turn the national spine into money. You may smile all you want to; but the cycle of melodrama is always with us. Sometimes, of course, the national spine demands fancy trimmings on its melodrama, as at present; but the foundations, the skeletons, of all the thrillers are the same."

In the author's own thrill-factory he employed for years a small staff to read newspapers and clip the necessary "thrilling news stories." One good one a month was as much as he usually found. Almost all the big melodramatic thrillers of the last decade, he says, had their inspiration in newspapers; and there never was a writer of ten-twenty-thirty successes who would not have made a good newspaper city editor.

Concerning that "national spine" before mentioned, Mr. Woods indulged in some analysis, for he finds in three sections of the land three distinct grades of spines. He can't explain exactly the whys of it all, but thinks the conditions are these:

"The spine residing in that section of the

theatrical country lying between New York and Pittsburg is the most susceptible of the lot. It is the easiest spine to thrill; for the thrill lies closer to the surface of this spine, comparatively, than it does in the cases of the other classes of spine. This fact (as well as the other facts that follow) was learned by gauging the reception of a long list of melodramas in the locality in question. Frank thrillers like 'The Fatal Wedding' and 'The Queen of the White Slaves' brought from ten to eleven thousand dollars a week out of these Eastern spines, where melodramas with the thrills not so apparent fell far below that mark.

"The spine that stretches between Pittsburg and St. Louis, between the Allegheny and Mississippi Rivers, or in other words the Middle West theatrical spine, can be won only by the quieter form of melodrama, of which class such a presentation as 'Wedded and Parted' is typical. The Middle West spine can be thrilled not so effectively by a rescue from drowning, for instance, as by a sentimental thrill. The thrill induced by an enforced separation of hero and heroine as the result of the villain's machinations is the sort of thrill to which the Pittsburg to St. Louis spine loves to respond.

"The St. Louis to San Francisco or Western spine answers most readily to the glossed-over thrill. The mere mechanically induced spinal vibration is not effective in this territory. The Western vertebral column wishes its tingle to be generated by dramatic action, rather than by what might be called mechanical or scenic action. Words speak louder than actions west of the Mississippi."

In general, rescues take precedence over thrills of any other sort: "Kidnapping, drugging, murders, hold-ups, all are effective; but rescues draw many more thousands of spines to the box-office window." Next in thrill value Mr. Woods names the race. He lists as the "six greatest thrillers" ever produced, "Chinatown Charlie," "The Span of Life," "Bedford's Hope," "After Dark," "At the Bottom of the Sea," and "The Fast Mail." These all have their "big scenes" either a race or a rescue. Simple as the recipe may appear, there are sometimes subtle elements involved, and the thrill must be laboriously coaxed. As an example there was a news account of how a brave fireman rescued a girl from the top of a burning building by guiding her across a stretch of telephone wires to safety on another roof. When the rescue was dramatized, however, it fell flat—

"Its basis was all right, we were sure;

but somehow the whole thing did not project the desired sensation. We originally used a heavy wire with a projecting guide wire above for the heroine to escape over. So we figured out that the thing looked too easy and hence was robbed of the longed-for thrill. We got a finer wire and tried out the scene. It was not right yet. Probably the height of the wire from the ground did not seem sufficiently great. We raised the wire and faked the scenery so that the height seemed twice as great. Still the effect failed. We abolished the upper guide wire, to which the rescuer clung, thus making the feat more difficult; but the thrill was still found to be lacking. We had the flames from the blazing building shoot out over the wires and threaten the escapers with the double peril of fire and electric shock from the wires, off which the insulation would be in imminent danger of being burned—and still the spine out in front was not affected as it should have been.

"In this way we spent our time pondering over the secret of the thrill that was steadfastly eluding us, until one day the stage manager suggested that we had overlooked the main thrill-element of the rescue. 'It ain't the flames or electric shock or danger of falling naturally that'll thrill the audience,' he argued; 'but the fear that the wires'll break under the actors' weight and hurl them to the ground below.'"

"We saw in a flash that he was right. We had a couple of wires hang down on the poles, as if they had already broken, and at the beginning of the fire and just before the rescue scene, we had a man stationed inside the burning house slyly snap one of the telephone wires and let it fall to the ground with the usual hissing sound. The effect was instantaneous. The spines realized that the remaining wires might snap at any moment! And they poured their silver tribute into the box-office."

The Messengers of Death

In Interests of Humanity War Should be Declared on All Creeping Things Which are Carriers of Disease.

THE *Cosmopolitan* for November sounds a note of warning in an article 'The Messengers of Death,' by Dr. Henry Smith Williams. Science, we are told, has issued an edict which, for the good of humanity, should be as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. It is, "Kill every creeping, flying thing that asks you for board—and don't overlook the rat." Various insects and rodents have been found to be in league with death—to be, in fact, the only means whereby some of the world's most virulent diseases are carried from victim to new victim. Persistent, never-let-up warfare against them is the only way to rid man of these dangerous enemies, which need only to be let alone to crowd him off the earth. The article describes the activities of most of the messengers of death upon which an exterminating war should be waged, against which should be directed all the batteries of science:—

The fly that is crawling, insolently, independent, across the bread-plate there on your dinner-table has recently come from a garbage-pile, or perhaps from the putrescent carcass of a dog or other animal.

There are thousands of bacteria on the body and feet of the fly. Among them are perhaps some germs of typhoid fever or dysentery or tuberculosis. You are quite aware of this, yet you tolerate the fly, and run the needless risk of becoming its victim.

Nor is the fly the only disease-carrier that invades your household more or less through your negligence or indifference. Observe, for example, that your dog is scratching himself. You know that he is pestered by fleas, and the thought gives you no great concern. But suppose that these fleas chance to have come to the dog from the body of a rat that is infected with the plague. Suppose, then, that one of the tiny acrobats springs to the body of your child as it plays with the dog. As a sequel, the child may presently develop a mysterious and fatal illness, and the malady may spread till every member of your household is stricken.

"The thing is utterly impossible," you say. On the contrary, it lies well within the possibilities.

You must have read not long ago of the

finding of a plague-infected rat at New Orleans and another at Philadelphia. Where one or two such rats are captured, there may very well be hundreds that escape detection. Indeed, it would be absurd to suppose that the health authorities have captured the only infected specimens. Nor can we suppose that the two ports named are the only ones at which infected rats have entered. Once ashore, the rat can travel fast and far in freight-cars, so he may readily invade the interior of the country. And through the agency of the flea the virulent disease to which the rat is subject may be transmitted to man.

It was with reference to this disease, and to the necessity of ridding the country of the rats and fleas that transmit it, that the Journal of the American Medical Association recently uttered the warning that the danger is imminent and that it will be greatly enhanced when the opening of the Panama Canal brings an influx of ships from the western coast of South America to our ports.

The disease in question is known as bubonic plague. It is a disease with a history. When it swept Europe in the middle ages, it devastated entire populations, and was remembered in aftertime as the "Black Death," or the "Great Mortality." In a single epidemic, in 1348-49, it is estimated to have claimed twenty-five million victims, about one-fourth of the entire population of Europe. The epidemic of 1665 caused 70,000 deaths in London, and drove the survivors to the open fields outside the city.

All this you have doubtless heard; but it seems remote and impersonal. You know that in those old days the streets of a city were filled with refuse, seeming to invite disease; and if you have given the matter

a thought you have assumed that there could be no possible repetition of such disastrous epidemics in our sanitary age. Be advised, then, that recent discoveries tend to disturb the composure with which hitherto most people have contemplated the records of the Black Death. It is now known that the disease has no direct connection with filthy or unsanitary conditions; that its cause is a particular bacillus which flourishes in the system of the common house-rat, and which may be transmitted from rat to rat, or from this host to a human being, by that familiar pest, the flea. Therefore, any region where the rat is found may be subject to invasion by the plague, for the rat is almost never without its insect parasite. So the matter comes directly home to you and to me.

The false security in which we have rested has been due to the fact that there has been no severe epidemic of the plague in Europe for more than a hundred years. It is not quite clear why there should have been such a long interval of quiescence. But there is abundant evidence that there is now impending an epidemic which, if it is not combated, may readily rival the historic outbreaks that have made the name so dreaded. About fifteen years ago the disease began to spread from an infection-centre in China. In 1893 it appeared in Hong-kong, and in 1896 in Bombay. In the ten succeeding years it caused about six million deaths in India. Then it began to crop out in the western hemisphere; first at Santos, Brazil, in 1899; then at San Francisco.

In stringent terms the article, after describing the danger of the situation in detail, advocates war on all creeping things which are the carriers of disease.

Fight Against Crooked Finance

Campaign in the United States to Secure Public Safety in Investments
Through Co-operative Measures.

IN the United States there is a great group of banking houses whose business it is to buy and to sell investment securities; they are the middle men between the producer of bonds and stocks and the consumer, declares a writer in *World's Work*. Their function, therefore, is to supply the constant flood of capital necessary to carry

on all our commercial enterprises, and, in doing this, to see that the interests of the people who buy these securities are properly protected.

These houses that are engaged in this big business, which has an annual turnover of about \$2,000,000,000, have never been organized to co-operate for their own

protection. Practically every house has stood on its own feet so far as protection is concerned. There has been no free interchange of opinion. Every house has gone along trusting to its own ability to look out for itself, and trusting to its own judgment solely as to what was good and what was bad in finance. To a certain extent this lack of co-operation was due to trade jealousy and to the very keen spirit of competition that exists in the banking business; in part, however, it was because no great need for co-operation has been felt by the investment banking fraternity. This fraternity has ignored the "get-rich-quick" game and all other forms of fraudulent finance, on the ground that they did not matter in the least to the legitimate banker and that a study of them would be of no profit to their clients.

Now for the first time there has been organized an association of these investment bankers. Its purpose is to fight "get-rich-quick" finance. It undertakes to establish a bureau to investigate every prospective flotation of stocks and bonds: it pledges itself to aid all constructive financial legislation. The men who have

organized the company and who are its officers and governors are almost all men well known in the investment business and men of high standing and reputation. Probably few of them know very much about the illegitimate phases of finance, but all of them are quite capable of learning whatever is necessary to learn. On the face of it, the organization should be a strong and ultimately a compelling force for the elimination of the "get-rich-quick" game, so far as it can be eliminated.

We know from our own experience that the only foundation upon which a campaign to educate the public in straight finance can be carried on hand in hand is that the people or association or magazine carrying it on must go into it with clean hands, free from self interest of a direct sort and imbued with the sense of public service.

This investment bankers' association seems to have all these characteristics. It may well become the very heart of the war against crooked finance and a source from which the public may draw its information concerning all flotations of securities. It should become the Committee of Public Safety in Investments.

British Parliamentary Orators

No Decline in Parliamentary Oratory, Says Mr. F. E. Smith,
Who Sketches Some Front-Benchers.

IN the Oxford and Cambridge Review, Mr. F. E. Smith, M.P., discusses British Parliamentary oratory of to-day. He dissents from the current talk about the decay of Parliamentary eloquence. He thinks there are a certain number of Members now who could have conformed with striking and even brilliant success to the Parliamentary standards of fifty years ago.

Nothing would persuade Mr. Smith that there has ever been a time in the history of the House of Commons in which Mr. Balfour would not have reached his present ascendancy:—

Many people can speak better. I have never heard any one who can think aloud so brilliantly, so spontaneously, and so conclusively. I have heard him rise to speak on vital occasions where it is certain that every word, reported exactly as he uttered it, would be read and re-read by hundreds of thousands, with no notes except such as

he had hurriedly scribbled on an envelope during the progress of the debate. Often his speech as delivered has produced a great impression, sometimes an extraordinary impression, but I have never heard Mr. Balfour speak without reading his speech with a wonder infinitely greater; for its structure, its logical evolution, and its penetrating subtlety of thought always supply elements which help him very little at the moment just because it is not possible instantly to appreciate, while listening to him, their amazing excellence.

Of the present Prime Minister Mr. F. E. Smith says:—

He can confine his remarks within reasonable compass simply because he possesses the gift of never saying a word too much; he always has at his command not merely the appropriate but the inevitable word; and it is therefore never necessary for him to use two words where one would express

his meaning. Whether he has prepared his speech or whether he is speaking extempore, the one word is always swiftly available. He produces, wherever and whenever he wants them, an endless succession of perfectly coined sentences conceived with unmatched felicity, and delivered without hesitation in a parliamentary style which is at once the envy and the despair of imitators. He never perhaps takes a point very subtle, very recondite, very obviously out of the reach of the ordinary member of the House of Commons.

Mr. Smith's tribute to his present chief, Mr. Bonar Law, is certainly not lacking in generosity:—

Mr. Bonar Law employs methods of preparation which are, so far as I know, unique. In his most carefully prepared speeches he makes no notes, but formulates in his mind the sequence of his argument in the very words in which it is to be expressed, and then by a series of mental rehearsals makes himself as much master of the whole speech as if he read it from a manuscript on the table. It might have been supposed that such a method of preparation would have imposed an almost intolerable mental strain, but it appears to cause Mr. Bonar Law neither trouble nor anxiety. Mr. Bonar Law's style as a speaker is peculiar to himself. He is simple, perspicuous, and extremely cogent. Very few Latin words overload his sentences. Indeed, his style and diction resemble those of the late Mr. Bright. He possesses a pungency and a degree of combative brilliancy.

Of the Chancellor of the Exchequer Mr. Smith speaks with more reserve. Mr. Lloyd George, he says, is undoubtedly a speaker of extraordinary variety, flair, and plausibility. He has three wholly distinct styles of speech. The first is that of Limehouse, the second that of the House of Commons in an excited debate, the third that of the House of Commons when he is

concerned in forwarding business and conciliating critics:—

His cleverness and address in the third method are beyond all praise. He thanks his opponents for their assistance, he compliments them upon their public spirit, he accepts their co-operation with gratitude, and the whole proceeding is conducted with an ingratiating bonhomie which, at its best, is extraordinarily clever, if at its worst it recalls the emollient properties of highly-scented soap. His second style, that employed in the combative Party speech in a full-dress debate, does not impress me equally. He is, indeed, a very adroit controversialist on these occasions, but the methods employed are a little crude.

Of Mr. Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Smith says that he could not have made good so great a reputation as a speaker without extraordinary ability, or if his perseverance and tenacity had been less dogged, for he hardly belongs to the class of orators who are sometimes called natural:—

He bestows upon his important speeches a degree of almost meticulous preparation: he elaborates and sometimes over-elaborates. Latterly an excessive dependence upon his manuscript has a little impaired the parliamentary success of some of his most important speeches, but his hearers enjoy the compensating qualities of these defects. His speeches are marked by an arresting literary quality.

Mr. Smith concludes with a reference to Lord Hugh Cecil. Eight years ago, Mr. Winston Churchill and Lord Hugh Cecil were intimates, confederates, and, in a sense, rivals. Lord Hugh is a far more spontaneous speaker than Mr. Churchill, and has other qualities which no one in the House of Commons but himself possesses. He unites to the most tenacious combativeness an idealism of view which even those who are most affronted by his controversial bitterness admit in their hearts.

How Busy Men Work

Do Successful Men Follow Any Definite Rules in Business?

Some of Them Answer the Query.

THE Strand Magazine recently contained a symposium of eminent and successful men as to their daily rules and routine as a key to commercial success.

Have rules and routine disappeared from

business life? There was a period when the time schedule ruled both young and old in shop and office; when the successful man of affairs rose at seven, breakfasted at eight, was at his office at nine, dictated

letters until ten, and so on, until five or six o'clock daily throughout the year. Now the rules and routine have apparently gone.

It is true that there are still some who hold fast to the gospel of details—and of these is Mr. Rockefeller, whose message for publication in the Strand Magazine is thus stated:—

"I confess that I attach great importance to routine. I believe that every young man who intends to succeed in business should do as I did—take a course at a commercial college. I do not believe in what is called the 'rule of thumb'; the rudiments of business should be properly taught, and the ground prepared to build upon. If a youth has had no thorough grounding, a time may come when his weakness for detail will show itself.

"When people write to me asking for the secret of my success, I always tell them that I owe everything to a love for and mastery of, details. A man playing chess or billiards or golf must attend to details if he wants to win—why must he not do so in business? Everyone ought to be able to keep his own books and know exactly to a penny how the money comes in and how it goes out. I have known many bright, intelligent men who never really knew all the facts about their own affairs. They did not actually know when they were making money on a certain operation and when they were losing. Such business men live in a fool's paradise; they hate to study their books and face the truth. They are often brilliant at a single great stroke, but they cannot keep up the game, simply because they are weak in detail, and they are weak in detail because they have never studied its principles."

"Among the first essentials to success, in my opinion," states the veteran Lord Strathcona, "is that of being interested in what you have to do. After that comes diligence, and then system. But unless a young man is interested, first of all, in his work, he cannot expect to succeed in it. I would therefore say, if your heart is not in it, you are heavily handicapped in the race. As a young man I did not require any special pleasures or diversions, even if I could have indulged myself in them, because the work I was engaged in afforded me plenty of scope for variety. To many it might have seemed a lonely and dreary life, practically cut off from the world, but I was always aiming to do my best, and kept on the qui vive waiting for the opportunity which I knew always comes to the young fellow who does his best. I never had any hard and fast routine then, and I have

never since. I was ready for any job that turned up, and this sort of variety of work is quite as good as cricket and football and theatre-going, or any of the other forms of 'recreation' in which the young men nowadays indulge. Even to-day, in my ninety-second year, I am ready for work at half-past eight every morning, and my correspondence, official engagements, personal interviews, generally keep me employed until late at night. By this kind of alteration of duties, and also by never allowing myself to be hurried over anything, I obtain all the recreation I need. Hurry and bustle I have always endeavored to avoid."

"There is one motto," in the opinion of Sir Thomas Lipton, Bart., "which I would like to impress upon every young man in business—'There is no fun like work.' I always keep this motto before me. Of course, after a man has won the game he set out to win, after he has succeeded in life, he can do what he likes. But while he is working, work ought to be all his life. It ought to be work and play too. I have often worked eighteen hours a day, and enjoyed every minute. If a man is constantly looking at the clock, the spirit of success which is hovering over that man will soon take wing and fly away. There is no fun like work."

Mr. William Edward Bok, who has edited the Ladies' Home Journal since 1888, is a Hollander, having been born at Helder in 1863. He came to the United States when he was barely six years of age, so may be pardoned if he considers himself more American than Dutch. He has always taken considerable interest in the "young man," and has written much on how he may obtain success, his best-known work on the subject being "The Young Man in Business."

Mr. Bok says: "The only helps towards success that I have ever found worth while are, first, to have a purpose and then a willingness to work for it. That is the main thing. Coincident must be a realization of the absolute necessity of good health and an absorbing interest or hobby entirely different from one's pursuits."

Mr. Henry Clews, the famous banker, takes an immense interest in the welfare of young men, and the subject of this symposium, therefore, appealed very strongly to him.

"The attributes in a man which are essential to success," says Mr. Clews, "are honesty, fidelity, patience, judgment, and courage. The big men of to-day are now on the look-out for young fellows possessing these virtues, as the captains of industry

have their hands and heads more than full of details, and are seeking for lieutenants to whom they can delegate some of their work.

"It goes without saying that honesty and truthfulness are the main qualifications, but unless backed by judgment they will not qualify any man to become a leader. Patience is a virtue, and haste to better himself has often been the rock upon which men have been wrecked. Every man should know himself, and with this knowledge should know for what he is best fitted, and should make himself by study a master of details and conditions. When his good work has attracted the notice of his superiors, and he is entrusted with more important

duties, courage comes into play. Without the courage to fight and overcome difficulties man has not the measure of self-confidence to ensure success.

"I made up my mind, when I attained my majority, that what other men could do I could do, and I courted opposition. By hard work I forced the respect of all my competitors, and in my dealings with all my fellow-men I sought to prove my honest and fidelity, and I won out. My advice to the young man to-day is to play hard and play fair while enjoying themselves, but work equally hard and play equally fair when working: Success may not come at once, but it will surely come if you are persistent and possess good judgment."

Toll of Death from Grade Crossings

Twenty Per Cent. of All Railroad Accidents in United States Caused by Level Crossings—What is the Remedy?

TWENTY per cent. of all railroad accidents in the United States are caused by railroads crossing wagon roads at even grade and therefore are altogether needless and due to lack of public interest in the matter. So declares Edward L. Fox in an article in Pearson's Magazine. There are four kinds of these crossings "protected" with—signs which are not seen—bells which sometimes do not ring—watchmen who are incompetent and careless—gates which give false sense of security. It is claimed all are dangerous, that they can be easily eliminated, and that they exist only because it would cost more money to build safe crossings than to have accidents. In proof of this it is pointed out that Germany has dealt effectually with the menace and now has practically no deaths at crossings. No new grade crossings are being built and when a railroad receives a privilege one of the reciprocates is the elimination of a certain number of grade crossings.

But conditions in the States are different. Take New York, for instance. In that state there are 8,632 crossings at grade—one for each mile of track operated. Most other states are about as badly protected. A few states are decreasing grade crossings slowly. Most of the states are increasing grade crossings rapidly. Michigan has 8,357, Washington, 2,347, Massachusetts, 1,898, Connecticut, 961, New Hampshire, 912, Vermont, 852, Rhode Island, 520, and so on down the line. It

would be unjust not to say that some of these states—Massachusetts and New York, for instance—are decreasing the danger every year, but others, like Oregon, Oklahoma, and Rhode Island, by allowing more crossings, and New Hampshire, by standing still, keep the situation critical.

The result, of course, is a steady increase of accidents. The increase in the number of grade crossing accidents for one year in several states was:—California 10 per cent., Pennsylvania, 28 per cent., Illinois, 33½ per cent., Kansas, 50 per cent., Wisconsin, 90 per cent., Rhode Island 150 per cent., New Hampshire, 200 per cent., Oregon, 300 per cent.

Such are the conditions. Of course some states and cities are acting but there is no general movement for reform as yet. Before one can be inaugurated public opinion must be aroused and the Americans must go elsewhere to study modern methods. Canada can teach them something in this regard. Dealing with this aspect of the situation the writer concludes:—

The danger of the Grade Crossing and the immediate need for its removal are obvious. And with that in mind and eager for a possible remedy, I sought a man who has studied railroading here and abroad, an expert in the employ of one of the largest railroad systems in this country.

"What about it?" I asked, after making known the object of my call.

"Nothing, except that they'll go on kill-

ing people until the Federal Government will have to take action whether it wants to or not," he replied. "Then we'll have to go to other countries and copy the best of their methods. You see most of them have already dealt with the problem. Take Canada, next door, so to speak. There the government gives momentary aid and power to order the elimination of any or all crossings to a National Board of Railroad Commissioners. This board can make the railroad pay for the removal if it chooses, share the expense, or order the city or town to take a portion. There's no dilly-dallying with reels of red tape on state laws. The responsibility is fixed in one place, not in forty-eight."

"And in Great Britain," I naturally asked.

"There they have a powerful commission called the Board of Trade," he explained. "It can order the elimination of every crossing in the kingdom and, if it wants to, make the railroad foot the bill. Here again your responsibility is centralized. That's why they get results — and save lives."

"But what about the Continent?"

"Oh!" he laughed. "They could put us on their knees and talk Grade Crossing to us like children. Why, in Germany there are practically no deaths at crossings. One reason is that no new ones have been built in recent years and that the old ones are steadily disappearing. When the government grants any privilege to a railroad it

always demands as one of the reciprocates that a certain number of crossings be eliminated—and the railroad pays the bill, too! Also, remember that it's a misdemeanor in Germany to enter upon tracks without a railroad employee as a guard. All employees are given police powers to arrest and they'll hale you away for attempted suicide if you set foot on the tracks alone."

"And here?" I asked in conclusion.

"Here," he replied carefully, "they ought to have a powerful National Board equipped with a good sized appropriation from Congress. This board ought to be employed to order the elimination of a grade crossing, and if the town cannot afford to pay for the work, let the railroads do it. Chicago made 'em pay. Moreover, it would be good business for the railroad. It is unquestioned that railroad officials find the annual outlay by reason of existing grade crossings enormous. The cost of maintaining those that are so-called 'protected,' and the legal expenses and heavy damages by reason of accidents, make big inroads into gross receipts. The retarding of full operation of trains also runs into large sums for time lost on the pay rolls, as well as most annoying delays for passengers, particularly on interurban traffic and property in through transit. But most of all the needless sacrifice of life is going on and the government ought to act."

I agreed with him. Do you?

Balfour as a Man of Letters

Interesting Side Light on the Character of British Statesman "From Point of View of Literature, Not of Politics or Philosophy."

IF we remember rightly, it was Mr. Fred-eric Harrison who began a book review with the remark: "Premiers not uncommonly write sad stuff, and we should be thankful if the stuff be amusing." Assuming, for courtesy's sake, the correctness of the dictum of so high a literary authority as the critic cited, the inevitable "exception which proves the rule" is forthcoming in the person of the Right Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, British Prime Minister from 1902 to 1905. If what Mr. Balfour has written is not "amusing," it certain-

ly cannot be correctly characterized as "sad stuff."

Dr. James Moffatt, in the *Bookman*, writes of Mr. Balfour "from the point of view of literature, not of politics or philosophy." He finds it difficult to ascertain the ex-Minister's literary interests and quality from what he has published, owing to the fact that "his main interests lie, intellectually, in philosophy, from Bacon to Bergson." But, although literature occupies an incidental place in the interests of Mr. Balfour, he has now and then defined

his position toward it as a branch of culture. He holds, for example, that it is "a supreme function of literature to cheer us up," as the following passage, cited by Dr. Moffatt, shows:

I do not deny at all, of course, that things sad, sorrowful, tragic, even drab, may be and are susceptible of artistic treatment, . . . but for my own part I prefer more cheerful weather . . . What I ask from literature mainly is that in a world which is full of sadness and difficulty, in which you go through a day's stress and come back from your work weary, you should find in literature something which represents life, which is true, in the highest sense of truth, to what is or is imagined to be true, but which does not cheer us.

On this Dr. Moffatt pertinently remarks:

This is a preference in which (Mr. Balfour) has many stout allies. Sir Henry Taylor and Walt Whitman were poles apart in poetry, but they agreed that this was the chief end of verse. Schopenhauer was not a politician who needed refreshment for the intellect after a Commons debate, but he declared acidly, that high culture leads us to seek entertainment almost entirely from books and not from human beings. Even Matthew Arnold held the same view—"The life of the people is such that in literature they require joy."

The pleasure-giving qualities of literature have always appealed to Mr. Balfour with curious force. In his address to the students of St. Andrews University he declared:

I am deliberately of opinion that it is the pleasures and not the spiritual or temporal profits of literature which most require to be preached in the ear of the ordinary reader. . . . Why should not reading be desultory sometimes? Is there any law against indulgence in a literary saunter?

Dr. Moffatt is inclined to think that Mr.

Balfour's favorite period in English literature is the eighteenth century. His excursions for pleasure in the field of books "bring him into the curiously large company of those who haunt the age of Johnson, Swift, Walpole, and Addison. His interest in Berkeley is well known." The authors of the middle third of the nineteenth century have not much charm for him. He says: "I turn with pleasure from Thackeray and Dickens to Scott and Miss Austen, even from Tennyson and Browning to Keats, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Shelley." His style, says Dr. Moffatt, "shows distinct affinities with the prose of the great essayists in the eighteenth century." Huxley (who knew good English when he saw it) characterized it as "flowing like a smooth stream, sparkling with wit, and rippling with sarcasms enough to take away any reproach of monotony." These qualities are not perhaps so prominent in his books on philosophy ("A Defense of Philosophic Doubt" and "The Foundations of Belief") as in his numerous pamphlets on subjects "ranging from music to matter, from politics to religion." Dr. Moffatt's judgment is that, "upon the whole, Mr. Balfour cannot be called a man of letters in the strict sense of the term He has rarely given himself to literary subjects, and when he has handled them it has been with a general or philosophic air." It was, however, "in the true vein of a man of letters that he protested, at the recent dinner of the Royal Literary Fund, against the tendency to find sociological causes for literature."

Mr. Balfour's writings have been produced in the intervals of a busy life. Born in 1848, he has been a member of the British House of Commons ever since he was 26 years old. He has held most of the important offices of state, finally succeeding in the premiership his uncle, the late Marquis of Salisbury.

The Latest Ideas on Radium

**Most Wonderful Thing About It is Why It Has Forced Upon Scientists
a New Concept of the Laws of Matter.**

The most wonderful thing about the marvelous metal radium, discovered by the gifted Polish scientist, Mme. Curie, and her late husband, Pierre Curie, is the way in which it has forced upon scientists a new concept of the laws of matter and funda-

mental modifications of theory concerning the mechanics of the universe.

Many eager brains besides that of the great woman to whom we owe its discovery are now busied with the problems presented by radium, and laboring to push back still

further the barriers that limit the known from the unknown, and much still remains doubtless in the womb of the future; but it is instructive to consider the present status of our knowledge of the matter.

We welcome, therefore, the lucid resumé of the subject presented by the well-known writer on scientific topics, the Duc de Broglie, in a late number of the *Révue Hebdomadaire* (Paris).

To the physicist of even thirty years ago some of the ideas now advanced would have been unthinkable, as is clearly evident from the striking words of the following summary:

The progress of physics and the discovery of radio-activity have permitted us to penetrate into the new world of the phenomena which concern the interior of atoms. Chemistry studied the reactions of atoms upon one another; to-day we are in the presence of a new science which enables us to enter far more profoundly into the structure of matter and the spectacle offered us is marvelous: projectiles launched with undreamed speed approaching that of light; particles [grains] of electricity circulating within atoms; a modification of the vibrations of these particles under the influence of magnetism; spontaneous and progressive transformations accomplished according to strange laws; quantities of energy enormous with respect to the quantity of matter involved; the natural and spontaneous emission by certain substances of rays which seem related to the passage of electricity in discharges taking place in rarefied gases; movements regulated by a new mechanics.

The limitations of our space oblige us to omit the introductory passages of the article dealing with the generally accepted views of the constitution and laws of matter previous to the discovery of radium; it is the results of this discovery that are of special interest. We read:

Radio-active bodies are substances which produce in spontaneous manner, and apparently without immediate cause and without consumption of matter, the greater part of the effects which have been observed in electric discharges through rarefied gases. They emit a very penetrating sort of radiation which traverses great thicknesses of the densest substances, and which renders the air a conductor of electricity by forming ions, thus showing itself analogous in nearly every respect to the Röntgen rays; they give rise in the space which surrounds them to a bombardment of electrified particles, which are not projected, this time, in

the interior of a highly rarefied medium, but sent through atmospheric air at enormous rates of speed. It is not to be wondered at that the molecules of the air sustain, under the intense shocks thus received, dislocations similar to those produced by Röntgen rays and become parted into electrified fragments.

The preparations of radium are usually only a mixture of an inert body with a very minute quantity of a chemical compound of radium. Radium itself, in a free state, is a metal whose chemical properties place it in the group to which calcium belongs. It is not especially interesting to deal with the metal itself, since its properties follow it without alteration into its various chemical combinations; it has been isolated in the metallic state by Mme. Curie and M. Debierne; it is merely more active, weight for weight, than its compounds, the activity of these being proportional to their content of radium.

The space which surrounds the active substance is traversed by three radiations, which have been called (α), Alpha rays (β), Beta rays, and Gamma rays, (γ).

The Alpha radiation, regarded as composed of material atoms, carries a charge of positive electricity; these atoms are projected through the air with a speed which may attain thirty thousand kilometers per second, a speed a tenth as great as that of light; they break the molecules of air which they encounter, separating them into electrified fragments, and stopping, exhausted, when they have lost their speed because of these repeated shocks; the distance through which they can thus penetrate the air at atmospheric pressure varies from 2 to 8 centimeters, and involves an encounter with more than a hundred thousand molecules of air.

When these projectiles encounter a screen covered with zinc sulphide they give rise to a flash of light; looking at the screen with a magnifying glass we perceive a sky sown with stars which shine and are extinguished, turn by turn; . . . we can thus count the Alpha atoms and we have here an experimental proof of the discontinuity of their activity. What is the nature of these projectiles? We shall see that they are probably atoms of the rare gas helium.

The Beta rays are of different character: composed also of isolated projectiles, they are distinguished by the extreme smallness of their particles; these are no longer atoms, but minute fragments of atoms—perhaps pure electricity—the stones of which atomic

edifices are built. Their electric charge, negative this time, and their small mass render them sensitive to the action of a magnet, which easily forces them to deviate, despite their enormous speed, approximating that of light. From such tiny electrified bodies—often called electrons—submitted to familiar electric and magnetic forces, we pass to the simple case of movements of which astronomy has given a just example; but here we must note a new phenomenon, whose signification may have an immense bearing upon all mechanics.

Mechanics has introduced the idea of mass: this is the coefficient of inertia power to each substance, which measures the facility with which a given force can put in motion a given volume of the substance. The basis of classic mechanics is that the mass of a body is invariable, not depending on either motion or speed. This is a fact verified by all the calculations of astronomy and by over two centuries of experiment, but these experiments and calculations were based on rates of speed very low compared to that of light. . . .

The corpuscles projected by radium permit us to experiment with speeds unknown until the present, and it seems probable that here the mass varies with the speed, and even augments very rapidly when the speed approaches that of light. Here is an entire new system of mechanics to be constructed for the calculation of motions of such rapidity. These conclusions . . . do not imply the falsity of ordinary mechanics, but simply limit its validity to ordinary rates of speed, excluding enormous rates.

The Gamma rays are not composed of projectiles, but are analogous to the Röntgen rays; they are very penetrating, capable of traversing, for example, a metre's thickness of lead and of producing, like the Beta rays, photographic and electric effects which enable us to follow their course. The magnet does not affect them.

In the latter part of the article the author discusses the now generally accepted theory that radio-active substances are in a continual state of transformation. This may be very slow—thus it requires some 2,000 years to diminish radium by one-half—but it is sufficient to account for the steady liberation of heat by such substances. Since

these are present in the crust of the earth in the most wide-spread range, and may also be present in unknown quantities in its interior, it is evident that this heat is a factor of tremendous importance in terrestrial temperatures; so great, indeed, as to necessitate a profound modification of various geologic assumptions—such as the rate of cooling of the earth, the time of the appearance of life, etc.—heretofore regarded as settled questions.

A few years ago the English physicist, Rutherford, suggested a brilliant hypothesis to explain the transformation referred to above—a hypothesis strikingly supported by subsequent discoveries. According to this the atom of radium is instable. "At each second a certain fraction of the total number of atoms undergoes a sort of internal explosion which throws off the Alpha and Beta projectiles, produces the Gamma radiation, and disengages heat. There remains the largest fragment, the atom of radium, diminished by the Alpha and Beta fragments which it has expelled; this remainder is in reality a chemical substance different from radium, and one which may itself be radio-active. In this case it is transformed, in its turn, according to the same mechanism, and this process continues until we arrive at a final product which is a stable atom, and therefore non-radio-active, and undistinguishable from ordinary matter.

This accounts for the series of "descendants" which are evolved from radium. Seven such descendants have already been observed in the case of radium, and the series may possibly end in lead. Besides the radium group there are known at present three other groups or families of radio-active substances which undergo similar progressive transformations. Such transformations are shown by uranium, thorium, and actinium, and it is even supposed that radium is itself a descendant of uranium. This startling fact has shaken the foundations of chemistry by suggesting that the so-called "elements" are not unalterable after all! The question has even been raised, whether the old alchemists were right in their belief in transmutation. But we have no space for the speculations on this theme now rife in the scientific world.

Is State Ownership a Fallacy?

President Taft, in an Authorized Interview, Declares Government Ownership Would Not Help the Wage-Earner.

President Taft's views on "Socialism and Its Menace" and "Why Government Ownership Would Not Help the Wage-Earner," are reported in the October "Century" by Charles D. Hilles, Chairman of the Republican National Committee. A part of the article follows:

"The effort to procure through broader Federal employment even an approximate equalization of wages would inevitably result in overpaying the inefficient and the moderately efficient, and underpaying the highly efficient, and that means, as the President said in his letter of acceptance, 'the appropriation of what belongs to one man to another.' If, as the President believes experience has proved, economical operation of industries by the Government is an impossibility, the Government, in attempting to conduct certain industries, would be compelled to insure itself an absolute monopoly because it could not compete with private enterprise. This, in turn, would mean either operation at a serious loss to the Government or a material enhancement of the prices of the products. Either the consumer would be compelled to defray the increased cost of production, increasing his cost of living, or the deficit would have to be made good from the public revenues, and they, in turn, replenished by increased taxation.

"In either case, it would mean 'the appropriation of what belongs to one man to another.' When we reflect that over \$12,600,000,000 is invested in manufacturing, over \$16,600,000,000 in railways, \$600,000,000 in telegraph and telephone lines, in this country, it is easy to appreciate how great would be the financial disaster should the Government undertake to conduct only these four lines of industry and do so at a loss. Suppose, for instance, that the Government 'took over' these four industries, and the first year 'paid a five per cent. loss,' to employ the commercial expression. That would amount to a loss of virtually \$1,500,000,000, or nearly \$500,000,000 more than the entire national debt. When Uncle Sam is conducting his present business wisely and as economically as possible he manages to take in about \$50,000,000 more than he pays out.

"Of course he sometimes falls far short of this and has a deficit at the end of the year, as he did in the fiscal years 1908 and 1909, but even if we assume, for the sake of argument, that he can collect every year \$50,000,000 more than his expenses, it would take him thirty years to pay off the loss incurred in one year by his little experiment in State Socialism. And Uncle Sam has never conducted his business in such a way as to warrant an experiment which might easily prove so disastrous."

The New Service in Business

The Modern Business Idea is That There Is No "Best End to a Sale"—An Exchange Must Benefit Both Parties.

"Business is business" the world over. All of which may be quite true but nevertheless business is changing. New methods are being employed, new ideas are being pressed into service. One of these "the service of the sale" is described by Mac Martin in Judicious Advertising:

Men are by nature trusting, by nature loyal and men want to believe men.

A certain percentage of men would believe what was told them, no matter what,

if only told often enough and strongly enough.

We look twice before we believe.

It is natural for us to believe what a certain man tells us until we learn that that certain man or other men who appear like him have not always told that which can be relied upon.

While we are told that we now have to "win men's confidence" if it were not that at some time between childhood and the

present day our confidences had been shaken we would believe everything our natural senses tell us.

The results of all advertising are built upon one thing, and only one, the belief of our brothers that we are telling the truth.

We have our trademarks. They are worth nothing in themselves—merely dull symbols. And yet trademarks have been listed as assets and sold for prices running into the millions.

These millions of dollars represent millions of minds—minds which have been convinced of the quality of the article for which the trademark stands—millions of minds filled with the belief that what is said about this article is true.

Destroy that belief, betray that confidence, and your mark becomes worthless; often even worse than worthless.

We are living in a world of confidence. Our entire commercial fabric is built upon it. Confidence is the thing which the buyer gives to the seller before a sale can be made.

The buyer gives the seller two things—his money and his confidence.

In exchange for these two things the seller gives the article purchased and his word. Because the buyer gives more than his money the seller must give more than the article. He must give the buyer the satisfaction which the buyer believes goes with that article. It has taken the business world a long time to realize these simple facts.

We have changed in the last century from the doctrine expressed by "caveat emptor"; let the buyer beware, to the new theory of "the service of the sale."

We are told that all through the ages from the dawn of civilization up to within

a little half century ago business was carried on the theory of the horse trader—that there is always "one best end to every trade."

In those days the answer of otherwise moral men was the now somewhat obsolete expression, "Business is business," "If I hadn't cheated him, he'd have cheated me."

We no longer hear that expression among honest business men, because they recognize the fact that there is no "best end to a sale."

To-day we have adopted the proposition that no exchange is a profitable exchange which does not benefit both parties. While the first object of every exchange is to make a profit, the seller has learned that there would be another object and that this one is even more important than the first.

The second object of every sale is to create a satisfied customer. To-day the buyer's satisfaction is the first consideration. It is the policy of the seller to take the entire responsibility.

We are asking ourselves the question in the advertising world to-day, "How far is one justified in going in exploiting the virtues of his product?" No one ever answered that question for Pilate. There was only one man in the world who could answer that question for him. That man was Pontius Pilate.

Each man must answer his own questions of truth for himself. Our neighbors cannot answer them for us. Ignorance of the law is no excuse. Each man must answer his own question. And no one but ourselves will know whether we have answered rightly or wrongly.

No one knows whether we are honest but ourselves. We are judged by other people's opinions of our honesty only.

Only One "If" to Block Home Rule

**It Depends Absolutely on the Ability of the Liberals to Remain in Power
for Another Twenty-Four Months.**

Two things from the first could be postulated with some confidence as to the fate of the Irish Home Rule Bill which the British Prime Minister introduced into the House of Commons on April 11. One was that it would pass the Lower House; the other was that it would be thrown out by the Lords. Beyond that, writes Sidney Brooks in the October "Century," its fortunes rested and still rest with the un-

predictable play of politics. In the old days the rejection by the House of Lords of a first-class Government measure would have precipitated a general election. But under the terms of the Constitutional readjustment effected last year an adverse vote in the Upper Chamber is no longer fatal to the prospects of a bill and no longer necessitates an appeal to the country.

It was provided in the Parliament Act of 1911 that any measure which, within not less than two years of its introduction, is adopted by the House of Commons in three consecutive sessions, and in each of those sessions is defeated in the House of Lords, shall automatically become law. The veto of the Upper House, in other words, is now a suspensory veto, limited for all operative purposes to the two years. That it will be exercised in this case to the full limit of the prescribed period, that the Lords will do everything in their power to prevent Mr. Asquith's measure from 'reaching' the statute book, nobody either in Ireland or in Great Britain affects to doubt.

That none the less and in spite of them it will receive the royal assent is equally

certain, 'if' the present Government is in office two years hence. That 'if' is in reality the crux of the situation. For the whole future of the new Home Rule bill depends absolutely on the ability of the Liberals to remain in power for another twenty-four months. As to that, one man's guess is as good as and no better than, another's: and for myself I propose to refrain from any forecasts. The sole purpose of this brief exordium is merely to remind Americans that the Home Rule bill is neither assured of an ultimate triumph because it has been ratified by the House of Commons nor predestined to inevitable defeat because it has been refused indorsement by the House of Lords.

The Next Great War

Struggle Will be Precipitated From Economic Causes as a Result of Conditions Brought About by Surplus Population.

AN article on the Economic Causes of the Next War appears in *La Révue*.

Sociologists view with some alarm the enormous increase of population in different countries, says M. L. Raymond, the writer. The most prolific countries, Germany among the number, are fast becoming a common danger for the peace of the world. In the last century Germany's population has trebled, yet her emigration has always been considerable. In a century she provided the United States with over six million immigrants, and, in addition, a goodly number of Germans have settled in other distant lands. At the same time her economic prosperity has been extraordinary—another source of danger for the peace of the world. Not only is Germany obliged to allow large numbers of her population to emigrate, but under pain of ruin she is compelled at all costs to find markets for her surplus production. Having delayed too long the acquisition of colonies, she made the further mistake of exchanging Heligoland for Zanzibar, the former being an important strategic point and the latter of little value as a market.

France, on the other hand, has considerably extended and developed her colonies, yet in the last ten years of the previous century there was a marked set-back. In those years her commerce was stationary,

while that of Germany, Holland, and the United States made remarkable progress. But the population of France is almost at a standstill, while that of England and Germany continues to increase. As regards excess of population, therefore, France cannot be a menace to the world's peace. In the last decade, however, the economic condition of France has improved; but while her wealth is assuredly a reality, it must be remembered that in other nations, too, wealth has sensibly increased. In fact, the rivals of France have progressed at a more rapid rate, so that France is no longer the only great reservoir of monetary wealth.

Even in the United States the plethora of people is being felt. Hitherto the steppes of the Far West seemed to offer indefinitely work to the pioneers of civilization, but there are now indications that the space available for the ever-increasing tide of humanity is giving out. Only this year 100,000 farmers of the West emigrated to Canada, where there is still room and to spare. Comparing the density of population per square mile of various countries, we see that in Canada there are only two inhabitants to the square mile; in South America there are 7; in the United States, 30; in the Philippine Islands, 69; in Germany, 303, and in Japan, 315. It is due to the increase in the population that the

United States has been compelled to increase its military and naval expenditure, and become a Great Power, with all the burden and risks this entails. In ten years the American expenditure on armaments has more than trebled itself.

England having found markets across the seas for her manufactures, it is always Germany, who, with her surplus population and over-production, her ambitions, and a susceptible foreign policy, remains the great factor of international malaise. The only country systematically opposed to any initiative for the limitation of armaments, Germany's attitude discourages the best endeavors of the pacifists. She is always proclaiming in every possible way that force is and will be the only safeguard of her rights and the guarantee of the peace of the world.

On land and on sea the race for death goes on, but all this war expenditure is only an armed peace. Germany has made the

greatest effort in this sense. Everywhere the numerical growth of people is making inevitably for war. Even Japan feels herself congested, notwithstanding her outlets in Korea and Manchuria.

It is the surplus population which is always to be feared. Yet war is not altogether inevitable. Already some nations are animated by a sincere spirit of peace. The progress of aviation is another element of peace. A moment's consideration of the dangers which it may offer to future belligerents will make people recoil from their realization. Still, while proclaiming peace, the writer warns us that war is standing at our doors, and is, perhaps, only waiting for an opportune moment to break out. Finally, we are asked to remember that at the present time all that pacifism can ask for is a simultaneous limitation of armaments—to which the writer should surely have added a limitation of population.

Discoveries in Dream Psychology

Do Dreams Mean Something After All? Some Remarkable Theories Regarding the Sub-Conscious Mind,

UNDER the title "Dreams and Forgetting," Edwin Terry Brewster, writing in McClure's Magazine, gives an account of some new discoveries in Dream Psychology. The student of human nature, he holds, who has been following the developments of the last few years will recall at once the strange case of the three Misses Beauchamp, who, though they had only one body among them, lived in it, by turns, their independent lives. Each had her own circle of friends, her special interests, her independent memories; each differed markedly from the others in character; and each, like proper sisters, quarreled desperately with the other two. Thanks to Dr. Morton Prince, the most widely known to the general public of all multiple personalities are Becky, Sally and Christine Beauchamp. In fact, a "double personality play," now on the boards, not only embroiders the familiar incidents, but, in addition, carries the name of one of the sisters in its title.

Familiar, however, as the more bizarre incidents of this strange case have become, it has commonly escaped attention that Becky and Christine Beauchamp, though they knew nothing directly of each other's

existence, and used to communicate with each other by leaving written notes on the bureau, had, nevertheless, their dreams in common. These came up from a region of the soul below the level of the split in the waking mind. They belonged, therefore, not to either, but to both. So, too, another well-known case, studied by Dr. Boris Sidis. The Reverend Thomas C. Hanna, starting out for an afternoon drive, was flung from his carriage, struck his head on the curb, and at once so absolutely forgot his entire previous life that neither persons nor food nor the commonest household objects had the slightest meaning for him, and he reached out his hands for the moon like a little child. But when he slept he became a man again; his old life came back, and he "dreamed true." Here again, the dreams came up from a deeper level of the mind than had been wrecked by the accident. The dreamer was wiser than the waking man.

One need not multiply examples. Steadily, of late years, expert opinion has been swinging away from the opinion that visions of the night are meaningless phantasmagoria, worthy of attention only from the

uncultivated and superstitious. In fact, scientific interest in dreams begins to recall the good old days when Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, after "seein' things at night," called together "the magicians, and the astrologers, and the sorcerers, and the Chaldeans" of his realm, to make known the interpretation thereof, and, by way of stimulating their psychological insight, promised to cut off all their heads if they missed.

The one man who has carried furthest this topographical survey of Dreamland is Sigmund Freud, Extraordinary Professor of Nervous Pathology at the University of Vienna, and probably to-day the most discussed man in his field in the entire scientific world.

The problem, then, is this. Ever since F. W. H. Myers introduced into orthodox science the idea of the "subliminal" consciousness, it has become increasingly clear that there is vastly more to our minds than we have ever suspected. The conscious soul keeps house in a tidy little apartment. With so much, in the course of a lifetime, one gets to be pretty familiar. But underneath the parlors and drawing-rooms of the mind lie cellars and galleries and caverns, full of strange things—dreams and forgotten memories, mediumships and telepathies and doublings of personality, uncouth and primitive impulses, inspiration of genius—nobody yet knows the extent of this subconscious region or what there may be in it.

The earliest access to this strange back side of the mind was by way of hypnotism. But hypnotism, as Freud himself, among others, has pointed out, clears away the rubbish from one small region just outside full consciousness, only to pile it up in a more impenetrable barrier just beyond. Later came into fashion the "hypnoidal state" of Boris Sidis, in which the mind, hanging balanced between waking, sleep, and hypnosis, catches brief but significant glimpses of all three regions at once. Later still came the "association method" of Jung, with which Munsterberg tested the truth of Orchard's confession; a method which, in theory at least, is capable of extracting any piece of information from any man's mind, against either his will or his conscious knowledge. Allied to this last is Freud's device for getting at the deeper parts of the mind by means of the dreams which emerge from them.

But to come to particulars. Ernest Jones, M.D., of the University of Toronto, a disciple of Freud's, encountered the following.

A woman of thirty-seven, with a husband but no children, dreams that she is sitting in a grand-stand, as if waiting to watch some spectacle. A military band approaches, playing a gay martial air. Behind it comes a funeral train, with the casket resting on a draped gun-carriage. The dead man appears to be a certain Mr. X, a somewhat unimportant person, still alive, whom the dreamer knows in real life only slightly. Behind the dead man follow his brother and his three sisters, all dressed in gay clothing and exhibiting anything but the grief proper to the occasion. The brother, in addition, dances about "like a savage," waving his arms and exhibiting extravagant joy, while a yucca tree with a number of young blossoms on it grows out of his back.

The dream is utterly absurd, just such an absurdity as occurs to any of us any night in the week. But no dream, the Freudians hold, is ever devoid of meaning, if only one can get hold of it at the right end. Most dreams, they maintain, reveal the deepest secrets of the heart.

The woman, therefore, is cross-examined concerning the various single elements of her fantasy. The yucca tree, for example—what does she know about yucca trees? That proves to be simple enough. She has traveled in the West and seen the marriage ceremonies of the Indians, in which the yucca plays a part not very different from that of the orange blossom with us. The natives carry yucca trees in procession, dancing like Mr. X's brother in the dream, while the blossoms of the trees symbolize offspring. Apparently, then, the dream has something to do with marriage and children.

Next it transpires that the dreamer herself bitterly regrets having had no children of her own. For this she blames her husband, whose life has been by no means exemplary, and whose addiction to alcohol has ruined both his health and his career, and completely alienated his wife's affection.

Mr. X, too, though but an indifferent acquaintance, turns out to have certain curious resemblances to the dreamer's delinquent husband. Like him, he has a brother and three sisters. Like him, also, he started life with high promise, and fell by the wayside for lack of moral stamina. In short, the two men are so far alike that the thought of either would naturally suggest the other, to one who knew both.

But Mr. X is a civilian, who would not be having a military funeral; the husband

is an officer of volunteers, who might. Moreover, though Mr. X really has a wife, she keeps conspicuously out of the dream.

The dream funeral, then, is really that of the dreamer's unloved husband in the guise of Mr. X, who resembles him; while the gay music and the gay clothes symbolize the emotions of the would-be widow. As for the exuberant brother of Mr. X, he is, in real life, a former lover of the dreamer, whom she threw over in a fit of pique, that both have regretted ever since.

So at last the latent meaning of the dream comes out. If her husband should die, nobody would be sorry—least of all herself and Mr. X's brother. The ridiculous dream sums up a whole life tragedy—a tragedy, moreover, some aspects of which the dreamer would never willingly reveal to any human soul.

But why, demands the bewildered skeptic, at this point, if an unhappy wife wants to dream that her sot of a husband is dead, that she is married again and is bringing up the children of a decent man, why doesn't she go ahead and dream it like a sensible woman, instead of trying to conceal a natural desire under a ridiculous symbolism? Because, replies the Freudian, her conscience will not let her. She will not admit, even to herself, that she wants to marry the other man; still less that she wishes that her husband were dead, so that she might. When the idea enters her mind, she puts it down forthwith—down into the unexplored region of the subconscious, and prays that it may never come up again.

Even in her sleep, her conscience remains so far awake as to keep any such wicked idea out of her mind. But the "censor," to use the Freudian terminology, is easily deceived—most of us have observed that fact concerning our own consciences, even when wide awake. So the dream wish disguises itself as gay clothes under the form of Mr. X, makes yucca blossoms of his children, and marches past the inspector undetected.

A dream, therefore, according to Freud is a protective device for putting ourselves to sleep. An ardent desire rankles deep

down in our mind and keeps us awake. Our conscience refuses to let us act it out, or talk it off our minds, or even to think it off. So we get the idea past the censor as a symbolic dream, and slumber in peace.

Every dream, then, in the Freudian formula, is the more or less disguised fulfillment of a suppressed wish. A middle-aged citizen, a singularly inoffensive person, dreams of being attacked by a swarthy man with a dark mustache who is armed with a number of sharp weapons. They struggle violently, until the dreamer somehow succeeds in wounding his assailant's left hand. Thereupon the latter changes into a fierce dog, which the dreamer finally succeeds in vanquishing by tearing his jaws apart so as to split his head in two.

The subject, on waking, attempts to analyze his dream in this wise. The dream assailant recalls the appearance of a man whom the dreamer met casually the day before, by name Dr. Charles Stuart. Charles Stuart suggests King Charles I. Thereupon the subject of the dream recalls that Stuart Rankings (notice the pun; they are common in dreams) was the medical practitioner of his family, who died when the subject was nine years old. At once there flashes into his mind a painful experience of his boyhood, long since forgotten, which occurred when he was five. This same Dr. Rankings had roughly extracted two teeth from the terror-stricken lad, whose mouth he had forcibly held open, and the boy in his struggles had bitten the doctor severely in the left hand.

Here, then, are all the elements of the dream except the dog. That, however, proved to be simple. Dr. Rankings was a dog-fancier, and had given his little patient a fine collie to which he became greatly attached. Moreover, the lad had been much impressed by hearing his father speak of the physician as a "gay dog." For thirty years, then, the memory of the childish fright and the wish to be revenged had lain dormant somewhere at the back of this man's mind. It started up because he had met, the day before the dream, a dental surgeon named Charles Stuart.

Football's Debt to Woodrow Wilson

Interesting Story of How Presidential Candidate Worked for
Rugby Game at Princeton in 1876.

It is intensely interesting in this year of 1912, eventful as it is in the life of Woodrow Wilson, to turn backward in the old records of Princeton to the days of this board and frequently find the name of that young secretary "T. W. Wilson, '79," for his name originally was Thomas Woodrow Wilson. Fame and choice in after years erased the Thomas, but to his college mates of thirty-five years ago he is still familiarly and affectionately known as "Tommie." Thus Woodrow Wilson was given an opportunity to become one of the constructors of the present intercollegiate game at the most crucial period in its history—and well indeed did he take advantage of that opportunity!

For a new style of football was upon the horizon, writes Parke H. Davis in *St. Nicholas*. In the spring of 1874, McGill University had sent a team down from Montreal and shown a game of real Rugby to Harvard. It was only a few weeks afterward that the "Harvard Advocate," voicing the college sentiment, editorially stated: "Rugby football is in much better favor than the sleepy game heretofore played by our men." Accordingly Harvard soon abolished its "sleepy game," and in its place adopted full Rugby football. The following autumn, 1875, Harvard sent its first football challenge to Yale, inviting the Blue to meet the Crimson, or, rather, the Magenta, which was Harvard's color in 1875. Yale accepted this challenge, but demanded some concessions in the Rugby rules. A special code, therefore, was drafted, which, from these concessions, was known at the time as the "Concessionary Rules." Under these rules the first Harvard-Yale game was played at New Haven, November 13, 1875, Harvard winning by four goals to none.

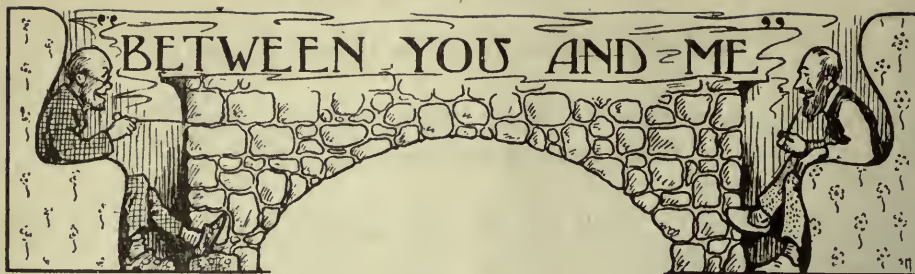
Among the spectators at this game were two of Princeton's players, Jotham Potter and W. Earle Dodge, the latter being a classmate of Woodrow Wilson. So deeply impressed were these two men with the Rugby style of play that upon their return to Princeton they vigorously advocated the abandonment by Princeton of the Association game and the adoption of the Rugby rules. Reform in sport, however, is not less

slow and difficult than it is in the serious affairs of life.

The proposition of these two pioneers precipitated a warm controversy at Princeton which raged incessantly for a year. In this battle of debate between the advocates of the old game and the new, no one argued more aggressively and effectively than the freshman Woodrow Wilson, and, strange to say, notwithstanding his breeding in Association football, he argued in favor of the Rugby game. Finally this controversy terminated November 2, 1876, in a great mass meeting at Princeton, in which the Association game was overthrown and the Rugby game adopted. But this mass meeting did more. It issued a call to Columbia, Harvard and Yale to meet Princeton in a convention and form an Intercollegiate League, with the Rugby rules as a common playing basis. This call was accepted, and thus, in the old Massasoit House at Springfield, Saturday, November 26, 1876, in a session lasting six hours, this league was formed and the present intercollegiate game of football adopted.

Woodrow Wilson's football activities at Princeton in these early years of the game were not confined, however, to the council table. His was almost a daily figure at field practice. Coaching, of course, thirty-five years ago was not the highly developed art that it is to-day. The period antedated by fifteen years the professional coach.

In this service Woodrow Wilson frequently took part, correcting, advising, exhorting, admonishing and praising, and especially suggesting valuable improvements in individual and team technique. And Princeton played fine football in those years. Harvard was beaten in the fall of 1877, and again in 1878. Yale won from Princeton in 1876, was tied in 1877, and beaten in 1878. Since Harvard, Princeton and Yale at that time were leagued in the American Intercollegiate Football Association, Woodrow Wilson may look back through his many successes in the serious work of life to his senior year at Princeton, when, as an assistant football coach, he materially aided in producing a championship football team.



SENSE OF TOUCH.

"I think, sir, that you are sitting on my hat."
 "Is yours a soft or a hard hat?"
 "It is a soft hat, sir."
 "Then I am not sitting on it."

THE RUDE QUESTION.

She: "What a pity you've got those marks on your nose, George. How did they get there?"
 He: "Glasses."
 She: "Glasses of what?"

BAPTIZED.

"Come up and jine de army of de Lord, sister!"
 "Ah done jine."
 "Where you jine?"
 "I jine de Baptis' chu'ch."
 "Lawdie, sister, dat ain't de army! Dat's de navy!"

LONG NEEDED.

"So Jones has a great invention?"
 "Yes; an umbrella-handle that retains the finger-print."

DRESSED FOR THE PART.

"Marie," asked the star of her maid, gazing perplexedly at her reflection in the mirror, "what was I about to do—step into the bathtub or go on the stage?"

Marie shrugged her shoulders. "How can I tell? Mademoiselle is dressed for either."

DIFFICULT TO TELL.

David Belasco avers that it is impossible to say why a new play fails or succeeds. It may be the audience or the play. "It's like Bridget's case," he says.

"Bridget was the cook. One day her mistress asked, 'Bridget, when are you going to be married?'"

"'Shure, I don't believe I will iver be married.'

"'How is that, I thought you and Mike were engaged.'

"'We are ingaged—in a way,' was the reply, 'but I won't marry Mike whin he is drunk, an' he won't marry me whin he is sober, and there ye are.'"

A STOP ORDER.

Little Mildred (as she finishes her evening prayer): And, O Lord, don't bother about taking care of papa any more. He's got his life insured now.

BUT SHE TRIES!

I cannot sing the old songs,
 Those of a bygone day;
 And neither can the lady
 Who lives across the way!

EXPLAINED.

Two country youths were on a visit to London. They went into the British Museum and saw a mummy, over which hung a card on which was printed, "B.C. 87."

They were mystified, and one said:
 "What do you make of that, Sam?"

"Well," said Sam, "I should say it was the number of the motor car that killed him."

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

"Oh, I know every one of the tricks of your trade," said the boarder, warmly. "De you think I have lived in boarding-houses fifteen years for nothing?"

"I shouldn't be at all surprised," said the landlady, frigidly.

ADVICE FROM AN EXPERT.

George Washington Johnson stood before an avenging judge, and realized that all the evidence was against him. It was the same old charge.

"But," said the judge, with a perplexed frown, "I don't understand, Johnson, how it was possible for you to steal those chickens when they were roosting right under the owners window and there were two vicious bulldogs in the yard."

"It wouldn't de you no good, jedge, foh me to 'splain how I caught 'em," replied the successful culprit. "You couldn't de it if you tried it forty times, an' you might git a hide full of buckshot de ve'y fust time you put your laig ober de fence. De best way for you to do is to buy your chickens in de market."

MacLean's Magazine

Vol. xxv

Toronto, December 1912

No. 2



The Editors
Wish Their Readers
A Bright and
Happy Christmas



The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd.

Montreal

Toronto

Winnipeg



W. SMITHSON
BROADHEAD.

"Then he lifted the lid and held the lantern close. At the sight of what lay there, everything in the world seemed to stop."

—The Ghost of Eskindale, Page 65.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

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The National Political Situation

By Edward William Thomson

These monthly reviews of the political situation are attracting attention of business and professional men right across Canada and are being read abroad. We are receiving many letters concerning them. While the majority commend our enterprise, some express surprise, knowing as they do the anti-reciprocity, high protection views always held by Colonel MacLean, the owner of the Magazine. They cannot see why he should give space to the presentation of other opinions. Colonel MacLean regards his various publications as national institutions, not private corporations, and has therefore given place to the views of men and women whose position or ability entitled them to respect and consideration no matter how widely he differed from or how strongly his newspapers were combatting these views. In the following pages some vital topics are dealt with. This is the most important contribution we have yet received from Mr. Thomson.

THE mechanical exigencies of magazine publication compel printing of contents long before issue. Hence "MacLean's" readers, before perusing this, will have seen Parliament assembled at Ottawa, read the Speech from the Throne, received some knowledge of Premier Borden's "Navy" policy, learned something of his designs concerning Tariff, Railways, Bank Act Revision, etc., and found Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his followers fearing that Ministers are incompetent. Such advantage over conditions in which I must write will enable strict party men—those plastic mortals who pattern their minds on their leaders—to judge with rebuke or commendation, the hereby expressed opinion that Mr.

Borden is too prudent to propose anything wondrously novel. Last month we considered here the propriety of letting well enough alone in a business situation that pretty much everybody in Canada would like to conserve. From enquiry in Ottawa, I judge that the Premier and his Finance Minister, who are the principal Ministers, just as those of their predecessors were in Sir Wilfrid's long Government, are too wise to intend startling changes. This seems to be the opinion or forecast of the Opposition, since their organs have lately given much space to declarations that even the new "navy" policy will resemble the old one so closely that credit for both should accrue to Sir Wilfrid! Also, they attribute the continuing

prosperity to retention of the Fielding tariff. They intimate that almost everything in every department has been going on, and will proceed pretty much as before the change of administration. This ought to delight them as evidence that Liberals in office were so wise that their doings and policies can't be changed notably by Tories! Yet opposition certificates to this effect are usually written in a taunting strain! Meantime, Independents are, fortunately, free to credit the Cabinet with praiseworthy prudence. Did not Opposition critics understand that the factors of Canada's policy are the various permanent Institutions and Interests of the country, which change very slowly in their mutual interdependence, and which necessarily so influence or control Ministries that it does not matter much what party is in office at Ottawa. This impression is now very perceptible in the public mind. Canadians in general wish to be let alone, to be spared political excitements, that they may the more closely attend to their private concerns. Mr. Borden appears aware of this politically-apathetic condition of the electors, and unlikely to jeopardize his Ministry by acting as Disturber of the Peace.

TARIFF COMMISSION.

There has been, for instance, during months before the Session's opening, reason to believe that the Finance Minister does not mean to revive that project for a permanent Tariff Commission which he broached last session, when new to office. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his chief supporters then protested against the design. They told Mr. White that he could serve every good purpose he had in view by organizing and maintaining in his Department a staff of permanent enquiry into the workings of the tariff and the interaction of its schedules. They alleged that a separate and largely independent Commission could not but be or appear powerful over the Tariff, wherefore ministerial responsibility for changes would be, or at least appear to be, impaired. Many other equally sound ob-

jections were urged. These appear to have so impressed Mr. White that he has modified the project. Surely this indicates wisdom in him. A mind open to instruction by information, experience, reflection is the right mind for administration. Only Fools and Bourbons forget nothing and learn nothing. Under which of these categories shall be ranged speakers and writers who may be found taunting or reproaching Mr. White for amiably accepting counsel from that undeniably wise man, Sir Wilfrid? Politeness forbids the querist to reply. In this matter we Canadians can congratulate ourselves that the Government inclines to leave well enough alone. This seems to ensure continuance of the Fielding tariff, with such slight modifications as its judicious concoctor was himself in the habit of making from time to time, to suit changes in circumstance.

NAVY AND COAST DEFENCE.

If Mr. Borden proposes to contribute thirty millions, or some other handsome donation, to the London Government, for naval use, will that be a tremendous departure from a let well enough alone policy? Surely the answer must depend on what information he shall supply concerning reasons for the gift. Some weeks ago it appeared that there might be absurdity in alleging Great Britain to face such an "emergency" as could make a great money vote in her aid incumbent on Canadians. There was then no new emergency; the old one was but getting more and more understood. Individual definitions of "emergency" then moulded individual Canadian opinions. Some could not interpret the word to signify aught that did not bounce up suddenly, as a whale emerges, with prodigious splash. There wasn't any such jump from Germany, for instance. There was merely the steady, long-noted, scientific, implacable yearly ascent into dangerous importance of not only the Emperor William's sea power, but that of a number of other Potentates and Republics. In view thereof Canadian apathy somewhat re-

sembled that of a young pioneer in old Indian-haunted times, who continued calmly plowing in conviction that when Indians came they'd surely race out of the surrounding woods whooping. He could not believe his own eyes when they told him that yonder top-knots and paint-streaked countenances and stealthy half-hidden objects crawling toward him and his father from all skirts of the clearing were really Indians bent on taking white scalps. He didn't realize the emergency, and run to hand his father a good gun, because the coming enemy didn't run in yelling! It seems but as yesterday that the Turks were similarly unaware of any new emergency. Their situation seemed to their inattentive gaze about the same as at any time the past century or three centuries. Up sprang a recognizable emergency. Within five weeks their beaten braves were huddled in desperate Constantinople. Now it is perfectly conceivable, in view of dirigibles, aeroplanes, and submarines, that the remnants of Great Britain's forces might be as speedily huddled in a desperate London. Prudence is no lazy fatalistic Turk. It takes warning to heart. It gets ready to repel the possible worst. That is why many an emergency may not emerge, or may harmlessly vanish.

LUMP SUM TALK.

Giving Great Britain a handsome lump sum for naval purposes may be made obnoxious to many Canadians, if it be proposed and defended on obnoxious grounds. What sense in trying to tie any sort of string to the money? That might be to drag Canada after her cash. Did Mr. Borden stipulate that the gift should imply Canada's retaining any kind of control of its expenditure by London, then our political freedom might be impaired. An amply sufficient defence of the contemplated cash vote resides in our long obligation to Great Britain's sea-power, our obvious interest in its full continuance or increase, our natural affection for

kinsmen in the gap, those on whom the greatest brunt of war from continental European enviers or enemies must necessarily fall. The Old Home is the Citadel of all who speak English, French, or any other tongue in this Dominion. If Love and Gratitude were not enough reason for voting thirty millions to keep up England's floating battlements, even as those sentiments warranted Laurier in granting the trade preference, then self-interest would be sufficient. While the Old Country's sea-power remains what it has been since Napoleon's time, we Canadians shan't have to either provide us with very costly armaments against possible invasion from Europe or Japan, or else beg to be included in the friendly neighboring Republic. But to implicate Canada newly in Great Britain's wars, to obligate ourselves newly, by any sort of novel political bond, to subordinate our country newly, on pretence that it may be possible to obtain a voice in London counsels by a gift to England's navy—that would be abhorrent to many Canadians, no matter how pleasing to some. Here again the let well enough alone policy seems wisest. The almost perfectly voluntary nature of our cherished connection with the Old Country can be perfectly retained by voting the money freely, asking nothing in return, leaving London wholly unhampered by any sort of Canadian claim to "a voice." Thus the generous sense of Family Union in members of the Voluntary Empire would be signalized, and mankind taught newly that the bonds of language, affection, common history, law and ideals are powerful to open community purses, and—truly the only bonds that ever did or ever can bind far separated Nations to common actions.

COAST DEFENCE.

Respecting armaments Canada's proper obligations are of two quite distinct sorts—the obligation of self-defence, and that of aiding Great Bri-

tain and other Homes of "the breed," in whose independence and power we cannot but be concerned materially as well as sentimentally. If Mr. Borden enable us to fulfill the latter obligation by some millions given to the Admiralty in such wise that we shall be under no sort of expressed or implied engagement to vote more, save at our own sole will, then the ground will have been well cleared for considering self-protection. In that problem no reasonable person includes consideration of defence against the United States. No need to go into the reasons. Enough that no Dominion Government has ever acted as if need for such defence did or could exist. A few years ago equally small need appeared for providing coast defence against possible invasion from Europe or Asia, particularly Japan. In those times England's fleet roved and virtually dominated all seas. Also, no other naval Power was formidable enough to seem dangerous. Moreover, defences for shores could then be speedily improvised. Again, standard weapons were not then highly specialized, they could be quickly obtained by our young men if needed, those possessed by formal armies were not such as to warrant any invader in imagining he could march far into any country fairly defended by rifles in the hands of hardy volunteers. All this has been changed. Even as armed revolution by rifles and barricades has been made impracticable by the superiority of trained soldiers and their terrific highly specialized weapons, so defence by rifles has gone past. Hence our coast cities and coal mines, which might serve an invader as bases, require modern armaments capable of standing off raids from the sea, which operations might develop into hostile occupation, or the exaction of large indemnities. There is good reason to believe that Mr. Borden contemplates establishment of the needed forces, ship-yards, docks, forts, great guns, submarines, torpedo and floating mines stations on our Atlantic and Pacific shores. Respecting these he seems likely to make some perman-

ent agreement with Great Britain, one by which her ships might have the use or advantage, but not the control of our defence provisions.

Unless I am misinformed, the Premier, while in England, tentatively arranged for all this with the London Government, and devised ingeniously for the up-keep of meditated Canadian works. What if his intended plant for construction, etc., were to be utilized not for Canadian vessels and repairs only, but also for building, shelter, and repair of Old Country armed ships to be employed in adjacent oceans? The desire for "a Canadian Navy built in Canadian yards of Canadian materials" might be importantly subserved by "custom work" from the Old Country fleets. We could turn out our own craft the cheaper for being enabled to maintain many artificers engaged frequently on Great Britain's behalf. In connection with this good plan, and with the whole matter of co-operation for both coast-defence and the Family sea-supremacy, a political arrangement not involving Canada in any new subordination is believed to be in contemplation. What if a representative of Canada, possibly a Minister of the Ottawa Cabinet, were delegated to continuous membership in the Imperial Council of Defence? He might reside mostly in London, and be charged to keep Ottawa confidentially informed of everything considered or intended in that Council. It is not representative in the elective sense. It includes all the principal statesmen, soldiers and sailors of the Old Country, assembled on occasion that they may consider all manner of foreign affairs submitted by the London Government, and advise respecting armaments in view of changing circumstances. By a permanent member in that great council, Canada might be well served, yet committed to participation in nothing of which her Government, Parliament and people would not approve. This project is but little out of line with former plans of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. It should have few terrors for those who detest schemes

for centralizing the Empire Yet it ought to please those who conceive co-operation to be advance on the way to Imperial Federation.

Mr. Monk's resignation does not yet appear to have been caused by dislike of the Premier's design to keep a Canadian on the Council of Defence. That most honorable man went out because he had entered the Cabinet in erroneous belief or hope that Mr. Borden would submit his Sea-and-Coast-Defence programme to the electors, per referendum or plebiscite, before its final approval by parliament. He has not asserted that the Premier pledged himself to that course. Possibly he retired because he detested the labors of the Public Works Department. He himself said privately, not three months after taking the portfolio, that it burdened him, kept him from books, study, meditation, everything pleasant to his nature. Mr. Monk is no common swashbuckler of politics, such as can be elevated and dignified by office, but a scholar, thinker, lover of literature, always inclined to privacy, one who was in public life from self-sacrificing desire to serve his country. Probably much more importance has been attributed by others to his resignation than by himself. Analogously, unwarranted significance has been attached, by contrary partisans, to the bye-elections in Macdonald and in Richelieu. In each "the Dutch took Holland." In both the ministerial candidates polled more votes than at the general elections last year. But the defeat of an Independent who was personally disapproved by Macdonald Liberals disclosed little or nothing concerning Manitoban opinion on reciprocity. And the reduction of Richelieu's Liberal majority evinced but the usual apathy of Canadian voters in bye-elections.

DILEMMA OF RECIPROCITARIANS.

What must embarrass the friends of reciprocity is the prodigious triumph of Mr. Wilson and the Democrats in the Presidential election. This cannot mean

less than that the winners, who have never before since the Civil War possessed at once the House, the Senate and the Presidency, can now establish that "tariff for revenue only" from advocating which they have never flinched. They cannot be supposed unlikely to abolish or greatly reduce customs taxes on U. S. importations of grains, woods, ores, fish, and all raw materials. If they do so our West must obtain what its people appear mostly to desire. This would make ashes of the reciprocity "pact." It cannot be judicious for the Opposition to tie themselves anew to a scheme of reciprocity which seems likely to become superfluous. Will not Washington repeal the Reciprocity Act as obstructive to new legislation? Will not Canada's reasonable course be to await the reformed U. S. tariff before materially changing our own? Ample occasion for party difference here will then surely arise from considering whether we ought to reciprocate any U. S. reduction of taxes on our raw exports, or reply by export taxes in endeavor to retain our natural products for domestic manufacture.

To gain time for consideration of the coming U. S. trade policy both of our political parties may be suited by the Government's probable intention to refrain from a Redistribution of Representation Act this session. The B.N.A. Act., Canada's constitution, specifies "On the completion of the Census" in the year 1871, "and of each subsequent decennial Census," the representation of the Provinces "shall be readjusted," etc. But when is a Census completed? That of 1911 has long been advanced far enough to enable Parliament to effect Redistribution. But Sir Wilfrid Laurier did not redistribute on the census of 1901 before a lapse of two years. True, he had not to deal with a census that changed the proportionate representation of provinces as greatly as does that of 1911. Nor was there in 1903 a great region at once opposed to the Ministry and entitled to large additional representation. It appeared in Oc-

tober that the Opposition would vehemently contend that Canada's circumstances require a Redistribution Act this session, passage of which would furnish Alberta and Saskatchewan with fresh reason for proclaiming themselves aggrieved, inasmuch as such Act would emphatically show them lacking their due M. P.'s. Now, November's triumph of the U. S. Democrats seems likely to have furnished Sir Wilfrid with reason for quietly consenting to postponement of Redistribution. Saskatchewaners and Albertans cannot but perceive that were such Act passed now, it would be injudicious for them to allege grievance by delay of a general election that neither of our political parties can much wish to bring on before Congress shall have remodelled the U. S. tariff.

FEDERALISM VS. PROVINCIALISM.

There is reason to believe that the Borden Government mean to proceed in some important matters—such as the promotion of smooth highways, and of agriculture—on the old "John A. Macdonald conservative" principle that the federal power is in every sense entitled to further, independently of the provincial powers, any good work which the B. N. A. Act empowers Ottawa to perform. Some absurd results came of the payment of last session's federal agricultural grants to provincial authorities hostile to the Ottawa Ministry. I

have it from undeniable authority that in one anti-Borden province the agricultural grant was not only reserved by the local ministry for anti-Borden constituencies only, but the electors were told that even the Borden Government could not trust its provincial friends to spend the money honestly, wherefore it was handed over to Liberals for distribution! That was "campaigning down to the ground!" But any set of the lower sort of politicians will say or do almost anything at election times in the way of unpunishable ingenious rascality. It would seem reasonable to hold that the federal authority cannot be wrong in resolving to do independently whatever it is entitled constitutionally to do. Many good Canadians never were or could be devotees of that extreme "provincial rights" doctrine which the Liberal Opposition appeared to favor last session, which the Conservatives worshipped when opposing the "new provinces" Acts in 1905, and for which each party professes reverence when out of power at Ottawa. The "federal rights" principle is dear to Canadians who dislike parochialism. Under it Premier Borden seems likely to do some very useful interesting things, which can be discussed later in "Maclean's." This contribution has already run beyond the writer's stipulated space.

To Welcome Fliers on Roof

Philadelphia soon will be the first city on the continent to have a hotel equipped appropriately to receive guests who may arrive at the hostelry in aeroplanes. On top of the main portion of the structure, a score or more stories above the street and higher than the top of any other building in the vicinity, there has been erected a commodious landing platform, upon which all forms of aerial craft will be capable of alighting with perfect safety.

The platform is one hundred feet in length and fifty feet in width, with a portable section which can be added to

make it eighty feet longer if desired. Around the edges are a series of buffers, composed of ropes weighted here and there with sandbags to catch a plane should an aviator be unable to check its momentum in time to prevent a plunge to the street level.

Another feature which will make the hotel unique, and which will be added in the near future, will be two elevators capable of handling the largest automobiles and connected with a roadway running around a portion of the roof, so that an aviator may step directly into his car.

The Silk Stockings

By Temple Bailey

Sometimes all that is required to make a story is a single incident. It need not be a very unusual one, either—that depends somewhat on the characters involved in it. That is what we have in this story by one of the most successful American writers. "A little white slip of a thing"—a salesgirl—gets six pairs of silk stockings. That is the incident; out of it is evolved a little story of business life—direct, simple, earnest; one that cannot fail to interest and influence the reader.

UP TO THE TIME that Cræsus Plain bought six pairs of silk stockings over the counter of his own huge department store from a little white slip of a thing with frightened eyes, the Recording Angel had made few black marks on the page of his soul's history.

But when Cræsus asked, "May I send them to you?" and looked at the palpitating little salesgirl with eyes that held a meaning, the Recording Angel set down these words, underscored and emphasized, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!" for Cræsus Plain stood high in church circles and passed the plate on Sundays.

There were six pairs of stockings, as I have said, all black, but black with a difference, for on two of them pink rose-buds rioted over the instep, on two more forget-me-knots were intertwined, and the wickedest pair of all had red heels.

And the little white slip of a thing, whose name was Mary, shivered and shook as she put them into a box, and said, "Hush," to her country-trained conscience, and with her lips, "How kind you are!" Then she addressed the box to Grandma, because she did not want the bundle-wrappers and the cash-girls to know that they were hers.

Now Grandma was not Mary's real

grandmother; she was simply a little old lady who lived across the hall in the same shabby tenement, and kept house for her daughter's son, who was young and strong and the last of his race, and who had the grace to realize his obligation to keep Grandma out-of the poor-house.

When Mary reached home that night, Grandma was at her door. "I guess there's a mistake;" and she dangled the wicked red heels before Mary's eyes. "Nobody would send me silk stockings."

"They're mine," Mary said steadily. "It isn't a mistake."

"Well, they're real pretty, dearie," Grandma quavered. Her heart was like lead. Only once had Mary spoken of Cræsus Plain. He had asked her to lunch with him and to ride afterwards in his automobile. Mary had said, "No." But now—surely Mary's four dollars a week could not compass silk stockings at four dollars a pair?

Mary gathered up her gay trophies and went across the hall to her own room. Grandma sighed, and the sigh seemed to beat against Mary's closed door. But it remained closed while Mary got out a box of crackers and a bit of bacon and a frying-pan, and spread a napkin on a corner of the table. As she worked, she had a vision of another

table—pink-lighted with wax candles. with a glitter of glass and silver, and of herself in a crystal-beaded gown of white tissue which she had seen on the third floor of Crœsus's big store. The face of the man on the other side of the table was blurred. It was not of him that Mary thought, but of the things that he could give her. She thought of a set of ermine, of a gold-meshed bag, of a sapphire-studded bracelet, of a diamond star—how wonderful they had seemed in the store—how much more wonderful to wear them!

Grandma's voice brought her back to realities.

"I've got a nice hot supper, dearie," she said. "You come over."

Mary stood in the open door. She was white and slim, and straight as a forest pine, and young enough to please even Crœsus Plain.

"I'm not hungry," she said, for, with that pink-candled vision, what to her was a pot boiling on the back of Grandma's stove?

"You come," Grandma pleaded. "Bob can't get home till late; and I am alone."

So Mary put away her frying-pan and tucked the stockings out of sight and went over to Grandma's room, where the clean curtains shut out the spring twilight, and shut in a lamp-lighted picture of comfort. A bird sang in a little gold cage; there was a rag-carpet on the floor, a geranium in the window, and on the round black stove the dinner-pot boiled and bubbled.

And when they had partaken of the good food, Grandma brought out a basket of socks and sat on one side of the lamp while Mary sat on the other and they talked of Mary's day.

But not a word did Mary say of Crœsus Plain. And so her story was like French history with Napoleon left out; or a Norse legend without the Vikings; or a fairy tale without Prince Charming; or Red Riding Hood without the Wolf!

And Grandma knew it.

So presently she began to talk of

Grandpa. "The spring makes me think of him."

There was silence after that. Mary's mind was on the crystal tissue and the diamond star; Grandma's, on the old-fashioned garden and a young lover's vows.

"On such a night," Grandma dreamed aloud, "I said 'yes,' and we were always poor, but we were always happy."

Mary looked at her across the nimbus of the lamp's glow. "Nobody is poor and happy in these days."

"He picked a bunch of the first violets. I have them yet in my Bible," sighed Ancient Romance.

"And he left you to die in the poor-house," was the unspoken challenge of Modern Sophistication.

Then Bob came in hungry. He nodded to Mary, and flushed with boyish self-consciousness.

Grandma served a big dish of the stew. Bob had a little bunch of wild violets. He handed them to Mary. "I picked them," he said. "They grow on a bank behind the foundry."

Mary pinned them to her blouse, and the vision of the diamond star and the crystal tissue faded.

Grandma watched the pair. Then she questioned, "Why don't you two take a walk? Mary looks white from staying in."

When they had gone Grandma nodded alone in the dimness. The curtains flapped in the warm spring wind. The bird tucked his head under his wing and slept. The noise in the streets came up faintly.

In the Park, facing the river, Bob and Mary sat and looked at the golden lights above the water and at the little moon above the lights. Then Bob said, "I love you, little Mary," and Mary answered. "Don't—You may kiss me once, Bob—dear; but I couldn't be poor."

And Bob went home later, bitter and bruised, and hating his poverty.

And the next morning Grandma tied on her little plain bonnet and shabby old shawl, and, in some Providence-protected way, reached the West Side and Crœsus Plain's store.

Now Cræsus's door was closed more strictly than the gates of Heaven against such as Grandma.

"You can't see him," said the office-boy, and everybody else to whom Grandma applied.

"Well, at least, you'll let me rest," said Grandma; and because she smiled when she said it, the office-boy smiled back, as everybody else smiled when Grandma looked at them.

And when Cræsus Plain came out a little later, he saw Grandma smiling, and he stopped and asked, "Is there anything I can do for you?"

"You can give me ten minutes of your time;" and grandma stood up in her plain little bonnet and her shabby old shawl and was ushered into Cræsus Plain's private office.

And when they were alone, she opened the box that she carried, and laid on Cræsus's desk a pair of silk stockings with red heels, and a pair with rose-buds on the instep, and a pair on which forget-me-nots were intertwined. Then she looked at Cræsus Plain, and he turned red and white.

And he muttered, "I didn't mean anything."

"If you don't mean anything," said Grandma tartly, "stop doing it!"

Thus was the great Cræsus Plain arraigned like a schoolboy before Grandma, who had, as you might say, one foot in the poorhouse!

"Stop doing it," said Grandma again, "and let her marry the boy who loves her."

"I thought I'd give her a good time," said Cræsus Plain.

"A good time for a girl like Mary ought to mean youth and love. When it means anything else, it is because some old man has forgotten the things his mother taught him."

There was a mirror opposite Cræsus's desk, and it showed a man well set up, well groomed, and well preserved, so Cræsus frowned at Grandma's adjective, and then he laughed, and with that laugh the evil spirit which had possessed him fled.

"If all women were like you, we wouldn't forget," he said gallantly.

"And now"—Grandma rose and pushed the stockings towards Cræsus Plain—"how will this affect little Mary?"

Cræsus Plain rose also. "If you mean that I'll take it out on her," he flamed, "I'll have you know that I may be a fool, but I am not a cad."

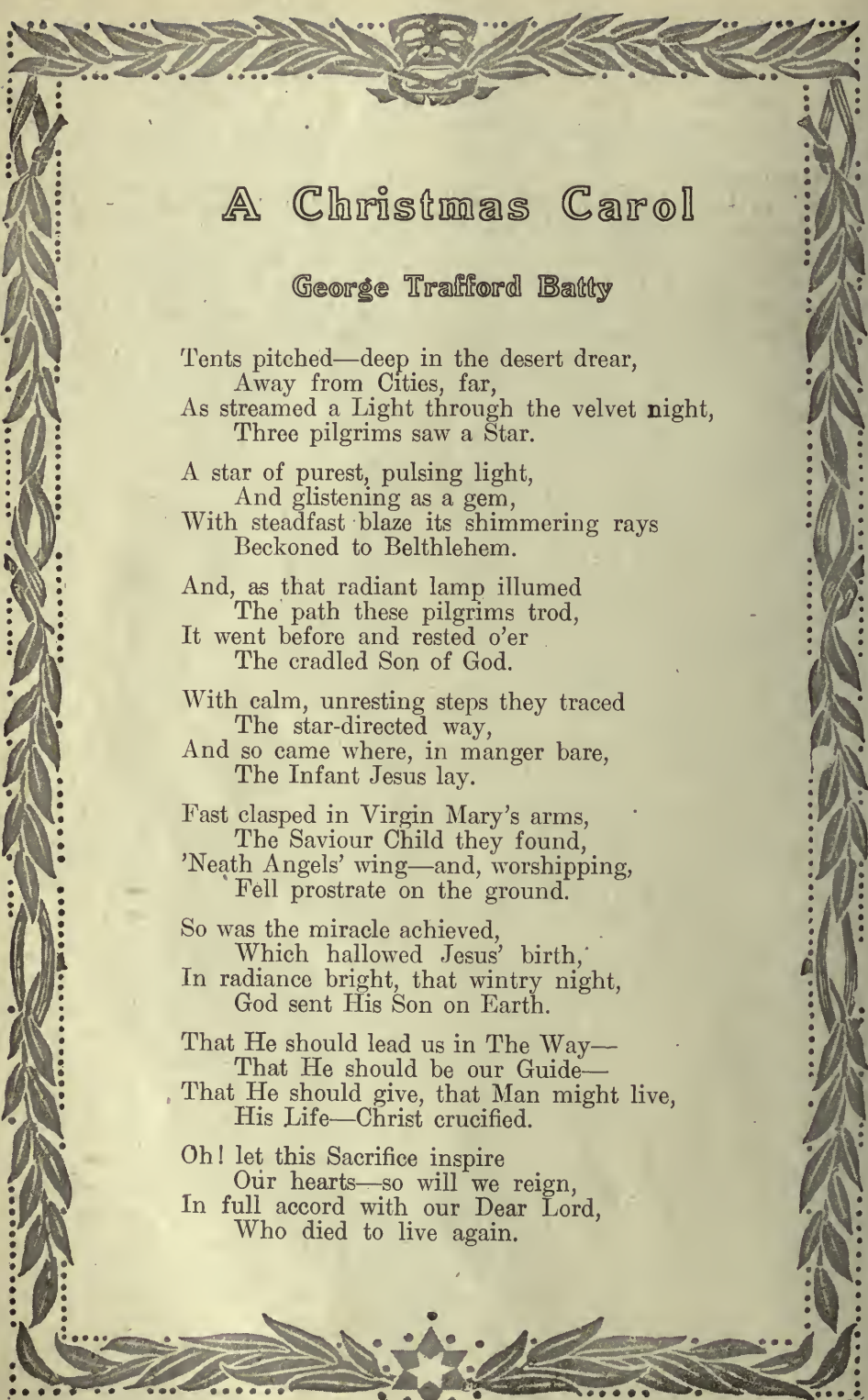
Grandma held out her hand. "All men are fools," she said, but she said it smiling, so Cræsus forgave her.

Then he made her go to lunch with him. And he told her about his mother, and they parted wistfully.

And when Mary married Bob, Cræsus Plain sent her a wedding present, not of silk stockings, but of good table-linens and flat silver and solid, substantial furniture, such as a father gives his daughter.

And whether Mary lived happily ever after or not, she at least lived righteously, and perhaps the Recording Angel divided the credit between Cræsus and Grandma, but I like to think that he gave it all to Grandma.





A Christmas Carol

George Trafford Batty

Tents pitched—deep in the desert drear,
Away from Cities, far,
As streamed a Light through the velvet night,
Three pilgrims saw a Star.

A star of purest, pulsing light,
And glistening as a gem,
With steadfast blaze its shimmering rays
Beckoned to Belthlehem.

And, as that radiant lamp illumed
The path these pilgrims trod,
It went before and rested o'er
The cradled Son of God.

With calm, unresting steps they traced
The star-directed way,
And so came where, in manger bare,
The Infant Jesus lay.

Fast clasped in Virgin Mary's arms,
The Saviour Child they found,
'Neath Angels' wing—and, worshipping,
Fell prostrate on the ground.

So was the miracle achieved,
Which hallowed Jesus' birth,
In radiance bright, that wintry night,
God sent His Son on Earth.

That He should lead us in The Way—
That He should be our Guide—
That He should give, that Man might live,
His Life—Christ crucified.

Oh! let this Sacrifice inspire
Our hearts—so will we reign,
In full accord with our Dear Lord,
Who died to live again.



Yachts in the New York to Bermuda boat race.

Advantages of Winter Travel

By Lewis W. Clemens

Canadians are rapidly awakening to a realization of the advantages of winter travel. They no longer spend all of their year's vacation in the summer or in Canada; in increasing numbers they are holidaying in winter and abroad. In order to do so many forego a couple of weeks' holidays one year to get a month or six weeks the next. And it pays in health, pleasure and education, as this article shows.

NOT long ago a big business house in the United States made an interesting proposal. It worked out also to be a novel experiment. The proposition concerned holidays in general and employees in particular. In a word it was "winter vacations."

One can readily imagine the consternation which was caused among the hundred or more employees of that firm by the mere suggestion that they should take their annual outings in winter rather than in summer. Even at the outset it was received with indignation and the more the question was discussed the stronger grew the opposition. So strenuous were the objections, in fact, that there seemed little possibility of the firm carrying out its plan.

And yet the firm had acted in good faith. It was simply endeavoring to make vacations a sound investment for its workers. From the standpoint of education, pleasure and health it had studied the question and had come to a deliberate decision. And it merely wished its employees to profit by its investigation.

When the matter came to be argued calmly the workers began to see that the firm had their interests at heart after all, that the proposal had not been made with a view to effecting a reduction in operating expenses, and that there were numerous signal advantages attaching to winter vacations which presented features of actual merit. And so employers and employees got to-



The Sphinx.

gether in an effort to deal with the issue in a businesslike way.

As an outcome many of the employees of this firm are now taking their annual holiday outings in winter rather than in summer. Of course there are still many who insist on being relieved

winter as well as summer in the planning of vacations, both for themselves and their assistants. It is surprising to what extent we have been creatures of habit in the past in the arrangement of our outings. For some reason which is not obvious we have all endeavored

in summer, but even these are ready to admit that the winter season also has its advantages and that possibly in the course of a year or two they too may be enlisted among its enthusiastic recreative patrons.

The action of this firm may serve to direct attention to the growing tendency of business men to consider



The City of Cairo.

to time our holidays for the summer season, with its intense heat, congested railway traffic and crowded resorts. We have been content, and indeed in many cases delighted, to repair to some popular centre under these conditions and to pass our time of leisure as best we might, returning in the course of a

couple of weeks or more—little refreshed in mind or body, and if the truth be told, glad to again settle down to the regular routine of daily toil. The fact of the matter is we take our vacation in summer simply because other people do, regardless of our own comforts and inclinations, and at a sacrifice

of many of the advantages which the period of rest should bring to us. What an absurd practice in a matter of such vital importance.

But in considering the advantages of winter vacations it is perhaps unnecessary to dwell on the disadvantages of summer ones. All will admit that the



Among ruins of the ancient world.



View of Monaco.



An outing party in the American South.

Canadian summer offers many opportunities for delightful outings. Yet is it not true to an extent at least that some of these can be taken even without vacation? It is comparatively easy for the average person to spend week-ends in the country; in short trips by auto, rail or water, to experience something of the joys of summer sports; or even in the crowded cities to enjoy the parks with their varied and interesting attractions. Summer, indeed, whether or not a person is blessed with holidays, affords ample time and chance for pleasant outings—for recreation without holidays. But in winter how changed are the conditions when the weather is cold and frequently wet and persons are content to confine themselves within doors. Yet this above all other periods is the one in which they should seek outings in order that the supposed dreary winter months may be brighten-

ed with holiday pleasures and that their health may be benefited by the experience.

There are, it should be admitted, two or three prime considerations which must receive attention before a winter vacation is contemplated. At the outset the question of time is an important factor. The usual run of summer vacations for persons of ordinary means is two or three weeks. The more independent can readily take longer provided they are able to absent themselves from business responsibilities. Two weeks is scarcely long enough to do justice to a winter trip which might lead one to tropical regions or even farther abroad. Still this difficulty can frequently be overcome when the question is seriously considered. The firm we have already mentioned, in order to popularize winter vacations, gave its employees a bonus of an extra week, pro-



Members of Hunt Club and hounds in the Southern States.

vided they followed its suggestion — three weeks in winter or two in summer. Again many young Canadians have been aided in making trips abroad by foregoing two weeks' holidays one year and taking a month or more the next. Then, too, there is the item of expense which in the case of extended winter trips is somewhat larger than in shorter summer outings. But after all this is not so serious as the uninitiated

ous of whatever benefits may be derived from the operation. And yet when they come to ponder over the situation they are usually agreed that the main advantages of all sorts of travel should be pleasure, health and education. Of course the order in which these are tabulated will vary in accordance with the tastes or wishes of the individuals. The pleasure-seeker will think of little else save pleasure, the sickly one will go



A view of Nice.

would imagine and the pleasures and benefits derived are quite worth the additional outlay. But in general more time and money are required for winter vacations than for summer, particularly if the line of travel be extended.

ADVANTAGES OF WINTER TRAVEL.

Apart from these considerations, however, the advantages of winter travel are most striking and altogether noteworthy. It may be interesting to classify them. Most people travel unconsci-

ously abroad in search of health, while the student will emphasize the educative value of the journey. But in general the three points epitomise the advantages of travel. What then may be said of them in so far as winter travel is concerned?

If one would enjoy pleasure the year round in the way of timely outings winter travel is indispensable. In order to be of the highest benefit pleasure should be well sustained; rather than all being crowded into any one season it should



The Morro Castle, Havana.

be extended over the course of the whole year. As has been pointed out summer affords many opportunities for side trips over holidays and week-ends without any extended vacation. But in the winter time it is otherwise, for ordinarily there are few chances of travel, and as the weather is usually severe, people forego the little outings which tend to keep them in proper spirits. In consequence the majority take all of their pleasure in the summer, when they need it least, and none in the winter, when they are most in need of it. How much better it would be from every standpoint, but particularly from that of pleasure, to take some recreation in the way of trips in winter as well as in summer, thus apportioning the year's allowance over the entire period? It would mean well-balanced holidays. Nor would that be all, for such a plan would also lead to new forms of pleasure—and in new fields. In pleasure, as in all other things, one seeks variety.

A winter's vacation would not carry one to old familiar haunts, to which people have gone for many years and with which one is familiar, but to new scenes abroad, where all is new, where there is a contrast in life and conditions, and where even the climate proves a pleasant variation from that which the traveler has forsaken. What better facilities could one desire?

There are still some people who take vacations merely for the pleasure to be derived from them, little thinking of the benefits which might accrue in the way of health. Usually such persons have always enjoyed health. But in the case of those who are sickly the vacation problem assumes new proportions, and indeed, added importance. With them the main reason for taking a vacation is the improvement of their health. Canadians find little difficulty in enjoying the open air treatment in summer, but few have yet hazarded the practice in winter. Instead, in the win-

ter,—the period of closed windows, artificial heat, and severe weather—they remain indoors, much to the detriment of their health. And thus it is that it has become increasingly the custom for physicians to advise winter vacations abroad, where conditions for outdoor life will be more favorable and health more readily restored. Many a Canadian businessman, who has undergone a breakdown as the result of excessive work without holidays for some years, has owed his restoration to health and strength to a winter spent abroad which has given him precisely the relaxation he required. The "rest cure," it has been called, and it certainly works.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the educational advantages to be derived from winter vacations, as these are now generally admitted by thinking people. There are innumerable benefits because of the countries which are traversed and the information and impressions which

are acquired concerning people and things. One's outlook on life is broadened, one knows something of the wide world, and one returns with an understanding of men and affairs that reflects itself in almost every phase of life. In general this may be said of all travel, but it is true of winter travel in particular because of the untraveled countries into which it leads the average person. Years ago it was only the rich that could afford to take these extended trips, but in these days of cheap and rapid transit, even the person of moderate means and little time can know something of the foreign world from actual experience, which is the greatest of all teachers.

Canadians are possibly as favored as are any other people in the matter of winter travel in that they have a wide range of selection in the arrangement of their trips. Many tropical points are within easy reach and the journey



A scene on the terraces at Monte Carlo.



A picturesque district surrounding Mount Ashville, North Carolina.

to the more distant fields involves no great expense. It is, indeed, surprising what a fine trip one may take at a nominal outlay and in a short time.

There are the Southern States, and beyond these Bermuda, the West Indies and South America. So many have gone from this country to the Southern States that the conditions there are well known. Many points of interest offer exceptional advantages as vacation resorts. The trip to Bermuda is readily taken in ten days or two weeks, the Bahamas are only a few hours farther

away, while tours of the West Indies in general and along the South American coast are well within the reach of people of moderate means. All cannot but prove of exceptional interest. Jamaica, for instance, the largest of the British West Indies, is, in the opinion of Professor Haddon, of Cambridge, among the three most beautiful islands in the world—Jamaica, Ceylon and Java. Nor should the importance of South America be overlooked, for Burton Holmes goes so far as to declare, after viewing its beautiful cities and thriving industries, that Rio de Janeiro is the only charming city in all America—North or South.

This year in particular the trips to the south will be of special interest. The closing period in the construction work on the Panama Canal is bound to attract many sight-seers to that region with the result that there will be heavy traffic. An added feature is that the trade relations which have been entered into between Canada and the West Indies will also have the effect of drawing many Canadians to that group, since they will be more interested in them. This will apply specially to far-sighted Canadian business men who will see in the



A view of the Culebra cut on the Panama Canal.



The region is the delight of touring motor parties.

cruises during winter months an opportunity to be relieved of their business cares at home and to take a sojourn in the Tropics, where they may be able to combine business with pleasure and get a line on the conditions in the Islands with a view to opening up new lines of Canadian trade. The Panama Canal, too, will alter the trade routes of the world and for this, and other reasons, men of affairs, not only from Canada but from various other countries, will be anxious to see the course of construction of the Canal for themselves and gain information as to its operation at first hand.

For the people of Western Canada there are also avenues of travel which are not new but which nevertheless have maintained their prestige and popularity through the many years they have been travelled. The traffic to California again promises to be great, many Canadians preferring the Californian climate to that of any other foreign country during our winter season. The Hawaiian and other Pacific Islands are likewise within ready access.

And then, of course, for those who desire to go far-

ther afield there is the wondrous trip to the Mediterranean. This has become each year more attractive, until this winter it will be probably the most luxuriously appointed and interestingly planned trip on the lists. Many fine liners will make the circuit of its ancient ports, and a number of special tours will include land excursions in Italy, Greece, Turkey, the Holy Land and Egypt. This affords an opportunity to get away from the beaten paths, to catch glimpses of foreign peoples and customs under na-



A California summer resort, "Casa Verdugo,"
English Walnut, Orange and Olive trees
in foreground.



Grand Canal, Venice.

tural conditions and with the maximum of comfort. Egypt of late years has become a great winter resort with many fine hotels, and a particularly alluring social life, amid picturesque sur-

roundings. And Japan and China are also on the map. Indeed, from all accounts world tours during the ensuing winter are to be most liberally patronized.



The Why and the Wherefore of Doctors' Bills

By Edward J. Moore

In this article a question of the greatest importance and widest interest is discussed. Why is it that for the same service doctors charge different people different rates? There's a reason. It is discussed here, both from the standpoint of the public and the profession. Should the members of the medical profession in Canada, particularly specialists and surgeons, have a tariff of fixed charges for their services? But do not attempt to answer the query before perusing the article.

You submit to the kneading and tapping over the sore spot in your vitals with as good grace—meaning as little grunting—as possible, and wait with anxiety for the verdict.

The specialist looks up at you over his eye-glasses, seemingly to see how you will take it.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Smith, it means an operation. If we had caught it a month ago we might have treated it, but now the surrounding tissue seems to be in such a condition that" and so on.

Your heart goes down with a jerk. Somehow there is a finality about the pronouncements of these specialists that strikes deep. Probably your family physician had led you to expect a similar decision, but now that the reality has come you feel a sinking in your stomach and your boots suddenly seem two sizes too large.

A good many of us have been through it and will remember. And for the comfort of those who have not yet had the experience, we can assure them that in all probability their opportunity is more or less closely at hand. In these days of manifold physical derangements and wonderful surgical me-

thods few there be that escape. If "that pain" hasn't found you to-day, don't worry, it will to-morrow. As Pompey or some one of similar calibre said a few centuries ago: "If you have not yet faced it, death or victory lies before you."

A chaotic mass of thought rushes in at the moment when one faces the real thing, but among these, two stand out prominently. First, "Will I come through it all right?" Second, "How much will it cost me?"

One finds out afterwards that the first question is really a negligible one. You always come through all right, of course. The second question is one well worth discussing.

It isn't really a question one needs to worry over very seriously, for the reason that it is already answered. You have, unwittingly, made the answer yourself. Even though you haven't yet a pain or an ache the whole matter is settled.

Are you a grocer's clerk or a bank president? Do you rent fifty acres or own a peach farm and run a motor? Do you keep your surplus cash in the "Savings" or in "C. P. R.'s" and "Rio's." Tell us this, name the specialist whose tender mercies you would pre-

fer to submit to, and we'll make out the bill without waiting for any further developments.

The nature of the operation? Oh, that makes little difference. Appendicitis or fleshy enlargement, cancer or whatever it may be, your bill will be the same, or so near it, it wouldn't be worth inquiring about.

The writer put a question something like this to one of Toronto's leading surgeon's the other day:

"Is it true, doctor, that in making up your charges you specialists—like the railways and express companies—put on all you think the 'trade' will stand?"

"Well," said the authority, smiling, "it does seem to work out a good deal like that. But why shouldn't we?"

This latter side of the case will be dealt with later.

It will be seen, then, that our contention is true. Chats with half-a-dozen doctors, both greater and lesser lights' "cub" physicians and those old in experience, bear out the facts. Members of the medical profession in Canada today, and this, of course, applies particularly to specialists and to surgical work, have no fixed charges for their services.

The surgeon mentioned above explained the matter this way:

"My regular fee for (naming a familiar abdominal operation) is \$150. This is, of course, exclusive of hospital fees, which run from \$15 to \$75 a week, according to the fastidious ideas and desires of the patient. Last week I had a case of this kind and my bill was \$50. The week before for a similar case I charged \$300. I usually try to find out something about my patient's circumstances before I render the account."

A few examples picked up from and outside the doctors show the working-out of the system.

"Why, yes," said a nurse from one of the hospitals, led innocently, perhaps, to make a small breach in her professional ethics, "I saw a good example of that the other day. A well-to-do patient, without any relatives, and who had an incurable disease, was being operated upon with a view to giving

him some measure of immediate comfort. In this case the doctor who administered the anæsthetic charged \$100. The regular fee for this, by an ordinary doctor," she went on, "is \$10, but if they think you can stand it they charge \$25."

Rather an amusing story bearing on the point was told by a clergyman from one of the smaller towns.

"Some time ago," he said, "I had an X-ray photo taken of my hand in one of the Toronto hospitals. I suppose they found out I was a minister, and concluded my salary was not too opulent, for my bill was \$3. Here the other day, however, my son, who is at one of the preparatory schools in the city, and was injured in a football game, had to have his leg examined in a similar way. This time I suppose they argued that the parents of the boy must be at least fairly well-to-do to be able to keep him in college, for the bill was \$10."

Still another case bears out our contention. Within the year an operation, decidedly delicate, though of a familiar type, was performed on a well-known public man, whose interests mount into the millions. The surgeon's fee in this case was said to be \$5,000, while an attending physician of lesser reputation, who, it is whispered, "only looked on," received \$600. The anæsthetist's fee was not mentioned.

"Of course," commented the surgeon who told the story, "the five or six thousand was no more to that man than \$5 would be to you." With which the writer joyfully agreed.

It is perhaps worth mentioning that in this case the patient and both doctors are members of a somewhat exclusive patriotic fraternity. Presumably this had something to do with the second doctor's interest in the case.

A firm of physicians, whose reputation is continental, located in one of the cities across the border, seems to have reduced the system to a fine art. Among other secretaries who look after the details of their business, there is said to be one bright young man whose sole duties are to ascertain the financial standing of the patients, so that so far as possible an equitable levy may be made

for the expert work done. A somewhat interesting story is told which illustrates their methods.

Some little time ago an ordinary-looking farmer who sadly needed surgical treatment, asked as usual, after preliminary examination, what the expense would be.

"We do not accept any case under \$100," was the reply.

Somewhat regretfully, the patient agreed to the terms and a little time after the operation sent a check for the amount. In the meantime, however, the firm's secretary had looked into the man's circumstances, ascertained that while straightforward and hard-working, he had had a great deal of trouble and had in desperation borrowed the cash to pay for his operation. As a result, the check was returned with the receipted statement.

From the public's standpoint the question as to the legitimacy of this "charge-according - to - circumstances" method is certainly a discussable one.

John Jones, laborer, who makes \$2.50 per day, pays just as much for his bread and tea and water and coal as does W. J. H. Smith, of the legal firm of Smith, Chase, Casey & Wood, who draws \$50,000 per year. If he buys a bicycle to carry him to and from work he pays exactly the same price Mr. Smith would pay if he bought the same wheel for the use of one of his sons; more perhaps, for Smith is likely to have a friend in the factory who will cut off a percentage of the sales commission for him.

Thus far the spirit of democracy prevails under the fortunate conditions of life in Canada. But go a step further.

John Jones falls down his front steps in the dark some evening and breaks his collarbone. Dr. Blank, who happens to be passing in his motor, fixes him up and sends in a bill for \$5. The next day Mr. Smith slips off the steps of his bank and sustains exactly the same injury, in this case "a fracture of the clavicle." Dr. Blank, fortunately passes just at this moment, gives the same attention as he gave to Jones, but renders an account for \$100.

The system certainly works out to

the inestimable advantage of Jones. But should it? Hasn't Smith a real reason for complaint? Hasn't the millionaire, whose operation, referred to above, cost him about \$6,000 in surgeon's fees alone, a really just cause for objection? Is the system, after all, an equitable one?

Thus far we have been dealing more or less closely with the public's side of the matter. Let us now turn to the professional side.

It is a quite well-understood fact, though one we do not always stop to remember, that the ethics of the medical profession require a physician to give treatment when and where called on, provided it is at all practicable for him to do so, no matter what station in life the prospective patient may occupy, nor what his chances of reward for the given service may be.

Thus, in considering the large amounts charged by the doctors under certain circumstances, we must also consider the fact that in numerous cases their services are given entirely gratis. This would not seem to apply so frequently to specialists who have climbed well up the ladder. When they reach the point where their reputation is widespread and they are constantly in demand, there is naturally a tendency on the part of less well-to-do patients to get along with less expert service. But the service without charge or at very moderate charge is given much more frequently than the public imagines. One hears about the large bills, but, since man's cupidity is universal, little is said about the small ones.

The head surgeon of one of Toronto's hospitals put the matter this way.

"I have just come," he said, "from my morning round of the hospital. In the past three hours I have examined fifty patients. So far as I see now, I shall receive payment from only two of them. One of these is the wife of a man who makes probably \$15,000 a year and is not overly generous with his surplus cash. Have I not a moral as well as a legal right to ask for a fairly generous fee from him?"

The matter deserves consideration, as well, from another standpoint.

The medical profession is one to enter

which cost not only an abundance of long-sustained effort, but also an abundance of time and money. The medical course, with its laboratory fees, its necessary respectable little library and its five to eight years of training, is the most expensive offered by the universities. There are cases, but they are few, where students have put themselves through the course financially by their own efforts. Again, many of the graduates of the Canadian colleges, to gain wider experience and thus make themselves more valuable to prospective patients, spend two or more years rather expensively in England or on the Continent before entering active professional service.

Yet another factor applies to those members of the profession who are able to command the highest fees. They achieve their reputation, either through an enormous amount of exacting mental and physical labor, by reason of years of experience, by reason, again, of a modicum of genius in some particular line, or, as in many cases, through an application of all these factors. Those who stand at the top of the medical profession, have not gotten there as have many of the heads in other lines of business, namely, by reason of a fortune or a well-established business being handed down to them, or, as in other cases, by a lucky deal in real estate or on the stock market. Their places have been achieved by reason of straight personal effort. No unearned increment attaches to them.

Since this is so, have they not a right to provide for the assurance of financial rewards which will place them on a par, so far as the possibilities of life are concerned, with men of similar ability in other professions.

There is still another side of the story, one which would surely not occur to the layman unless his attention were attracted to it.

"Most of these well-to-do men," said

a young physician who has already gained considerable local repute, in discussing the matter, "are people of high standing in the community, men who are either large employers of labor or who direct large public interests. Even did he not wish to do so, the physician who attends them feels that he must give more than ordinary service because of their importance to the community. This class of people do not want ordinary service. They want the best. And to give it to them the physician takes extra precautions and extra time. Then again, the nervous strain of operating on a man of this type is terrific. It cannot be imagined by one who has not had the experience. The tension is bad enough when one is performing an operation on an unknown patient from the "free" wards, but to go through the same work on a man of the type I refer to, when a slip of the knife may cause death or an infinitesimal amount of carelessness lead to serious infection and the ultimate removal of so useful a life—then is the time when one's nerves suffer. That's one reason," he went on, "why I feel perfectly justified in charging one of these men what you might consider a large fee. The mental agony I undergo in treating him is worth it." Without doubt there is a good deal in his contention.

The question possesses features of decided interest which, after all, cannot be settled on a general basis. Each case, like those diagnosed by the physician, must be judged on its own peculiar circumstances.

So then, ye prospective patients, prepare to meet the crisis with all possible fortitude. The only advice which can be offered with the assurance of being at once safe and timely is as follows:

Prepare for the worst, as regards the disturbance to the interiors of both yourself and your bank book. This avoids all possibility of disappointment.

H. S. Holt: An Aggressive Financier

By W. A. Craick

Though his influence in financial and industrial affairs extends to all parts of the Dominion, H. S. Holt, of Montreal, is said to be the least known of all the millionaires of the metropolis. But he is easily one of the most interesting and, indeed, successful. The personality of the man, the outstanding features of his remarkable career, and the success which his business genius has brought to the numerous interests which he dominates—all these combine in affording an abundance of material for this racy sketch of one of Canada's foremost financiers and men of affairs.

UP ON THE SECOND FLOOR of the big Power Building on Craig Street, Montreal, and at one end of an expansive board room, which occupies an entire corner of the flat, there sits at a desk a grave and dignified personage, who rises slowly on your entrance and greets you with a peculiarly solemn smile. He is Herbert Samuel Holt, the man behind Montreal Power, the head of the Royal Bank, president of this and that corporation, director of Canadian Pacific and a score of other companies, one of Canada's foremost financiers and men of affairs. To-day, with the proximate fusion of three gigantic power companies in sight, with a third important bank merger safely accomplished, and with all the enterprises in which he is interested driving forward on the crest of a wave of prosperity, he is a figure worth scrutinizing—a personality deserving of attention.

One is informed warningly that Mr. Holt is a most difficult person to interview, that he is exceedingly reticent, hates publicity and is physically big enough to eject any obnoxious visitor from his office. One's preconception of the man based on such a description is liable to consist largely of bearish characteristics. He is supposedly of the

growling, get-out-of-my-way, mind-your-own-business type of being, to whom a pencil and a notebook are synonymous with red rags to a bull.

But this picture belies the man somewhat. To the interviewer, he can be unpleasantly curt at times, but generally speaking he is courteous and unassuming. There are some people who cloak themselves in a mock modesty for a purpose. There are even those who object profanely to being made the subject of newspaper or magazine articles—with calculated theatrical effect. But Mr. Holt is your genuinely modest man. One might almost term him shy, though that would scarcely be in keeping with his stature and accomplishments. He is at any rate reserved and entirely unpretentious. He is the man of the board room, not of the convention hall; one who prefers the quiet of his library to the gossip of the club; a good listener but an indifferent speaker. It is not improbable that his reticence and supposed coldness are directly attributable to an early conviction that nature had not gifted him with an ability to converse as entertainingly or tell stories as effectively as certain of his acquaintances. At any rate he is the type of man who says little and thinks

a great deal, and, while he can converse pleasantly in private, is as silent as a sphinx in public.

To the man on the street, H. S. Holt is, generally speaking, an unfamiliar personage. Though he is a most important factor in the life of practically every citizen of Montreal, and though his influence stretches out through financial and industrial channels to all parts of the Dominion, yet he is the least known of all the millionaires of the metropolis. For one thing he is exceedingly democratic in his dress. He is not a man who believes that the garb of a bank president should invariably consist of a silk hat and a frock coat, or that he should ride through the principal thoroughfares in a glittering limousine. An ordinary tweed suit and a felt hat are sufficiently becoming and far more serviceable, and to walk down from his residence on Stanley Street to his office in the Power Building is much better for his health. So he joins in the procession of bank clerks, merchants and lawyers and goes to his work like one of them, and that tall, sandy complexioned fellow, who rubs shoulders with you on Bleury Street, is like as not the great financier himself.

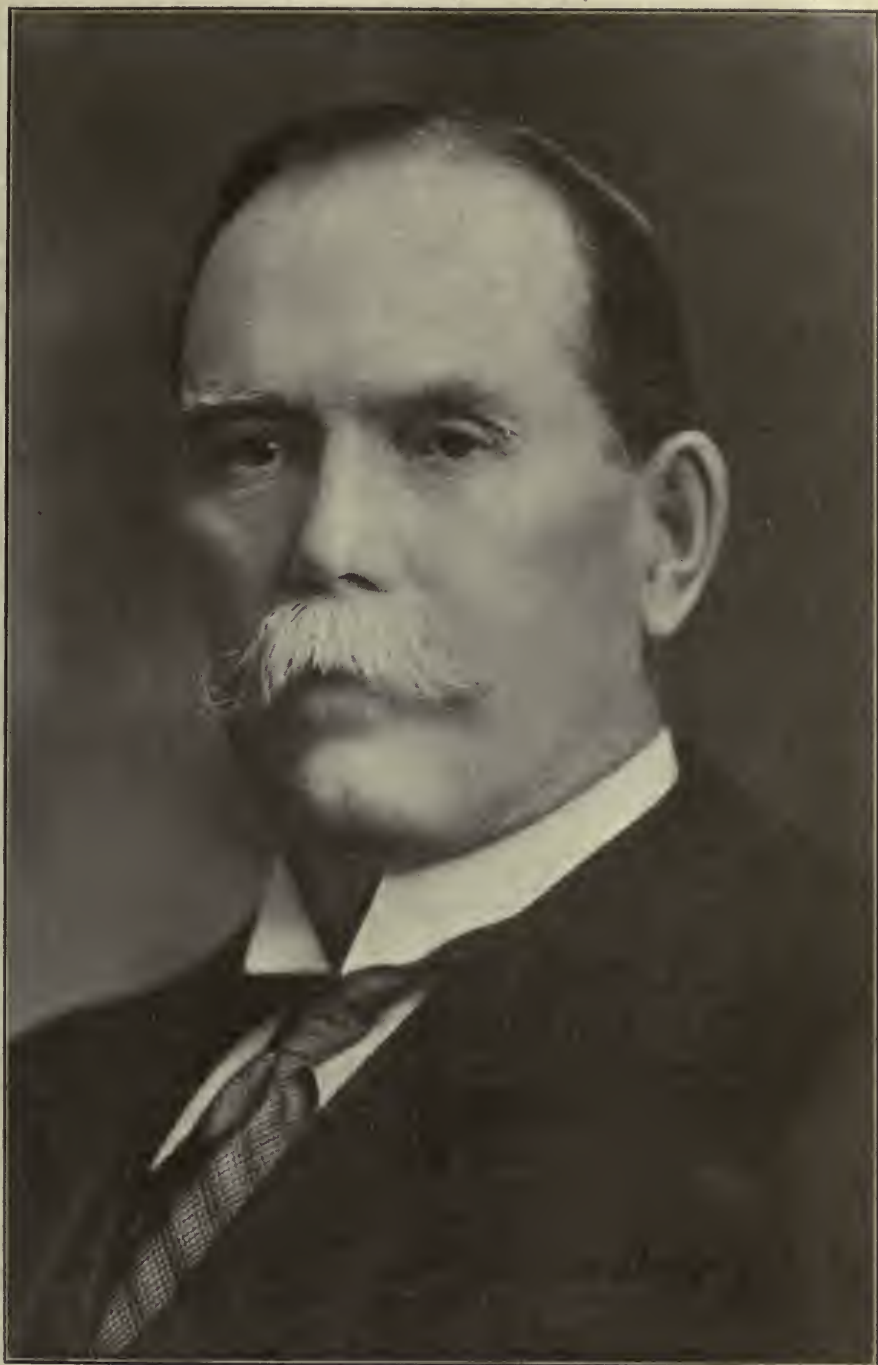
Mr. Holt is tall, with a somewhat slight frame. Robustness is not one of his characteristics, and he must needs live somewhat carefully and systematically. The daily constitutional has become a sort of necessity. The face is grave, even when it is lighted up with that odd smile of his, which draws the lips slowly back from the teeth. The hair is darkish in hue, though showing signs of thinness, while a light moustache harmonizes with the fairness of his complexion. The whole head is square-cut, giving indication of a determined will back of the calm exterior.

It is possible, or should be possible in the case of most successful men, to go back to a period in their lives and say: Just here the foundations were laid for their future greatness. True, many influences, extending over a number of years, must needs combine to produce a strong personality, but there is usually some one formative epoch, which has much to do with the outcome. In the

case of the Montreal magnate, it was undoubtedly those early years he spent on the Credit Valley Railway, when he acted as resident engineer for James Ross during the latter's career as superintendent. "We had some great old experiences in those days," he remarks, as he is reminded of the time when, a callow, freckled, Irish youth, he did his share in keeping the wheels turning on the old road.

Those little pioneer railways which the men of a generation ago thrust through the sparsely settled districts of old Ontario—the Toronto, Grey and Bruce, the Toronto and Nipissing, the Midland, the Victoria, the Credit Valley and others—to-day prosperous divisions of the greater roads which eventually swallowed them up, were splendid training grounds for many men who have since become prominent in the life of the country. "Give me a railway in difficulties to manage," said a famous English railroad man on one occasion, "and I will work to far better advantage than if I had to look after a successful road." It was the difficulties which beset the pioneer roads that were the making of such men as H. S. Holt.

The future millionaire invaded Canada in 1875 at the age of nineteen years. He was just an ordinary young chap, quiet, well-mannered and without any outward indication that he would ever set the world on fire. He had been born and raised in Dublin and came to America with the army of emigrants who annually sailed from their native land to seek their fortune in the new world. Chance brought him into contact with James Ross soon after he landed. Ross was at the time engaged in operating the Victoria Railway, which stretched northward from Lindsay into the lumber districts of Haliburton, and on the Victoria Railway, along with J. W. Leonard, young Holt got his rudimentary education as an engineer. It was a good practical school and, being very much in earnest, the Irish boy was not long picking up such knowledge as was needed to qualify him for heavier undertakings. When Ross became superintendent of the Credit Valley, he



H. S. HOLT,
The Montreal Financier.

did not hesitate to carry his protégé with him.

Veterans of the rail tell many amusing stories about the vicissitudes of the Credit Valley. Prior to its absorption by the Ontario and Quebec, it extended from Toronto to Woodstock, with two or three short branches, and it was sadly straightened for money. At times its credit was so bad that it could not secure a ton of coal to fire its engines and early travelers recall having to wait in the coaches at Parkdale until the agent could go, with the cash he had collected from the sale of tickets, and buy the necessary load of coal or wood to fill the tender. To such a low ebb had its fortunes dwindled in the early eighties that the late George Laidlaw, its promoter, was ready to sell the whole outfit to the Grand Trunk for six hundred thousand dollars, five hundred of which consisted of its debts.

With such an impecunious road as this Mr. Holt was associated for several years as a young man. He resided in Toronto with a brother and sister and was on intimate terms with a number of men who have subsequently become famous. He is described by some of his old friends as just a plain, hard-working young man, tall and slim, rather shy and silent, and conspicuous by reason of a profusion of freckles. As resident engineer he was called on to attend to a great deal of the detail work of management and proved himself to be capable, efficient and painstaking, with a fondness for studying out thoroughly every problem that presented itself for solution.

Young Holt's abilities commended themselves to James Ross and, when the latter left the Credit Valley in 1883 to become superintendent of construction on the Canadian Pacific, out on the prairies, he invited the younger man to accompany him as his lieutenant. In his quiet way, Mr. Holt informed his friends of his intentions and added that it would not be very long before he would take a hand in the contracting game himself. He was shrewd enough to see that it was the contractor who was making the money, not the en-

gineer, and he had a fancy that the possession of capital was not without its attractions. He went west in 1883, about the same time as William Mackenzie and Dan Mann and for nine years he was pretty closely associated with these two enterprising individuals. Indeed it may be said that while Messrs. Smith, Stephen, McIntyre and Angus were the quartette who financed the C. P. R. through its early stages, there was another quartette at work out on the prairies and in through the mountains, to wit Messrs. Ross, Holt, Mackenzie and Mann, who bore a large share of the burden of construction.

Mr. Holt's prediction that he would soon become a contractor was early fulfilled. Indeed within a year his patron had made it possible for him to take up certain construction work on his own account. His influence grew and with it his ability to swing larger and larger contracts. On the prairie and mountain divisions, then in Quebec and Maine, he worked in close association with his trio of allies and, when in 1889 this work was completed, he spent three years in the west again, building the Regina, Qu'appelle and Long Lake Railway and the Calgary and Edmonton Railway.

Meanwhile his work in Quebec had brought him in contact with the Paton family in Sherbrooke, and an attachment had developed between the successful contractor and Miss Jessie Paton, the eldest daughter. This culminated in the marriage of the pair in 1890, a union which has been a very happy one. Thus fortune had been kind to the Irish boy. He had attained before he was forty years of age, wealth, prestige and an alliance with one of the leading families of the country. All this had come to him not by studied calculation nor by wire-pulling, but by merit. Nor was he ungrateful to the man who had given him such a boost up the ladder. The story is told that when Mr. Ross' sister was to be married to James Grace, Mr. Holt went with a friend to purchase a wedding present. The pair visited a jewelry store and, having an-

nounced their purpose, were shown a number of articles, of which the average value was perhaps twenty dollars. Mr. Holt pushed the boxes aside, "Show me something that means money," said he, and presently made a purchase worth four hundred dollars. It was not vulgar ostentation that prompted him to such a lavish expenditure, for, whatever other defects he may have, H. S. Holt is not ostentatious, but simply a

into the promotion of civic utilities. The decade from 1892 to 1902 marked the building up of the Montreal Light, Heat & Power Company by the consolidation of several smaller companies. Originating with the old Montreal Gas Company, of which Mr. Holt soon became president, and taking in from time to time, the Royal Electric Company, the Montreal and St. Lawrence Light and Power Company, the



Mr. H. S. Holt's residence in Montreal.

desire to show that he owed a great deal to the man who had given him his start.

The year 1892 marked the dissolution of the activities of the railroad quartette. Henceforth Mackenzie and Mann were to hoe their own row, while Ross and Holt went their several ways, the former into those industrial and financial operations with which his name has since been associated and the latter

Imperial Electric Company, the Lachine Rapids Hydraulic Company, the Citizens' Light and Power Company, and several others, a powerful organization, capitalized at seventeen million dollars, was ultimately created.

The sphere of influence of Montreal Power is extensive. Its charter, acquired from the Quebec Government in 1901, confers wide powers and to-day it transmits current not only all over the

city of Montreal, but to a large section of the surrounding country. Its customers for electric power number 33,000 and for gas 60,000. It has great power plants at Chambly on the Richelieu River, at Soulanges and Lachine on the St. Lawrence River and at Shawinigan Falls. Despite the almost despotic methods by which its president has forced his competitors to the wall and has secured a practical monopoly of the business of supplying power and light in the Montreal district, he has been shrewd enough not to antagonize the public. Time was when Montreal Power was not in as good repute as it is to-day. There were murmurs. People did not view with pleasure the absorption of the independent companies. To offset this Mr. Holt has wisely taken steps to popularize his company and a reduction in prices of both electricity and gas, made last July, has served to sooth the public irritation.

In the evolution of this great consolidated utility corporation, Mr. Holt has been the prime mover. Montreal Power has been his pet project. He has devoted to it the largest share of his time and attention. He has made electrical development his hobby, until there is not an engineer in his employ who knows more about the details of the system than himself. In brief, he is the company's own consulting engineer with his fingers on every part of the system.

Up to 1902, the work of consolidating the power companies of Montreal was sufficient to absorb most of Mr. Holt's time. Since then, while still watching with close attention the progress of the great company he had brought into being, he has allowed himself to be drawn into other enterprises. First and foremost among these must be placed his banking interests. It has almost faded from the minds of most people that, when the ill-fated Sovereign Bank first opened its doors in January 1902, the president of the new institution was H. S. Holt. For three years he occupied this position, and they were undoubtedly years of spectacular

progress. How much of the early success of the Bank must be apportioned to the ability of its president and how much to the skill of its general manager, it would be hard to tell, but, taking into account the characteristics of the former, there can be little doubt that his influence counted for a good deal.

In 1905, one of those sudden, inexplicable changes took place which set loose all manner of conjectures. All that the public knew was that the president of the Sovereign had resigned and had immediately joined the directorate of the Royal. It was given out at the time by way of explanation that it was a little awkward for the Sovereign Bank to have its head office in one city and its president in another. But this explanation hardly held water since it was equally true that the general manager had his office and lived in Montreal. It was much more probable that there was some little discord between the two officials, which was easily settled by the president's resignation. At the same time there can be little doubt that the Royal Bank, which was on the eve of removing its head office from Halifax to Montreal, was eager to secure the support of such a prominent Montrealer as Mr. Holt and made attractive overtures to him.

In the light of future happenings, there are those who point to Mr. Holt's sudden change as an excellent illustration of his shrewdness and foresight. They would have it that he knew there were breakers ahead, and was alert enough to leave the doomed vessel before it was too late. Such a charge, if it were true, would be a serious blot on the financier's reputation, but no one who knows him would believe it for a minute. It would be entirely out of keeping with his character. Instead of avoiding difficulties, he is just the man who delights in facing them. Besides this it must be remembered that three years were to elapse before the Sovereign bubble burst and that the cause of its collapse was not attributable to

any transactions that had taken place during his presidency.

The Royal Bank had been known as the Merchants' Bank of Halifax up to 1901. In 1903 its chief executive offices were transferred to Montreal and in 1906 its head office followed. Immediately on his appointment to the directorate Mr. Holt was marked for its presidency. The veteran Thomas E. Kenny was about to retire and in 1906 the Montrealer became vice-president. Two years later, the same year that witnessed the failure of the Sovereign, he stepped into the presidency. Surely there was a little of the irony of fate in this promotion.

No bank in Canada has made more rapid strides in recent years than the Royal. From the little Merchants Bank of Halifax to the third largest bank in the Dominion, almost within ten years, is a big step. In his presidential capacity Mr. Holt has shown himself alert and aggressive and, while it would be untrue to say that he has been personally responsible for the rapid advance of the bank, it must be admitted that his energy, his constant watchfulness and his resourcefulness have had no small influence on the result. The present expansion began with the absorption of the Union Bank of Halifax in 1910. In 1911 followed the acquisition of the West Indian branches of the Colonial Bank of London, and this fall the public have been treated to the spectacle of the biggest merger in the history of Canadian banking when the Royal and the Traders amalgamated. In all these transactions the president of the Royal took a direct personal interest.

It is most significant that every industrial corporation with which Mr. Holt has become associated as director, stands high in the estimation of the public. While there is not an enterprise that would not be delighted to have his support, he has exercised discrimination in picking the companies with which he has allowed his name to figure. Anything questionable, anything largely speculative he has avoided. Thus in surveying the industrial field,

you will only find mention of him in such highly respectable enterprises as the Steel Company of Canada, the Canada Paper Company, the Canadian Car and Foundry Co., the Canadian General Electric Company, the Dominion Textile Company, Montreal Cottons Limited, Ogilvie Flour Mills Company and Price Bros. and Company. He has also taken an interest in the London Street Railway and the Monterey Railway, Light and Power Company, while he is president of the Kaministiquia Power Company and director of the Shawinigan Water and Power Company.

The crowning point of Mr. Holt's successful career may be said to have been reached in 1911, when he became a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. Following the death of the late Robert Meighan and the late Senator Forget, two vacancies occurred on the board of the great transcontinental. It is said that there was no hesitation in naming H. S. Holt for the first of these vacancies. He was the great outstanding figure of the day in the world of finance and the railway directors felt that their board would be greatly strengthened by his inclusion.

If to these various offices, industrial, financial and administrative, be added the presidency of the Montreal Trust Company, one is provided with a fairly complete list of the more important activities of the great man. How he contrives to attend to the manifold duties connected with these numerous positions is a mystery, for H. S. Holt is not of the figurehead type of director. That he does succeed in impressing his personality on everything he takes up is evidence that his interest is not ephemeral. The secret perhaps lies in the fact that he is a man of business, first and last. He has no distractions. He has no hobbies. He works early and late. He concentrates all his faculties on the one object—business success.

On Stanley Street, up near the base of Mount Royal, there is a fine stone residence, which is pointed out as the

home of the president of the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company. It is a very luxurious mansion, as befits a man of his position. But one doesn't see its rooms and furnishings illustrated in the weekly papers. In his private life Mr. Holt is just as free from ostentation as in his business life. To live finely has not been his objective, though he recognizes fully the value of pleasing surroundings. His has been largely the simple life.

His round of existence therefore requires no long telling. The matutinal walk to the office, the busy morning at his desk, luncheon with a few congenial friends at the select Mount Royal Club, the afternoon's duties in office or board room, dinner at home and an evening in his library, make up the day's work, with those necessary variations which must break into any great man's routine. At one time he found an occasional opportunity for golf at Dixie, but his appearance on the links is rare now. In place of golf, he exercises at home and walks as often as he can. He is one of the few Montreal magnates who does not boast a summer home. Holiday time

he customarily spends on a transatlantic trip, when he loses no opportunity of studying engineering developments on the continent at first hand.

This then is the man who has cut so important a figure in the financial life of Canada during the past decade. Big, brainy and aggressive, he ranks high among the men who are developing the resources of the country. He may lack those characteristics which render a man popular, he may be blunt, he may want his own way a little too much, but no one can deny that he is upright, broad-minded and sincere. He is not a man who attracts or seeks friends, but he always enjoys the society of a small circle of intimates. He is serious, not given to hilarity, and constantly devoted to business, but he can relax on occasion and be merry and sociable. Those who work directly under him, the officials of his companies, admire him hugely. The business men of Montreal respect him. He is generally regarded as a solid character, able in administration, brilliant in finance, a man to be reckoned with in any work to which he sets his hand.

Replacing Devastated Forests

During the past year Uncle Sam gathered enough Douglas fir seed to plant 750,000,000 trees. The seed was planted on burned-out tracts of the National reserves that had been devastated by fires in the past three years. Forest fires were unusually destructive during the summer months of 1910 and 1911, despite the large army of rangers constantly on patrol. At least 20,000 acres of the finest timber in the National forests were burned. A very great portion of this was planted to fir seed last fall, and, according to the reports of district forest superintendents, the young trees have sprouted up through

the soil. If all goes well they will be full grown firs in twenty-five to forty years.

In order to secure the seed, an especial appeal was made to the boys and girls of Washington and Oregon, where the Douglas fir abounds, for fir cones, and many lads made from two to three dollars per day gathering them. Three methods were followed: First, the cones that squirrels had cut down and dropped were picked up; second, they were taken from standing trees; third, they were gathered from felled trees. The greater quantity was picked up from the ground.

The Ghost of Eskindale

By Alan Sullivan

There has been quite a revival of interest in ghost stories recently. Of course the public does not believe in ghosts, but from time to time some people come forward with the assertion that they have actually seen them. And in many cases seeing is believing. There is a ghost in this story, as the title would indicate, but it's a genial, beneficent ghost—the creation of Alan Sullivan, the popular Canadian writer, whose work is always a delight to readers.

ESKINDALE MANOR is in Kent and not far from Maidstone. You reach it by a hedge-bordered road that goes over two brooks and then climbs a long ridge that meanders lazily through this most delightful part of the garden of England. On the side of the ridge sits the manor smiling contentedly at the velvet country below. It has two towers, a big banqueting room lined with old portraits and armor, from each end of which long wings ramble off to the north, and on a stone in the west tower is carved "Eskyndale fecit A. D. 1692."

The unfortunate part of it was that shortly after Eskyndale fecit in 1692 the family wealth practically disappeared. The armor and pictures remained intact, the smooth lawns still spread their carpet around the old house, but it was only by virtue of extraordinary efforts on the part of the builders' descendants. The burden descended to John Eskindale, the present owner, when he moved from the side of the table to the end of it, and that burden now hung suspended over the head of David. It had always been that way in the family, a David followed a John.

The manor was at its best in June. The reflection came simultaneously to father and son as they looked out through the long morning room win-

dows and watched the rabbits hop across the sparkling lawn, scattering the dew. David was on furlough from service in Egypt. Five years of drought and sand and parching sun had given him a strange appetite for the sweet mistiness of an English summer morning, and, both early risers, they met here through a common and unspoken impulse. So now they felt very near each other, these two to whom the old place meant so much.

Standing a moment in silence, David felt his father's hand on his shoulder. He did not move, he had almost expected it. But there followed his father's voice and in it a note that was new to David. "It's good, old chap, it's very good, but—" he hesitated—"it can't last."

David turned suddenly. "Can't last, sir?"

"I put off telling you as long as possible," he spoke quietly but with a thin uncertain thread of feeling. "I put it off, because I didn't want to spoil your holiday—but now you should know. Eskindale must go."

David's face whitened underneath its coat of tan. "Why, Dad, what has happened?" he said quickly.

"Only what began to happen two hundred years ago. We are land poor.

We always have been. I have spun it out as long as possible, and can't go any further. I wanted to turn the place over to you, David—but—"

The young soldier was staring at his father; then he put his own hand firmly on the one that still rested on his shoulder. "What about mother, sir?"

"That's it. I knew you would ask that. She must not know—must never know. You'll help me, David. It's going to be a hard pull. We'll talk of it again, when—"

A door opened and Mrs. Eskindale entered. She was one of those frail and delicately perfect creatures who seem to secure the affection of all by the mere act and effort of keeping alive. Dainty as a bit of her own china, she was the centre of the world for the two men who advanced quickly to meet her. Then breakfast was brought in.

A week later an advertisement appeared in *The Field* below a photograph of Eskindale Manor, and curiously enough the Eskindale subscription to that most interesting journal terminated on the same day. But it is to the wanderings of one particular copy of that issue that your attention is invited.

This copy appeared on the smoking room table of the S.S. *Hunstanton*, Liverpool to New York. It suffered the usual fate of such papers, being left regularly on the floor at night and as regularly replaced by the steward next morning. On the third day out the eye of Benson fell upon an illuminating article on bulldogs. Benson was an owner and breeder of bulldogs, he also was European traveller for the Standard Sewing Machine Company of Newburg, New York. Now whatever touched bulldogs also touched Benson. He read the article carefully twice, and, on the termination of the second reading, looked stealthily around the smoking room. It was empty. A minute later he walked quickly to his cabin, and *The Field* went with him. You have now the first links of the chain. Eskindale—poverty—*Field*—bulldogs—Benson—Standard Sewing Machine Company.

Just about thirty years before a lean

New England mechanic had an idea, which was nothing unusual for a New England mechanic. After a good deal of filing and hammering and welding this idea took shape in the form of the famous balanced shuttle on which the Standard Sewing Machine Company was subsequently floated and on which also Hiram Langdon, the lean mechanic, grew with the growing enterprise, till he filled the president's chair. Prosperity came and he grew used to it, independence sauntered along and he grew used to it, so with responsibility and all the other things of advancing position. But there were just two things he had never had time to get used to—his wife and daughter.

Now there comes a period in the life of a thinking man when, after years of labor, he begins to consider the gentler side of life. In this period he sees more clearly than ever the enormous value of the companionship of his family and of those benign influences which every good woman exercises on her husband.

Hiram stood at this particular turn of the road, in fact he had been standing there for the last year or so, and it was entirely due to the office boy, who found *The Field* on the floor by Benson's desk the day after his return to head office, that Hiram took the step of which you will now be informed.

Why the office boy should have put it on the president's table is of course due to the fact that office boys are devoid of the bump of location, and it was a physical impossibility for this one to replace anything in its proper position. So it happened, that, as the roar of his factory dwindled into silence at noon, Hiram Langdon's eye ran down those most interesting pages devoted to English properties for sale, and adorned with the most charming illustrations imaginable. Presently he halted at the following:

"Gentleman's residence in Kent. Elizabethan mansion. Twenty rooms and offices. One bathroom. Hot and cold water laid on. Thirty acres. Twelve under cultivation, old world gardens and fruit trees. May be purchased

at low price. Positively must be sold. Unequalled opportunity. Apply Messrs. Woodbridge and Flint, 32 Moorgate St., London, E.C."

Immediately above this was a photograph of the south front of Eskindale Manor.

You will kindly spare the writer of this perfectly authentic narrative the relation of those details involved in the purchase by Hiram Langdon of Eskindale Manor. His wife, a bright-eyed cylindrical person of unexampled energy, rebelled at the contemplation of one bathroom. His daughter Helen raised her beautiful eyebrows and wondered what offices pertained to a private house. But Hiram had visions of morning cigars while he paced tranquilly across those velvet lawns, and, in the correspondence that followed with Messrs. Woodbridge and Flint, those eminently respectable solicitors exhibited such a readiness to serve the purchaser's wishes that all minor difficulties disappeared as if by magic.

There are no words in which to express the feelings of John Eskindale when he received the first payment from Hiram Langdon. He walked to a window of the rooms they had taken in Sussex Square and stared out on the smooth gray walls and immaculate doorsteps that surrounded him. It hit him hard that he alone of his long line should have to surrender those ancient acres. Then he looked at his wife. The tears were streaming down her delicate cheeks. She had known for months. All their care had not been able to spare her this. So John, like the brave gentleman he was, rammed the cheque into his pocket and smiled, and kissed her very tenderly. "I think, my dear," he said, "that we had better run over to Paris for a week."

The new owners took possession on October the first. The next week two box stalls were thrown into one and a gasoline tank was buried beneath the stable floor. The week following an order went to the principal plumber in Maidstone to equip three bathrooms. About the first of November the weather

turned cold and Hiram had a chill. He retaliated by installing a furnace and hot water heating system with innumerable radiators. Then the Langdons got ready to settle down. As to the manner of this settling there is one thing to be observed. They were impressed by a tremendous respect and rapidly growing affection for the place. Helen especially took to it like a bird to some new and fashionable nest. She was tall and very fair, with a broad white forehead and exquisite complexion and features. It seemed as if her mother's spirit and her father's brains had amalgamated to adorn her beautiful person. So there was no difficulty in making friends, and by the end of the month Hiram had begun to think quizzically about the next Quarter Sessions and the annual live stock show in June. The heating system was the wonder of Maidstone, because although Brent Hall, two miles away, had an American furnace it had never been used, while Eskindale Manor was permeated by a soothing warmth which their English visitors considered very enervating but decidedly comfortable.

On the first of December, Hiram sat late in the evening in the long hall. His wife and daughter had retired. Beside him the great fireplace glowed with red embers and behind him a radiator diffused its beneficent emanations. He was halfway through his last cigar and in that peculiar placidity of mood which is attributable to a good dinner, excellent whiskey and Havana tobacco. Suddenly he had an undeniable chill. He rose and stalked to the radiator. It was too hot to touch. He sat down again, leaning closer to the chair for his back was cold. The house was absolutely still. Then he heard something. The feeling and hearing were curiously blended, he did not know which sensation was uppermost. It was as if some new faculty of observation were in action. He made out a slight surging in his ears and for the first time in his life the hair on the back of his head began to creep and prick his skin. At the same moment

a cool dampness was noticeable and he looked toward the end of the hall. The door was open. Now Hiram had gone to that door with his wife and shut it carefully behind her. He was sure of that. Then at the other end of the hall he saw something. He was equally sure of that. It was white and soundless. He caught it for a moment, then it vanished. There was no door there—just a huge square of panelling that rose to the ceiling beams. He walked quickly, to nothing, nothing but the old brown oak and a picture of an Eskindale. For a moment he stood wondering and trying to shake off a burden of oppressive weight that had enveloped him. Then he dropped the unfinished cigar into the fireplace, looked carefully about the room again and went upstairs.

"You're late, Hiram," said his wife drowsily, "what have you been doing?"

"Nothing particular, only wondering how much there is here that does not show on the inventory. Go to sleep, Gerty."

Just three days later, John Eskindale looked at his wife and son across the breakfast table in Sussex Square. He had a letter in his hand. "I say, my dear, listen to this."

"Dear Mr. Eskindale:

"I hope you will not take it amiss if we ask yourself and your family to spend Christmas in your old home. We feel somehow that you ought to be here, and it would be a very great pleasure to have you. I hope that you will not stand on the ceremony of short acquaintance, but will add a great deal to the success of our celebration by joining it. Christmas is on Thursday. Could you not join us say a week before. With best regards from us all,

"Yours sincerely,

"HIRAM LANGDON."

"P. S.—There is also a matter I would like to discuss with you.—H. L."

"Upon my word," he said, "that's really very decent of them. Will you go, Mary? Can you stand it?"

Mrs. Eskindale turned rather white. She could not overcome the vision of Mrs. Langdon at one end of the table

and the new owner at the other. Then she looked at David. The young man had brightened at the thought. Very soon his leave would be up, he would return to the sands and parching sun of Egypt, and it was hardly fair to David to refuse. "Yes," she said bravely, but with a quivering lip. "I will be delighted."

Precisely at nine o'clock on the morning of Friday, the nineteenth of December, Mr. and Mrs. Eskindale and David descended simultaneously to the breakfast room. They had arrived the night before after dinner. Mrs. Eskindale felt that a night under the familiar roof would fortify her. Langdon in his motor had met them. His women-kind had gathered on the steps to welcome them. It was all very hospitable, but she dreaded this first meal.

In the breakfast room, three places were laid. "Mr. and Mrs. Langdon and Miss Helen would not be down," they were told. Mrs. Eskindale's voice trembled at this delicate thought, but presently her courage rose. It was all as if it had never been, with the old familiar things around them, and later in the big hall they found their hosts.

Now you will quite agree that it is not the office of this story to detail the most delightful week which preceded Christmas day, but it is distinctly important to devote some attention to the sentimental development which culminated in the presence of Helen and David in the big hall precisely at midnight on Christmas Eve. Very imprudent of themselves, equally careless of their elders. All perfectly true. But you must be aware that these are matters that have defied time and precedent and everything else since the world began. Also, you will admit, that it was perfectly understandable that they should have suddenly discovered in each other something electrically magnetic and wonderful, and that made it all the worse. David now knew that he loved Helen, but he also knew that he was poor and must not say so. Helen knew that she loved David, but she was a girl and must not

say so. So the two sat in a speechless and divine torture which neither would have interrupted for any reason whatsoever.

They had all been talking before the fire, and gradually their elders had slipped off with an exchange of knowing glances and with the least possible ceremony and disturbance. Helen and David had kept it up bravely for awhile, and then because of that which David could not, would not, say, they sat looking into the blaze, building exactly the same castle in Spain, or it might be in Kent.

Suddenly David heard a gasp and looked up. Helen was leaning forward, her eyes starting, and her face a deadly white. She was staring at the door at the end of the great room. David swung his glance, then his own eyes started. Through the door, which swung noiselessly, came a figure. It came in absolute silence, without rustle or sound of footfall, the figure of a middle-aged man in mediaeval garb. He had a colorless face with pointed beard and a long cloak that seemed to be of coarse satin or silk, through which his sword stuck out jerkily as he walked. His legs were encased in white silk stockings, his feet in long black shoes with extraordinarily elongated points and enormous buckles. One hand was slightly extended in front of him, the other, much jewelled, held a small paper scroll. His eyes seemed almost closed, but his step was smooth and certain and his body moved forward almost as if drawn swiftly across the room by some invisible force.

A cold thrill ran through David, but he turned toward the apparition. It glided down the room, stopped at the great oak panel, hesitated a moment and vanished. There was not a sound in the whole house. He rubbed his eyes and looked at Helen. The girl's face was ghastly. She swayed a moment, then fell sideways across the arm of her chair. In a moment he was at her side, rubbing her hands and cheeks, and then in quick abandonment at the divine sensation of her form in his arms

he kissed her passionately again and again.

Presently she stirred in his embrace, sighed deeply with long shuddering breath, and her eyes gazed up with a terror-stricken question into his own. Then into her face flooded an exquisite color. "What was it?" she said.

"The ghost of Eskindale," he answered soberly, looking down at her with adoration.

She put his arms gently away, so gently that he could hardly refrain from clasping her again. "What ghost?" she answered, with that divine color still on her cheeks.

"It's an old story, we hardly believed it ourselves, and I've never seen him before. They say he began to walk two hundred years ago; he is supposed to have built this house. Soon after that he died and the family fortune disappeared and has never been found."

Helen was staring at him. "What was that in his hand?" she said with a curious expression.

"I don't know. It looked like a roll of paper. Are you better now?"

But Helen did not answer. She got up so unsteadily that he caught her arm. "Where did he go?"

"Nowhere, that is, he vanished at the end of the room under his own picture. I never knew before whose picture that was."

"Come," she put in quickly, and walked to the great oak panel. It was very old. Its surface was glazed with the polishing of innumerable hands and was carved with strange faces of gnomes and dwarfs. In the centre was a face, a little larger than the rest, a tongue had once protruded, but long since had disappeared.

"Can you see anything there?"

David lit a match, stooped, held it close against the panel and peered into the hole. "No," he said. "Nothing." "Put a pencil in, anything, and push."

He looked at her, puzzled, but obeyed. There came a creaking of yielding timber, then the protest of unused

hinges, and, very stiffly, the whole panel swung inwards, exposing a large cupboard burdened with dust. It was empty, save for a piece of yellow paper that lay rolled in one corner.

A change came over Helen's face, the shadows disappeared from her eyes and her voice grew firm and confident. "Read it," she said.

Wonderingly, David unrolled the scroll. On its stiff expanse of parchment was a writing of which the old English characters stood out sharply. No age could dim the blackness of their ink. Then he read:

I, of Eskyndaile, ye Lorde,
After warres and conflyct bolde,
By ye sharpnesse of my sworde
Gat a mightie cheste of golde;
And, leste those who followe me
Turn from armes and valoures waye
To reclyne full slothfullie,
I wolde welle ye cheste sholde staye
Where I layde it. Till a sonne
Of ye anciente familie
Come from warres and dutie donne;
He shalle fynde and he shall see.
Where ye pollarde willowes sprede
Branches thicke and branches stronge
Lette him digge, where dugge ye deade,
Till he fynde what layde so longe.
Love wille seeke it, love wille keepe,
Love wille at ye laste prevayle,
Digge, oh naymelesse one, digge deepe,
For ye House of Eskyndaile.

Now, in order to make clear what happened in the next few moments, it is only necessary to ask that you kindly imagine that all this had happened to yourself. Your entire approval being thus secured, you will follow David to the stable, where he found a shovel and a pick axe in the gardener's box, and a lantern underneath the stairs that led to the loft.

Half-way to the lodge and a stone's throw from the drive grew four gigantic pollard willows. They were perhaps thirty feet apart and formed the corners of a square that was always shaded by the network of their interlacing boughs. Immediately in the centre of this square David looked up at "ye branches

thick and branches stronge" and struck his pick into the ground. Somewhat naturally he struck a root. Again he swung sturdily and drove deep into the soil.

Half an hour later, when he had dug a hole four feet deep, his pick hit metal. Five minutes more and he unearthed a large iron chest, bound with corroded brass and enormously heavy. Between them they dragged it to the surface. David shaking with excitement raised the pick. "Now?" he said questioning.

Helen nodded and it dashed against the chest. There was a sound of bulging and yielding and the chest lid lay loose, for all its fastenings were eaten away.

For a moment they stopped, stared, leaned toward each other across the chest and something quite natural was exchanged.

"I don't care now if there is nothing in it," said David, then he lifted the lid and held the lantern close.

At the sight of what lay there, everything in the world seemed to stop. A great pile of doubloons was in one corner; beside them were ingots of yellow metal, cast in queer ungainly forms. Mixed in with these were cabouchon rubies and emeralds, winking with deep light beneath the oil flame. In another corner lay a small uncovered box of greasy feeling, irregular-shaped stones which were diamonds. From the hilt of a sword gleamed the blue eye of a huge sapphire. Wealth enough to buy a dozen manors, the spoil of India and Spain and the New World.

David stared and stared. Then he suddenly found it hard to breathe and his arms went out.

"Love wille seeke it, love wille keepe
Love wille at ye laste prevayle."
he whispered, as Helen's lips were lifted to his own.

Silence fell for a moment; then from over Maidstone way came faintly the sound of singing. They listened intently. A rift in the wind let through a fragment of song. The Waits had started on their earliest round. It was Christmas morning.



A group of ski enthusiasts, taking a winter outing in the country. There is a growing tendency for city dwellers to spend their Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter holidays in the country as well as the regulation summer ones.

Snow-Time in Canada

By Mary Spafford

It is becoming increasingly the custom in Canada for people to spend their festive holidays—Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's, Easter—in the country. Especially in this time of the Yuletide celebrations. Particularly timely, therefore, is this article, "Snowtime in Canada," which describes something of the charm and beauty of Canadian rural life in the winter months. It conveys a new conception of its grandeur and presents new phases of its pleasures.

A CANADIAN country winter begins, to all intents and purposes, when preparation for it becomes necessary. In the purple twilights which mark the fore-runners of winter days, one comes in from the outside world intoxicated by the cold, fall air, and conscious mainly of but two sensations—sleep and hunger. There are lights on the supper table, and the things which taste best then are smoking-hot dishes—baked beans and brown bread; Johnny Cake; baked potatoes; and baked apples with the autumnal blush still vivid on their cheeks.

But some day, as one stacks one's beans in frowsy heaps in one's devastated garden, or gathers the last of one's tomatoes, thrillingly prophetic from the

darkening heights will fall the "honk" of the Canadian wild goose, as with unerring instinct he leads his squadron southward before the first snowstorm. However often the observer may have heard that sound, he stands with quickened pulse to watch the stately wedge-shaped throng wing by; its leader out ahead, instinct with authority—pathetically alone in his high trust.

Fainter and weaker comes back that guiding cry. Dimmer grow the swift-dimishing forms till they merge into a single, wisp-blown speck on the southern horizon, and one finds oneself staring—forsaken and left behind—into the sky where they have been, while over the dying summer a sudden, ominous shadow seems to drop, like the first

light folding of a pall. Then one realizes that the air is pregnant with winter, and unfinished tasks are rushed upon, poste-haste.

In the rural districts of Canada the mere making ready for winter is imbued with a sort of portentous excite-

ment, or fragrant balsam boughs, as an encourager of winter warmth. The more pretentious farmers, who carry considerable live stock on their farms, get the cattle down from the hill pastures, and, incidentally, experience an enlivening time in capturing the



"The streams are not tight-frozen yet."

ment, where members of the human family identify their interests with those of the animal and vegetable worlds, in preparing for the great change.

If one is a farmer of modest heritage, one banks one's little house about with

"young stuff"—calves born in the pasture, which are as wild as deer, and as unapproachable.

If the farmer has a front cellar with an earth or sand floor, he subjects his lately-pulled beets and turnips to a second burial—drawing them forth as re-



Winter's artist work.

quired during the winter, and rejoicing to find them in as firm a state of preservation as when they were interred.

In the late pause before winter snows have fallen, the country housewife performs the last kind services for her garden family. She tenderly detaches the honeysuckle from its trellis support, and covers it with straw; she swathes the half-hardy roses in winter wrappings, and tucks the strawberry bed beneath a blanket of fir boughs. Along the roadsides, or on tree-bordered lawns, where the maples' gorgeous burden now lies sere and pungent, children are seen frolicking madly amid the rustling leaves, and pressing them into bags to be used as winter bedding in stables and hen houses.

Now, also, the entire family of many a farmer occupies itself with drying apples, destined for mid-winter sauce and pies. The sourest apples are best for this purpose; the variety known as the "Kentish Fillbasket" being especially well suited. The apples are pared, cored, and quartered, then strung by threaded darning needles in long white chains which are hung in loops and festoons about the kitchen stove to dry, or

are laid on trays in an open oven where they warp and shrivel till they are grotesque and leathery shapes, distorted past recognition, but fitted for keeping purposes. And dear to the heart of Canadians is the rare red apple sauce which these dried apples make, when allowed to swell the previous night, and to simmer slowly on the back of the stove for a whole day.

The first white plastering of snow is joyfully hailed by the children as an infallible sign that winter has arrived. But older heads know that between this unstable forerunner, and the Frost King's reign, come steadfast, penetrating rains, and brutal winds which range the land in a fury, and hubbly frozen roads where the earth temporarily stiffens, and blanches, to meet the first snow flakes; then backslides into mud, again.

The old saying that the snow which lasts must fall in mud, is generally correct. Some night you go to bed with the insistent wash of rain in your ears, and in the morning it is a fairy world. Every branch, and twig, and twiglet, is rimed with soft aerial puffing. The crotches of the trees hold the snowy fluffs awkwardly, as though unused to



"The slow-crawling wood teams, which groan and creak laboriously over the snowy roads—the drivers weather-bronzed; the horses often white with frost, and enveloped in a mist made by their reeking sides and smoking breath."

such dainty burdens; and the veranda posts wear huge white helmets, piled soft as thistledown. After a time, the sun looks out to ravish the white world with a gold glory, and diamonds thick as dewdrops stud the mighty, spotless blanket of the snow—great brilliant things, shot through with light!

On the edges of the streams, which are not tight-frozen yet, the naked trees shudder in a refined agony of cold, and startling the season from its new-born

lethargy, comes the sound of the first sleigh-bells.

The voices of the sleigh-bells. They are so instinct with variety, so imbued with associations, and memories. Sometimes they are thick with frost-rime, and ring out hoarsely, as if their tongues were furred beyond action. Sometimes they dash, silvery-clear, across the snow, in an abandonment of glee. On the wood-teams, their tones are deep and solemn, always, as befits their steady-ing connection with the work-a-day world. Punctuating the monotony of November and December, come

the church oyster and chicken pie suppers; and as Christmas approaches, little cliques of village girls begin to work diligently upon dainty gifts for their friends and relatives—meeting at one another's houses with their bright work bags, while for two or three hours in the afternoon they sew and chat over the gay Christmas trifles. Sometimes the girl hostess will invite them to a real sit-down supper. Sometimes it will be five o'clock tea, with oyster patties, or cream puffs, as a toothsome innovation.

One of the episodes which we, as country Canadian children, used to associate with the short dark days of December, was "killing the pig." We would see the respectable porker gradually attain a condition of helpless corpulence. Then, in the dusky closing of some short-lived day, our unsleeping vigilance would discover a squad of men making their way around the corner of the barn, and revealing something in their uncompromising aspect which caused our hearts to flutter with forebodings. Later in the evening, still a-thrill with hor-



work
chan

If one-half cents per cake is paid to the ice
ers for the great greenish squares which
one banks from the parent bed."

ror, we would see from the dining-room window a stark, white figure stretched on a sort of litter in the lee of the barn, and illuminated in a ghastly way by the flare of lanterns, while a smoking caldron stood near by, and the figures of the men flitted busily here and there.

The flashing lanterns, the blood-stained snow, the dark shapes of the men, made a scene which to us, was the embodiment of the weird and the uncanny; quite unconnected with the sausages, souse-meat and juicy roasts, which were names to conjure by in the days that followed.

There seems to be a growing custom for city dwellers to spend their Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter holidays, as well as their summer ones, in the country. Last winter, a jolly party of city boys and girls, known to the writer, and accompanied by a chaperone, spent the week after Christmas in a pictureque village resort which they had never seen before in its winter garb. Each day was dedicated to some out-of-door amusement, and the landlord had no cause to complain of appetites when his guests came trooping in from a snow-shoe tramp, a run on their skis, or a tobogganing expedition, with cheeks as red as holly berries, and eyes as clear as summer trout pools.

About the middle of February, we of the country expect with philosophic calmness the really pretentious snow storms of the season. The air seems full of spun glass particles, which well-nigh cut the blood out of one's face with their relentless lash. Through the white frown of the blizzard a blear-eyed sun shines faintly, and across its pallid face go the driftings of the storm—



Winter fishermen keeping water over their "tip-up" sticks, which are driven slantwise over the ice-holes, and arranged with leather bobs which fall when the fish tug the lines attached.

shredded, phantom-like things, floating ever on and on. Two such storms generally occur in a season; three days comprising their duration, when the Frost King yields in clear-flung brightness to the hoarse voice of the little red snow-plow engine, which, brow-beetled with icicles, struggles to the rescue of a trainless, snow-submerged community.

In the country, in Canada, skating constitutes one of the orthodox winter amusements, since a lake, river, or pond, in the vicinity generally affords good



Cold weather sport—fish from under the ice.

skating at some time during the season, or can be kept cleared by the boys. One memorable Christmas, the lake behind the writer's house was frozen in a lineless, gleaming sheet from edge to edge. Ah, the rare joy of it! Five miles of glare ice floor where one's steel blades

ing on isolated farms, consists chiefly in doing the "chores," and cutting and drawing wood to sell in near-by villages. These slow-crawling wood-teams, driven by weather-bronzed men in bright toques and sashes, line the village streets in almost continuous squads on mid-



The fascinating hoar-frost mornings when the trees are fuzzy with prickly, cobweb stuff.

could clip the shimmering mirror mile on mile, in a clangorous embrace. When the very vials of atmospheric purity were unbottled, regardless of economy, and one grew drunk with the air, the wild rhythmic motion, the lust of speed!

The mid-winter work of farmers liv-

ing on isolated farms, consists chiefly in doing the "chores," and cutting and drawing wood to sell in near-by villages. These slow-crawling wood-teams, driven by weather-bronzed men in bright toques and sashes, line the village streets in almost continuous squads on mid-

gingly, or not at all, and the sledges groan and creak laboriously over it; the horses white with frost, and enveloped in a mist made by their reeking sides and smoking breath.

When a village borders on a lake or fresh-water pond, cutting and drawing ice, gives employment to a number of men. The ice-vendor lays in a supply for the following summer's trade, and often private individuals get a stock first-hand for their ice-houses; paying one and one-half cents a cake to the men who, day after day, saw the great greenish squares from the parent bed.

Other men of fluctuating and indefinite trade, constitute themselves winter fishermen, and wage a cold and tedious means of livelihood by fishing from holes cut in the ice. They generally build a little shanty in close proximity to a good fishing-ground, where they store their tools, and retire at intervals to warm their benumbed fingers, and beguile the monotony with soul-refreshing "yarns—keeping, at the same time, a sharp surveillance over their bristling grove of "tip-up" sticks driven slantwise above the ice-holes, and arranged with leather bobs which fall when the fish tug the lines attached. The fish (consisting mainly of pickerel and lake trout) are sold to the village at about ten cents a pound. The demand often exceeds the supply, as the flesh of these fish, freshly taken from the ice-chilled water of the lake, is particularly firm and sweet-flavored.

With the Canadian farmers, winter is the social time of the whole year, since then, if ever, they enjoy what is known as a "slack" season. In the villages, too, a varying tide of social life is always kept up. In a certain village known to the writer, each succeeding winter for a number of years, has brought its distinct and favorite amusement. One winter it was evening parties, where guessing contests of every description, were indulged in. Another year, the lot fell upon public dinners, given always for some ostensible reason, when the village folk—ladies, gentlemen and young people—would congre-

gate to enjoy an excellent menu, followed by speeches, toasts drunk in water, and music. It was a simple and pleasant way of bringing people together, and of promoting sociability.

Canadians are accustomed to regard winter as a single climatic condition. In reality, the most varied, and fascinating changes are rung upon the central theme. At times, the sunset colors are boiled to strongest dregs, and smeared in bloody welts, on the low south-west sky. Seen through a filter of dull-black tree trunks, over a stainless waste of snow, they seem to mark the trail of a red and fiery hand.

There are days when the winter world is dressed in the innocent baby colors of blue, and white. Such a ravishing, childish-blue on the hills! Such a deepening, tender blue in the radiant sky! Such a white-swept earth, reaching away and away to the mountains!

There are the hoar-frost mornings, when the trees are fussy with prickly, cob-web stuff, and the snow is gray-gummed with a dazzling, frozen mesh.

There are the careless, inconsequent little snow storms, hardly caring whether they snow, or not. There are the fine, sifting storms which unobtrusively, but steadily, pack their tough crust, and drift the roads level. And there are the business-like snow storms, when the flakes come down nearly straight, are fair-sized, and very soft and downy. As one looks up, they appear a pale-gray color, and swarm and swirl in mighty conflict, like a tangle of mammoth mosquitoes. Sometimes a flock of snow flakes falls daintily, and separately, with the sun filtering through them—pale-gold, aerial things which spurn the ground, so lightly do they touch it.

But surpassing all these in magnificence, in wonder, in awesomeness, is the ice storm. It ushers in days that are pitiless and bitter, but beautiful as a dream. The trees stand stiffly, helplessly, in a glittering ice casing; run, as it were, in a mould of transparent sugar syrup which has cooled, and hardened on them. The sun dances cold and bright on their predicament, and a bru-

tal wind sings through them. One who has never heard the sound cannot imagine it. Those who *have* heard it, will never forget it—that awful singing in those anguished tree tops. Even the horses, as they pass beneath with sledges, look awed and startled at the wild, rasping dirge.

Following the due order of things, come, at last, our Canadian spring mornings—typical, charming, inimitable. There's nothing like them in the world! They ravish the soul out of your body in ecstasy. The air is a tonic, distilled to intoxication point. The surface layer of snow, slightly thawed by the warmth of the previous day, has frozen during the night, and will bear your weight. Places are open to you on these radiant mornings which will be inaccessible when the ardent sun has again pressed the chaste snow to its yielding; and for a few exhilarating hours you can pass an unceremonious

"time-o'-day" with the tops of apple trees, or cultivate a walking acquaintance with the submerged tips of fence pickets.

And now, if you're a housewife, with the heart of woman in you, you make "vanity," and old-fashioned twisted doughnuts, and quivering custards, and lemon pies, for your family's delectation. And if you're a man, and a farmer, you watch with growing impatience the brown-backed ridges come through on the hill sides, for the action-inciting influences of seed-time, and spring plowing, have cast their feverish spell upon you.

From the barns the bleat of newborn lambs sounds weak and shrill, and in the blood-cells of the maples the sap is stirring. Already, the "hounds of spring are on Winter's traces," and we are trespassing on the precincts of another season.



A snowshoeing expedition in readiness for the start.

In Harbour

By Archie P. McKishnie

Some months ago we accepted "In Harbour," having in mind the needs of our Christmas number. In presenting it in this issue we are confident our readers will not be disappointed, for it is a Christmas story in every sense, and yet it also has the element of romance. The characters are quaint—just such people as one likes to read about in the festive season of good will. And withal there's humor in it, too.

CAPTAIN STUBBS sat before his roaring box-stove eating pea-nuts and throwing the shells at the cat. It was a cold windy day outside, with a wild sea booming on the shore and a wild sky bending threateningly above the winter world. But inside all was snug and cozy and comfortable. "Ship-shape and tight as a fiddle," was how the captain described his bachelor's home.

The last pea-nut demolished, the captain sighed and rolling the paper bag into a round pellet shied it at the blinking tabby.

"The captain was short, squat and bow-legged. His face was round as an apple, red as an apple and adorned with a tuft of sandy chin-whisker that looked like a bunch of corn-silk after an October frost. This was hardly to be wondered at considering the fact that the good captain had spent most of his life on the deck of a ship and had been through near-frosts, white-frosts and black frosts a many, when the shooting spume, frozen to tiny invisible teeth, bit and gnawed and numbed the hands gripping the wheel.

"Thank the Lord I'm through with it," sighed the captain as his blue eyes surveyed the white-capped waves rolling in from the heaving sea. "Who wants a ship and dangers when he kin have a snug little home like this un an a cat to

keep him company? Let them as wants 'em have ships and dangers, for my part give me a cozy fire to crackle and a cat to sing. I don't ask fer nothin' more."

Suddenly the captain gave a start and peered closer out through the darkening gloom. A woman was coming down the street, a little, slender woman with a plaid shawl about her shoulders and her head bent before the gale. As she reached the opposite corner the rain began to fall in driving sheets while a fiercer gust of wind than its fellows swept through an alley and threatened to throw her from her feet.

The captain scratched his head and glanced at the wide-eyed cat. Then he glanced out of the window again. "By mackerel, if she ain't flyin' distress signals," he growled and reached for his oil-skins, hanging beside the stove. The woman was leaning against the wall shielding her face with her arm.

"Here marm," shouted the captain, rushing up, with all the grace of a tow-tug about to pick up a derelict, "put these here onto you." He threw the oil-skin coat about her head and shoulders, and stood puffing and embarrassedly swinging the other part of the suit in his hands.

"Thank you," she said weakly. "This will do nicely. I couldn't think of depriving you of *all* your suit."

"No marm," shouted the captain, in want of something better to say. He shook the rain from his hair and combed his goatee with his fingers. "You're sick," he asserted, catching sight of her white face. "Come along marm, I'll tow ye inter dry-dock."

She made as though to demur but the captain grabbed her by the arm and in less than no time had her sitting beside his red-hot box stove. The cat stretched herself, yawned and climbed up on the visitor's lap.

"Not much of a dockin' place, marm" apologized the captain, "but any port in a storm say I, and I guess we didn't make harbour any too soon. Look at them hail-stones comin' adown. I declare they be as big as the eyes of a caught stow-away. Lucky I saw you, marm."

"Indeed it is," she said, smiling. "I was foolish to venture out to-day because I have been ill. I don't know what I should have done if you had not seen me and come to my assistance."

"Wall now," grinned the captain, "I'm awful glad that I was lookin' out of the winder jest as you took bad. If I hadn't noticed that you needed a pick-up taint likely I'd of ever steamed your way at all, marm. And that don't seem jest right seein' we're neebors and should know one another better. You see marm I'm a re-tired sea captain. Stubbs is my name, Capin' Eli Stubbs. I've been livin' here for two months now and most every day durin' that time I've seen you goin' out and driftin' in like. It's got to be a sorter habit with us tew keep an eye out fer you mornin' and evenin'."

"Us?"

"Meanin' me and Sarryann, marm. She takes an interest in everythin' that I do, ye see. I've got her trained that way. She's a troublesome old beggar and an awful snoop but she makes a mighty good shipmate jest the same."

The woman was looking into the fire. The smile had faded from her lips. Her face was white and just a trifle wistful. Looking at her, Captain Stubbs mentally commented on her charms. "A leetle

past middle age but still young and al-lars will be. Yes, like sea-stars and ha'r —"

Here his meditations were interrupted by her question.

"Do you think it right to say such things about her?"

The captain sat down weakly in a chair and combed his goatee miserably.

"Wall marm, ye see, she don't mind in the least and she knows that I wouldn't hurt her fer the world. Only once in my life did I lick her and then she deserved it."

"You licked her!" in a voice of horror.

"Yes, marm. I cuffed her right well, but," with a dry smile, "I ain't never goin' to lick her ag'in. You see she scratched me up somethin' awful."

"I think I must be going," said the visitor hastily. "Let me thank you for your assistance and hospitality, Captain Stubbs, and permit me in turn to introduce myself. My name is Simpson, Mrs. Annie Simpson. I live in the little green cottage below the bridge."

"Oh yes marm, I've seed it lots of times," nodded the captain. "but ye needn't be in no hurry to go," he added hastily, "it's liable to come on rain ag'in."

"No," smiled the woman, "it's snowing now. Isn't that glorious? We'll have sleighing for Christmas, likely."

"Christmas? Wall now if I hadn't forgot all 'bout Christmas. Why I'll be everlastin' anchored if Christmas aint due right soon. Jest when is it, marm?"

"Why," she laughed, "it's to-morrow Captain. That's why I have braved the elements to-day. Simply had to come on Jack's account. He kept at me and scolded me until I couldn't stand it any longer. He simply drove me forth to buy him his Christmas present."

The captain turned with a heavy frown on his face. "Does he really scold ye, marm," he asked.

"Oh yes, frightfully. He fairly chased me out of the house to-day."

"Humph." The captain's fingers were beating a tatoo on the chair back. "Drove her outer the house," he was

thinking, "the tarnation villan! Wish I had him in hand I bet I'd make him walk the plank!" Aloud, he said, "If you'd be good enough t' allow me t' see you home, marm, I'd be right glad to do it. It jest might be as ye's be takin' another weak spell, if you'll permit my sayin' so."

"Oh, I'm sure I shall be all right now," she replied, "and you see I am not going directly home, captain. I have to go on to the store and buy Jack's present."

She smiled up at him again and the captain's heart thumped against his ribs. He had never expected to meet the woman who could make his heart flutter like a captured sea-swallow, in this way. Perhaps the ardor in his eyes communicated itself to her, for there was just the slightest and softest tinge of pink in her cheeks as she held out her hand.

"I want you to come over to-morrow," she said sweetly, "to come over and have Christmas dinner with us. I am sure Jack will like you, and—" she hesitated—"and I want you *both* to come."

"Ye mean I'm to bring Sarryann with me, marm?"

She nodded.

"Wall, if that's yer orders, I'll tow her across, but I won't insure that she'll conduct herself proper, marm. Ye see she don't never leave her leetle dock much, and strange surroundin's might make her a leetle pitchy. Howsomever, I'll be thar to take a reef in her if she starts sailin' wild."

The next moment she was gone and the captain was left alone, conscious of a great and strange longing in his empty old heart. He sank into a chair and picked up the tabby cat from the floor.

"Think of her wantin' you over to her. Christmas dinner, you scratchin' old reprobate!" he grinned. Then he leaned back in his seat and laughed until the marine water colors on the wall rattled. "And think of her man drivin' her out in the rain to buy him a Christmas present," he groaned, "Oh Lord."

II.

That night Captain Stubbs waded through the snow over to the big general store of Smith & Perkins and made some Christmas purchases. Two yards of green silk ribbon for Sarryann's neck, "in honor of her invite," a blue tie, a new derby hat and a few other trifling things. He stood a long time before a stand of silk umbrellas, felt carefully over some ladies' gossamers piled on a counter, stood for a full hour before a jewelry case and sauntered through the green house a number of times. Towards closing time he sought the private office of Mr. Smith.

That gentleman was busily engaged in totalling up long lines of figures on a piece of foolscap and glanced peevishly over his shoulder at the intruder. But his looked changed to a smile of welcome when he saw who his visitor was.

"Why Cap," he called cheerily, "glad to see you. Come in and sit down. Here, sit in this chair it's softest. Why man, I was just this very minute thinking of you and trying to add a lot of swimming figures at the same time. Suppose you want to know how the business is progressing eh? Well, it never has been better. I'm preparing a statement here and we'll have a shareholders' meeting at the end of the year. I know you'll be glad that you put a few thousands into a growing business, Captain."

The captain grinned and sat twirling his thumbs. "Oh, that's all right," he said, and swallowed hard.

"What's the matter cap?" asked the bewildered merchant. "Perhaps you're not just satisfied with the investment? If that's it, just say so and I'll take your shares right now. Here's me hand and here's me check-book," he laughed, "but I guess maybe it isn't that what bothers you."

"Well old friend, just tell me what it is then. You remember the time you piloted the 'Bessie Bell' through Devils Hobbles and you remember what I said to you then."

"I remember," sighed the captain, "and I'm here."

"And I'll be as good as my word, cap. What can I do for you?"

"You can be my chart, my compass and my pilot all in one," said the captain, wiping his brow on his handkerchief. "I'm all at sea lad. I'm in a fog and that's no mistake. I feel like a derelict with her seams sprung and her rudder gone. I've gotter be given a line or I'll flounder around till I'm swamped sure and plenty."

"I'm here with the line cap," laughed the merchant, "line, lifebuoy and everything that's needed for a rescue. Now what's the trouble?"

"I'm wantin' to know what kind of a present to buy for a lady," stammered the captain. I'm dizzy with tryin' to think it out. I kin close my eyes and see a whole fleet of overshoes, parasols, handkerchiefs and other things sailin' past, but I'm blest of I know what to grapple onter."

"Oh, that's easy," laughed Smith. "Is the lady married or single?"

"Married," growled the captain.

"Aha, I see. A little present for your wife, eh, Cap?"

"I aint got no wife," sourly.

Mr. Smith twisted about in his chair.

"That's just what I told her," he affirmed, "but she declared you had."

"Who?" asked the wondering captain.

"Why, Mrs. Simpson. She's my wife's sister, you know, and she's a plucky little woman, let me tell you. She has been our head bookkeeper here, since her husband died three years ago. She won't let me help her at all. She even insists on paying rent for the cottage she lives in and which I happen to own. Yes, she heard me mention your name this afternoon. We were having a little visit, you see, she has been ill and has not been to the store for a week. She told me how you took her in out of the storm. She says you told her that your wife's name was Saryann."

Captain Stubbs had settled lower and lower in his chair until his sandy goatee was standing at right angles against his chest.

"And she," he said, wetting his lips,

"she told me that her husband's name was Jack."

"No, his name was Thomas, but her little boy's name is Jack."

Captain Stubbs wriggled slowly erect and slowly arose from his seat.

"I guess that's all now, thanks," he said. "No, there's somethin' else. I want to buy that cottage."

"You mean the one Mrs. Simpson is living in?"

"The same."

"Why Captain, I'm sorry, but I can't sell that cottage. I want her to live there just as long as she wishes."

"Well, what's that got to do with it?" stormed the Captain. "So do I want her to live there as long as she wishes. Do you think I'll molest her?"

"Oh well, that being the case—but you won't pay the price I'm asking Cap. You'll think it too high."

"Name it," growled the captain, reaching for the check book on Mr. Smith's table.

He filled in the figures Mr. Smith named without so much as a flutter of the eye lashes and handing the check to the astonished merchant said, with his old grin, "Now where's the deed?"

"Right here in the vault," replied Smith, "here you are Cap, I tell you, you're a wonder!"

"I'll see you again when I've somethin' wuthwhile tellin' you," said the captain as he shook hands, 'so long, and Merry Christmas."

He put the deed in his inside pocket and walked out, leaving the merchant shaking his head in perplexity.

III.

Next morning when the glad Christmas bells were pealing out on the frosty air and the beech and hickory sticks in the box stove were crackling merrily, Captain Stubbs sat smoking his pipe and gazing thoughtfully at Saryann, curled on the rug at his feet.

"If I don't take that cat *she'll* think I ain't a man of my word," he ruminated, "and if I do take her, she'll likely think me an idiot. What I relly ort to do is throw my anchor and stay right here. But I jest can't stay, that's all

there is to it. I want to see that little woman so much that I'm goin' to hist sail and get goin' pretty soon. If I

"Here you, Saryann," he commanded, "come on here and get your holiday buntin' on. Look at this here



CAPTAIN STUBBS.

go on the rocks it'll prove I aint no good as a navigator, but I always was game to take a chance and I'm game yet!

green ribbon. People seein' it will sure call ye Irish but, bein' a cat, you shouldn't mind what they call ye.

There now you look like Mary Queen O'Scots and you should make some impression on the little widder. Get inter that basket and if you make any fuss or try to eat your way out, I'll never take ye to another Christmas dinner."

Along about ten o'clock, the captain, basket in hand, crunched his way along the street, bound for the green cottage on the hillside. Now and then a grin crossed his round face and occasionally a chuckle grumbled low in his throat, but for all that there was something akin to apprehension in his eyes. He was mad at himself one minute and pleased with himself next. "A year ago er no further away than yesterday if any lubber had told me that I would be driftin' round where shoals and rocks lay hid, I'd have batted 'em, by the great smocked mackerel, I would," he told himself, slackening his pace as he neared the valley foot bridge. "But then agin' if anybody had told me that I'd meet a little wumman with eyes like sea stars and hair brown as the shell of a horse chestnut—oh pshaw, think of my fallin' in love at my time of life. I've a good notion to turn right round and go hum, but no, I'm goin' to steer this think through if it leaves me stranded high and dry."

He crunched across the bridge unconsciously quickening his pace as the curve in the road brought the little green cottage into view.

It stood on the side of a great hill that swept upward until its timbered crest brushed the low-hanging snow clouds. Below was the valley, now blanketed in snow, its little tinkling brook locked in the clutch of frost, but such a valley! The captain knew, for he had seen it when the velvety green of spring rested upon it, and beyond it lay the big booming sea, he knew and loved and understood. He knew that he would never drift far beyond the sound of its voice or the kiss of its salt spray.

His eyes travelled from the spear-tipped hill to the deep valley and the wide cove that marked the brook's mouth, and he sighed. If only he owned a spot like this, he thought, for-

getting for the moment that he did own it, one that commanded such a view of the ocean and held such a perfect little natural harbor as that cove wherein he might keep his own dingy, how great his joy would be. They would sail out through the purple mists of morning or cruise far up the coast when the day was creeping out behind the mountains, they—

He brought his thoughts up with a start. They? He grinned foolishly and lifted the basket up under his arm. "Saryann," he whispered, "there's no fool like an old fool. All fools dream, I guess, only I reckon wakin' up is harder on an old fool than a young un. You best lay quiet now and not muss your ribbon 'cause we're most there."

A thin spiral of blue smoke was ascending from the chimney of the green cottage and, as the captain passed through the gate, the smell of onions and savory drifted out to meet him. He slipped quietly up the lane and around the cow-stable until he found a door. This he opened cautiously and, placing the basket holding Saryann on a pile of straw, he closed the door again and walking around to the front of the cottage rang the bell.

The door was opened by a small boy with a rocking-horse, almost as large as himself, under one arm. He had brown eyes and brown hair.

"I guess you're Mr. Santy Claus," he said, "come in. I'm much obliged for the 'rocking-horse.'"

"You are very welcome, I'm sure," said Captain Stubbs, seating himself by the fire and combing his goatee with his fingers. "But, you see, I'm not Mr. Santy. I'm Captain Stubbs."

"Oh, I see," nodded the boy, "mother told me that you were coming and she said that I must entertain you until she was able to do so herself. She's in the kitchen, basting the turkey. Here she is now."

"Good morning, captain," spoke a pleasant voice behind him, "a very merry Christmas to you. I see that you and Jack are already friends."

The captain arose and bowing low

took the hand extended to him. Perhaps he unconsciously pressed it the slightest little bit, for his heart thumped strangely, as he noted the flush mount to the smiling face before him. "Thankee, marm," he stammered. "The same to yourself. Ye see marm, I have come over."

"We are glad," said his hostess. "It would have been a dull Christmas dinner for Jack and I all alone, but," she added, glancing around, "you were to bring——" She hesitated and the captain nodded. "Oh, I brought Saryann, all right," he grinned. "She's out in the cow-stable."

"In the cow-stable?" she repeated in amazement.

"Yes, marm. In a basket. Ye see cats is queer critters and I thought I'd find out if you kept a canary afore I brought Saryann inside."

"But I thought——" she commenced.

"I reckon I know what you thought, marm, but I ain't married. Never was for that matter. Ye see I've been too busy sailin' to settle down afore and now I reckon I'm most too wind-blistered and warped to ever find a wumman that'll have me. Nope, there ain't no Misses Stubbs, marm, otherwise I'd likely have brought her instead of Saryann."

"Please go and bring Saryann in," said the widow, with an effort. "I—I think I smell my turkey scorching." Then she fled to the kitchen.

"Say," spoke Jack, from astride his wonderful yellow horse. "If you want a wife, Captain Stubbs, why don't you marry my mother. I haven't got any father now and I do want one. You'd make just a dandy father too, cause you could build me boats and tell me rippin' sea stories. Ma says you could and ma knows a whole lot."

"Jack, dear," called a stifled voice from the kitchen, "come here, I want you."

IV

All good things must come to an end. It was early twilight, a short lonesome winter's twilight. Outside the snow

was falling and the gray slate sea was booming. The Christmas dinner was over; the wonderful Christmas day was nearly done. On the cot little Jack lay sleeping, one arm thrown about the arching neck of his yellow charger. Before the glowing fire sat Widow Simpson and Captain Stubbs. On the mat at their feet lay Saryann, fed, happy and contented.

Silence had fallen between the two but twilight always invites silence. Besides, each of them was busy with his and her own thoughts. The captain was smoking. She had fairly commanded that he smoke and she was first officer of the brig, he reasoned. She had said that the smell of tobacco in a room made it more homelike. He didn't know anything about that but he did know that he wanted to smoke and so, after some coaxing, he had lit up.

They had had one of the most glorious of dinners. He had carved the turkey and, well, he had made himself pretty much at home. That was what the widow had begged him to do and somehow it was easy to make himself at home there with just her and Jack. Jack! What a charming little chap Jack was, to be sure. How he had laughed at the captain's funny stories and clapped his hands at his tales of adventure.

The captain was thinking it all over now. So was the widow. The captain was thinking of Jack's bit of advice. "If you want a wife why don't you marry my mother." Well, the widow was thinking of the very same thing so that it was perhaps natural for her to meet the foolish grin of the captain with a shy smile, when he broke away from his meditations to glance across at her.

The firelight played about her face and the grey eyes, that reminded him of sea-stars, were very soft.

The captain knocked the ashes from his pipe in the stove pan and cleared his throat. "Misses Simpson," he said hesitatingly. "I've had very few glad days in my life, but after this I can

always say that I've had one real happy day. Sometimes an old salt, arter bein' on the water for months, gets a scent of a land breeze and it sorter makes him cry inside, cause it's jest a leetle taste of a great deal he's missed. That's how this day gets me, marm. I've allars been lonesome fer jest such a home as this, hungry fer,—well, fer somebody who could talk with me and understand me. I'd be ashamed to tell this to anybody else but you, but somehow I don't mind tellin' you at all. I've missed a whole lot out of life, I guess, but I ain't goin' to complain now. Pretty soon me and Saryann'll be goin' out and back to our leetle cabin across the bridge and afore we go I want you to know jest how glad and happy you and Jack have made me feel. It's the fust Christmas I ever ate on land but I'm not fool enough to think that all Christmas dinners on land are like this one. What I was goin' to say is this. I've been more or less of a roamin' craft. I've never headed fer any particular harbor and I've picked up a good deal of the yaller cargo durin' my tramp v'yages. In other words, I've got a leetle money that ain't doin' me no particular good and likely never will.

"Now then, seein's you and Jack has been so good to me, it's only right and proper that I should try and throw a leetle happiness your way if I kin, not that I feel I'm under any obligation to do it understand, but jest because it gives me happiness to be able to do it. I've got here somethin' I want you to accept as a leetle Christmas box from me and—here it is, marm."

Captain Stubbs took from his pocket a long envelope and held it towards the widow.

She took it wonderingly and leaning forward so as the firelight would fall upon it, drew from it a folded paper which she spread on her knees.

"Why—why—" she faltered, "it's the deed to this cottage! What does it mean, captain?"

"Wall, ye see, marm," grinned the delighted captain, "I bought this here

cottage last night and I'm turnin' the deed over to you. It's your cottage now, ye see."

"Mine," she repeated, her face growing white and her eyes large. "Minel Oh, how I wish it were."

"But it is, jest as sure as anythin' it is!" exclaimed the captain.

She shook her head and slowly folding the deed put it back in the envelope.

"Thank you just the same," she smiled, "but I can't accept it. Don't you understand it is impossible for me to accept this cottage from you. Why, it would—people would—Oh, no, you must forgive me for refusing your generosity, Captain Stubbs, but I simply can't take your gift much as I would love to."

"I see," said the captain miserably. "I guess I understand, marm. I'm a leetle bit behind the times, I reckon, but I kin see now that you be right. You can't accept anythin' from me so," he hesitated and glanced towards the sleeping boy, "so I'll give the cottage to Jack," he grinned. "That's it, I'll give it to leetle Jack."

She shook her head. "You can't do even that," she said gently. "Jack is me, don't you understand? He is me. To allow him to accept would be the same as accepting myself." She handed the envelope back to him and went on, a little choke in her voice. "It was very thoughtful and generous of you to do this for us, Captain Stubbs. I appreciate it deeply because I know what feelings actuated it. But you must allow me to pay you rental for the cottage each month, providing you will allow us to remain in it."

"Of course you kin stay," said the captain absently. He put the deed in his pocket, looked out of the window at the darkening landscape, at the boy with his arm about the wooden horse, then back to the little woman who was now softly crying, her face between her hands. The captain noted that they were very slender, weak-looking hands. A strand of brown hair clung across them, reddish-brown it was in the fire-

light. He sighed and the slightest audible sob came from between those slender fingers. Then the captain did the only right and proper thing under the circumstances. He made towards the door. You see, the little woman with the brown hair was between him and the door and when he took those little hands in his big, hard ones and drew them down and saw that blushing face, why the inevitable simply had to happen.

It may have been half an hour, an hour or several hours later that Jack woke up. He yawned and rubbed his eyes and stared across at the pair in the firelight. Then he pushed the yellow horse out of the way and said:

"I want Captain Stubbs to take me on his knee, too, mother. I want him to tell me the story of the tramp ship."

"Jack," said the captain, reaching down for the boy, "I'll tell you the story of how the tramp ship found a harbor."

So closed one happy Christmas day. It was late when the captain, his round face fairly glowing with joy, laid little Jack on the cot and bringing forth the covered basket gazed down at Saryann sleeping peacefully on the rug.

"I sorter hate to wake her up," he grinned. "She seems so contented."

"Why not let her stay," whispered the woman, coming close to him and hiding her head on his shoulder, "you—you will only have to carry her back here again soon, won't you, captain?"

"Why, shiver me, if you ain't right," he laughed. "I forgot jest fer the second that me and Saryann had found harbor."

Railways More Profitable Than Manufacturing

That the net return on capital invested in railways is increasing more rapidly than the net return from manufactures appears from figures compiled by the Bureau of Railway Economics in Washington, D.C., established by the railways of the country for the scientific study of transportation problems. It has prepared a comparison of the capital values of agriculture, manufactures and railways. The estimates are based on the census returns from 1890 to 1904 and other official figures up to and including 1910.

Summarized, the comparison states, in part, that:—

"From 1900 to 1910 the capital value of agriculture increased from \$20,439,901,164 to \$40,991,449,090; the capital value of manufactures from \$8,975,256,000 to \$18,428,270,000; the cost of road and equipment of the railways from \$10,263,313,400 to \$14,387,816,099.

"The gross value of the products of manufacture increased from \$11,406,927,000 in 1900 to \$20,672,052,000 in 1910. The total operating revenues of the railways increased from \$1,487,-

044,814 to \$2,750,667,435. Thus the increase of 81.2 per cent. in the gross value of manufactured products was accompanied by an increase of 105.3 per cent. in manufacturing capital, while the increase of 85 per cent. in the total operating revenues of the railways was accompanied by an increase of only 40.2 per cent. in their cost of road and equipment.

"Approximately, the percentage of net return on the capital value of manufactures in 1900 was 17.119 per cent. and that on the cost of road and equipment of the railways of 4.650 per cent. In 1910, when the capital value of manufactures had increased 105.3 per cent., the percentage of net return was 12.041 per cent., while on the cost of road and equipment of the railways, which had increased 40.2 per cent., the percentage of net return was 5.729 per cent.—that is, in 1910 the percentage of net return on capital in manufactures was nearly four times as great as that on the cost of road and equipment of the railways; in 1910 it was more than twice as great. In both cases the interest on capital is included in net return."

The Premier Painter of the Rockies

By John E. Staley

Following the article on Canadian Painting which appeared in the November issue of MacLean's, we are featuring a series for the next three or four months on Canadian Painters. Something of the careers of our leading artists will be given, together with illustrations of their work. The first sketch which is submitted herewith is of Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith, the Premier Painter of the Rockies.

"ONE of the dreams of my early manhood was to visit and paint the Rockies, about whose magnificence all travellers raved. I dreamed this over and over again until the vision took form in finding myself, very early one summer's morning, at 'The Gap.' Never was a mountain peep-show more appropriately named. Right across an iridescent reach of the Bow River—gold-shotted by the reflections of the mirror sky—stood out boldly the vanguard sentinels of the mountain host. Displaying the glint of their glacier accoutrements, they beckoned the enraptured pilgrim to explore their mysteries and their shrines." In some such words Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith relates the story of the psychic moment of his career.

Born in London—the Empire's metropolis—on September 26, 1846, with the painting instincts of his father, the child began to scribble as soon as he could toddle. Mr. Bell-Smith, senior, was a capable painter of portraits and miniatures, with a quarter of a century reputation. No habitu  of studios and streets was better known than he. The mother of his little son was the daughter of a naval flag-officer, aristocratic by birth and bearing, and possessed of fine artistic traits.

With his father, and alone, the boy soon began to visit artists and watch their work, and to study paintings ex-

hibited in the picture galleries: his name was a sufficient introduction everywhere. At first the compositions, which naturally made the strongest appeals to him, were those which told a story; such, for example, as the humor of Mulready, Leslie and Webster. At an early age he was able, at a glance, to distinguish a Hogarth, a Reynolds, a Turner, a Constable and so forth. This was in itself a liberal education in the Fine Arts. Entered as a pupil at the South Kensington School of Art, young Bell-Smith rapidly attained a position which rendered the elementary and conventional curriculum of that famous institution of little use.

No sooner were his drawing lessons over than the young lad was accustomed to sally forth into the busy thoroughfares, sketch-book in hand. Ensconced in some doorway, or alley, whence he could, undisturbed, observe the crowds passing to and fro, he jotted down whatever struck him in the constant movement. Sometimes he specialized in pages of noses, chins, brows, and so on, and, in certain well-known styles of people. In this way he prepared himself, perhaps unconsciously, for the first manner which subsequently marked his art. At fifteen Frederick Marlett had to buckle to a business avocation and he became an assistant in a shirt and collar factory in Wood Street, Cheap-

side. There he could not restrain his drawing proclivities, for every collar-box left the establishment decorated by his pencil, top and bottom. Much trouble came his way in consequence! When still in his teens, in water colors, he threw off quite a number of passable compositions—treating of social and

with much success, to reproduce the figures and the features of celebrities of the time.

The year 1866 was an important one in the history of the Bell-Smiths: it saw them landing as settlers upon the pleasant banks of the mighty St. Lawrence River. The year following, Frederick



Frederick Marlett Bell-Smith.

sportive humanities of the day. Among these were such subjects as "Wimbledon Common," "The National Rifle Association Meeting," "The Derby—Hermit's Year," "Rotten Row in the Season," and "Skating on the Serpentine." In these sketches the boy artist's aim was not merely to give the local colors and topography, but he attempted, and

Marlett joined his parents at Montreal, with his portfolio filled with studies, and quite a lot of finished water-color pictures. Alas, the market for such compositions was slow in Lower Canada; and, greatly discouraged, the young painter closed his sketch book and laid aside his palette. Refusing to be a burden to his kindly father he

looked about to make a living for himself. No art-craft in the sixties was more popular and more remunerative than photography, and at Montreal lived a man eminent and successful in that profession, one James Inglis, a Scot of the Scots. To him young Bell-Smith offered himself, and, being accepted, he remained thenceforward in the service of the camera for twelve strenuous years

whit! At twenty-five Frederick Marlett Bell-Smith led a blushing bride to the hymeneal altar, and set up a modest ménage in Hamilton. The girl of his choice was Myra, a daughter of Mr. Samuel Dyde, and niece of Colonel John Dyde, A.D.C., all of Canadian birth. Their honeymoon was short and then, for eight long years, work early work late was the tenor of the young



The Great Divide.

—working away at Montreal and Hamilton. Meanwhile the resourceful “improver” displayed the grit that was in him in quite another direction; he patriotically enlisted as a volunteer for the Fenian campaign of 1870. By the way, it is not a little remarkable, and not a little to their honor, that almost all the older painter-men to-day in Canada have done yeoman service—their rifles in their hands.

Drudgery or no, Cupid cared not one

married couple's lives. Photography—painting: painting—photography established Bell-Smith's consistent fame, and perseverance had its due reward. The Royal Canadian Academy was chartered in 1880, when, among the Associates, appeared the worthy name of Frederick Marlett Bell-Smith. This honor proved to be a turning point in his career.

Weary of the monotony of life and looking around in vain for inspirations—things artistic were dead as dead

could be in Canada—Mr. and Mrs. Bell-Smith packed their trunks, gave up their home and started off across the seas. He determined "to do something significant for art," like—another Fred-

Colorossi's Studio, and put himself under the tuition of Courtois, Dupain and Blanc. This he did, not so much for the sake of gaining for his work as a draughtsman and colorist a coating of



Lake O'Hara.

erick—Frederick, Lord Leighton—for the land of his adoption. After a brief sojourn in Britain they found themselves in Paris, where, whilst she made a pretty home, he joined himself to

French polish, as to prove his worthiness of his title as a Canadian painter. He had much leeway to make up and a dear wife to maintain besides. Happy was he in the partner of his heart—a



Sunrise on the Olympians.

good wife is ever a splendid investment for a rising man—and, although Mrs. Bell-Smith never expressed herself on carton or canvas, her perfect candor made her the best of critics.

That Paris sojourn showed the erstwhile sketcher of the life of London streets to be in his element upon the bustling boulevards and along the busy river quays. The mutations of color fascinated him, so that his facility in draughtsmanship was strengthened by appreciation of atmospheric variations. Impressions, such as Camille Pizzaro was wont to throw off, were added to his London suites: "Nôtre Dame by Evening Light," "Tour St. Jacques," "Les Halles," "Boats on the Seine," were some of the names he wrote upon his canvases. In Paris Bell-Smith began first to paint seriously in oils. Love of France and of the French became a new motive in his life, a motive still operative in the choice of conversation and reading in his Toronto home and social circle.

But, hark! Amid the thundering diapasons of the rock-shattering western Atlantic are plaintive songs of sirens singing sweetly upon the dulcet banks and reefs of the Canadian shore—ever bringing harmony out of discord. Echoes of Nature's orchestration floating mid sea and sky were wafted Europewards, until they found responsive measures in the heart of the painter by the Seine. The Lady of the Snows bade her sea-maidens and her river-nymphs win back to her High Court in Canada her foster son. A cheery welcome awaited the amiable couple's return to the Dominion, and they furnished a simple homestead with a studio attached at London in Ontario.

Bell-Smith at once began to paint Canadian subjects in oils: his first composition of the series appeared in 1880—"In the Heart of the White Mountains." It was a great success, and, after a battle of eager bidders, it passed into the possession of the Art Gallery of the city of Sherbrooke, Quebec. Recog-

nizing the artist's talent and his perseverance his brothers of the brush rallied round him encouragingly. Once started upon this new campaign he took abundant toll of peak and glacier, of lake and forest; and, in more restful humor, sought inspirations from wide Britannia's realm. Landscapes and marine subjects danced in couples off his palette. His figure, alert and manly, was as familiar up in the highlands of Ontario as on the beaches of Maine and Fundy Bay. During his seven years' residence in London (1881-88) he occupied double chairs in the Faculty of Alma College, St. Thomas, as Director of Fine Arts and Professor of Elocution, and he also taught chalk drawing in the public schools.

Lack of paying patronage is the ruin of many a brilliant disciple of the Fine Arts, and this came within Bell-Smith's experience too. Casting about for sympathy and oof, in 1887, he was thrown into contact with a famous maker of men and roads—William Van Horne, of Canadian Pacific Railway fame. Pleading with him the cause of his art the magnate recognized the advantage

to all concerned of good pictorial displays of the scenery of that remarkable line, and, noting Bell-Smith's ability and renown—he had been made a Royal Academician in 1886—he caused a pass over the whole railway system to be granted to him—other Canadian painters also sharing the privilege. The happy man lost no time in packing his valise and painting kit and off he started buoyantly to the land of majestic beauty—the Rockies—where his fancy had already found a pitch.

What pen, what brush, can adequately delineate that magical panorama of towering, forest, glacier peaks—the Canadian Dolomites!—that sky, so lofty and limitless, so ethereally blue as scarcely to seem to touch the topmost snow fields of them all!—those aiguilles of gold and silver and vermillion, piercing the green-blue-purple vaulted heaven!—those dark mysterious canyons, wrenching apart with savage aspect Nature's beauty spots!—those exquisite lakes of translucent enamel in settings of coral and malachite—or fringed with emerald verdure!—those sublime wild-weird effects of land and sky, when the ele-



Hermit Range.



Funeral of Sir John Thompson.

ments are at war, or when peacefully slumbering in shimmering mist and rain! The human eye may indeed take in much of this pageantry, and the heart may feel its ravishment, but man's wit cannot fashion words to tell the impressions of his brain.

Staggered at the immensity of it all Bell-Smith sought counsel with the coronation deities, and they gently led the neophyte within the threshold of their domain, and unfolded to his dazzled gaze, bit by bit, its beauties and its charms. In 1888 the inspired painter put up his easel in Toronto and set to work to illustrate as best he could the ritual he had learned. Breaking with delusions of the past a new horizon filled his soul and fresh inspiration carried him on. His last link with the past, "The Ottertail Mountains," he exhibited at the London Royal Academy the same year, and then he went ahead. The illustrations of this article are representative of the treasures Bell-Smith extracted from the Canadian country of the gods.

Now for a word or two about the

method he adopts in his oil-painting cult. First, the subject he wishes to transfer to canvas he fixes in his brain, he dwells upon it with the utmost intensity, until it becomes a stable property of his imagination. Next, he sets down, tentatively, what he has created mentally, in any handy medium, and elaborates his sketch in color-wash to form the ground work of his painting scheme. Lastly, he stretches his canvas, marks out his values, paints in the body colors—making use of accessories and details—and carefully finishes his work.

Rarely Bell-Smith paints direct from Nature: his "Rockies" are too tremendous, but, at the same time, absolutely inspiring. The fleeting effects of atmosphere cannot be fastened down there and then. A glimpse is sufficient for the execution of his scheme: he paints best with closed eyes—so to speak—in the dark room of his studio, for he paints there what he feels. Variations in effects of atmosphere are like zephyrs which move capriciously the foliage of the trees. The contours and colors of Nature's shrines are ever

changing—sometimes dissolving like iridescent bubbles: at others floating hither and thither incontinently like lightest feather-down. All this is surely true of the delicious poetry of painting! Bell-Smith's canvases express together the epic and lyric measures he has learned so well in the glorious mountain sanctuaries.

Those painting expeditions—the latest was in 1910—have not, of course, been without episodes and incidents. "I very well remember," the painter relates, "once, when I was sketching a glacier in the Selkirks, with Mount Sir Donald right in front of me, I had placed my easel on a spot whence ran a glorious vista of pine trees. I bent peacefully to my task, but I soon became conscious of a movement in the underwood, and I had an apprehension of something uncanny about to happen. A curious sound struck my ear, one which I had only once heard before in my life, and that a few days before at Calgary. The inn-keeper there said he would show me something out of the

ordinary. A sound between a grunt and a growl greeted our approach, and presently I was face to face with a grizzly—in captivity. Now, again, I heard that grunting-growl and it was quite near to me. I had no weapon of any kind, I was defenceless, but sure enough a bear was stalking me! I considered what I had better do; to run meant the race was to the fleetest, and that was not me—to climb a tree was for the most agile, and that also was not me. My only course was to sit still and go on painting. I remember I felt no special fear, but I was surprised by the rapid throbbing of my heart. Bruin emerged from the greenery right in front of me, snuffed up and down only a few paces away, surveying me and my easel for a moment, and then—quietly trotted off, and soon I lost him in the forest. I need not add, perhaps, my half-mile time to the hotel was a record!"

Bell-Smith takes relaxation in moderation. What he likes best is stage-management of amateur theatricals.



Morning on the Pacific Coast.

His specialty is the rendition of Dickensiana characters. Almost every thrilling, pleasant scene and episode, in that wide range of literature, has had, in him, a whole-hearted impresario. His

my painting visions—whilst the best of it is, that my dear wife shares my tastes." Mr. and Mrs. Bell-Smith are now peaceful and contented sharers of an honorable retrospect. Ever sympa-



Opabin Pass.

object, however, is not merely recreation, for the proceeds of his "plays" are devoted to charitable objects. "Yes," he says, "I greatly enjoy a good play and, above all, I love music—nothing is more soothing and helpful to me in

thetic, though of most retiring disposition, she has, perhaps without knowing it, been the mainspring of their life's success. Her quiet manner, her simplicity of purpose, her homeliness, have all been comforting factors in the vicis-

situdes of his career. Unruffled by the freaks of fashion she has patiently and tactfully disentangled him in many of life's difficulties.

Honors have come abundantly to the modest painter, but, that which crowned them all, was bestowed upon him by Her Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, when she was in Canada, wife of the Governor-General, saw and admired Bell-Smith's work, desired that he might be introduced to her, and purchased one of his pictures. When told

act of placing a wreath upon the coffin of the deceased statesman.

With respect to the permanence of his art two things must be stated. First of all, his oil paintings demonstrate richness rather than lavishness in the use of colors. The good tone, which is overspreading his brushwork — like bloom upon ripe fruit—is indicative of the employment of none but the best materials. Secondly, Bell-Smith's style has improved with advancing years, and this most markedly. An art connoisseur of note, in Toronto, who knows



London Bridge—A Wet Day.

that he greatly wished a commission from the Queen, the Princess sent for him and personally presented him to Her Majesty. Very graciously she gave the Canadian artist sittings: the beautiful little portrait, he painted at Windsor, now hangs in Mrs. Bell-Smith's drawing-room. This was by way of being a study for the historical picture Bell-Smith painted in 1905 of "The Funeral of Sir John Thompson, late Premier of the Dominion." He died suddenly at Windsor Castle, and, in the painting, Her Majesty is seen in the

him well and his work, says: "There is no living painter in Canada who has made anything like the advance he has made in the quality of his painting." "A Bell-Smith" has become a necessary adjunct in every collection of importance in the Dominion. His delicacy of touch, his refinement of treatment, his conscientiousness of rendition, the ability of his technique, and the clare-obscure-poetic charm of every one of his compositions have well earned for Mr. Bell-Smith his title—"The Premier Painter of the Rockies."

The Smoke Bellew Series

Tale Twelve: WONDER OF WOMAN!

By Jack London

As a writer of stories of the Smoke Bellew type Jack London is in a class by himself. A big, strong, active fellow himself, he knows full well the life of which he writes—the life of freedom and adventure in the wilds. The Smoke Bellew series, which has run in MacLean's throughout the year and has been followed with so much interest, will be concluded in January, when the second installment of "Wonder of Woman" will be published.

PART I.

"JUST the same I notice you ain't troubled over yourself to get married," Shorty remarked, continuing a conversation that had lapsed some few minutes before.

Smoke, sitting on the edge of the sleeping robe and examining the feet of a dog he had rolled snarling on its back in the snow, did not answer. And Shorty, turning a steaming moccasin propped on a stick before the fire, studied his partner's face keenly.

"Cock your eye up at that there aurora borealis," Shorty went on. "Some frivolous, eh? Just like any shilly-shallyin', skirt-dancing woman. The best of them is frivolous, when they ain't foolish. And they's cats, all of 'em, the littlest an' the biggest, the nicest and the otherwise. They're sure devourin' lions an' roaring hyenas when they get on the trail of a man they've cottoned to."

Again the monologue languished. Smoke cuffed the dog when it attempted to snap his hand, and went on examining its bruised and bleeding pads.

"Huh!" pursued Shorty. "Mebbe I couldn't a-married if I'd a mind to! An' mebbe I would n't a-ben married without a mind to, if I hadn't hiked

for tall timber. Smoke, d'you want to know what saved me? I'll tell you. My wind. I just kept a-runnin'. I'd like to see any skirt run me outa breath."

Smoke released the animal and turned his own steaming, stick-propped moccasins.

"We've got to rest over to-morrow and make moccasins," he vouchsafed. "That little crust is playing the devil with their feet."

"We oughta keep goin' somehow," Shorty objected. "We ain't got grub enough to turn back with, and we gotta strike that run of caribou or them white Indians almighty soon or we'll be eatin' the dogs sore feet an' all. Now who ever seen them white Indians anyway? Nothin' but hearsay. An' how can a Indian be white? A black white man'd be as natural. Smoke, we just oughta travel to-morrow. The country's plumb dead of game. We ain't seen even a rabbit track in a week, you know that. An'd we gotta get out of this dead streak into somewhere that meat's runnin'."

"They'll travel all the better with a day's rest for their feet and moccasins all around," Smoke counselled. "If you get a chance at any low divide, take

a peep over at the country beyond. We're likely to strike open, rolling country any time now. That's what La Perle told us to look for."

"Huh! By his own story, it was ten years ago that La Perle come through this section, an' he was that loco from hunger he couldn't know what he did see. Remember what he said of whop-pin' big flags floatin' from the tops of the mountains? That shows how, loco *he* was. An' he said himself he never seen any white Indians—that was Anton's yarn. An', besides, Anton kicked the bucket two years before you an' me come to Alaska. But I'll take a look to-morrow. An' mebbe I might pick up a moose. What d'you say we turn in?"

II.

Smoke spent the morning in camp, sewing dog-moccasins and repairing harnesses. At noon he cooked a meal for two, ate his share, and began to look for Shorty's return. An hour later he strapped on his snowshoes and went out on his partner's trail. The way led up the bed of the stream, through a narrow gorge that widened suddenly into a moose-pasture. But no moose had been there since the first snow of the preceding fall. The tracks of Shorty's snowshoes crossed the pasture and went up the easy slope of a low divide. At the crest Smoke halted. The tracks continued down the other slope. The first spruce trees, in the creek bed, were a mile away, and it was evident that Shorty had passed through them and gone on. Smoke looked at his watch, remembered the oncoming of darkness, the dogs and the camp, and reluctantly decided against going farther. But before he retraced his steps he paused for a long look. All the eastern sky-line was saw-toothed by the snowy backbone of the Rockies. The whole mountain system, range upon range, seemed to trend to the north-west, cutting athwart the course to the open country reported by La Perle. The effect was as if the mountains conspired to thrust back the traveler toward the west and the Yukon. Smoke wondered how many men in the

past, approaching as he had approached, had been turned aside by that forbidding aspect. La Perle had not been turned aside, but then, La Perle had crossed over from the eastern slope of the Rockies.

Until midnight Smoke maintained a huge fire for the guidance of Shorty. And in the morning, waiting with camp broken and dogs harnessed for first break of light, Smoke took up the pursuit. In the narrow pass of the canyon, his lead-dog pricked his ears and whined. Then Smoke came upon the Indians, six of them, coming toward him. They were traveling light, without dogs, and on each man's back was the smallest of pack-outfits. Surrounding Smoke, they immediately gave him several matters for surprise. That they were looking for him was clear. They were not White Indians, though they were taller and heavier than the Indians of the Yukon basin. Five of them carried the old-fashioned, long-barreled Hudson Bay Company musket, and in the hands of the sixth was a Winchester rifle which Smoke knew to be Shorty's.

Nor did they waste time in making him a prisoner. Unarmed himself, Smoke could only submit. The contents of the sled were distributed among their own packs, and he was given a pack composed of his and Shorty's sleeping furs. The dogs were unharnessed, and when Smoke protested, one of the Indians, by signs, indicated a trail too rough for sled-travel. Smoke bowed to the inevitable, cached the sled end-on in the snow on the bank above the stream, and trudged on with his captors. Over the divide to the north they went, down to the spruce trees which Smoke had glimpsed the preceding afternoon. They followed the stream for a dozen miles, abandoning it when it trended to the west and heading directly eastward up a narrow tributary.

The first night was spent in a camp which had been occupied for several days. Here was cached a quantity of dried salmon and a sort of pemmican, which the Indians added to their packs. From this camp a trail of many snow-

shoes led off—Shorty's captors, was Smoke's conclusion; and before darkness fell he succeeded in making out the tracks Shorty's narrower snowshoes had left. On questioning the Indians by signs, they nodded affirmation and pointed to the north.

Always, in the days that followed, they pointed north; and always the trail, turning and twisting through a jumble of upstanding peaks, trended north. Everywhere, in this bleak snowsolitude, the way seemed barred, yet ever the trail curved and coiled, finding low divides and avoiding the higher and untravelable chains. The snowfall was deeper than in the lower valleys, and every step of the way was snowshoe work. Furthermore, Smoke's captors, all young men, traveled light and fast; and he could not forbear the prick of pride in the knowledge that he easily kept up with them. They were trail-hardened and trained to snowshoes from infancy; yet such was his condition that the traverse bore no more of ordinary hardship to him than to them.

In six days they gained and crossed the central pass, low in comparison with the mountains it threaded, yet formidable in itself and not possible for loaded sleds. Five days more of tortuous winding, from lower altitude to lower altitude, brought them to the open, rolling, and merely hilly country La Perle had found ten years before. Smoke knew it with the first glimpse, on a sharp cold day, the thermometer forty below zero, the atmosphere so clear that he could see a hundred miles. Far as he could see rolled the open country. High in the east the Rockies still thrust their snowy ramparts heavenward. To the south and west extended the broken ranges of the projecting spur-system they had crossed. And in this vast pocket lay the country La Perle had traversed—snow-blanketed, but assuredly fat with game at some time in the year, and in the summer, a smiling, forested and flowered land.

Before mid-day, traveling down a broad stream, past snow-buried willows and naked aspens, and across heavily

timbered flats of spruce, they came upon the site of a large camp, recently abandoned. Glancing as he went by it, Smoke estimated four or five hundred fires, and guessed the population to be in the thousands. So fresh was the trail and so well packed by the multitude, that Smoke and his captors took off their snowshoes and in their moccasins struck a swifter pace. Signs of game appeared and grew plentiful—tracks of wolves and lynxes that without meat could not be. Once, one of the Indians cried out with satisfaction and pointed to a large area of open snow, littered with fang-polished skulls of caribou, trampled and disrupted as if an army had fought upon it. And Smoke knew that a big killing had been made by the hunters since the last snow flurry.

In the long twilight no sign was manifested of making camp. They held steadily on through a deepening gloom that vanished under a sky of light—great, glittering stars half-veiled by a greenish-vapor of pulsing aurora borealis. His dogs caught it first, the noises of the camp, pricking their ears and whining in low eagerness. Then it came to the ears of the humans, a murmur, dim with distance, but not invested with the soothing grace that is common to distant murmurs. Instead, it was in a high, wild key, a beat of shrill sound broken by shriller sounds—the long wolf-howling of many wolf-dogs, a screaming of unrest and pain, mournful with hopelessness and rebellion. Smoke swung back the crystal of his watch and by the feel of finger-tips on the naked hands made out eleven o'clock. The men about him quickened. The legs that had lifted through a dozen strenuous hours, lifted in a still swifter pace that was half a run and mostly a running jog. Through a dark spruce flat they burst upon an abrupt glare of light from many fires and upon an abrupt increase of sound. The great camp lay before them. And as they entered and threaded the irregular runways of the hunting camp, a vast tumult, as in a wave, rose to meet them and rolled on with them—cries, greetings, questions



SNASS.

and answers, jokes and jokes thrust back again, the snapping snarl of wolf-dogs rushing in furry projectiles of wrath upon Smoke's stranger-dogs, the scolding of squaws, laughter, the whim-

pering of children and wailing of infants, the moans of the sick aroused afresh to pain, all the pandemonium of a camp of nerveless, primitive wilderness folk.

Striking with clubs and the butts of guns, Smoke's party drove back the attacking dogs, while his own dogs, snapping and snarling, ayed by so many enemies, shrank in among the legs of their human protectors, themselves bristling along stiff-legged in menacing prance.

They halted in the trampled snow by an open fire, where Shorty and two young Indians, squatted on their hams, were broiling strips of caribou meat. Three other young Indians, lying in furs on a mat of spruce boughs, sat up. Shorty looked across the fire at his partner, but with a sternly impassive face, like those of his companions, made no sign and went on broiling the meat.

"What's the matter?" Smoke demanded, half in irritation. "Lost your speech?"

The old familiar grin twisted on Shorty's face.

"Nope," he answered. "I'm a Indian. I'm learnin' not to show surprise. When did they catch you?"

"Next day after you left."

"Hum," Shorty said, the light of whimsy dancing in his eyes. "Well, I'm doin' fine, thank you most to death. This is the bachelor's camp." He waved his hand to embrace its magnificence, which consisted of a fire, beds of spruce boughs laid on top of the snow, flies of caribou skin, and wind-shields of twisted spruce and willow withes. "An' these are the bachelors." This time his hand indicated the young men, and he spat a few broken gutturals in their own language that brought the white flash of acknowledgement from eyes and teeth. "They're glad to meet you, Smoke. Set down an' dry your moccasins, an' I'll cook up some grub. I'm gettin' the hang of the lingo pretty well, ain't I? You'll have to come to it, for it looks as we'll be with these folks a long time. They's another white here. Got caught six years ago. He's a Irishman they picked up over Great Slave Lake way. Danny McCan is what he goes by. He's settled down with a squaw. Got two kids already, but he'll skin out if ever the chance opens up.

See that low fire over there to the right? That's his camp."

Apparently this was Smoke's appointed domicile, for his captors left him and his dogs, and went on deeper into the big camp. While he attended to his foot-gear and devoured strips of hot meat, Shorty cooked and talked.

"This is a sure peach of a pickle, Smoke—you listen to me. An' we got to go some to get out. These is the real, blowed-in-the-glass wild Indians. They ain't white, but their chief is. He talks like a mouthful of hot mush, an' he ain't full-blood Scotch they ain't no such thing as Scotch in the world. He's the *hi-vu, skookum* top-chief of the whole caboodle. What he says goes. You want to get that from the start-off. Danny McCan's ben tryin' to get away from him for six years. Danny's all right, but he ain't got go in him. He knows a way out—learned it on huntin' trips—to the west of the way you an' me come. He ain't had the nerve to tackle it by his lonely. But we can pull it off, the three of us. Whiskers is the real goods, but he's mostly loco just the same."

"Who's Whiskers?" Smoke queried, pausing in the wolfing down of a hot strip of meat.

"Why, he's the top geezer. He's the Scotcher. He's gettin' old, an' he's sure asleep now, but he'll see you to-morrow an' show you clear as print what a measly shrimp you are on his stompin' grounds. These grounds belong to him. You got to get that into your noodle. They ain't never ben explored, nor nothin', an' they're hisn. An' he won't let you forget it. He's got about twenty thousand square miles of huntin' country here all his own. He's the white Indian, him an' the skirt—Huh! Don't look at me that way. Wait till you see her. Some looker, an' all white, like her dad—he's Whiskers. An' say, caribou! I've saw 'em. A hundred thousand of good runnin' meat in the herd, an' ten thousand wolves an' cats a-follwin' an' livin' off the stragglers an' the leavin's. We leave the leavin's. The herd's movin' to the east, an' we'll be

followin' 'em any day now. We eat, an' our dogs, an' what we don't we smoke-cure for the spring before the salmon-run gets its swing in. Say, what Whiskers don't know about salmon an' caribou, nobody knows, take it from me."

III.

"Here comes Whiskers lookin' like he's goin' somewheres," Shorty whispered, reaching over and wiping greasy hands on the coat of one of the sled-dogs.

It was morning, and the bachelors were squatting over a breakfast of caribou meat, which they broiled as they ate. Smoke glanced up and saw a small and slender man, skin-clad like any savage but unmistakably white, striding in advance of a sled-team and a following of a dozen Indians. Smoke cracked a hot bone, and while he sucked out the steaming marrow gazed at his approaching host. Bushy whiskers, yellowish gray and stained by camp smoke, concealed most of the face but failed wholly to conceal the gaunt, almost cadaverous cheeks. It was a healthy leanness, Smoke decided, as he noted the wide flare of the nostrils and the breadth and depth of chest that gave spaciousness to the guaranty of oxygen and life.

"How do you do," the man said, slipping a mitten and holding out his bare hand. "My name is Snass," he added, as they shook hands.

"Mine's Bellew," Smoke returned, feeling peculiarly disconcerted as he gazed into the keen-searching black eyes.

"Getting plenty to eat, I see."

Smoke nodded and resumed his marrow-bone, the burr of Scottish speech strangely pleasant to his ears.

"Rough rations. But we don't starve often. And it's more natural than the hand-reared meat of the cities."

"I see you don't like cities," Smoke laughed, in order to be saying something; and was immediately startled by the transformation Snass underwent.

Quite like a sensitive plant, the man's entire form seemed to wilt and quiver.

Then the recoil, tense and savage, concentrated in the eyes, in which appeared a hatred that screamed of immeasurable pain. He turned abruptly away, and, recollecting himself, remarked casually over his shoulder:

"I'll see you later, Mr. Bellew. The caribou are moving east, and I'm going ahead to pick out a location. You'll all come on to-morrow."

"Some Whiskers, that, eh?" Shorty muttered, as Snass pulled on at the head of his outfit.

Again Shorty wiped his hands on the wolf-dog, who seemed to like it as it licked off the delectable grease.

IV.

Later on in the morning Smoke went for a stroll through the camp. Busy it was with its primitive pursuits. A big body of hunters had just returned and the men were scattering to their various fires. Women and children were departing with dogs harnessed to empty toboggan-sleds and women and children and dogs were hauling sleds heavy with meat fresh from the killing and already frozen. An early spring cold-snap was on, and the wildness of the scene was painted in a temperature of thirty below zero. Woven cloth was not in evidence. Furs and soft-tanned leather clad all alike. Boys passed with bows in their hands, and quivers of bone-barbed arrows; and many a skinning-knife of bone or stone Smoke saw in belts or neck-hanging sheathes. Women toiled over the fires, smoke-curing the meat, on their backs infants that stared round-eyed and sucked at lumps of tallow. Dogs, full-kin to wolves, bristled up to Smoke to endure the menace of the short club he carried and to whiff the odor of this newcomer whom they must accept by virtue of the club.

Segregated in the heart of the camp, Smoke came upon what was evidently Snass's fire. Though temporary in every detail, yet it was solidly constructed and was on a large scale. A great heap of bales of skins and outfit was piled on a scaffold out of reach of the dogs. A large canvas fly, almost half-

tent, sheltered the sleeping and living quarters. To one side was a silk tent—the sort favored by explorers and wealthy big-game hunters. Smoke had never seen such a tent, and stepped closer. As he stood looking, the flaps parted and a young woman came out. So quickly did she move, so abruptly did she appear, that the effect on Smoke was as that of an apparition. He seemed to have the same effect on her, and for a long moment they gazed at each other.

She was dressed entirely in skins, but such skins and such magnificently beautiful fur-work Smoke had never dreamed. Her parka, the hood thrown back, was of some strange fur of palest silver. The muclucs, with walrus-hide soles, were composed of the silver-padded feet of many lynxes. The long-gauntleted mittens, the tassels at the knees, all the varied furs of the costume, were pale silver that shimmered in the frosty light; and out of this shimmering silver poised on slender, delicate neck, lifted her head, the rosy face blonde as the eyes were blue; the ears like two pink shells, the light chestnut hair touched with frost-dust and coruscating frost-glints.

All this and more, as in a dream, Smoke saw, then, recollecting himself, his hand fumbled for his cap. At the same moment the wonder-stars in the girl's eyes passed into a smile, and, with movements quick and vital, she slipped a mitten and extended her hand.

"How do you do," she murmured gravely, with a queer, delightful accent, her voice, silvery as the furs she wore, coming with a shock to Smoke's ears, attuned as they were to the harsh voices of the camp squaws.

Smoke could only mumble phrases that were awkwardly reminiscent of his best society manner.

"I am glad to see you," she went on slowly and gropingly, her face a ripple of smiles. "My English you will please excuse. It is not good. I am English like you," she gravely assured him. "My father he is Scotch. My mother she is dead. She is French, and Eng-

lish, and a little Indian, too. Her father was a great man in the Hudson Bay Company. Brrr! It is cold." She slipped on her mitten and rubbed her ears, the pink of which had already turned to white. "Let us go to the fire and talk. My name is Labiskwee. What is your name?"

And so Smoke came to know Labiskwee, the daughter of Snass, whom Snass called Margaret.

"Snass is not my father's name," she informed Smoke. "Snass is only an Indian name."

Much Smoke learned that day, and in the days that followed, as the hunting camp moved on in the trail of the caribou. These were the real wild Indians—the ones Anton had encountered and escaped from long years before. This was nearly the western limit of their territory, and in the summer they ranged north to the tundra shores of the Arctic, and eastward as far as the Luskwa. What river the Luskwa was Smoke could not make out, nor could Labiskwee tell him, nor could McCan. On occasion Snass, with parties of strong hunters, pushed east across the Rockies, on past the lakes and the Mackenzie, and into the Barrens. It was on the last traverse in that direction that the silk tent occupied by Labiskwee had been found.

"It belonged to the Millicent-Adbury expedition," Snass told Smoke.

"Oh, I remember. They went after musk-oxen. The rescue expedition never found a trace of them."

"I found them," Snass said. "But both were dead."

"The world still doesn't know. The word never got out."

"The word never gets out," Snass assured him pleasantly.

"You mean if they had been alive when you found them . . .?"

Snass nodded. "They would have lived on with me and my people."

"Anton got out," Smoke challenged.

"I do not remember the name. How long ago?"

"Fourteen or fifteen years," Smoke answered.

"So he pulled through after all. Do you know, I've wondered about him. We called him Long Tooth. He was a strong man, a strong man."

"La Perle came through here ten years ago."

Snass shook his head.

"He found traces of your camps. It was summer time."

"That explains it," Snass answered. "We are hundreds of miles to the north in the summer."

But strive as he would, Smoke could get no clew to Snass's history in the days before he came to live in the northern wilds. Educated he was, yet in all the intervening years he had read no books, no newspapers. What had happened in the world he knew not. Nor did he show desire to know. He had heard of the miners on the Yukon, and of the Klondike strike. Gold-miners had never invaded his territory, for which he was glad. But the outside world to him did not exist. He tolerated no mention of it.

Nor could Labiskwee help Smoke with earlier information. She had been born on the hunting grounds. Her mother had lived for six years after. Her mother had been very beautiful—the only white woman Labiskwee had ever seen. She said this wistfully, and wistfully, in a thousand ways, she showed that she knew of the great outside world on which her father had closed the door. But this knowledge was secret. She had early learned that mention of it threw her father into a rage.

Anton had told a squaw of her mother, and that her mother had been a daughter of a high official in the Hudson Bay Company. Later, the squaw had told Labiskwee. But her mother's name she had never learned.

As a source of information, Danny McCan was impossible. He did not like adventure. Wild life was a horror, and he had had nine years of it. Shangaied in San Francisco, he had deserted the whaleship at Point Barrow with four companions. Two had died, and the third had abandoned him on the terrible traverse south. Two years he

had lived with the Eskimos before raising the courage to attempt the south traverse, and then, within several days of a Hudson Bay Company post, he had been gathered in by a party of Snass's young men. He was a small, stupid man, afflicted with sore eyes, and all he dreamed or could talk about was getting back to his beloved San Francisco and his blissful trade of bricklaying.

V

"You're the first intelligent man we've had," Snass complimented Smoke one night by the fire. "Except old Four Eyes. The Indians named him so. He wore glasses and was short-sighted. He was a professor of zoology." (Smoke noted the correctness of the pronunciation of the word.) "He died a year ago. My young men picked him up strayed from an expedition on the upper Porcupine. He was intelligent, yes; but he was also a fool. That was his weakness—straying. He knew geology, though, and working in metals. Over on the Luskwa, where there's coal, we have several creditable hand-forges he made. He repaired our guns and taught the young men how. He died last year, and we really missed him. Strayed—that's how it happened—froze to death within a mile of camp."

It was on the same night that Snass said to Smoke:

"You'd better pick out a wife and have a fire of your own. You will be more comfortable than with those young bucks. The maidens' fires—a sort of feast of the virgins, you know—are not lighted until full summer and the salmon, but I can give orders earlier if you say the word."

Smoke laughed and shook his head.

"Remember," Snass concluded quietly, "Anton is the only one that ever got away. He was lucky, unusually lucky."

Her father had a will of iron, Labiskwee told Smoke.

"Four Eyes used to call him the Frozen Pirate—whatever that means—the Tyrant of the Frost, the Cave Bear, the Beast Primitive, the King of the

Caribou, the Bearded Pard, and lots of such things. Four Eyes loved words like those. He taught me most of my English. He was always making fun. You could never tell. He called me his cheetah-chum after times when I was angry. What is cheetah? He always teased me with it."

She chattered on with all the eager naivete of a child, which Smoke found hard to reconcile with the full womanhood of her form and face.

Yes, her father was very firm. Everybody feared him. He was terrible when angry. There were the Porcupines. It was through them, and through the Luskwas, that Snass traded his skins at the posts and got his supplies of ammunition and tobacco. He was always fair, but the chief of the Porcupines began to cheat. And after Snass had warned him twice, he burned his log village, and over a dozen of the Porcupines were killed in the fight. But there was no more cheating. Once, when she was a little girl, there was one white man killed while trying to escape. No, her father did not do it, but he gave the order to the young men. No Indian ever disobeyed her father.

And the more Smoke learned from her, the more the mystery of Snass agreed.

"And tell me if it is true," the girl was saying, "that there was a man and a woman whose names were Paolo and Francesca and who greatly loved each other?"

Smoke nodded.

"Four Eyes told me all about it," she beamed happily. "And so he didn't make it up after all. You see, I wasn't sure. I asked father, but oh, he was angry. The Indians told me he gave poor Four Eyes an awful talking-to. Then there was Tristan and Iseult—two Iseults. It was very sad. But I should like to love that way. Do all the young men and women in the world do that? They don't here. They just get married. They don't seem to have time. I am English, and I will never marry an Indian—would you? That is why I have not lighted my maiden's fire.

Some of the young men are bothering father to make me do it. Libash is one of them. He is a great hunter. And Mahkook comes around singing songs. He is funny. To-night, if you come by my tent after dark you will hear him singing out in the cold. But father says I can do as I please, and so I shall not light my fire. You see, when a girl makes up her mind to get married, that is the way she lets young men know. Four Eyes always said it was a fine custom. But I noticed he never took a wife. Maybe he was too old. He didn't have much hair, but I don't think he was really very old. And how do you know when you are in love—like Paolo and Francesca, I mean?"

Smoke was disconcerted by the clear gaze of her blue eyes.

"Why, they say," he stammered, "those who are in love say it, that love is dearer than life. When one finds out that he or she likes somebody better than everybody else in the world—why, then, they know they are in love. That's the way it goes, but it's awfully hard to explain. You just know it, that's all."

She looked off across the camp-smoke, sighed, and resumed work on the fur mitten she was sewing.

"Well," she announced with finality, "I shall never get married anyway."

VI

"Once we hit out we'll sure have some tall runnin'," Shorty said dismally.

"The place is a big trap," Smoke agreed.

From the crest of a bald knob they gazed out over Snass's snowy domain, east, west and south they were hemmed in by the high peaks and jumbled ranges. Northward, the rolling country seemed interminable; yet they knew, even in that direction, that half a dozen transverse chains blocked the way.

"At this time of the year I could give you three days' start," Snass told Smoke that evening. "You can't hide trail, you see. Anton got away when the snow was gone. My young men can travel as fast as the best white man; and



"I am glad you didn't try to run away," she said."

besides you would be breaking trail for them. And when the snow is off the ground, I'll see to it that you don't get the chance Anton had. It's a good life. And soon the world fades. I have never quite got over the surprise of finding how easy it is to get along without the world."

"What's eatin' me is Danny McCan," Shorty confided to Smoke. "He's a weak brother on any trail. But he swears he knows the way out to the westward an' so we got to put up with him, Smoke, or you sure get yours."

"We're all in the same boat," Smoke answered.

"Not on your life. It's a-comin' to you straight down the pike."

"What is?"

"You ain't heard the news?"

Smoke shook his head.

"The bachelors told me. They just got the word. To-night it comes off, though it's months ahead of the calendar."

Smoke shrugged his shoulders.

"Ain't interested in hearin'?" Shorty teased.

"I'm waiting to hear."

"Well, Danny's wife just told the bachelors . . ." Shorty paused impressively. "An' the bachelors told me, of course, that the maidens' fires is due to be lighted to-night. That's all. Now how do you like it?"

"I don't get your drift, Shorty."

"Don't, eh? Why, it's plain open and shut. They's a skirt after you, an' that skirt is goin' to light a fire, an' that skirt's name is Labiskwee. Oh, I've been watchin' her watch you when you ain't lookin'. She ain't never lighted her fire. Said she wouldn't marry a Indian. An' now, when she lights her fire, it's a cinch it's my poor old friend Smoke."

"It sounds like a syllogism," Smoke said, with a sinking heart reviewing Labiskwee's actions of the past several days.

"Cinch is shorter to pronounce," Shorty returned. "An' that's always the way—just as we're workin' up our get-away, along comes a skirt to com-

plicate everything. We ain't got no luck—hey! Listen to that, you, Smoke!"

Three ancient squaws had halted midway between the bachelors' camp and the camp of McCan, and the oldest was declaiming in shrill falsetto.

Smoke recognized the names, but not all the words, and Shorty translated with melancholy glee.

"Labiskwee, the daughter of Snass, the Rain-Maker, the Great Chief, lights her first maiden's fire to-night. Maka, the daughter of Owits, the Wolf-Runner—"

The recital ran through the names of a dozen maidens, and then the three heralds tottered on their way to make announcement at the next fires.

The bachelors, who had sworn youthful oaths to speak to no maiden, were uninterested in the approaching ceremony, and to show their disdain they made preparations for immediate departure on a mission set them by Snass and upon which they had planned to start the following morning. Not satisfied with the old hunters' estimates of the caribou, Snass had decided that the run was split. The task set the bachelors was to scout to the north and west in quest of the second division of the great herd.

Smoke, troubled by Labiskwee's fire-lighting, announced that he would accompany the bachelors. But first he talked with Shorty and with McCan.

"You be there on the third day, Smoke," Shorty said. "We'll have the outfit an' the dogs."

"But remember," Smoke cautioned, "if there is any slip-up in meeting me, you keep on going and get out to the Yukon. That's flat. If you make it, you can come back for me in the summer. If I get the chance I'll make it and come back for you."

McCan, standing by his fire, indicated with his eyes a rugged mountain where the high western range out-jutted on the open country.

"That's the one," he said. "A small stream on the south side. We go up it. On the third day you meet us. We'll

pass by on the third day. Anywhere you tap that stream you'll meet us or our trail."

VII

But the chance did not come to Smoke on the third day. The bachelors had changed the direction of their scout, and while Shorty and McCan plodded up the stream with their dogs, Smoke and the bachelors were sixty miles to the northeast picking up the trail of the second caribou herd. Several days later, through a dim twilight of falling snow, they came back to the big camp. A squaw ceased from wailing by a fire and darted up to Smoke. Harsh-tongued, with bitter, venomous eyes, she cursed him, waving her arms toward a silent, fur-wrapped form that still lay on the sled which had hauled it in.

What had happened, Smoke could only guess, and as he came to McCan's fire he was prepared for a second cursing. Instead, he saw McCan himself industriously chewing a strip of caribou meat.

"I'm not a fightin' man," he whiningly explained. "But Shorty got away, though they're still after him. He put up a hell of a fight. They'll get him, too. He ain't got a chance. He plugged two bucks that'll get around all right. An' he croaked one square through the chest."

"Yes, I know," Smoke answered. "I just met the widow."

"Old Snass'll be wantin' to see you," McCan added. "Them's his orders. Soon as you come in you was to go to his fire. I ain't squealed. You don't know nothin'. Keep that in mind. Shorty went off on his own along with me."

At Snass's fire Smoke found Labiskwee. She met him with eyes that shone with such softness and tenderness as to frighten him.

"I'm glad you didn't try to run away," she said. "You see, I . . ." She hesitated, but her eyes did not drop. They swam with a light unmistakable. "I lighted my fire, and of course it was for you. It has happened. I like you

better than everybody else in the world. Better than my father. Better than a thousand Libashes and Mahkooks. I love. It is very strange. I love as Francesca loved, as Iseult loved. Old Four Eyes spoke true. Indians do not love this way. But my eyes are blue and I am white. We are white, you and I."

Smoke had never been proposed to in his life, and he was unable to meet the situation. Worse, it was not even a proposal. His acceptance was taken for granted. So thoroughly was it all arranged in Labiskwee's mind, so warm was the light in her eyes, that he was amazed that she did not throw her arms around him and rest her head on his shoulder. Then he realized, despite her candor of love, that she did not know the pretty ways of love. Among the primitive savages such ways did not obtain. She had had no chance to learn.

"But Labiskwee, listen," he began. "Are you sure you learned from Four Eyes all the story of the love of Paolo and Francesca?"

She clapped her hands and laughed with an immense certitude of gladness.

"Oh! There is more! I know there must be more and more of love! I have thought much since I lighted my fire. I have——"

And then Snass strode in to the fire through the falling snowflakes, and Smoke's opportunity was lost.

"Good evening," Snass burred gruffly. "Your partner has made a mess of it. I am glad you had better sense."

"You might tell me what's happened," Smoke urged.

The flash of white teeth through the stained beard was not pleasant.

"Certainly I'll tell you. Your partner has killed one of my people. That snivelling shrimp, McCan, deserted at the first shot. He'll never run away again. But my hunters have got your partner in the mountains, and they'll get him. He'll never make the Yukon basin. As for you, from now on you sleep at my fire. And there'll be no more scouting with the young men. I shall have my eye on you."

The World's Greatest Evangelist

By C. D. Cliffe

Rev. John McNeill occupies the first place, not only in religious circles in Great Britain, but he is regarded as the leading orator of the period. There is a possibility of Mr. McNeill becoming a resident of Canada. The writer of this article is a member of the MacLean Magazine organization, a Canadian, who spent some years on the London Press. No one knows Mr. McNeill, his power and peculiarities better.

FROM railway porter in Glasgow, Scotland, to pastor of Regent's Square (Presbyterian) Church, London, England, is a long step. To then, suddenly give up the notable pastorate, over a whim, doff all gowns of the "cloth," and rise to be one of the most famous undenominational evangelists, known in the four corners of the globe; such in tabloid form is the life of the Rev. John McNeill, orator, preacher and evangelist, now of Liverpool, England, and who recently received a call to the pulpit of Cooke's Church, Toronto, Canada.

It's about McNeill's originalities as an evangelist I wish to speak. For nearly two years I was closely associated with his preaching in the Old Country; and, therefore, speak from first hand experience.

As a travelling evangelist he was organized just like a large opera company, had his managers and his committee and his secretaries. He and his entourage always stayed at the best hotels and never suffered the common indignity of being billeted to private houses.

I was employed by a printing company which published a religious paper and incidentally printed tracts and booklets, mostly religious. Their head-

quarters were on Warwick Lane within a stone's throw of the great paternoster row, known to the world as the "Row."

"Follow McNeill" was my modest assignment. This meant that I had to hear all his sermons and that meant five a week and often two on Sunday as he never preached on Saturday night. Further, of course, it was my duty to seize upon some of his best thoughts and put them into shape such as a booklet or a tract and see how many rich ladies, maiden or otherwise, were anxious to spend some money on tracts. McNeill called it "getting square with the Creator." That, however, is another story.

Occasionally we printed verbatim sermons. They were all so good that it was difficult to sift the good or the best.

So to get the cream of his sermons we used to run miniatures of his originalities in columns. These would be selected from his masterly orations. One never knew when he would say something remarkable.

Surely his sermons were orations, unequalled in apt illustration, fine wit, keen, pungent paragraphs, gleaming with fervor and religious spirit, convincing and amazing. I shall never forget some of them.

There is no need then to follow the

great preacher to all the big cities of Great Britain, including Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dublin, Cork, etc., where I went with him, as the man just repeated himself as he went along. In Glasgow he occupied the Tent Hall

early career. He was a poor boy, but received a reasonably good common education in the Highlands of Scotland. His mother he often refers to as having taught him the Bible and good habits.

Probably one of his finest sermons is



Rev. John McNeill.

for over a month and filled it every night to overflowing.

In London alone he remained nearly four months without interruption, during which period I heard seventy-five per cent. of all his preaching.

Let us look briefly at the preacher's

his story of his life which in a word is told at the first sentence of this article only he works in his struggles for existence and always starts by saying:

"You didn't know I was a railway porter in Glasgow! True enough and I'm still saying 'Change cars.'"

He prefers to be called John McNeill without any Reverend or other title. He is a large man physically as well as mentally. He is dark of complexion, wears full shaggy beard—or did when I knew him—and his bushy black hair stands straight up on his well-shaped head something like Carlyle's but not so wiry. For this there's another reason. John has a habit in the most thrilling moments in his addresses of pulling his beard quickly and then pushing his five fingers most vigorously through his hair.

Then look out for fireworks. He generally grabs the banister of the pulpit or the railing, winds his powerful right arm about it almost in a wriggle and in a tremendous voice shouts, yes, actually shouts: "What do you say? With us or against us; in or out, up or downer, are you going to dive off into the world again and risk your life with hell?"

As he said "dive" the effect was climacteric as his voice would cadence and he stood speechless in the attitude of a diver.

He never uses notes of any kind and what a marvellous memory he must have is best established by the fact that I have taken his sermons verbatim and have heard them again and again from twenty to fifty times, and I never knew him to change a word, a quotation or an illustration.

Naturally he would have to repeat these sermons after he had spoken all he had prepared, for who could keep up such originality otherwise?

I have heard him preach his sermon on the Cave of Adullam, picturing in graphic language Saul on his throne and David hiding, typifying men and affairs of the day, in Exeter Hall, London, on Wednesday night and on Friday night he had the nerve to repeat it at St. James Hall a few yards away (St. James Hall was in existence at the time to which I refer).

The London papers went after him hard on this repeating business and gave him somewhat of a "roasting." They also told him he was too familiar with the Deity and made too much frivolity in his sermons.

To these onslaughts McNeill never replied more than to refer now and then to the fact that he and his Master knew each other better than did the London papers.

It was a wealthy Glasgow business man who put McNeill through Glasgow University. Always a fine, fluent speaker,



An intimate view of Rev. John McNeill.

possessed with the best of common sense and at the same time that supreme intellectual appreciation of the Bible, it was not surprising that his first pastorate was the great Regent's Square of London, the most fashionable and wealthy of the metropolis. The congregation was not large but immensely wealthy and exclusive. Young McNeill's salary was a good one and his work easy. However, his prophetic restless spirit would not stand monotony. His message was for crowds he

always felt and his church was never full. One Sunday evening his wealthy deacons were thunderstruck to find McNeill, the porter-pastor, standing on the steps of the big church without a gown invoking the passersby to come in and hear the gospel.

The situation caused a climax and shortly after McNeill resigned. I will refer to one of his sermons later which I always felt dealt a body blow at the Regent's Square Church.

At the time of the World's Fair at Chicago all the up-town theatres were vacated as everything was moved to Jackson Park. The great Dwight Moody, the American evangelist, had been preaching in England and met McNeill. He induced him to join him and they rented the vacated theatres in Chicago and packed them to the garret throughout the whole session of the fair. McNeill often referred to the power of the Lord being greater than all things for everybody told them they would lose on such a foolish venture. After this he and Moody went to Australia, where they made a great impression. It was in 1896, 1897 and 1898 that McNeill returned to England. He was asked to undertake a campaign on a basis of a guarantee which was given again by this great Glasgow man, since raised to the Peerage. That is whatever McNeill's committee were short to the amount of one thousand pounds for McNeill's salary he would make up or in other words he wished the great McNeill to preach the gospel regardless of creed, sect or denomination and this thousand pounds was guaranteed.

A strong committee was organized of prominent business men and they made London, modern Babylon, their first place of attack.

Spurgeon's famous tabernacle in Brixton was chosen as the first meeting place but McNeill afterwards went to Islington, filling the great Agricultural Hall there, also at Albert Hall, where fifteen thousand was a common audience, and then at all the leading halls and churches all over the big city.

McNeill never gave his sermons titles

but after hearing them one could not fail to name them. He simply preached from the Bible and would use two or three stanzas of Scriptures which he used as constructive guides to the continuity of his flow of thought.

On Sundays in London it was a big favor to have him speak at some of the fashionable west side churches such as Marlborough Square, St. John's Wood, presided over by Rev. Dr. Gibson, a former Canadian, in this time; or the famous church of Dr. Hanson at Marylebone. The very announcement of his being at a church meant an overflow congregation that day.

He often worried these pastors who were holding together a more or less dissipated high society church because McNeill never condoned any society fads but went after them hot foot, frequently stepping on the toes of some of the wealthiest adherents.

I remember once at Marlborough Square one Sunday morning. The church was filled with fashion and wealth. Just imagine it was common to see the collection posted of sixty to seventy pounds — just collection plate money not contribution money.

Well! McNeill was in fine fettle. He had chosen his sermon on the House at Capernaum. He was a great actor, virile and hypnotic and you can fancy him describing the bringing of the sick man through the roof of this house. He graphically pictured the lifting of the man to the roof and held the audience breathless as he held his arms upwards to reach the imaginary cot of the sick man. Then he would say: "The splinters are falling, down he comes, down, down to the Christ waiting to heal."

Then he would say one man had "spit upon his hands to get a good hold." "What's that?" he would say turning to the audience. "Some of you think 'spit on his hands' not a very nice expression. Well, it's a good thing for a lot of you people here that your old ancestors were not afraid to spit on their hands." This would cause a ripple of laughter and at them he would go, say-

ing: "Yes, some wouldn't laugh for fear you'd crack your face but you will go home and drink whiskey. I know you."

Talking of miracles he would say: "If Bartimaeus were to get his poor blind eyes made to see to-day by having mud put upon his eyes, what would happen? Why there would be two sects started right away—the Muddites and the Anti-Muddites." Then, of course, another laugh. Then perhaps he would criticise them for laughing again, generally ending up by quoting some familiar hymn such as

"Must I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
and sailed through bloody seas."

"Never a carry, my friends; you'll have to work your passage, every one of you.

"Peace be to Thee, oh Son of Jesus; peace be to thy helpers. Amen and amen."

It's a great compliment to him as a speaker that one never tired of his talk. No matter how often I heard his sermons they were always fresh and interesting to me. Sometimes he would speak three hours without a break and he would say: "Shall I go on?" Crowds would say "Yes." When he saw the time he would generally bring the meeting to a close. As soon as the meeting was over McNeill vanished like a shot. He needed rest and privacy to do that work every night and no social life for him. His cosy quarters were waiting for him at his hotel and there he went promptly.

He recently took up a moribund church in Liverpool, England, and is said to have emptied most of those surrounding it. It was always an entertainment to hear McNeill. He never made his meetings a spiritual debauch such as some modern Christian clowns do who use the tricks and methods of the auctioneer, the blandishments of the bookmaker and the sleek, smooth ways of the professional spieler.

Chapman and Billy Sunday, Bieder-

wol & Co., are a different tribe. They are theological roughriders, who stampede the herd and set it a-milling.

However, McNeill talked about lost souls just as freely as he would about collar buttons lost under a bureau, just as if God ever misplaced anything or that all souls did not belong to God and hence were forever in His keeping. McNeill's chief doctrine was kindness. He did not have a penitent bench nor did he act as if he had an agency for everlasting life. He seemed always interested in having a soul worth saving as much as in saving a soul that isn't.

His sermons were piquant with incessant contrasts, flaming with hypnotic power of persuasion and always in good humor.

When he would throw his arms aloft and say: "I'm no thin-blooded Unitarian; I believe in God the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost," no one within the sound of his voice could doubt his sincerity.

He had no mournful music, monotonous voice of woe, tearful appeals to God, dreary groans, pious ejaculations or any such terrifying methods. Hundreds went just to be amused. It was as good as a theatre but always beneficial. He had no paid singers.

In these great crowded halls the audience would wait anxiously for his arrival. When he entered the pulpit, his presence seemed to be felt everywhere and silence reigned unless someone started in applause which he allowed at times. Before the obsequious committeeman had time to offer him a hymn book he would have a thin, paper-covered one off a chair at once and took the crowd by storm by his simplicity, saying often: "Let's sing 'Just as I am without one plea,' in the Master's name.

"Hush," he would say suddenly, "let us pray first and with the audience standing he would utter a marvellously compelling invocation almost mesmeric in its aptness to the occasion. He would then plunge right into his subject, the Bible, as I said, his only manuscript.

He had no pealing of the organ; entreaty, condemnation, misery, tears,

threats, promises of joy, happiness, heaven, eternal bliss, decide now, hurry up, whoop-la, etc., of the fakir.

He was just McNeill, was just plain John and he was the whole show, unique, striking and always full of common sense.

His most terrible declaration, for so it seemed to me, was at the same time impressive and inspiring, when he would say: "This is God's house. God is here." Then with loud, ringing, resonant voice nicely ranged he would

"Thomas said, 'I don't believe a word of it. Not a word. That's too thin to wash. That bosh about the nails in the cross and the sword in the side of the Christ,' and so on."

In Scotland McNeill always added "I believe Thomas was Scotch; he was so like our hard-headed brethren of to-day."

"Why in the name of all that is holy was Thomas at home and not with the other apostles? If he were with the twelve he would never have had any



Regent's Square Presbyterian Church, London, where Rev. John McNeill won fame as a great preacher.

reach a climax, holding his Oxford binding Bible in his right hand aloft he would continue: "Yes, and if this is not God's house; if God is not here, and if the gospel is not God's word," throwing his Bible flat on the pulpit, "I'll never speak again."

This effect was most striking in his sermon on "Doubting Thomas." The great preacher would strut up and down the pulpit, hands behind his back in imitation of thoughtful doubting Thomas. "Thomas had been reading advanced literature. Just like you," he would say, turning to the audience, "reading Huxley and Spencer."

doubts. He wouldn't have had time. Neither will you have time," he would continue.

"You intellectual folks to-day who are reading fine books say that the Bible will not stand the searchlight of science and so on. Come to church. Believe in your pastor and your home; clap your hands for joy of living and you don't know you might become the apostle Paul. Sit at home and doubt and the Bible will shame you out of it."

In addition to his wonderful preaching, he had a card system which included post cards distributed at the door to everyone and also others in the seats.

Those in doubt or trouble about their souls or themselves in any way whatever were asked to communicate with the address on the card. All these claims received his personal attention privately.

I heard him use his Ruth and Naomi sermon on a fashionable London audience one Sunday. It was most enjoyable. Since then I have woven this theme into a story and sold it. The story's title tells the sermon "A social kiss." This shows what McNeill meant. For instance, in introducing Ruth to his hearers he would paint a delightful picture of a lovely woman typifying the Christian who in metaphor came to the church Naomi, kissed and said: "Whither thou goest I will go; Thy home shall be my home, etc." as in days of old.

"Ah, ha!" McNeill would say. "You'll say 'How beautiful; just like me. That's just lovely, Mr. McNeill.'"

"Listen. It doesn't at all. I'll tell you what suits you. Ruth had a sister named Orpah and see what she did. She was with Ruth. I am sure you never heard of Orpah. Only Bible students have.

"Well, Orpah was like a lot of lukewarm professing churchgoers of to-day. She just strutted up to Naomi and said, 'I'll kiss you' all right, but that is all; positively all. You dressed up old bigot, ready for heaven. You think you've got the only religion in the world. I'm going back to the Moabites false as you say they are. Good bye.

"You see Orpah typifies most of you in this church to-day. You're willing to come here, look nice and give the Orpah kiss to the church and that ends it. You are not Ruths. Are you?

"Orpah was never heard of again in Biblical history and what became of Ruth? She married a Judæan farmer; their children begat Jesse who begat David and so on down to Christ."

This sermon would be talked about for weeks all over.

Whenever McNeill was questioned about his free and easy methods he would answer differently but frequently

would say: "Our ideas of God changed and accordingly we have changed for the better. God is not a grouch; God is love."

I remember once he was induced by Mr. Robertson, secretary of the Caledonia Christian Club, Bedford Square, London, to speak at the annual meeting. There were many other prominent speakers, including the editor of the *British Weekly*.

McNeill said briefly: "I'm glad to see this club flourishing. Glad to see the name Caledonia linked with Christian. Man is a clubable animal but Christian clubs are the best for him. I would like to see clubs like this dotted all over London. It's not the first week or the first month or the first year that leads the young Scot astray in London. It's the first night. He's heard of a Piccadilly Hell at midnight and the moth flutters around the candle. His friends meet him at the depot and off they go; get inflamed by liquor and the game is started. Let some members of this club meet him at the station, bring him to these cosy rooms and you've got him for once and for aye." He quoted in conclusion:

"From the dim shieling of the misty island
Though hills divide us and a world
of seas,
Still our hearts are true, our hearts are
highland
And we, in dreams, behold the He-
brides."

I've heard him speak in parks, on trains, in lobbies, on church steps and almost anywhere, and it mattered not he was the same resourceful, inspired McNeill whose hearers were always glad and always received a benefit.

One could fill volumes with his stuff which is so readable and easy to remember. I shall refer briefly to some of his sermons. I remember one of his most impressive sermons taken from Revelations where the message to the Laodiceans came, referring to this church being "neither hot nor cold; lukewarm so I'll spew you out of my mouth."

Hardly would the preacher be fairly started before he would bring everyone to attention by remarking: "What's that! 'Spew, did you say, Mr. McNeill? That's not a very nice word to use in this fine church." He would instantly seize the Bible face outwards and slapping it gingerly on the face, say: "But McNeill didn't say it; God said it. There you are. Don't be ashamed of the Bible. Be careful it doesn't shame you."

The sermon which I thought, with everyone who knew him well, referred to Regent's Square was sort of an affectionate rebuke to his old elders. It was based on the text, "Behold I stand at the door and knock."

He pictured most accurately wealthy deacons at the annual meeting of the church. A beautiful church, a well-paid parson; a fat treasury, rolling in money. The secretary was reading the reports. Excellent, excellent. Suddenly there came a knock at the door.

Here he would rap three or four times hard on the pulpit's wood. A hush goes over the meeting.

McNeill's audience is breathless as he held them by rapping again and repeating the text. Then with modulated voice and in almost a ghastly whisper he would lean away over the pulpit, saying "It's Christ. He's outside. He's not at the meeting." Think of it! Think of it!

Then he would quote the text again and fly right to the idea of the human heart, typifying the heart as the church and so on, asking if they were going to open the door of their hearts to-night and so on.

Occasionally Mr. McNeill would surprise his critics and especially the "highbrows" who thought him light and all that.

He is credited with having said (I never heard of it): "No sane person can afford to throw the reins of reason on the neck of emotion and ride a Tam O'Shanter race to Bedlam." It sounds like him.

This would seem a rebuke to foolish-

ness regarding religious revivals and was said in answer to critics.

He has often said: "Great sinners are often very religious." So you see he knew human nature.

A beautiful intellectual sermon which I heard in the City Temple, London, was McNeill at his very best. Everyone who knows London at all knows how exclusively intellectual the late Dr. Parker and his successor, Dr. Campbell, have made this church and congregation. Only the choicest is expected there and as proof there are never seats enough, with aisles filled, to go round.

So when the brawny Scot from Glasgow railways was announced to preach at City Temple some "Ah's" and "Oh's" were heard referring to McNeill being out of his element there. Not so, for he captivated his hearers and even the London press acknowledged that McNeill's place was in a big crowd no matter how intellectual.

He stepped into that great pulpit and picked up a lily standing on the pulpit. Of course he had ordered it there. Then he prayed, holding the lily in one hand. The effect was electrical. Everyone wondered what was coming and well they might.

He quoted from Job, "Oh liberty," etc., dealing with the free will of man, still holding the lily.

"Look at that flower in its freedom and beauty. I want it to speak for me this morning. I've botanized it. I discovered the insertion of the petals and the sepals, the calyx and the corolla. I know the stamens and the process of fertilization and that is no mean work of the spinner of worlds. Very well. I measured the flower, its length and its breadth and I had a faint idea that I knew something about it. Then I tried to fathom its fragrance and I had to quit. That surpassed me. I ask you, clever man or woman here to-day in this fine church, can you measure its fragrance? Can you tell me about it? Oh liberty indeed! Oh man! with his free will can you tell us God's mysteries in the simplest life. No."

Continuing he said: "I met a man. I measured him. He was a fine big fellow, well built and well fed, etc.; he was so broad in the shoulder, so tall, etc., and I thought I had him measured up but when I thought of his influence in life, I felt I could not measure that any more than I could measure the fragrance of the flower. So he went on with a marvellous study, quoting authors like Fenelon and Renan to support his argument, which resolved itself into "Not my will but Thine be done as he put it whether in the Valhalla of the Norseman; the Nirvana of the Hindu or the Heaven of the Christian."

Just one more highbrow and it is a story worthy of a book by itself. It was the story of Abraham slaying his son Isaac or at least in the position ready to slay. Isaac he said represented man's

intelligence, his reason which God asks man, typified by Abraham, to sacrifice. The moment you are willing to sacrifice the Almighty stays your hand and all the good and beauty and poetry of existence is offered unto you. So he would say: "You heavy thinkers must be willing to accept this story, this Bible as the word, unabridged, untouched, unquibbled as it is; call it the nostalgia of the soul, call it whatever in the world you like if you take it it will land you where the tyranny of things hated shall not prevail, nor that for which the heart yearns turn to ashes at our touch."

So his marvellous stories would make a book.

Mr. McNeill married the daughter of the manager of the Charing Cross Bank, London, and hence is not in great need of money. His preaching then is all for the "joy of the working."

THE ATTITUDE WITH WHICH YOU APPROACH YOUR TASK

THE man conscious of that power which makes him master of the situation, has his task half performed by the manner in which he approaches it. He who walks up boldly and faces his difficulty without wincing does not have so hard a time in overcoming it as the man who goes to it timidly, wavering between fears and doubts. It makes all the difference in the world whether one approaches his task with the air of a conqueror, with firmness and decision in his face, with clenched fists and grit that knows no defeat, or whether he goes with the expectation of not being equal to the undertaking.

It is not enough to be willing to do hard work, not enough to be honest and reliable; there must be iron in the blood, courage which dares.

We know men who start out on a new proposition with the idea that if it is not too difficult, if they do not meet insurmountable obstacles, they will go through with it.

The determined soul does not recognize insurmountable difficulties. He knows that if one thing will not do, another will. He sees the end, and makes for his goal.

There is nothing like a vigorous initiative which is not afraid to undertake things no matter how difficult.

The young man who sees the obstacles ahead of him stand out more clearly than anything else is not the man to undertake great things. The man who does things is the man who sees the end and defies the obstacles.—DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

A Reciprocity Prophecy of 1875

By The Editor

If thirty-five years ago some prophet had risen up in Canada and told the people of that day that reciprocity, after its rejection by the United States Senate, would come up again and that next time it would be Canada's turn to reject it—what new visions of national greatness would have loomed before Canadians? And yet there was such a prophet. His prophecy regarding reciprocity and its fulfilment are reviewed in this article. Reciprocity, indeed, did come up again, in no uncertain manner the people of this country rejected it, and the dominant political leaders in the United States upheld them in their course.

WE reproduce here a remarkably prophetic article on a question that has been with us for nearly fifty years and seems likely to go on for another half century. The writer, Mr. W. Dewart, who had been a schoolmaster and merchant at Fenelon Falls, Ontario, divided with the father of W. F. Maclean, M.P., the honor of inspiring the National Policy. He is still alive and resides in New York. His writings are shortly to be published in book form. His brother was better known, having for many years been editor of the Christian Guardian, the organ of Canadian Methodism.

The bye-election in Macdonald resulted in a decisive defeat for reciprocity, and once more we hear that the policy has made its last appearance on the political platform. Even its eastern advocates are discouraged. Unfortunately for national peace and progress it is still so well regarded by many in the western provinces that with the navy question in Quebec the Government has two very serious questions to deal with. If Mr. Borden can get his views clearly before the country he will carry the majority vote with him on the navy and the agitation will disappear

from the political horizon. But reciprocity is too old a question to be so quickly settled. We have had it with us for nearly half a century.

In the Canadian Illustrated News published March 6, 1875, there appeared an article from Mr. Dewart on the subject which will be read with much interest at this time. In the course of his article on the political situation in 1875 he says:

A PROPHECY OF 1875—

Reciprocity being rejected by the United States Senate, it may be thought by some that further discussion on the subject is unnecessary. Reciprocity is not, however, a dead issue. The question is sure to come up again. It may be our turn to reject it the next time, and public opinion requires to be ready for the event. Free Trade policy is to let the question alone at present; Protectionists' policy is to keep it agitated. If carried at all, reciprocity must be introduced and passed in haste. There is no doubt, therefore, that the Free Trade party will remain quiet for a while, eagerly watching opportunities for future negotiations. There is a policy of surprise. Mr. Brown's mission to Wash-

ington was a surprise to the public. His party had always maintained that Canada should not be the first to open negotiations on the subject.

However, following the example of the Liberals in England, whose example they seem anxious to follow in all things, they embraced the first chance of attempting to pass a free-trade treaty by surprise. Even where Acts are good in themselves, this principle of surprise is wrong. Politics should be public and deliberate. Acts affecting the public should be done openly and after full deliberation. The storming parties have been repulsed, but the siege has not been yet raised. The Free Traders will renew their assaults and surprises at no distant day. Protectionists, now is your time for sorties. Put the besiegers to flight. While they are unable to attack you is the time to attack them. In every age there is a liberal hobby. Free trade is hobby now. The leaders are a kind of enthusiasts. They have unbounded faith in their theories. They need no one to proclaim them infallible. They proclaim their own infallibility. They are men of few ideas. These ideas being once attained, they have to "step down and out," as Mr. Beecher would say. See Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone, for example. As soon as they ceased to raise "burning questions," they lost their influence over the masses. Does it pay a nation to be agitated by "burning questions" all the time, in order that certain men may rule? The effect is obvious. The nation has little confidence in such men after all. Though it allows them to storm the works, it does not give them the fort when won. They are accounted active, but not steady.

Hence, whatever credit they derive for enlarging human liberty, the preservation of liberty is entrusted to others. Mr. Vernon Harcourt, in touching on this subject, supplies us with the best definition I have heard: "Parties of sensation and politics of surprise." Radicalism is its own worst enemy. We have hardly any Reform Government, properly called. We have Radical Gov-

ernments much oftener. These hold office just as long as they can stir up "burning questions" to divert public attention from other defects.

It is curious how some journals, once delighted with the prospect of reciprocity, have changed their tune. It cannot be on account of the terms. The terms were the same at first as last. But the contempt of the American Senate, after such humiliating concessions by this country, has "raised their dander," and made them quite national. After leading the Canadian Free Trade party into so bad a trap, it seems ungrateful of the Senate to desert it at the last moment. The terms were almost as good as annexation. After this, it is doubtful if the Americans would admit us into the Union without a bonus. Says one journal: "Nothing now remains to us but to shape our own policy in our own way. Since it cannot be, in any degree, North American, it must be distinctively Canadian." This was the proper course from the first. "We cannot shift the wind," the opinions or prejudices of foreign governments, or people; but we can "shift the sail," "shape our own policy in our own way."

The "almighty dollar" is said to govern the States, but something more than dollars entered into their calculations in this case. Canada offered to become annexed in almost everything except the name; but, understanding their dignity, they agreed among themselves to forego these advantages, and thus treat Canada with contempt.

The time has not yet arrived to get good terms from the States. It may not arrive for a generation. It will be brought about by events over which we have no control. One of these events may occur at any time. Should a civil war again arise; should the South or West secede, then our friendship, our neutrality, and our trade will be appreciated. The Eastern and Northern States are threatened both by the South and West. Should splits of this kind occur, our intercourse with the Eastern States may become intimate and profit-

able. As the Union stands at present there is little chance of either an honorable or profitable treaty. If we ever get reciprocity on a fair basis, in my opinion, it will be with the Eastern and Northwestern States as a separate nation. These States and Canada have many interests in common. They are bound together by the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence. They are interested in each other as neighbors. But the other sections, namely, the South and far West, while filled with all the prejudices of foreigners, have no neighborly sympathies for us at all. What sympathy have we for Mexico? Texas or California cannot have more for us. Besides, there is a great contest commencing between civilization and barbarism. The heathen Chinese will complete the degradation begun by universal suffrage and the enfranchisement of the negroes. Not all the religious, intellectual and moral agencies in the Union can civilize the huge stream of Chinese immigration pouring into the country. The Goths did not give Italy more trouble than the Chinese may give the States. Immigration is overdone. Too much attention is paid to the quantity and too little to the quality. There is too much undesirable immigration. They invite the refuse of all countries, thinking to make themselves formidable among nations. That refuse has become formidable to themselves.

W. DEWART.

Fenelon Falls.

NOTE.—Since writing the foregoing letters, especially those in 1874, I have come to the conclusion that free trade does not suit even in England.

—AND ITS FULFILMENT.

Read in the light of the present day this is a remarkably prophetic declaration, particularly that part which asserts that "Reciprocity is not a dead issue. The question is sure to come up again. It may be our turn to reject it the next time, and public opinion requires to be ready for the event." Thirty-five years after this letter had been written reciprocity did "come up again" and true

to the prophecy it was "our turn to reject it."

But not only has the prophecy of 1875 been fulfilled; the judgment of 1911 has been upheld. And by no less authority than the dominant political leaders of the United States.

When a little more than a year ago Canadians so decisively rejected the pact they may have acted more wisely than they knew. Certain it is, at any rate, that few of them, either those who advocated or those who opposed the agreement, imagined that within a year of their decision they would be the recipients of compliments from American presidential candidates on the wisdom of their course.

If prior to the elections of September, 1911, in which the Laurier government was swept from office, Canadians had known that President Taft regarded the Canadian arguments against reciprocity as "good ones" and that Governor Woodrow Wilson, the Democratic candidate-to-be, considered them so strong as to retire him from debating them—what might Canadians have done more than they actually did do?

Be that as it may, the fact remains that Canadians of both political parties who fought reciprocity in the belief that it was an ill-advised policy for Canada, have been to a certain extent confirmed in their judgment by the remarkably frank admissions of President Taft and Governor Wilson during the past few months.

The admission on the part of the President came first in the shape of the publication of a letter to Colonel Roosevelt, written during the Canadian electoral campaign, in which he stated that the trade arrangement would make Canada only an adjunct of the United States, and continuing, explained: "It would transfer all their important business to Chicago and New York, with their bank credits and everything else, and it would increase greatly the demand of Canada for our manufactures. I see this is an argument against reciprocity made in Canada, and I think it is a good one."

Scarcely less frank was the admission of Governor Wilson in a campaign speech in New Haven, Connecticut, during his recent tour, when, in clearly acknowledging that the measure would have been injurious to Canada, he made use of the following words: "I was very much interested in some of the reasons given by our friends across the Canadian border for being very shy about these reciprocity arrangements. They said, 'We were not sure where these arrangements will lead, and we don't care to associate too closely with the economic conditions of the United States until those conditions are as modern as ours.' When I resented this and asked for particulars I had to retire

from the debate, because I found that they had adjusted their economic development to conditions which we had not yet found a way to meet, in the United States."

When Canadians, no matter what was their stand on reciprocity in 1911, read these acknowledgments, they will be disposed to question the wisdom of reopening the issue in the immediate future in the hope of deriving benefits from more intimate trade relations with the United States, so long at least as dominant American leaders themselves declare that so far as Canada is concerned no such benefits would be likely to accrue.

HOPE AND ACHIEVEMENT

THE attitude with which we approach our work, whether with hope and courage, or despair, has everything to do with our success. If the health drops, the mind drops, and then the quality of the work drops, too. There is a loss of enthusiasm, of zest, of buoyancy, which acts disastrously on achievement.

The hope must be bright, the future promising, or we cannot do our very best work. There will be a dropping off somewhere if hope does not lead the way. Expectancy is a powerful tonic. We can suffer to-day if we know we shall have relief to-morrow. We can go hungry to-day if we know we are going to have plenty to-morrow. We can live without comforts to-day and still do our level best if we know we are going to have something better to-morrow. Expectancy is a powerful leader, a powerful achievement antecedent.

Give a man a bright hope, fine prospects for to-morrow, and he can endure anything to-day, suffer any privation and still work with a zest; but once take his hope away and his confidence is gone, his spontaneity and enthusiasm are lost; and when these are absent nothing will take the sense of drudgery out of the task. To work without hope, without prospects, with only despair staring one in the face, to plod on when the motive is gone, with nothing but a sense of duty to sustain the worker, is one of the great tragedies of human life.

Only keep the hope bright, and no hardships, no difficulties, no opposition, no criticism can discourage the brave heart.

We work under the stimulus of a powerful motive. The tonic of expectancy buoys us up and urges us on, so that we do not feel the hurts, the failures, the losses of to-day. Somehow hope takes the edge off sorrow and robs disappointment of its worst sting.—DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

The Woman at the Door

By Nicholas Beffel

This is essentially a Christmas story—dealing with modern conditions amid all the gayety and extravagance of metropolitan club life—and yet it is given a turn which is entirely novel and wholly unexpected. That is what makes a good story—the portrayal of life in its true settings, but its unusual relationships. But read it and judge for yourself.

MY INTEREST in finding a "good fellow" was neither scientific nor literary. It was personal. I had been called one. Long ago it was my ambition to be called one. I made good—so far as getting the title. Inside, I knew I wasn't guilty. There were two or three others on the inside.

So when another was spoken of as a "good fellow," I would turn to look him over with the critical eye of one who has passed up through that department. Moreover, it would occur to me to wonder if he were a counterfeit or just the common fool-variety.

In fact, I was sceptical as to the real fabric. There was a time when I believed in such a thing as a "typical" New Yorker, a "typical" club-woman and commuter—but that is past. Man is so much his momentary idea of himself that you can't nail him to a dimension. He won't stay typed nor bought.

The Christmas-tide in which these things were more or less uppermost in mind was rather a lonely and miserable affair for me. One pays with such periods for early aspiration to good fellowship. This is no wail at all; it is merely set down to show that I was in a proper frame of mind to meet Jim Flowers. He was a trifle older than I—and good to look at. He told a story in a way to bring out unique angles of

humor, betraying a finer than common appreciation of the human comedy. He could give advice and disdain to take it for his own. He could drink without letting it stir up ooze and mire. He had hopes of his own, but he didn't rope and stake you to them. He could listen to yours—a little. He had read a bit, and travelled into some places off the beaten track. . . . The point is, I had a real evening—that first with Jim Flowers, and not too many cornucopias of Pilsener, either. It made me feel that there was something worth while in Being Here, after all. . . . And I liked Jim's hand, as we parted.

All the next day I thought it over—the little touches of the night before. This isn't fair to any man, for such thinking makes you expect too much, but it helped to pass the day. It was the Twenty-fourth—and many things I wanted to do were not being done that year. New York isn't Christmas atmosphere. Sometimes it's hard to believe that they've heard of it here.

The main issue of the hour was Jim Flowers. After I had ceased to look, the "good fellow" in real flesh and blood had come. I could no longer gratify myself with the thought that the alleged others were, even as I, brass under a brighter wash. . . . Jim Flowers seemed to stick. He was natural, full-

breadth-and-length a good fellow. The white-aproned factotum had murmured the fact in other words when Jim was out of hearing in a telephone-booth. Friends had come in and out, saying, "Hello, Jim," with lingering affection. He was wise and kind, and, though he seemed to have money, was congenially, congenitally poor, as really sweet natures must always be. . . . And so I looked forward to meeting Jim again that night at Richter's.

This was a little Sixth Avenue back-room with an ideal or two remaining. Heaven knows New York back-rooms are desolate enough of such, to make it worth mentioning. It would have been called a "tap-house" in Stoke-under-Ham—and other names in Seneca, Illinois. It was cozy and polished, aged, or rather weathered. The decrepit, scar-faced Mezzoramian who kept it could make anything—even a cup of coffee—and he had the courtesy of an angel. The virtue of his factotum—and there was but one—was service and unobtrusiveness. Artists gave the place distinction and a precarious credit.

I reached Richter's a little before Jim on the Eve. He was "Jim" in my thoughts—though I had met him only the once. I inquired of the man. . . . "No, Mr. Flowers hasn't been in yet—but he will," he said. An habitu  with my right, nicely mellowed with holiday spirit, volunteered (to the irritation of the dispenser): "Jim Flowers? . . . Biggest-hearted chap this side of Tioga, North Dakota——"

This wasn't a bit like New York, but I liked Richter's just because it wasn't—and so I didn't freeze up in the presence of the stranger, though I may have lost caste a trifle.

"There never was a bellerin' little news-kid stuck with an armful of extras—that fell under Jim Flowers' eye without getting a tidy piece of change; nor he never made a 'bo recite his life-story and pedigree before lettin' go the price of a meal——"

"'Sh" warned the factotum, and then I had Jim's hand again.

"You and I will sit down for a chat?

. . . Like last night? . . . Good! . . . Only, there's a little formality first." Jim leaned across the walnut and whispered respectfully, "This is Tom-and-Jerry night—and I can't let that go by. . . . Just mix them up for the gentlemen present with Richter's Dominica rum—and then come to me——"

Jim now included me with his eyes, and added to the man—"at our little table!"

The mild, decent, warming manner of him restored and sanctioned all my mental ventures during the day. I must have been very lonely, for the traffic was blocked in my throat for a second. . . . Poor young mavericks loose in New York—how little comes to them of the real bread of life!

It was a bitter cold night. Gusts of hard, dry snow stormed up and down the ringing pavement. The crash of the "L" was momentary, like a sharper growl of the gale. The purple veins of the customers were upstanding—the short breath and the teary eye—and all that goes with back-rooms. . . . Jim Flowers was telling an appealing story:

"....just such a night as this. We had all gathered in Mike Garrity's place. That mountain-town was a sort of runway for high winds—way up in the Cascade lead-mines. I 'member there was a couple of tables of seven-up. Garrity didn't have anything in but Irish whiskey, which, as you know, is all right for a sprint—but a punisher on a four-mile course—like a long winter evening. Suddenly the man opposite jerked up, and asked the crowd if *they* heard it? We hadn't, and presently went on playing. Then it came to me—a long wailing cry. I couldn't see the cards for a minute. It caught me here——"

Jim Flowers stopped, facing the side door. I followed his eyes. A little woman was standing there—just as you would have made her up, if you were putting on a show and wanted to harrow to tears. She had the shawl and pallor—that angular look about the shoulders which is so terrible with a young face. And there was no drink



W. SMITHSON.
BROADHEAD.

"He'led her graciously to the door."

nor drug on her face! The icy wind would have lined up any havoc like that. Just pitifulness. I remember thinking that here was probably a professional beggar, but she was good enough to get me. New York makes one sceptical, but, any way, I had my hand on a silver dollar—as she came forward to where we sat—in a queer, hesitating way, as if she didn't like to disturb our talk.

"Gentlemen——" she began in a low, tired voice.

I was taking my hand from my pocket when Jim Flowers caught my arm. His face and gesture said, "I'll really be hurt, old man, if you don't leave this whole thing to me!"

He led her graciously to the door. I didn't turn, but only a moment passed before the door opened to let the woman go.

I didn't feel like saying anything for a minute when Jim came back, looking a little ashamed for having been caught in his charity. . . . I didn't hear the rest of his story. I was thinking about the little woman—you could almost see through her; and thinking about Jim Flowers. He had made me desperately

ashamed for believing all men counterfeit good fellows like myself. I was happy and sad, and felt sticky from cream and sugar and nutmeg.

"I'm going home, Jim," I said presently. "It's been a dandy night—and if there isn't anything on—you'd better have dinner with me to-morrow—a sort of 'Christmas in India.' . . . We can go somewhere and talk about people and things——"

Jim thought it might be managed. He looked grateful. He said he had heard somewhere that a friend is a present a man gives himself. He would see me, any way, he declared, holding out his hand.

Christmas was gray and cheerless—a boarding-house, sleeping-late sort of nightmare to remember. I hurried forth to escape, and was at Richter's before Jim came. The old man was behind. He had seen the woman in the shawl the night before. . . . I brought up the subject—musing on the pathetic figure.

"Ach," said Richter, "dot vas his wife. She has been here before. Dot's de only way she seem to get money out of Jim."

LOST IN HIS CALLING

BE NOT a great stenographer, or great bookkeeper, professor, merchant, farmer or doctor, merely, but a great man,—every inch a king. The man who is drowned in his vocation, lost in his calling, is of very little use in any community. No man can be truly great until he outgrows the vocation which gives him bread and butter. No man is really rich until he has learned to do without money, or to be greater than his check book.

It is a contemptible estimate of a vocation to regard it as the means of getting a living. The man who is not greater than his calling, who does not overtop his vocation, so that it runs over on all sides, is not successful. A man should be greater than the books he writes, greater than any speech he makes, than any house he builds, or any sermon he preaches.

A European traveler tells of the following epitaph which he read on a tombstone in England: "Here lies ——; he was born a man, but died a grocer." The man had disappeared in his calling. We often find that a man's vocation has swallowed him; that it has completely overwhelmed him, that there is nothing left of him for any purpose outside his occupation.—DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

Self Respect and Getting On

By Dr. O. S. Marden

The importance of self respect is emphasized in this article as an element of character and as an aid to success in life. Self-confidence is based upon character, upon the right, and self-confidence rests upon self respect; and self respect is the power behind every great life. Thus does Dr. Marden reveal it in its true proportions and demonstrate its real significance in the shaping of successful careers.

A devout Scotchman declared:

"For twenty years I hae been praying the Lord to gie me a gude opeenion o' mysel'."

HOW few people appreciate what real self respect means; that it is an integral part of man, and that when it is gone, the man is gone. If children were trained to know and to appreciate what self respect really means, character would be revolutionized.

One reason why most of us amount to so little in life, why we never reach our possibilities, is because we start out with a contemptible estimate of ourselves. We were perhaps cautioned as boys and girls of the terrible dangers of talking about ourselves, and thinking too highly of ourselves. The real trouble with us is we do not respect ourselves half enough.

Many people form the habit of discounting themselves. They think it is modest to be always self deprecatory. Their chief occupation seems to be that of learning how to efface themselves, to keep out of sight, to keep away from people, to avoid any possible notoriety. They seem to be shocked when they happen to do anything which calls attention to themselves.

I know a man who always tries to avoid everybody by sneaking around

corners, going in at the back door, taking a back seat in the church or public hall. He rarely ever walks straight up to you and looks you in the face. He never seems to have much of an opinion of himself anyway. He is always apologizing for being in your way, for annoying you or molesting you when he calls at your office.

He has practiced this habit of self-effacement, self-depreciation, so long, that it is almost impossible for him to appear like a real man. He seems to think that somehow he has not had so good a chance in the world as most people, and that he must take a back seat. If he would only think a little more of himself, if he would cultivate self-esteem, assume the mental attitude of his own dignity and importance, he would really be a great man.

This very inferior attitude towards oneself disgusts people. No one admires the man who is all the time berating himself, and underrating his ability. We all like the manly man, not only able but confident, not cheeky, but courageous enough to be himself. People like the man who thinks well of himself, for if he does not, they take it for granted that his own estimate must be just, because if he has lived with himself all his life he must be in a pretty good position to judge.

A great many people are their own worst enemies. They have the faculty of demoralizing themselves by self-suggestion of their inferiority. They are always holding in the mind unfavorable thoughts towards themselves. They do not realize that this habit is a confession of their own weakness. It indicates a false pride, an exaggerated idea of one's own importance. It indicates selfishness.

It is positively as wicked to injure oneself through thought as to injure another. It is not only our duty to think well of ourselves, but to have such a high respect, such a lofty, dignified feeling towards ourselves that it would be impossible for us to do a mean or contemptible thing or to be satisfied with cheap success.

If real self respect is well developed, it will be the greatest possible protection to all the other moral faculties.

If you have a just respect for yourself because you love and admire the great underlying principle, you cannot live a vicious life or be satisfied with low-flying ideals. Your whole nature will rise the moment you get a glimpse of the justice, the fairness and the nobility, of the principle underlying self respect. You cannot do a mean, low, unworthy act until you cover up, hide or violate your self respect.

How we hate ourselves when we lose self control and say some nasty, mean, contemptible thing, or when we abuse those about us whom self-respect would make us love! For days we suffer after we have done something to injure a neighbor or competitor. We thought the revenge would be sweet, but after we had done the dastardly act, when we thought we were getting square with someone who had injured us, we tasted the bitter dregs which caused us infinite pain.

The Golden Rule is really at the bottom of self-confidence. If we do not practice that we cannot really respect ourselves. When we are conscious of taking an unfair advantage of another, we cannot but suffer and we will despise

meanness in ourselves just as much as in another.

No physical suffering can compare with that from wounded self respect; for then one feels that he is not a man, but is less than a man. No one feels so mean and contemptible as when the best thing in him steps aside for the worst, when the man gives way to the brute and passion takes the place of reason.

"Self respect is, next to religion, the chiefest bridle of all vices."

Many a poor boy has gone to the city without friends and without money and has been kept from low associations, vicious habits and tendencies, because he had been trained by his mother or father to think too much of himself to descend to such vile things.

In the Episcopal service there is a phrase something like this: "We are not worthy so much as to gather up the crumbs from under Thy table."

One of the most unfortunate phases of orthodox theology is in the debasement of man, the idea that he has fallen from his grand original estate. The truth is that he has always been advancing as a race, always improving, but his progress has been greatly hampered by this belittling idea of man or any old theology. The man God made never fell. It is only the man made inside of him that has fallen. It is only his inferior way of looking at himself that has crippled him and deteriorated him.

History is showing that the vital mistake of the Church has been its suppression of the real nature and the dignity of man. It has looked upon him as a poor miserable fallen creature, and this perverted, distorted picture has been held up to man instead of that of the divine side of him.

What could a parent call out of a child by always harping on his inferiority, emphasizing his defects, his shortcomings, his inability to do the best thing for himself; taking away from him confidence in his own power; making him a leaner instead of urging him to be strong and self-reliant?

Why, a child who was thus trained, unless he had a very remarkable mind, would never develop half his possibilities. Repression, denunciation, discouragement, the constant projecting of a perverted image into the child's mind, can never bring out the best in him. We bring out the qualities we appeal to. If we appeal to the best, we bring out the best; if to the worst, we bring out the worst.

Our theology has taught us to belittle ourselves. There is a begging element in it. There is nothing in the Bible to indicate that man should prostrate himself before his maker like a sneak or a slave, and to beg, plead and beseech his Father-Mother God for what he needs. There is nothing in such self-depreciation but demoralization. Man was made erect so that he could stand up and look anything and everything in the face, even his Maker, because he was made in His image. The trouble with us is we do not have a good enough opinion of ourselves. There is too much of the cringing, crawling in our attitude; there is too much prostration, too much of the knee-idea, in our theology. Man was not made to bow in humiliation and shame, but to hold up his head and assert his divinity. What kind of an opinion must the Creator have of a lot of crawling, cringing, sneaking human beings, who are down on their knees begging for permission to come into His august presence!

If a man is a prince, if he has divine blood in his veins, he should claim his birthright boldly, manfully, with dignity and assurance.

An old Heidelberg professor had such a high opinion of himself that he always lifted his hat reverently whenever he heard his name mentioned.

True self respect is not self-worship, has nothing to do with egotism. It is admiration of principle. A man cannot help respecting himself for being straight and clean and pure, being square and just, because he cannot help admiring these principles. They are a part of his being.

It is natural for a man to think more

of himself the better he does and the harder he tries to do right, to live straight. The more honest you are, the more you respect yourself, because you inherently respect the principle of honesty and square dealing. You cannot help despising yourself when you cheat somebody. There is something within you which says: "That is mean, low, tricky, unworthy of you. You are capable of something better than that. You have taken a step down." On the other hand, when you do a noble, unselfish act, there is something within you which says "Amen" to it, which tells you that you have taken a step upwards, and you think more of yourself for it.

Real self respect increases just in proportion to your own improvement in the great underlying principles of right, of justice, and of truth, of fairness, and decreases just in proportion to your departure from these principles.

Think of a murderer trying to respect himself, even although not another soul knows of his guilt. A bad man cannot really respect himself. He may be egotistical, vain, he may make a great pretence, but he cannot thoroughly respect himself, because in the last analysis, self respect means self love. That is, it means that we love our actions, our principles, our motives because they are true and just, merciful, kind, honest.

All criminals, and all men and women who are in a demoralized condition, lack proper self-regard. If they had had a high, dignified self respect, they would never have committed the crime or indulged in the vice which has lowered them. All criminals are deficient in a just estimate of themselves. If they had not had a mean self-opinion, they could not have stooped to the dirty deed.

But compare the self respect of a Gladstone with that of a mean, contemptible scoundrel. Of course, Mr. Gladstone had a good opinion of himself, because he was a man. He tried to do the fair, square, manly thing always. He admired himself just in proportion as he exhibited principle in his

acts; and he would have despised himself had he taken the opposite course.

Why do we have such a universal admiration for the character of Washington? It is because he was a man. He had a profound respect for himself because he respected principle. He tried to do right. He had a profound respect for truth, justice and honesty. They were deeply entrenched in his nature. It was this great self respect, this love of principle and fairness and justice, that gave him his balance, his wonderful poise of character, his complacency and serenity. The consciousness of following the right as he saw it rounded out his character and made him a superb being.

The world respected him just in proportion as he respected himself. If he had taken the course of Benedict Arnold and betrayed his country, he would have despised himself, and been just such an outcast. Englishmen hated Arnold for his treachery, even though it aided their own cause, because there is something inherent in human nature which compels us to hate that which is wrong, no matter whether exhibited in friend or foe. But it is doubtful whether the English or anybody else despised Arnold more than he despised himself.

It does not matter very much what happens to a man if he has managed to keep his self-respect. Everywhere we see people parting with this, their most precious possession, for a trifle, exchanging it for the temporary advantage of a good bargain, swapping it away for a fortune as though it were of very little importance.

Poverty is no disgrace when a man has done the best he could without sacrificing his self respect. If you have always been a man in your dealings, if you have been square and just in all your transactions, you can look the world squarely in the face without wincing even though you haven't a dollar.

To be without money is not poverty,

but to lose self respect is to lose everything.

What are millions of dollars of money when you cannot respect yourself, when you feel that the best thing in you has been sold out? When you have exchanged your honor and manhood for dollars what have you left?

A fortune without self respect is a sorry spectacle. There are plenty of great fortunes in this country with no self respect back of them; the owners lost it on the way to their money pile. They lost the pearl of great price while struggling for the bauble.

When a man's character stands foursquare to the world he has about all that is worth while. It is true that wealth would add something to his comfort, something to his power; but, after all, he has the chief part—the great opportunity of the highest achievement possible to man.

If we live a perfectly normal, right life, people will see our self respect in our eyes, in our faces. A man who respects himself shows it in his voice, in his bearing, in his act. And if others see us exhibit this self respect, they cannot help respecting us and having confidence in us, cannot help believing in us, as we all believe in right and truth and justice, because these principles are the very foundation of our existence.

Of course we may be misjudged. But, when we know we are right, no matter if all the world accuses and persecutes us, when that little inward voice of conscience says "Right, my son, right," there is no power that can rob us of complacency or shake our calm serenity. When we thoroughly believe in ourselves because we are right, and honest and true, not even the prison or gallows can rob us of self-respect.

Self-confidence is based upon character, upon the right, and self-confidence rests upon self respect; and self respect is the power behind every great life.

Selling the World's Toys

By Morey J. Edwards

France may be the centre of world fashion, but in the estimation of the little folks, particularly at Christmas time, Germany possesses a greater distinction. For Germany is the unrivalled toy market of the world. In the Spring of every year the "Toy Fair" at Leipsig attracts buyers from all countries, all anxious to get a line on new things in Toyland for the following Christmas trade. Every possible type of toy is displayed, and the exhibition in many ways is remarkable. This article, describing the Fair, will prove most interesting and, indeed, timely at this season of the year.

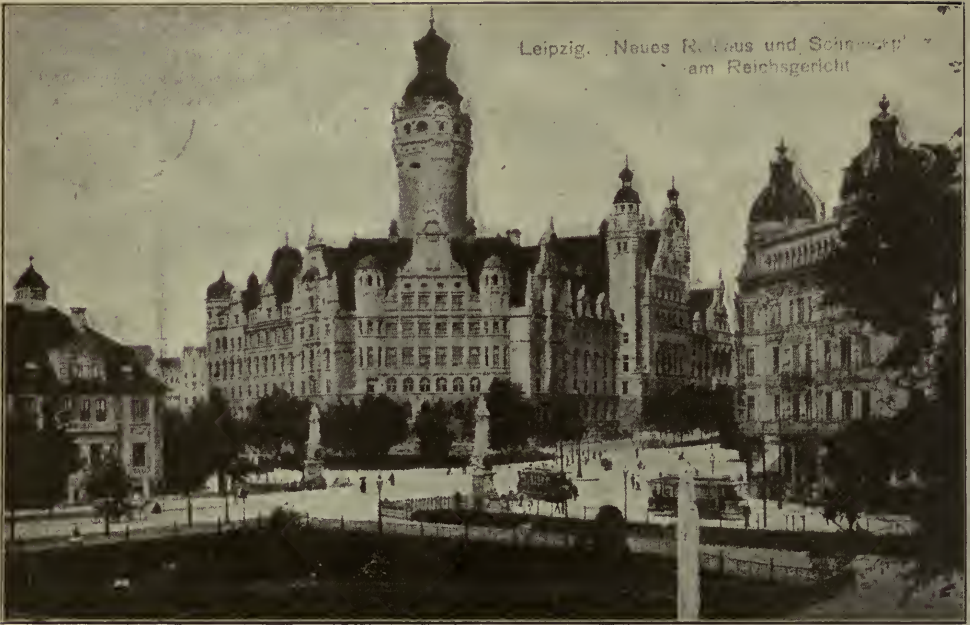
"SUPPOSE that all the new toys in the world—all the tin horns and engines, all the dolls and doll houses, all the boats and Noah's arks, and all the other things that you wind up and let run across the floor—suppose these were gathered together in one place and were placed around so you could see them all and play with them. Suppose again that they were all sold and taken away and most of the muss and rubbish cleaned up, all in one week——"

This sounds very much like the beginning of an old-time fairy-story, does it not? And yet, here's another case where truth is even more interesting than what is imagined. There is a place where almost all that is described in this "story-beginning" occurs and in a most interesting way.

Leipsig, an ancient city in the eastern section of Germany, somewhat familiarly known as a musical and educational centre, is, for a week in the spring of each year, the toy market of the world. "Early" Christmas shopping, the slogan which has recently become very familiar to most of us in Canada, should have no novelty for the people of Leip-

sig. This applies particularly from a wholesale standpoint and can be well understood when it is known that for the week of the annual Easter Fair, the city contains a gathering of twenty-seven thousand exhibitors representing all the toy and fancy goods manufacturers of Europe, as well as a few from America, together with from sixty to one hundred thousand visitors, these latter including buyers from stores and wholesale houses in practically every part of the world.

Leipsig's Fair has had a long and remarkable history. Early in the sixteenth century, so some of the local authorities say, the city's fame as a trading centre began to be widespread. In those days long caravans of wagons containing natural products, and goods produced by the simple methods of manufacture then in vogue, from the remote sections of Europe, as well as from the neighboring districts, began to travel into the town. Buyers from other sections naturally congregated where the goods were centred, and in consequence Leipsig became early a wholesale centre.



A view of Leipzig—the new Rathaus or, city hall.

At first the goods were brought in at various seasons as suited the sellers. Then it was found more expedient for buyers and sellers to gather at one time, and a date of meeting was set. The system proved successful and was closely followed. The volume of business grew from year to year and now Leipzig's "Easter" Fair, beginning the first Monday in March, has become without doubt the greatest annual exhibition and market of toys and fancy goods in the world.

With us in Canada the word "Fair" associates itself more or less closely with the idea of buildings. A natural query therefore is one as to where the thousands of exhibits comprising the Leipzig Fair are housed.

In the early days, as was characteristic of the period, the buyers and sellers did their business in the city's market square. With the development of the Fair in size and importance this section has continued to be the centre of operations. So great, however, have become the benefits accruing to the city in many ways that in recent years the municipal authorities have purchased

and in several cases erected magnificent buildings adjacent to the square, which have been prepared and are held throughout the year exclusively for exhibitors' use. These structures are not such as one would expect when prepared especially for Fair purposes, but are arranged rather as our office buildings with the space allotted to the exhibitors fitted up as stores and sectional offices.

Within the last decade the Fair has, speaking figuratively, grown too large for its clothes, and now not only are the buildings in the market square utilized, but also every available foot of space in stores, offices and even residences in the section surrounding the new city hall or Rathaus, is eagerly seized on.

Several features of interest grow out of the methods of doing business in this, what might be called the world's annual fancy-goods-clearing-house.

The Fair is looked on by many of the exhibiting manufacturers as a convenient opportunity to attend to the selling end of their business for the year and, since the world's largest buyers are

always present, the yearly output of the factories of thousands of these firms is disposed of during the week's business. Considering this, it is easy to see how valuable the occasion and the space oc-

strength of the single week of business.

With such a myriad of exhibits—upwards of forty thousand of various classes of goods last year—the problem of making his location known to the



A street in the centre of the Fair section, showing the extensive use of the window and street signs.

cupied become to the individual exhibitors. With nearly all of them the Leipzig Easter Fair has assumed such an important position that they are quite willing to pay the rental for the space occupied for the whole year on the

probable or possible buyer has become a decidedly difficult one for the individual exhibitor. The first solution which presented itself was, naturally, that of advertising by means of the window sign. As can be imagined, how-



The market square in Leipzig. The buildings shown here are all occupied by the Easter Fair exhibits.

ever, with the growth of this system and with the eagerness of each of the firms to make a business-bringing first-impression, the rivalry in the size, shape and colorings of the signs became so intense that it developed into a serious nuisance. Finally, the situation was taken in hand by the municipal authorities and a most efficient system developed out of the former chaotic one. Now the window signs are limited to rectangular notice boards two feet in depth. Even so, with the myriad of these present, in various colorings, one, and sometimes two or three being evident in practically every window in each of the stories of each of the buildings occupied, a glance down any of the streets in the central section of the city reveals a decidedly unique scene.

Another method of advertising and one which bids fair to require similar municipal legislation is of more recent adoption. Since the size and shape of the window signs have been limited the exhibitors have instituted an outside-sign system of the sandwich-man type. Business announcements of a somewhat elaborate nature, so far as size, shape and decoration are concerned, bearing the street and number of the exhibit

and sometimes a trade-mark or a reproduction of the article on exhibition, are placed at the head of poles and carried through the streets. So popular has this system become, and so numerous are the sign-carriers that frequently the streets in the more popular section of the Fair district are practically impassable. Recently a Canadian buyer, sending home a photograph showing a typical sign-crowded street, summed it up thus: "One has to have a tag to walk on these streets."

Still another method of getting buyer and seller together has been found in the issuing of a catalogue or directory of the exhibits and exhibitors. The perusal of a copy of this gives an excellent idea of the remarkable comprehensiveness of the Fair. A recent copy contained six hundred and fifty pages of closely printed addresses classified according to the nature of the goods each firm presented. The majority of these, of course, were of German firms, but representative names were also included from Russia, Holland, Sweden, Switzerland, Italy, France, Spain, England and the United States.

The question of accommodating the crowds of visitors who flock into Leipzig for the seven days of the Fair is,

quite manifestly, a large one. Many of the larger buyers cable months ahead to their favorite hotels to assure accommodation, and in many cases also, there is an understanding that the same rooms be held for the same parties for the Fair period, from year to year. The Leipzig citizens also seem to make the most of the Fair week in every way possible, and for the time, every house becomes an hotel. Leipzig stands, as well, in the centre of a thickly populated district and the surrounding towns gratefully help to take care of the city's overflow of visitors.

A chat with a few of the Canadian buyers who look on the Leipzig Fair as one of the large features of their year's business, and who on this account visit the city annually, revealed some idea of the way the matter of toy-buying is handled.

"We visit the Fair," said one of the leading dealers in fancy goods, "not so much to buy as to find out what lines the various manufacturers are presenting. The European buyers, however, do a great deal of their purchasing on the spot. When we have seen the best of the goods offered we visit the fac-

tories in the various towns and buy our goods there. We usually go over in January and return in March so that it must not be imagined we do our buying in a week, by any means." From this it can be seen that "early" Christmas shopping is indeed done by the wholesale dealers.

Aside from the Leipzig Fair itself, and yet closely related to it, may be given some interesting information as to where the various classes of toys come from. Germany, as is well known, stands alone as the toy-maker to the world's children, and in many of its towns the people are engaged exclusively in making the article so dear to the child heart. A novel feature is the fact that each of these towns specializes on a particular line of goods which it has been turning out for years in better quality or at lower prices than can be met with elsewhere.

Sonneberg, in Saxony, for instance, has turned its attention to moderate-priced dolls, and from here is sent out the bulk of the world's supply. The more expensive dolls come, of course, from France, and are characteristic of the dainty touches which can only be



Crailsheim, a typical German toy-manufacturing town.

given by the workwomen of that country. With these, however, the manufacturers of Sonneberg do not in any way try to compete.

Zudorf, again, is given up to nickel-ed goods and from here come the horns and tops that make Christmas morning a joy to the small boy and an agony to the austere grown-ups. Zudorf also turns out a variety of nickel-plated ware and many lines of small mirrors.

Nuremberg, one of the quaint old cities of Bavaria, is the home of the mechanical toy industry. Here spring and clock-work motor factories abound, and here are put together the model trains and boats, the steam engines and electrical apparatus and the novel imitations of men and animals that serve so well to gladden the hearts of the kiddies at the Christmas season.. Nuremberg, too, has a world-noted retail

toy shop, which, displaying goods not only of local but also of outside manufacture, gets many dollars from the pockets of touring fathers and uncles who are tempted by the apparently low prices in that city, but who find they have to make up the apparent staggering difference between prices there and at home, at the customs houses on this side of the water.

The manufacturers in these German "toy-towns" have built well. They are catering to a permanent and constantly enlarging market. So long as the child heart goes out to a toy and so long as parent love goes out to the child, the demand for their goods will continue. And, with the world's increase in prosperity and the improvement in the standard of living, the call for amusement for the world's children is bound to increase. Without doubt, the Leipzig Toy Fair is on a safe basis.

Von Moltke's Triumphs in Old Age

COLONEL Malcolm, D. S. O., has just written an interesting text book on the Bohemia campaign of 1866 being part of a series of books on campaigns and their lessons. A reference to the great Von Moltke disproves the theory that the great works of men are done before they are 40. Many hold the theory that the great military campaigns have been planned and fought by very young men.

Von Moltke was responsible for the success of the Prussian arms in the Bohemian War and perhaps did more than any other man to make the German Empire of to-day. Colonel Malcolm points out that Von Moltke's promotion was very far from rapid. He was 58 before he received a command which gave him an opportunity to do things. "And from the say," says the writer, "from that appointment, may be fitly dated not only the regeneration of the Prussian army but also the modern scientific study of the art of war which has penetrated even so far east as Japan with what results we all

know." The writer further says, "Von Moltke was a firm believer in the union of the German peoples with Prussia at their head." He was 66 when he directed the Bohemian campaign and 70 when the Franco-Prussian War broke out.

It is not generally known that Von Moltke's father and mother were Highland Scotch—the father being a Maclean who had to leave Scotland for his loyalty to the Stuarts. Under the name of Maclean he was pursued at the instance of the English Government. On the suggestion of friends he changed his name to that of his place in Germany. Naturally the son would feel bitter against the English people for the sufferings of his father and there are some who think the present strained relations between Britain and Germany date back to the original Von Moltke. They believe he inspired the building up a strong nation with an ambition to dominate England.

The Best Selling Book of the Month

By The Editors

In each issue of MacLean's Magazine in future we will tell the story of the most popular book of the month. For this purpose we have called to our aid the editor of "The Bookseller and Stationer." This is the newspaper of the book trade of Canada. At the end of every month the leading booksellers from the Atlantic to the Pacific send a report to the editor of that paper, giving the list of the six best sellers. This will be most valuable information for our readers who want a popular book but who have until now had no really reliable information to guide them. In addition to telling what the book is about, the sketch will be made doubly interesting by the life story of the author. In no other way can our readers so readily, with so little expense of time and money, obtain an up-to-date education in current literature.

The first edition of 500,000 of "Their Yesterdays," by Harold Bell Wright has been exhausted and unquestionably the book will be the year's best seller. It was only ten or twelve years ago that Mr. Wright was a thousand-dollar-a-year preacher in the Western States. During a pastorate in Kansas he wrote his first novel "That Printer of Udell's," and securing a loan of \$50 from a friend, journeyed to New York to find a publisher. Success was not sudden, but after being re-written, the book appeared a year or so later. That was the beginning. When last year his "Winning of Barbara Worth" was on the press he refused a cash offer of \$100,000 tendered in lieu of his royalties. In the last ten years the total sale of Mr. Wright's various books has exceeded two million copies.

"Their Yesterdays" typifies the new novel in that during the last few years the novel has been growing towards the essay and the essay towards the novel. But in still another sense it is quite different: it is a novel with only two characters—a man and a woman—and with no proper names. Despite the danger of wearying the reader with the constant repetition of phrase and manner, Mr. Wright has skillfully maintained the just rhythm and balance. A less accomplished writer must surely have failed.

The book contains thirteen chapters, one for each of the thirteen "Truly Great Things of Life," namely: Dreams,

Occupation, Knowledge, Ignorance, Religion, Tradition, Temptation, Life, Death, Failure, Success, Love, Memories. The first half of each chapter relates the man's experience in one of these things and the second half the woman's experience, both parts being couched in similar language. There is a more or less definite love plot, ending in marriage, both the man and the woman remaining true to each other from a childhood's acquaintance, though neither saw or heard from the other until almost the last chapter.

The author's own thoughts, rather than those of his characters, have shaped themselves into a delightfully tender story and we see life, love and religion through *his* eyes. The story is told between the lines with a peculiar charm and grace—it is the *soul* of a story, a story stripped of the usual trappings, and the style is unlike the heavy stroke of a sword, but is rather the skilful thrust of a rapier.

In each of the characters may be found both the universal and the ideal in man and woman. To emphasize this fact the author no doubt omitted names. Fatherhood and motherhood and the clean, honest life are exalted, while numerous bits of wisdom and philosophy add flavor to the book.

Among the philosophic truths which the book contains there are many which present the profound problems of life in a style which is both striking and convincing.

Review of Reviews

In this department MacLean's will run each month a synopsis of the leading articles appearing in the best current magazines of the world. An effort is made to cover as wide a range of subjects as possible in the space available, and to this end the excerpts quoted are carefully summarized. In brief, readable reference is made to the leading magazine articles of the day—a review of the best current literature.

Guarding Public Men from Assassination

**No Public Man is Quite Safe From the Attacks of Anarchists and Cranks
Unless Precautionary Measures are Taken for His Protection**

THE attempt to assassinate Theodore Roosevelt at Milwaukee and the subsequent report that extraordinary measures are being taken in consequence to protect American public men have served to draw attention to the fact that in these days no public man is ever quite safe from the attack of anarchist or crank. Recognition of this fact is, perhaps, less apparent in America than in England and on the Continent. But even in the United States it is obvious that precautionary measures against the bullet of the assassin must be taken.

England has never been so vigilant in the protection of her public men as she has been for the last year or two. Guards are constantly thrown around all of those who are prominent in the government—with or without their consent: The London Sketch of recent date comments on the necessity for providing armed guards for the leading figures of the country, and makes the assertion that the women of England are in some measure responsible for the anxiety felt for the safety of distinguished men. Referring to the guard that is constantly at the elbow of Lord Kitchener, the Sketch says:—

“The precautions taken to safeguard Lord Kitchener while on his return to Egypt within the last few days have been described as unusual. Possibly if inquiry were made in the right quarter it would be found that not the precautions, but the discovery of their existence, constituted the

‘unusual.’ There is more shepherding and shadowing of our notabilities than is known to most of us.

“Every one is aware that members of the royal family, whether at home or abroad, are guarded night and day, but during the last year or so an unobtrusive protection has been extended both to most members of the government and to imperial figures such as Lord Kitchener. It is doubtless quite true that Lord Kitchener kicks against his civil guard; they all do. They have to be guarded in spite of themselves.

“It is not for our warrior pro-consul to say that he will not be guarded; he is a great State institution so long as he continues in harness and must be protected, like the Bank of England and the Crown Regalia. None of us forgets that the breed of fanatics is not extinct. There are three misguided sons of Egypt undergoing imprisonment at this moment for complicity in a plot against Lord Kitchener's life; and it was but three years ago that, at a reception at the Imperial Institute, the mad Indian, Dhingra, discharged his infamous mission at the cost of life precious to the Empire. If he frets under benevolent surveillance, Lord Kitchener is in good company.

“All the Cabinet in England is now guarded night and day as if each were a Czar of Russia. Our bill for secret police work is heavier to-day than it has been since Fenianism was rampant. And the irony of it is that women make necessary much of the expenditure.

"When our notabilities visit the Continent they are still under the closest supervision. Scotland Yard has no secrets from Paris, and Berlin and St. Petersburg exchange confidences with London and New York. We all wondered, perhaps, how it was that when a certain dangerous anarchist suddenly quitted his quarters in America the other year his house was raided and found to be a bomb factory, and that the police were ready for him when he landed in Hamburg with a plot against the Emperor William up his sleeve. It was at St. Petersburg that the counter move was set on foot, and the fact came out quite unexpectedly in a totally different connection. When the book robbery at the Astor Library, in New York, was being investigated, the chief witness for the prosecution was a Russian spy.

"It was shown that the Russian government maintains secret agents in all the important libraries in America to watch the persons calling for books on anarchy. But the best of guardians themselves need protection, and the chief detective of Warsaw has told us how it is done. When he had received his fiftieth Terrorist sentence of death he confided his secret to a friend. His protector is a tame anarchist. This youth was implicated in an anarchist murder. At the eleventh hour he was provisionally pardoned, on the understanding that his life would be secure so long as his chief lives, but that he dies if the latter comes to a violent end.

"In England we do not stick our sleuths

into regulation blue and big boots to advertise their vocation. The excessively numerous corps of gardeners meandering about the grounds of Lord Morley's house at Wimbledon three years ago, after the murder of Sir Curzon Wyllie, were in reality emissaries of Scotland Yard, just as were the caddies with enormous bulging pockets who used restlessly to accompany Mr. Balfour over the links in Ireland during his perilous Chief Secretariat. Every "caddy" was a heavily armed secret police officer.

"And the night that Lord Aberdeen acted as coachman and the present Lord Gladstone as footman to the G. O. M., on the latter's drive from Hawarden to Soughton, they were the private detectives, than whom Gladstone would have no other, though a straight 'tip' had gone down from the Home Office that an attempt was to be made to assassinate him in connection with the death of O'Donnell, executed that day for the murder of Carey, the informer.

"Defiance of precautions has more than once produced safety. Lord Morley dodged his guards in Ireland, and thus escaped snares. So did W. E. Forster, who once, giving the detectives the slip, took the only route for which his would-be assassins were not prepared. And Gladstone, walking home by an unusual way from Carlton House Terrace, missed Townsend when the latter lay waiting ready to fire the pistol at him, found in his possession by the officer who was out to see the statesman to his home by the accustomed path."

Madame Paquin on "How I Create Fashions"

One of the Paris Creators Tells of the System Which She Follows in
Evolving a New Gown—Novel Methods of Creation

A FEW men and women in Paris create the fashions of the world for women. One of the leaders is Madame Paquin. The woman who is fortunate enough and rich enough to have her dresses made by Paquin is generally one or two years ahead of styles in this country. Madame Paquin has written an interesting article in *Vogue*. She argues that "Fashion" is "Art" and that Paris is the only place in the world where real fashions are conceived because the atmosphere and setting are wonderful

for fostering art and patterns. She then explains how she evolves a gown.

"How do I work?" you ask. Well, when the time comes for making models, I have everything that industry has manufactured for me put into one room; color, patterns, softness, lightness, rich muslins, silks, satins, cloths, laces and embroideries. This gives me a wonderful palette from which to create my pictures.

The method of this creation is not always the same. Sometimes certain colors catch

my eye. I may, for instance, see a pale lilac, and next to it may be lying a dark, peculiar red or a very strong blue. The combination strikes me. I take these colors and try to perfect their harmony by means of a piece of lace or embroidery. When I have found the best way of relating them I consider the line and form which would most subtly develop the motif set by this combination of colors and materials.

Or again, I may reverse the process. For a form which presents itself in definite outline to my mind I try to find colors and materials suitable to its most perfect realization. I do not always visualize the shape of the whole gown. An idea may come to me for a particular manner of trimming, or an original décolletage, or a sleeve of a certain style. Details such as these may appear to me in pure form without any vision of the materials or colors to be employed. In this case I select these later, after I have built up on some salient detail the entire robe.

At the beginning of every season comes the momentous question, "What will be worn this year?" Is it to be Louis Seize, Directoire or Oriental? Seldom does the

couturier use any one pure style. If he receives "a lead" from some of these styles, he must, after all, evolve from it something modern, and something all his own. In order to do this, he often transposes, by unconscious recollection, impressions he has received of old modes, and thereby becomes a creator.

Again we are undoubtedly affected, sometimes in spite of ourselves, by exterior influences. Everything that happens in many-sided, eclectic Paris has an effect more or less pronounced on Fashion. There can be, for instance, no doubt that the Russian Ballet had an immense influence on colorists. But these various influences may be so differently reflected that the same cause leads to almost contrary effects. Tradition protects us from too facile a subservience to passing influences. An influence must justify itself, or custom will prompt us to act against it. The ancient tradition of "good taste" is ingrained in our natures, and although at times we do not realize it, we are always under its beneficent control. This much I hope I have made clear; that much more goes into the creation of a gown than merely the putting together of so much stuff, of so many trimmings.

Fortunes in Films

Rise of New Type of Theatre and Photo Plays Creates New Profession
of "Moving Picture Actors" and Yields Big Returns

THE public is at last awakening to the fact that the early twentieth century has evolved an entirely new form of dramatic entertainment. At the present moment the American people are spending \$500,000 a day on moving-picture shows. There are at least 20,000 places in the United States that are devoted to this form of popular amusement. Not far from 300,000 people, in New York City alone, daily witness these performances. In the United States, half a million people are engaged directly or indirectly in the moving-picture industries and the varied business represents an investment of \$200,000,000. And the motion picture is more than a diverting photographic toy. It has created a new class of theatre-goers, a new type of theatre, a new kind of actor, and a new species of dramatic writing. Its use as an agency in education, in political and social reform, is already

widespread. Though it was generally despised a few years ago as a demoralizing influence, there are those who foresee the time when it will be extensively used in the public system of education, in the colleges, the scientific laboratories, and even in churches and Sunday schools, writes Bennet Musson in McClure's Magazine.

Describing the rise of this "new type of theatre" the writer relates how eight years ago a New York showman, Mr. Marcus Loew, who then ran a "penny arcade" in Harlem, happened to be spending a few days in Covington, Kentucky. In one of the streets his attention was attracted by a loudly bawling and wildly gesticulating person in front of what appeared to be a dilapidated store. This gentleman, like the familiar Bowery "barker," was raucously advertising the merits of a performance about to take place within. "In spite of its

generously proclaimed excellences, the price of admission was modestly placed at five cents. That, as Loew observed, was what was attracting the multitudes. For the crowds were certainly coming. The "barker" was the whole show. After "selling out the house"—a matter of one or two hundred tickets—he stationed himself at the entrance and acted as ticket collector. Then, the crowd once admitted, he himself worked the moving-picture apparatus, and also delivered the "lecture." There was not much to lecture about, but the speaker made the most of his opportunities. The spectators had no seats and the room was entirely dark. The exhibition lasted for only eight or ten minutes, after which the showman pushed his spectators out, and, taking up his stand outside, began attracting another audience. He informed the inquiring Mr. Loew that, up to within a few weeks, he had been a house-painter, at twelve dollars a week. This new enterprise, which he had apparently originated himself, was yielding him a profit of sixty.

So far as Mr. Loew's knowledge goes, this was the world's first moving-picture "store show." At least, it was the first time that he had ever seen one. To test the thing, Mr. Loew opened a similar establishment on the opposite side of the street. It was somewhat more elaborate than the ex-house-painter's, and more generally advertised. The price, however, was the same—the inevitable five cents. The first day the place was opened, there were five thousand people pounding for admission, although only two hundred could get in. Loew rushed back to New York, changed his penny arcade into a moving-picture theatre, and began leasing available stores all over the city. A new theatrical industry had seen the light of day, and many new millionaires, including Loew himself, had been born. In a twinkling a million theatre-goers in New York City alone—the people of the tenements who seldom ever saw the outside of a regular theatre—had come into existence.

After tracing the rapid growth of the moving picture industry from its initial stage, Mr. Musson dwells on its more recent development as embodied in photo plays necessitating a new kind of stock company—moving picture actors. Out of the blurred, jerky and unnatural movements which spoiled early films, there came an improved type. About four years ago Frank E. Wood prepared a play that depended for success, not upon rapid, convulsive movements, but upon natural acting. Several producers declined it because it was a "slow picture" and was

therefore over the heads of their audience. But the Biograph Company brought it out with great success. It was this play that really taught the moving-picture men their real usefulness in the amusement field. Up to that time they had been floundering; now there arose the demand for plays. Newspaper and other writers suddenly discovered a new market for their work. In the "scenario writer," literature developed an entirely new figure.

And now real actors went into moving pictures. There was another development—the moving-picture stock company. Nor were the men and women who took to the new field necessarily played-out dramatic hacks. Joseph Jefferson was one of the first to pose; Blanche Walsh has done Tolstoy's "Resurrection;" Nat C. Goodwin recently rehearsed "Shylock" for the camera; in France, Bernhardt, Rejane, and Jane Hading are moving-picture actors. Many smaller lights have left the "legitimate" and definitely gone over to the moving-picture stage. The largest producers have stock companies of from twenty to forty men and women. The new field offers many advantages over the old. The pay is smaller, but the income is larger because employment is regular and lasts for fifty-two weeks in the year. There are no "one-night stands;" the moving-picture actors have permanent homes, and work usually only in the daytime.

The next remarkable movement in the moving-picture business began about four years ago. At that time the block of buildings on which stood the old Manhattan Theatre was razed to make way for a department store. A fugitive amusement promoter of New York, known as "Archie" Sheppard, leased the Manhattan week by week, pending its destruction. He caused something of a sensation when he announced that he intended to put a moving-picture machine in this high-class theatre. For years the Manhattan had been one of the most famous play-houses of New York—the place where Mrs. Fiske, among others, had brought out many of her most artistic productions. That this theatre should drop from "Becky Sharp" and "Hedda Gabler" to "photo-plays," and the price of the seats from two dollars to ten cents, certainly seemed to indicate a new development in public amusement. No one, so far as history records, had ever before put moving-pictures as a steady diet, in a standard theatre. The experiment, however, proved enormously popular. The building was packed every afternoon and night for the suc-

ceeding year and a half. When it was torn down, William J. Gane, Sheppard's successor, had established a moving-picture clientele which was yielding him profits of almost three thousand dollars a week. As he could not afford to lose this, Gane erected a large

new theatre in the same neighborhood, designed exclusively for moving-picture shows, which he named the Manhattan. In the two years he has managed this house he has made a large fortune. Daily and nightly he is still "turning them away."

Faking as a Fine Art

Confessions of a Newspaper Writer who Served Under the Master Faker of the Business—How Stories are Colored by Sensational Press

The American Magazine for November contains the confessions of a newspaper writer "who, for twelve years served under the master faker of the business." The name of the master in question is "Berghand." By way of introduction the writer says: "Every story about which I shall tell will be found in the files of the newspapers on which I served under Berghand. I worked for him when he was City Editor of one paper, when he was News Editor of another, and when he returned to become Idea Man for the first paper. In each of these capacities he has won fame in the newspaper world. In each capacity he developed the art of faking to its highest degree. But in the positions he used three methods. As City Editor he printed the truth, but "built it up," magnified and added to it, colored it to suit himself. Either that or he invented stories and found real people, not averse to publicity, to "stand for them." As News Editor, dealing largely with foreign affairs, he manufactured stories about real people and real happenings. It was as Idea Man for one of the greatest newspapers in America that he reached the highest stage of development as a faker and invented the system of writing fiction as if it were true and truth as if it were fiction."

From the outset the writer of the article "made good" in the Berghand school. His first assignment he describes in the following strain:

"He handed me a three-line clipping from an afternoon paper which said that John Jones, 1492 Brown Street, was badly burned when gasoline set fire to his clothing.

"I found Jones in a hospital swathed in cotton. He was an engine repair man. His clothing, saturated with grease and oil, caught fire and he was severely scorched. Berghand appeared annoyed when I reported the facts to him.

"You went to see him?" he asked. "That's the best way to spoil a good story. The facts aren't worth two lines. I wanted a good story."

"All right. You shall have it." I replied, nettled by his tone.

I wrote a story called "How Mr. Jones put himself out." According to the story Mrs. Jones had found moths in a suit of clothes her husband wore while working around the house and soaked the clothes in gasoline. Mr. Jones went to tend the furnace before the clothing was dry and attempted to light a match on the seat of his trousers. A moment later he leaped through the basement window and commenced rolling and turning somersaults in the deep snow of the yard. The wives of two neighbors were passing and looked on in astonishment. Jones saw them. He sat up, pulled snow over himself with one hand until buried to the waist, while tipping his hat with the other. He was uncertain how much damage had been done to the rear of the trousers and dared not arise, also the snow was soothing.

I was amazed when Berghand hurried to my desk and said:

"That's the idea. Exactly what I want. Deal in essential facts. Get names spelled correctly. Use commonplaces, things everyone knows, to support unbelievable statements. Build up. Never tear down."

"But the story isn't true," I argued.

"He burned himself. His name is Jones. They are the essential facts. Build up around them. Add color. Add motion. Make everything possibly true. Everything might have happened. The injection of commonplace statements completes the convincingness of it."

Such, then, was his first experience. Gradually he became quite proficient. Indeed, the entire staff was composed of ex-

perts. Continuing, the writer tells us: "It was a peculiar staff. Four rewrite men wrote practically the entire paper while perhaps a dozen "picture chasers," low-salaried boys, were employed to do the leg work and telephoning. I was "Utility," the man next to me was "Sobs" who could wring the "heart interest," beyond him was "Heavy" who handled financial, political and weighty matters, and beyond him was a sour, pickle-faced fellow called "Josh," who wrote the alleged humor. Berghand supplied practically all ideas. Understanding his methods so well naturally the heavy share of the rewrite fell upon me. Imagine turning out eighteen columns of type—25,000 words, half a novel—each day, six days a week. I worked hard, but forgot it in wondering at the work of Berghand. The "car barn bandits" were waiting to be executed in Chicago and one of my duties was to write a daily story about them and to suggest the illustrations. These were exciting times. I remember one morning about the time these murderous boys were captured, Berghand flew into a furious rage:

"Some one stole my type of bloodhounds," he almost screamed.

"Your what?"

"My type of bloodhounds. I wanted half a page picture of the type of bloodhound that is chasing the bandits."

To illustrate how this master faker worked. One morning he came rapidly down the line of desks.

"Story about one of the car barn bandits reading 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" he jerked out. "Never read it before. Open new thoughts."

"What doing, Sobs?"

"Story about Ghetto woman, heartbroken, deserted," grinned Sobs.

"Make her society woman, settlement worker. Hint that man is Yale graduate. Nobody interested in common people. What doing, Heavy?"

"Gas combine story."

"Say Perkins and Rockefeller crowd backs it. Strong on ciphers. Make box table showing how much Rockefeller, Morgan, Perkins, Hill, Carnegie and Astor groups are worth. Write head: 'Are these millions to crush the user of gas?' What doing, Josh?"

"Tailor suing photographer who had shop upstairs."

"Say photographer opened skylight and stole all tailor's heat."

Every half hour or so he made the rounds, suggesting stories, urging improvements,

creating stories. It sounds incredible, but it is true, he was evolving an edition an hour out of his brain.

One other instance of faking will be sufficient to show the trend of operations—this time in foreign news. The writer recalls having seen only two genuine cable dispatches in the office. One was on the Martinique disaster. The other came at the period of Russia's internal ferment. The message was handed to him with orders to write 1,500 words as rapidly as possible. It read thus:

St. Petersburg, Jan. 14.—Attempt assassinate Czar way church unsuccessful.

Confidentially, he tells us, it is easier to write 10,000 words about nothing than 1,500 words from six. Facts are dangerous.

I strove, he continues, to analyse the message. "Way church." Clearly if the Czar was on his way to church the attempt was made in the Nevsky Prospekt, for he worshiped at the Cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, which is at the other end of the famous boulevard along the Neva from the Winter Palace. The weather bulletin that morning had announced snow in Russia. Therefore the Czar would ride in the royal drosky. Times being troublous the Czarina would not be with him. Iswolsky, the Procurator, would be with him and also my old friend Mitschenko, who had been made the Czar's personal bodyguard. If a bomb had been thrown, I figured, some one would have been hurt, probably some of the Cossacks who rode beside the sleigh, but as no mention was made of anyone being hurt it was evidently not a bomb. It would be impossible for anyone to reach the Czar with a knife or to conceal a shotgun or rifle. By deduction I decided a revolver was the weapon. I pictured the Czar, with the Procurator of the Holy Synod reclining at his side among the silken cushions; Mitschenko, the hero of Liao Yang and Mukden, sitting stiffly erect, the green and gold Cossacks galloping alongside. A man stepped from the silent sullen ranks of citizenry and fired at him. The Cossacks spurred their iron-shod steeds over the insensate (always good) bodies of helpless women and children until the new fallen snow was crimsoned with the blood of the common people. It was a good story. Berghand said it was; a fine, colorful, adjective-perfect story.

An hour later a wretched contemporary that insists upon the old-fashioned idea of buying news, appeared. It had a one-column headline over a two hundred and fifty

word cable message dated St. Petersburg. It gave a terse account of the attempt to kill the Czar. It related that he was in an ice kiosk in the middle of the Neva performing the annual ceremony of blessing the waters of the river when an artillery-

man in the Fortress of SS. Peter and Paul, on the opposite bank, fired a cannon in that direction. Otherwise my deductions were all right. And—believe it or not—Berghand censured me for “reckless perversion of facts.”

Danger in Diversifying Interests

Stick to Your Own Business—Because You Are Successful in One Line is no Indication that You can Conquer in All Fields

THE Knox Automobile Company attributes its present financial troubles to having embarked in the truck business. So long as it confined itself to making a fine pleasure car all was well. But going into another, though allied line of business, brought serious trouble. Similarly with the McCrum-Howell Company, the wiping out of the entire equity of its stockholders is due primarily to a policy of getting into too many widely diversified fields of operation. Again, the U. S. Motor failure, while put down to lack of working capital, is in part due to the making of too many models of its different machines.

Bankers say that one of the commonest causes of the financial troubles falling within their daily experience is a too-vaulting ambition. For example, a man is successful in a certain line of business and conceives the idea of putting up a fine building and renting surplus floors to other concerns. The building costs more to erect than he expected, his equity is small, and a great deal of the space remains untenanted. Without realizing it, he has gone into a business different from his own, and which he does not understand—the real estate business—and then the banker is asked to come to the rescue.

A specialist on investments, says Printers' Ink, was asked about the securities of a certain large and famous corporation. “I do not regard them as favorably as I once did,” he replied. “The company shows a tendency to go into the manufacturing of all sorts of side-lines and is even taking up retailing in some of its phases. At present the profits are growing, but the risk has been increased several times over. If this concern experiences a setback it is surely going to happen as a result of having spread out too thin.”

What lesson can be drawn from such instances? Of course, it would be foolish to

lay down a general rule that a manufacturer ought never to add to his original line of endeavor. The Heinz line owes its strength to its fifty-seven varieties. The enormous dividends being paid by the Eastman Kodak Company are not due so much to the original hand-camera business as to the company's alertness in laying hold of the moving picture craze and thus expanding in a new industry. Claffin, the wholesaler, became Claffin, the retailer, as well, and up to date has made a great success of it, when other wholesalers, less keen to recognize the trend of the times, have been forced out of business altogether.

The most that can be said in a general way is to sound a note of caution to business men who, because they have been successful in one line, are prone to conclude that they can conquer in all fields. Let them read in October Harper's Magazine the story of what happened to Mark Twain when he adventured into the book publishing business and the manufacture of typesetting machines. A wonderfully successful author and lecturer, he was wrecked financially when he departed from his real trade. That is the first test a business man should apply to a new undertaking. Is it a logical, natural outgrowth of my main business? If he can answer that question satisfactorily, it will then be time to take up such other points as: Have I the necessary capital, and the requisite energy? Is the game worth the candle? and so on. But always should be borne in mind the fundamental principle that the burden of proof in considering a new project rests not on the individual but on the project itself. If business is not approached from this angle it ceases to be business and becomes speculation. Many a manufacturer has paid a big price to learn the simple truth that the greatest operating economy lies in duplication on a large scale.

MacLean's Magazine

Vol. xxv

Toronto, January 1913

No. 3

The Best Magazine in the World for Canadians

*MacLean's is the best magazine in the
world for Canadians.*

*It carries more Canadian matter than
any other monthly published.*

*That is why it is read and appreciated
from coast to coast.*

*If you're a real Canadian you'll find it
worth looking into.*

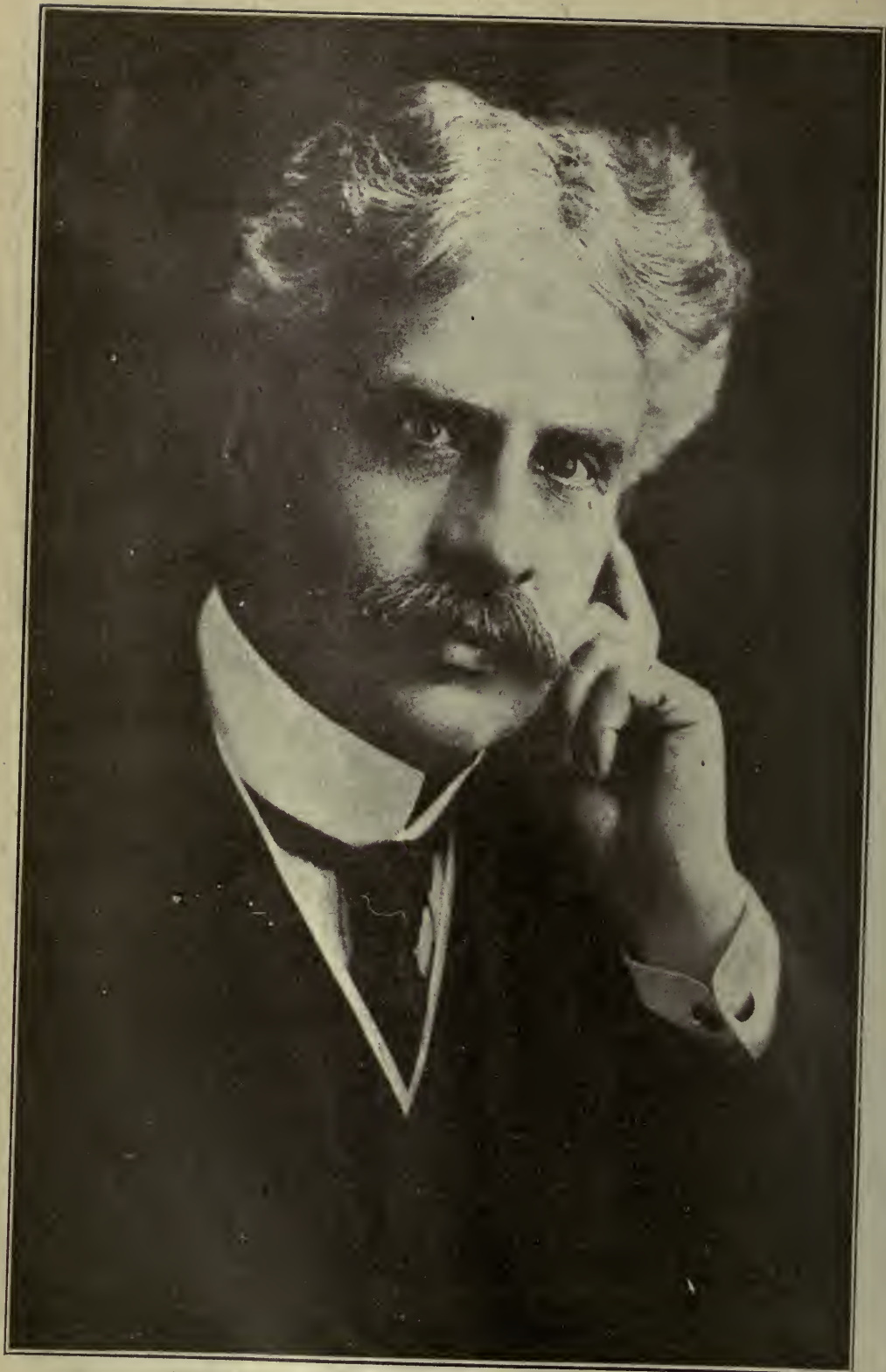
The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd.

Montreal

Toronto

Winnipeg

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RIGHT HON. R. L. BORDEN.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXV

Toronto January 1913

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The National Political Situation

The outstanding feature of interest in the Canadian political situation this month is the question of naval defence. The policy of the Government has been set forth in the measure submitted to Parliament by Hon. Mr. Borden, while the attitude of the Opposition is embodied in the amendment which has been presented. In this issue Mr. Thomson, after investigating coast defence conditions at first hand, studying the provisions of the policies proposed, and interviewing the leaders of the dominant political parties, reviews the situation and gives his conclusions as to Canadian naval requirements.

By Edward William Thomson

IN the December number Mr. Editor explained why he and the proprietor, Colonel MacLean, who "has always held anti-reciprocity, high protection views," afford space each month to disquisition by the present writer, who favors "free trade and direct taxation" as the ideal policy for Canada and every other country. The Colonel regards his publications as national institutions, in which every side of every important political affair should be presented, if set forth with decent regard for contrary opinion. Thus he evinces admirable confidence in the strength of his side, as well as complimentary and, I hope, deserved confidence in his contributor and guest. By occupying this relation the writer is spiritually bound no less to politeness than to candor in expression. He is morally obligated to treat with respect and courtesy the tenets of his host and occasional opponent. Is it not much to be desired that other editors and proprietors of Canadian publications should similarly keep the forum open? How vastly more inter-

esting, educational and valuable than our existing partisan papers would be impartial journals, in which both sides of every large public question were regularly set out by sincere opposing writers the editor's function being confined to securing available contrary talents, and to insisting on controversial propriety in his columns. As things now go some of us have to shun reading the papers of our own side lest disgust at their frantic unfairness impel us to undue favor for the other! It is the present writer's happy practice to read every day those journals which oppose with most emphatic cocksure anger all such opinions as he most devotedly entertains. Thus one may be more confirmed in what he thinks the true faith than he can ever be by fellow disciples who howl intemperately in its support. Differences of opinion are much exaggerated in the strictly partisan press. Hence useful co-operation in common affairs is diminished. Said Baron Sergius in Disraeli's "Lothair" to Endymion, the young hero of that novel,

"All sensible men believe the same thing."—"And what is that?" asked Endymion.—"Sensible men never tell," replied the judicious Baron. Similarly one of the wisest of wealthy Canadians, one recognized as a sage by all who have long admired his walk and conversation, once said to his innermost circle, "I never say what I really think Canada ought to do, for fear I'd be put in a lunatic asylum." The next best course is what he habitually supports.

Just now he emphatically approves the Navy programme of our Right Honorable Premier. Probably Colonel MacLean also approves it—I do not know his opinion in the business. His present contributor holds and avows that Mr. Borden in this case has, by sincerity of intention, thought, conclusion and statement proved himself a right honorable man. Grant his prime postulate, as is avowedly done by almost all Canadians except Mr. John S. Ewart and a few others, then everything proposed by Mr. Borden seems wise. Also ingenious. He has contrived to satisfy ultra-imperialists, whose first desire is for Canadian strengthening of Old Country force on the high seas. He has no less contrived to satisfy those Canadian Nationalists who, like myself, hold that defence of Canada's coasts should first be provided. The singular merit of the Premier's plan is that it meets both requisitions in the speediest possible way. This would be bold dogmatism, if one did not proceed to argument, with hope of general assent.

Let us shortly consider the proposals. Mr. Borden designs to pay thirty-five millions of Canadian money, or of what is essentially the same thing—money borrowed at fair interest on Canada's perfect credit—for three battleships of the most formidable. He designs to place them in the service and complete control of the Admiralty, until such time as Canada may withdraw them. Is it not obvious that they could not be in complete London control, during the period of loan, if they were manned and officered by persons sup-

plied and paid by Ottawa? Some allege that the period of loan will not expire before the ships are worn out, superseded by vessels of later invention, or otherwise fit to be scrapped. If so, what harm? The period of loan must in any case extend until Canada shall have acquired the auxiliary craft necessary to great battleships. These addenda must include at least fast and strong cruisers for scouting, destroyers for employment against hostile torpedo craft, launches of lesser range for torpedo and mines service. Without such auxiliaries, which combined with a superior battleship constitute a fighting unit, the battleship itself would be not only much limited in action but much endangered, somewhat as a prizefighter would be if he were almost deaf, almost blind and capable only as to fists, arms, legs and trunk. Does Mr. Borden intend to obtain for Canada the auxiliary equipment without which Canada cannot recall the battleships?

His further or permanent Navy programme has not been disclosed at time of this writing. But his careful and lucid speech on his preliminary policy indicated that he designs establishment of shipyards, etc., on both Canadian coasts, which will be capable of constructing such vessels and appliances as may suffice for not only coast defence service, but as auxiliaries to super-dreadnoughts. How rapidly the intended Canadian shipyards, etc., may turn out such minor craft must depend on the sum voted by our Parliament, and the speed of its application to the purpose. Let the period be conceived as five, ten, twenty years—no matter how short or long it be, Canada will, at its termination, be enabled to manage battleships, and recall of her first trio may then reasonably occur. Meantime, not only will Canada's security be enhanced by her strengthening of Britain's power on the high seas, but the plan for Canada's future coast defence may be rushed as fast as it could have been by adhering to Sir Wilfrid's former programme, supposing Parliament as generous to that as to Mr. Borden's plan.

But that is not all the gain. The Premier clearly indicated that the Admiralty, upon completion of the three Canadian battleships (perhaps earlier) will be enabled to liberate and will detach for service along or off Canada's coasts, such cruisers, gunboats and other minor craft as will sufficiently insure these coasts against their main or sole danger in a great British war, viz., the danger from raids by hostile cruisers. Our three big ships will supply England with more than the line-of-battle strength of numerous smaller craft formidable enough to serve Canada's only need, and we shall get the use of these speedily—a fair exchange.

Yet the story is not all told. The London Government will employ the projected Canadian naval yards to build and repair armed vessels for Atlantic and Pacific service, thus aiding Canada to maintain effective staffs of artificers, whose presence here will facilitate the construction of such craft as we may undertake on account of a future Canadian Navy, or for the existing Fisheries Protection service. In short, everything needful to increase Canada's security, to guard her coasts, and to promote her presumed ambition to acquire a serviceable navy of her own, is intended by the Premier's business-like, masterly plan. He came to this success by looking straight at the military problem, with resolution to meet its requisitions. To those who, like myself, are convinced that Britain's sea-supremacy is necessary to her life; that both are now gravely endangered; and that Canada's separate political existence on this continent must depend on ample coast defence in case of Britain's very possible defeat at sea, Mr. Borden's plan may well appear the best possible. Thirty-five millions is a bagatelle compared with advantages to accrue. As much more, promptly, for Canadian shipyards and coast defence appliances would be another flea-bite in comparison with the benefits.

To him who deals sincerely much more than he apparently sought is

often added. How about the political aspects of the Premier's scheme? Prima facie it must please Imperialists of every degree. Shall we, who are primarily Nationalists, or decentralizationist Imperialists, be therefore woful? Surely it must be well to rejoice that our centralizationist brethren are glad over what may much please ourselves. There does not appear to be the slightest infringement on Canada's autonomy, or what I prefer to term independence. Were we absolutely independent, in the sense of separation from Great Britain and the Crown, even as Chile and Argentina are, it would be within our independent right to build battleships in England; to sell or loan them at any price or none to France, Greece, Germany or Great Britain; and to accompany the sale or loan with a proviso for recall of the vessels in certain contingencies, our own Government retaining right to decide as to when these had arrived. Sovereign governments have often sold warships to other sovereign governments. Such craft are commercial commodities between nations as between builders and governments, even as locomotives might be. The seller assumes no accountability for the use by buyer or borrower. Hence Canada is not one iota more involved politically by Mr. Borden's plan than at present. The Dominion might, perhaps, be slightly more involved than now, if the three battleships were manned and officered by Canadians. By the way, there is a staring absurdity in protests that Canada is not adding men, but only ships, to Old Country sea-force. Those who lament this should either enlist or propose a scale of naval pay that will induce other Canadians to serve. Though the pay offered on the Laurier cruisers, "*Niobe*" and "*Rainbow*," is better than Old Country naval pay, crews for these ships could not be enlisted in the Dominion. They recruited but 349 men and boys in Canada, up to the end of last March, and 111 of these deserted, besides 38 who enlisted elsewhere. In Vancouver harbor last July the training-ship "*Egeria*."

of the local "Navy League" had but two volunteer boys aboard. It is ridiculous to suppose that either patriotism or imperialism will move men and boys of the working class to volunteer in peace time for naval service at lower pay than they can get ashore. Do men and boys of the mercantile, professional or gentleman class often volunteer on pure sentiment at a dead loss of money? As it has been necessary to raise R. N. W. M. Police pay, or do without good recruits, so it is necessary to raise Canadian naval pay, greatly, or do without Canadians in the service.

Back now to the political aspect of Mr. Borden's scheme. Insofar as it purposes coast defence, even Messrs. Bourassa and Lavergne cannot consistently complain, since they have ever favored such defence. This is written in no derision of those most honorable, consistent, upright, brave gentlemen. They, as well as Messrs. Monk, Deherty and many others of Quebec, contended that Canada should abstain from going afloat in armed ships on the high seas. Why? Because such procedure could not but involve Canada newly in liability to be engaged in the Old Country's possibly world-wide wars, not as mere defender of Canadian territory, but as a country maintaining afar ships auxiliary to those of Great Britain. They held that a voice in directing Great Britain's foreign policy should accrue to Canada if she put armed ships on the high seas. This contention surely implied that Canada, if her voice were over-ruled in council, might and should revert to her old obligation to do no more than defend herself in any Old-Country-made war. That was the traditional position of both our political parties, till the Boer war caused both to desert it. Now Mr. Borden does not propose to put Canada immediately afloat on the high seas.

We do not go there by paying for ships and loaning them to England, any more than if we built them and sold or loaned them to France or the United States. We shall, so far as those vessels are concerned, remain precisely where

we have ever been in a political sense, i.e., liable to be engaged willy-nilly in our own defence, after strengthening Great Britain's. Again, Mr. Borden has not, at time of this writing, even proposed that Canada shall go afloat armed off her own shores. He has stated that the London Government will detach ships for the high-seas guard of our coasts, as of old. If his projected Canadian shipyards build war vessels for Great Britain, as proposed, Canada still will not be, any more than Vickers or Cramp, shipbuilders, going afloat on the ocean. Not till Canadian craft, controlled by Ottawa, and flying a distinctive Canadian flag, shall take to the high seas, can this Dominion be newly placed politically, toward Great Britain or foreign powers. Wherefore the Borden policy, except inasmuch as it proposes large expenditure, ought to be approved by the "Nationaliste" chiefs. This is so clear that we may expect to hear the programme denounced by ingenious "Grits" as one contrived by Messrs. Bourassa and Lavergne! It does not appear that a Canadian Minister on the so-called Imperial Defence Committee can newly involve us in a political sense.

There is only one point of view from which the Premier's sincere yet subtle plan can be consistently and powerfully attacked. That vantage ground is held by Mr. John S. Ewart, K.C., who has long contended that Canada should take or receive the status of an independent kingdom of the British Crown. His latest pamphlet (No. 11, "Kingdom Papers") is amazingly thorough and ably argued. It was written before Mr. Borden's scheme had been published. After acquaintance with its details, Mr. Ewart, now in England, may perhaps see reason to modify some arguments in his contention that Mr. Borden is bound by the spirit of the Canadian constitution to pass a Redistribution Act, and then call a general election on his naval policy. However desirable such procedure may be in view of so important a matter, there is less reason for doing so than Mr. Ewart supposed when he wrote, i.e., if it be true, as herein suggested, that the Premier presently

proposes no change of Canada's status toward foreign countries or Great Britain.

But nothing, except sentiments contrary to Mr. Ewart's, can make light of his argument that it is not only unreasonable for Canada to remain liable to be involved in Old Country wars, but that Canada might be far more useful to England as a neutral than as a combatant. And no degree of contrary sentiment can annul the force of his exposition as to the prodigious accumulated wealth of the Old Country British, and the consequent monstrosity of their inviting and receiving from Canada the price of three super-dreadnoughts. Consider Mr. Ewart's own sentences:—

"Turning now to the capability of the wealthy and well-to-do classes in the United Kingdom to pay for their own navy, let it be noticed that the national wealth is simply colossal. The United Kingdom is the great creditor nation of the world. Almost every corner of the globe pays tribute to her. Part of the income of almost every civilized man (and of a good many of the uncivilized) goes to pay the great banker her interest. Her foreign investments amount to about £3,750,000,000, and on this she draws every year the enormous revenue of £180,000,000. What does she do with it? Well, as she has nothing else to do with it, she re-invests it. Her new foreign investments last year were about £175,000,000. In fifteen years these investments have increased as follows:

Investments in 1911	£3,750,000,000
Investments in 1896	2,092,000,000

An increase of	£1,658,000,000
Or an annual average increase of	£110,000,000

The annual enhancement naturally increases in amount as the unexpended surpluses are re-invested. Last year, for example, exceeded the average of its fourteen predecessors as follows:

Increase in 1911	£175,000,000
Average increase in previous fourteen years	£110,000,000

An enhancement of	£65,000,000
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Foreign assets are but one-quarter of the total wealth of the United Kingdom. The magnificent aggregate is £16,000,000,000. It was estimated, in 1885, by Sir Robert

Giffen, at £9,600,000,000; increase in twenty-six years, £6,400,000,000, or an annual increase of over £246,000,000.

Analysis of income confirms these figures. The annual revenue of the wealthy islanders is not less than £2,000,000,000. The portion on which income tax is paid can be stated with precision. For the year ending 5th April, 1910, it was £1,011,100,345. In 1896 it was £677,769,850; annual increase £23,809,320; increase in fourteen years £333,330,495. As the total income is about twice the income taxed, we may double this annual increase of revenue. The respective amounts, therefore, are as follows: Aggregate wealth £16,000,000,000; annual income £2,000,000,000; annual increase in wealth £246,000,000; annual increase in income £47,000,000. Figures like these are far from arousing my sympathy. They do not, by themselves, prove poverty or distress."

Mr. Ewart proceeds to show that the public debt of Great Britain has decreased by £69,000,000 since 1854, and by £56,000,000 during the last five years. The expenditure on army and navy is paid out of the ordinary revenue, and there was a surplus of £6,545,000 last year. Compared with his wealth "the weary Titan" is paying less to-day for armaments than ten years ago. "If the United Kingdom provided four new battleships, at cost of ten million pounds, her total war expenditure would be about one twenty-fifth part of the national income. If the ten million pounds were paid out of income there would still be left an increase in income, over the previous year, of £37,000,000. And what would be the proportion between the ten millions and the total foreign investments of £3,750,000,000. Not one three-hundred-and-seventy-fifth-part. The poor weary Titan! How can he be expected to meet an emergency without somebody's help?"

Mr. Ewart gives many more undeniable statistics, observing that the Titan might be less weary if the orb under which he is fancifully said to stagger were not one of gold. In previous numbers of this series of contributions it has been similarly, though far less elaborately argued that the Old Count-

ry British wealthy ought to pay for their own safety, and the wealthier of Canada pay, per income tax, for any defensive armament needed here. As yet Premier Borden has not intimated an intention to produce the \$35,000,000 from the more bulgy private pockets of our beloved fellow-countrymen.

But all that line of contention cannot count with a people of grand sentiments. It is not to relieve either the Old Country wealthy nor the Old Country poor that good Canadians mean to give thirty-five millions to Admiralty use. It is not merely to do themselves proud. It is not even to gratify their sense of humor, though nothing could be more delightful to a humorist of moderate wealth than to drop a bit of money into the extended hat of a billionaire. Wouldn't we all rush to contribute if Baron Rothschild, John Rockefeller, or Andrew Carnegie were personally soliciting alms? There is a good, practical reason for approving Premier Borden's ostensible scheme. It may be, it probably is, but part of his entire real project. Behind the preliminary of December 5th, considerate eyes may perceive a swiftly developed

Canadian Coast Defence and Navy. Whatever may be incidentally done, meantime, to aid Great Britain will be kindly done,, valuable to our high seas defence, useful to Canadian self-respect, and elevating esteem for Canada in British and American kin. Said Edmund Burke—"Never was there a jar or discord between genuine sentiment and sound policy. Never, no, never did nature say one thing and wisdom say another."

The writer's intention, on beginning, was to discourse on a few other subjects of recent parliamentary debate. But his space has run out. No matter. The affairs are familiar by partisan discussion. The world is unlikely to get off its axis for lack of some impartial germane reflections here. If it should be reported wobbly for want of the same this month we can do our best to steady it about February first! That is one of the consolatory thoughts of a writer who does not say good bye, but merely *au revoir*. He retires meditating return, and hoping for as interesting a subject, and as kind an audience next time.

Raising a Twelve-Flat Building

It seems no job is too hard for the Chicago house-mover. If the owner of a building wants it removed or raised and can pay the bill, the work will be done, no matter how large the building or how much stone and iron is used in its composition. A twelve-flat building with a front of nearly one hundred feet was raised recently so that four stores could be constructed under the flats. While this work was in progress, the twelve flats were continuously occupied

by the tenants, who experienced no inconvenience whatever.

The work of cutting the building from the foundation, and inserting heavy beams and iron rails is the first work done and when the jackscrews are all in places, of which there are hundreds, the building is then gradually raised inch by inch by the men, each man turning a few jacks when the superintendent blows his whistle. So exact is the process that the brick work is not even cracked.

With the Aid of a Mountain

There is something of the spirit of the Canadian West in this story, which is but natural, since it was written by a Westerner. Although some features centre about Montreal and London the real scene of action is laid among the Rockies of British Columbia. The tale combines the elements of adventure and romance, and is novel both in conception and treatment.

By R. W. Beaton

THE Position of Robert McLoren's glasses told that he was unusually perturbed about something. They rested perilously near the tip of his nose, and to be of any use to him he had to throw back his head until he presented a broad expanse of neck and chin. John Kenyon slowly removed his glasses and with them gently tapped a silver dog that guarded some papers of importance to the banking house of McLoren & Kenyon.

"What's the matter now, Robert?"

"Matter?" enquired the senior member, with a raise of the eyebrows. "What do you think, sir, that son of yours had the impudence to suggest?"

"That we take him in as a member of the firm," ventured Mr. Kenyon, as he turned the silver dog's head to face a bronze alligator whose capacious mouth was filled with vouchers.

"No, sir. He had the audacity to come to my office this morning—just now, sir—and asked to be allowed to marry my daughter!" And Mr. McLoren's glasses clung desperately to the very extremity of his nose.

"What!" shouted Mr. Kenyon, as he jumped to his feet and gazed at his partner across the desk. "Did the young fool make such an ass of himself?"

"Yes, sir, he—" Mr. McLoren paused. He adjusted his glasses to a safer position and looked over them at Mr. Kenyon. "And may I ask, sir, why a young man is a fool for aspiring to the hand of my daughter?"

"The young fool," repeated Mr. Kenyon, partly to himself, as he resumed

his seat. Then a thought struck him, and he rose and enquired in tones which he tried to make most withering: "May I ask wherein the impudence lies in my son honorably asking for the hand of any young lady?"

The quarrel was becoming involved. Both partners appreciated this, and a truce was tacitly declared. They seated themselves and quietly talked it over.

Robert McLoren and John Kenyon had been brought up in Montreal. They had become brokers and bankers together as naturally as they got into mischief together earlier in life. They grew wealthy and weighty together. Each married rather late, and Mr. McLoren's hopes radiated around his daughter Ethel as did Mr. Kenyon's around his son Sterling, who was just completing his course at McGill. This talk of marriage was the first intimation either ever had that he was growing old, and it came as a shock. They still looked upon the young couple as children and they could not thoroughly awaken in an hour.

They talked it over and decided it was preposterous, at least for some time, a couple of years. That evening there were two conferences in two libraries, and two young people were firmly but kindly informed that at their age they must not think of marrying, and that each must get out and see something of the world before choosing a life companion.

Then the dark plot which had been that morning hatched in the luxurious private office of John Kenyon, of the

banking house of McLoren & Kenyon, was laid bare in all its details. Ethel was to go to her aunt in London and spend a couple of years. Sterling was to go out to British Columbia and spend the summer doing engineering work on some mineral claims of the firm. He was to finish his career at McGill, and, after some experience would be at liberty to go to London.

Two weeks later Sterling bade Ethel a very lugubrious farewell as she embarked on the steamer and, accompanied by an austere maid, set out on her trip across the Atlantic. A few days later, the Imperial Limited was whirling the youth across Canada to the mountains of British Columbia.

He had received explicit instructions. His destination was the Apex group of claims which sprawled irregularly over the highest mountains in the great Kootenay country. He was a civil engineer, or at least after a few months McGill would tell him so, and he would spend the rest of his life in learning to be one. It was intended that he should ultimately have charge of the many mining properties in which his father and associates were interested, and his present summer was to be spent in the first practical work he had done. There was much work to be completed on the claims and the services of an engineer would be constantly required. He thought himself he was quite capable of undertaking the work, his father thought so, and Ethel knew it.

He ruminated about all these things and Ethel as he crossed the continent, and when he landed from the boat at Kaslo—he had left the train that morning at the foot of Kootenay Lake—he began to look forward with pleasure to the summer's work.

He was met by Thomas Boyd, who was reported to be the best mine superintendent in the country. He was in charge of the men working on the Apex group. That night Sterling slept seven thousand feet above the sea level, and next morning he appeared in hob-nailed boots that laced to his knees, canvas knickerbockers and a sweater, and was

ready for the campaign. He lit his pipe, and with Boyd visited some of the scenes of activity that made the hillside busy. The latter explained the situation as it stood.

"We have only a short time before the snow starts in, and we must get the tunnels well underground before the bad weather comes. Of course, the great thing is haste. If your people want this property worked with a full crew all winter to have something demonstrated by spring, there is not a day to lose." Before noon, Kenyon was in command of the details.

Two weeks after he arrived he began to survey the group. It was his first extensive surveying work, and it turned out to be the most memorable. Thirteen claims cover considerable ground. Some were secured for the timber on them, and others because "leads," partly developed, were to be found going in their direction. Kenyon's survey was to adjust the lines, determine the shape of the claims, and to correct the mistakes that the best prospector will make.

The prospector is the pioneer of all mining camps. He wanders over the hills with his pack on his back and his pick in his hand, knocking out pieces of mineralized rock where they poke through the moss or show in the face of the mountain side. When he finds anything he favors he stakes it. He puts one stake, generally a chopped-off tree, for trees will grow where it is difficult to dig post holes, at the place where he has discovered the mineral. That is the "discovery" post. Then he goes, say 750 feet north and puts in another stake, or chops off another tree; then, at the same distance south of the discovery post he repeats the operation, and east and west he marks the boundaries of the land he wants. His name and the date and which post is which are written on a surface cut on each stake for the purpose, so that the next prospector will know what land is taken up. The "lead" will be followed up or down or across the hill and other claims staked, the prospector as before, guessing at his direction and distances, for in his pack

are no engineer's instruments except, perhaps, a compass. When, after the claims are recorded and pass from one owner to another until finally they are gobbled up by a syndicate or a company with much money and a large desire to probe them for riches, a careful survey is made. Then it becomes apparent that some prospectors are bad guessers, for claims supposed to be adjoining prove to be many feet apart. And when the whole group is put on paper it is often found that right in the middle of the claims there will perhaps be a tract of land that was never taken up. This the surveyor stakes and transfers to the owner of the group. At least, a surveyor who would take advantage of the fact that he was the first to discover the vacant land and keep it for himself would be forever disgraced in the eyes of the profession. These links that unite a solid group of claims, and which are found only by surveyors, are called fractions.

Day after day Kenyon tramped the mountains and at night he pondered over his notes. At last the outside work was done, and one whole day, all by himself in the superintendent's office, he drew triangles and rectangles on paper, and worked in the stables where they belonged, showing their relative position between the meal house and the site for the compressor, and everything else on the place that was not alive. The Apex group was on paper. The paper was put in a tin tube and locked up.

"Finished?" asked Boyd, when he came in for supper, fresh wax drops on his trousers and boots showing that he had been poking around underground with a candle.

"Yep," was Kenyon's abrupt reply, and he became very busy washing up with a bluster and splashing that precluded further conversation. He wiped his face explosively, and before Boyd could ask any more questions was out of doors wandering beneath the great fir trees.

"This beats the Dutch," he muttered

to himself. "I wonder, I wonder——" and he wondered off into silence.

After a quarter of an hour's hard thinking with much more muttering and sage shaking of the head, Kenyon found himself back at Boyd's cabin. He paused and took a letter from his pocket. It bore the English stamp and the London post-mark.

"Ethel," he decided, "I'll do it, by Jove, I will, and I'll name it after you."

"I'm going down the hill in the morning, Boyd," he announced to the superintendent when pipes were lighted after supper.

"What's up now?"

"Well, I want to send a couple of telegrams and get my hair trimmed and have a surveyor help me make the plan look decent, as I am ashamed to show it to you as it is now." Kenyon lied glibly along and persuaded the unsuspecting Boyd.

It was noon next day when Kenyon, who had made an early start, swung himself off his horse in front of the government recorder's office in Kaslo. When he came out he was the sole owner of the Ethel fraction, lying in the very heart of the Apex group of mineral claims.

Then he found his way to the office of a firm of lawyers. To one of them he explained, with the aid of his plan of the Apex group, that he was the owner of a long, narrow fraction, which, starting in a clump of timber, ran straight up the hill between the Joker and Derby claims. It was very plain on the blue paper, which also showed that on that strip of land, 600 feet long by 400 feet wide at the bottom and tapering to nothing at the top, there were marked "Tunnel No. 1," "Tunnel No. 2," "Tunnel No. 3," one above the other, and all in the middle of the long, slim triangle.

"Somewhat extraordinary," said the lawyer, "but what of it?"

"Well, you see," explained the client, "I own that property and a syndicate is drilling three tunnels on it, and I want the work stopped."

"But, my dear boy," said the benevolent gentleman, "what better could you wish than to have other people develop your claim at no expense to you?"

"That, sir, is a matter which affects me only," Kenyon replied. "All I want you to do is to stop the work."

"Can they show that it is necessary to drive through your property to properly develop their claims?" asked the lawyer. "If they can we have no case against them."

"I don't think they can," was the answer. "They could work here, or here," and he pointed at the map. "But it makes little difference. We could appeal. If it comes to a fight, money is no object. It's time. Time is everything, so we must move quickly."

As Kenyon wrote out a cheque he felt a little sorry for his father who had made the young man wealthy on his twenty-first birthday.

"The court is sitting now," the lawyer said, "and I can get out an injunction in the morning, send it up the hill at once, and by evening no drill will be chipping on the Ethel fraction."

It was as the legal gentleman had said. The injunction restraining Robert Boyd, in whose name all work was proceeding, from further operations on the Ethel fractional mineral claim was secured the next morning, returnable in ten days, and at five o'clock the same evening the superintendent was served with notice. At ten minutes after five, Robert Boyd was on his way down the hill.

Kenyon had disappeared. No one in Kaslo, except the lawyer, knew anything about him, and the lawyer was paid to keep quiet. Boyd showed a total disregard for telegraph tolls, and when answers began to come in they showed that the Montreal end of the syndicate was as stirred up as the British Columbia end. They were rather stunned in Montreal. They asked the telegraph company to repeat all the messages, and they wired Boyd asking him if he really meant what he said.

"Where is my son?" wired John Kenyon.

"I don't know where your son is," replied Thomas Boyd.

"Get all the lawyers you need to burst that injunction," wired Robert McLaren.

"We don't need lawyers. We need the Ethel fraction," replied Thomas Boyd.

"How much delay can we stand before the season's work will be seriously interfered with?" wired John Kenyon.

"None," replied Thomas Boyd.

Five days passed and things had remained at a standstill. John Kenyon was much alarmed about the strange disappearance of his son. He was in his partner's office talking over the situation.

Sterling walked in unannounced.

"How do, governor. Good afternoon, uncle,"—he had always called Mr. McLaren uncle.

It does not matter what occurred the next few moments.

"Now, then, the situation is this," young Kenyon was saying, with the calm assurance of a man who has the trump card and is perfectly aware of it.

"I own the ground on which you are working and I have stopped you. I am going to see this thing through. The minute you withdraw your objection to Ethel and me getting married, at once I will transfer the fraction to you. I have left power of attorney with my solicitor in Kaslo and he can act for me on telegraphic orders. I'll let you think it over for a while and will expect to have your answer at dinner, father. I'm going home now. I have come across the continent and need a change."

That night a message went under the Atlantic.

"Do you wish to return at once and marry Sterling?"

Two hours and twenty minutes after the cablegram was put in Ethel's hands a train left London to connect with the boat at Liverpool.

Ethel, with the austere maid, caught it.

How Weak Lungs Made Canadian Millionaires

Some of the world's busiest and most successful men have achieved their greatest triumphs after a breakdown in health. They were forced to take an extended rest, following which they took up their life work and attained signal success. In this article some outstanding instances of the benefits of the "Rest Cure" are cited in the cases of prominent men, including two leaders in Canadian finance, all of whom, following a restoration to health through open-air treatment, have become millionaires.

By James P. Moir

IS THERE some virtue in lung troubles? To most people the question will appear almost absurd. All they know about pulmonary diseases has mighty little virtue in it. But that is merely one side of the picture, and it is the darker side at that. The other is much brighter; indeed, to view it is a genuine inspiration.

The virtue in lung troubles lies in a sort of recompense which frequently accompanies them. Whether or not one is prepared to admit this, the fact remains that some of the great things done by big men have been accomplished as a result of weak lungs.

Behind the lungs somehow lurks the secret of their achievements. The fact that they temporarily broke down in health, were given up to die, and were forced to seek rest and strength in the open, seems to have a direct connection with their subsequent success. Just what that connection is and why, they cannot themselves always tell you. But it is there all the same, and has forced them to the front in record time—in short, has made them millionaires.

Cecil Rhodes is a historic example of an incipient "lunger" whose threatened complaint ended in placing him among the "world forces." At school he was a delicate boy and neither there nor at Oriel College as a young man did he show many more indications of greatness than the average young man by whom he was surrounded—except that he dreamed dreams.

He broke down twice. First, after his school days at Bishop Stortford, he was sent to his brother's cotton plantation in Natal; and if this was not exactly wild bush life it was at all events a healthy, open-air life in a country which then—1870—was fairly free from stress and hurry of civilization. A couple of years in Natal and at Colesburg Kopje—which in time was to become Kimberley—did a great deal for the delicate lad and sent him back to England fit, as everyone thought, to finish his education. But he tried to "keep fit" in a civilized fashion. He became a "rowing man" at Oxford and nearly killed himself thereby. After a hard row he caught a chill, it settled on his lungs and his essay at "civilized" exercise ended in a doctor's death warrant. He was given no more than a year of life.

Back, therefore, to Colesburg Kopje and "uncivilization" he went. The pale, coughing, weak-chested lad—whose ideas had always been bigger than his capacity for carrying them out—started to live his allotted year in the open; going on shooting expeditions with tent and ox wagon; living in a primitive shack in what was just beginning to be the biggest diamond camp of the world; and, in time, working hard with his hands in the diggings.

The warrant ran out and the death sentence was not executed. Everyone knows the rest of Rhodes' history. The



CECIL RHODES,

A historic example of the incipient "Lunger."

consumptive undergraduate became the burly, broad-shouldered, massive figure with which the world later became so familiar. With physical energy came the capacity for putting into practice the big ideas of which the young undergraduate had vaguely dreamed and been ridiculed for dreaming. Out of Cecil Rhodes the hunter, the digger, grew that stupendous figure which dominated the whole sub-continent.

Another historic example is the inventor of the telephone. It was early in 1870 that young Bell, born 23 years before in Glasgow, Scotland, was brought to Canada by his parents—to die. He was given only six months.

The father, Alexander Melville Bell, professor of elocution at London University, lost two sons from consumption, then decided to come to Canada with the remaining one, who, too, had been attacked by the disease.

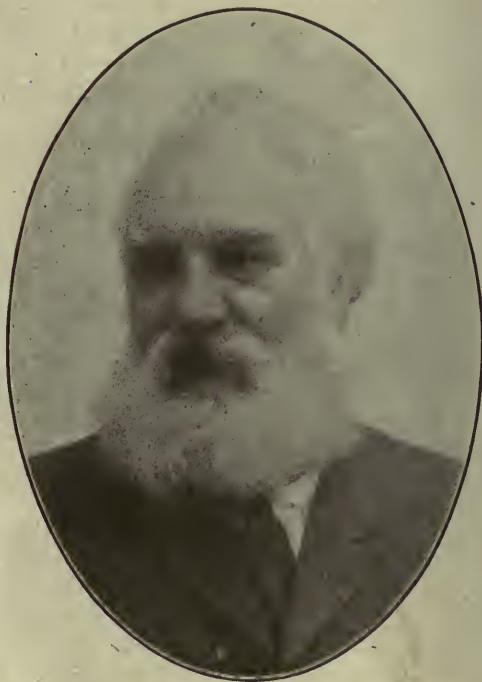
In less than two years the invigorating breeze, which swept Tutela Heights, Brantford, Ont., where the family settled, had restored the patient to health and strength, and sent him forth into

the world to achieve great triumph, in the field of invention, and incidentally, to amass a fortune.

Dr. Bell, speaking of the days of his slow convalescence, said: "All I am, my health, strength and life itself, I owe to the open air life I lived." To-day he is a splendid specimen of physique, one of the world's busiest men, and in the lines which he has followed, one of the most useful and successful.

Two recent cases in Canada are of particular interest, one in Montreal and the other in Toronto. The principals figuring in them were sent away to die in the below-zero health resorts; yet they came back and have since done the big work of their lives—work that has made them leaders in Canadian finance and millionaires.

Nearly five years ago D. Lorne McGibbon, Montreal financier and President of the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co., left Montréal for Saranac Lake, the great health resort of the Adirondack Mountains. His disease as diag-



ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL,

The inventor of the telephone, who was troubled with weak lungs in his earlier days.

nosed by his physicians was acute tuberculosis of the lungs; and he was told that he might live a modified life if he took the best care of himself.

At the time, Mr. McGibbon was barely thirty-eight years of age, in the prime

To Saranac Lake, in the Adirondack Mountains, Mr. McGibbon went. For the first few months, absolute relaxation from business cares was enjoyed and strictly sanitarium treatment given. By exerting every effort to get well the pa-



D. LORNE MCGIBBON,

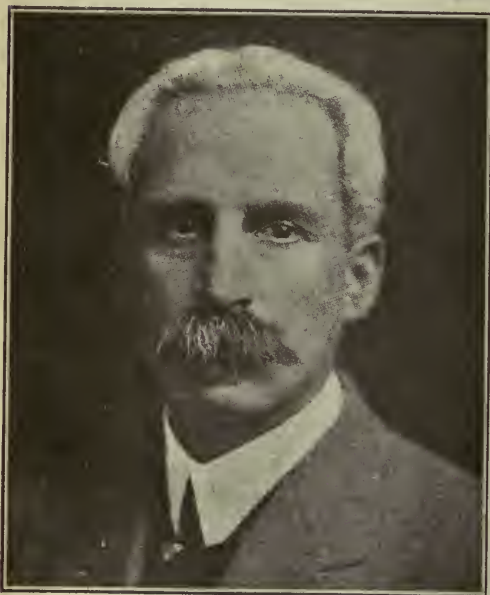
The Montreal capitalist, who made a million after a breakdown in health.

of life. He had just organized the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co., to the hum-drum management of which he was likely to settle down for life.

Sanitarium treatment and outdoor life was recommended as the only hope.

tient responded quickly and in a few months, recovery was assured, but to make certain of the cure, Mr. McGibbon stayed at Saranac Lake two and a half years until his health was completely established. Long before this time,

however, his mental and physical energies had become so aggressive that he could not keep quiet. Big ideas evolved themselves and he simply had to do something. He had direct long distance telephone connection established with Montreal and New York and from his reclining chair on the verandah, while still undergoing treatment for pulmonary tuberculosis, directed his "big business." Here was completed the Canadian Consolidated Felt Company, of which he is president.



AEMILIUS JARVIS,

A prominent Toronto broker, who believes in the outdoor life and still practises it.

It was, while lying upon his verandah chair that the re-organization of the La Rose Mines was planned. When Mr. McGibbon learned of the condition of affairs and being a large holder of stock, bought at high prices, he and his friends went to New York and took over the control and management and have since devoted time and energy in its rehabilitation.

In 1910, Mr. McGibbon returned to his new home at St. Agathe des Monts, near Montreal, where in the heart of the Laurentians he had been building a quarter million dollar summer resi-

dence, nestling high in the mountains at an elevation similar to that of Saranac Lake. The house is surrounded by beautiful grounds, including the famous Italian sunken gardens. Six hundred acres of farm and woodland slope down to the shores of Lac Au Sables. Fish and game abound in these private woods, while nearer to the house are the stables and garages, hothouses and greeneries, and not least is a model farm, two hundred acres in extent.

Following the few months of merging inactivity during the latter part of 1910, Mr. McGibbon launched into several huge enterprises at the beginning of 1911. The \$10,000,000 Ames-Holden-McCready consolidation was completed. Combining two of the biggest shoe manufacturers in Canada, this project is somewhat unique. The Cedars Rapids Manufacturing & Power Company was also organized. This is one of the largest power projects ever undertaken in this country, embracing the development of 150,000 horse power. The capitalization was originally \$10,000,000, with authorized issue of bonds of \$10,000,000 more. After the subsequent sale of control of the company to the Montreal Power-Shawinigan interests the capitalization was raised to \$15,000,000 and work on the first 100,000 horse power development is now fast going forward. Goodwins Limited, and A. E. Rea were two other projects put through this year. And 1912 has witnessed the formation of several big companies. One, the Canadian Mining and Exploration Co., formed for the purpose of investigating and developing mining claims of approved value; another, the Atlantic Sugar Refineries Limited, a huge sugar company recently floated. Mr. McGibbon has likewise associated himself with Sir Thomas Tait in the development of the coal fields of New Brunswick and the building of a railway in that district.

But not all the energies of this consolidationist have been used in the formation of immense commercial en-



A view of the Sanitarium at St. Agathe des Monts, erected largely through the generosity of D. Lorne McGibbon.

terprises. As well as the numerous consolidations mentioned above, there stands to the credit of D. Lorne McGibbon the Sanitarium of the Laurentian Society for Control and Treatment of Tuberculosis, located at St. Agathe des Monts. While undergoing treatment at Saranac Lake the thought occurred to him that there must be many less fortunate than himself who could not afford to take the cure. The

thought was father of the deed. After talking it over with his friend and medical advisor, Dr. Kinghorn, Dr. J. Roddick Byers was sent for, and together these three men planned the St. Agathe Sanitarium. Plans were ordered for a modern sanitarium building. In the meantime a cottage was secured at St. Agathe des Monts and prepared for the reception of the first patients. Dr. Byers was appointed medical superin-



Another view of the Sanitarium for the treatment of tubercular patients at St. Agathe des Monts.



D. Lorne McGibbon's palatial home at St. Agathe des Monts.

tendent and the task of supervising all the sanitarium work given to him.

From this small beginning has grown the present large sanitarium. As soon as possible a building site of 200 acres was secured and a \$160,000 building commenced. By July, 1911, it was completed. It has accommodation for fifty patients, and is so built that by addition of wings accommodation can be had for one hundred and fifty. The building is some 1,400 feet above the sea level, on dry sandy soil. The equipment is of the very best and latest.

The sanitarium as well as being originally the idea of Mr. McGibbon is also largely the result of his generosity, the initial contribution of \$50,000 coming from him and various amounts since, largely having made possible the carrying on of the work. The Laurentian Society since formed has the maintenance. Mr. McGibbon is the president of this society.

The best proof of the curableness of tuberculosis is D. Lorne McGibbon himself. No one looking at him would ever dream that anything was ever wrong with him. He weighs 225 pounds and is certainly broad and big around the

chest. "Four years ago," he said to the interviewer, "I weighed only 156 pounds; and now look at me tipping the scales at 225. And I work harder than anybody else, too."

A Toronto example of the benefits of the open air life has his headquarters in a modest building on Bay Street. He is Aemilius Jarvis, "banker, yachtsman and one of the most progressive citizens of the Dominion" to quote his newspaper biography.

He is another man who cut loose from civilization twice—the first time by choice and the second of necessity—and as with Cecil Rhodes, it was after his second "relapse" that he began to make his presence felt in the business world.

Born in 1860 he comes of a family of distinction. His great grandfather was a U. E. Loyalist from Connecticut and the first Secretary of Upper Canada. His grandfather, Samuel Peters Jarvis, was one of the prominent Torontonians of his time.

There are incidents in the career of Samuel Peters Jarvis which are indications of the native energy of the family. He commanded the right wing of

the Canadian troops during the attack of Montgomery's Hill in the war of 1812 and his fighting qualities won for him a number of decorations, including a medal with the Detroit clasp, one of the rarest there is. And he was the man who when McKenzie published his articles during the troublous times of the thirties headed those who marched to the printing office and threw his type into the bay. Aemilius Jarvis' father was a prominent lawyer, and altogether he is a man whose ancestry and family traditions fit him for a strenuous and distinguished career.

Some boys would have settled down more or less contentedly into humdrum civilized life almost immediately—probably young Aemilius' parents had some eminently orthodox course of action mapped out for him. Yet when he left Upper Canada College at sixteen, instead of entering a lawyer's office or settling down to learn the ways of business, he shipped himself before the mast on the three-masted schooner "Edward Blake" and set out to see the world in about the most strenuous way he could

find. For a year and a half he travelled in this unconventional manner—London, where he left the "Edward Blake," Liverpool, Leghorn, Hull, knocking about from port to port and ship to ship and developing that taste for sailing and the sea that has never left him.

But this first outbreak from the restraints of convention did not have much effect—effect, that is to say, on his business career. His second "relapse" was to come years later and was to be followed by a quick, if not dramatically sudden, rise to a front position in the financial world.

On his return from the sea, still only a lad of eighteen, he entered the Bank of Hamilton as junior clerk. After graduating there in knowledge of financial business he became manager of the Farmers and Traders Loan Association and later manager of the Traders Bank at Hamilton.

So far his career was that of an ordinarily successful man. He was a financial authority, a man whose opinion was worth listening to and who was



The "Zahra" at the left, one of Aemilius Jarvis' splendid yachts, here shown in the George Cup race.



Mr. Jarvis driving through the Muskoka snows.

worthy of high posts; but there are hundreds of his contemporaries of whom the same could be said, and he showed no obvious sign of blossoming into the millionaire class.

Then came sickness; a chest complaint and a warning that serious lung trouble might follow. So for the second time Aemilius Jarvis left his business, threw aside every thought of finance and took to the woods in real earnest.

For two years he remained almost out of touch with civilization. Occasionally he made a brief visit to the city; now and again, when he was not too far away, friends came and shared his camp life for a while. But for two years he spent practically all his time wandering with an Indian guide through the Northern woods, shooting, fishing, doing the roughest work of camp and portage and living after the roughest fashion of the woods. One season he pushed as far north as James Bay; seldom did he condescend to any of the more or less frequented regions

of the amateur camper; alone, but for his guide, he wandered through country that is, even to-day, almost unexplored and into regions which the railway has even yet to find.

He came back to civilization with the threatened lung trouble successfully beaten off and with, it would seem, a new appetite for and outlook on business. Almost immediately he began to rise upward in the business world, founding the firm of Aemilius Jarvis & Co., which has since achieved notable financial successes.

An amusing anecdote is related by Mr. Jarvis in connection with one of his visits to California. As the train pulled into a station he thrust his head out of the car window to size up the town. There were a score or more persons on the platform—all coughing. "What's the matter with all those coughers?" enquired Mr. Jarvis of the porter. "Oh, that's all right, sah," replied the worthy attendant. "It's the fashion to cough down here. Everybody does it." "Well," rejoined Mr.



Mr. Jarvis riding "Hercules," his famous high jumper.

Jarvis, "they're the worst I ever heard." "Oh, they're not bad," added the porter enthusiastically. "They're nothing to a man we had on the train a few nights ago. He was the worst ever. And would you believe it, sir, he was in the very berth you are now occupying." In relating the incident Mr. Jarvis jokingly explains that it was after that that he started coughing himself.

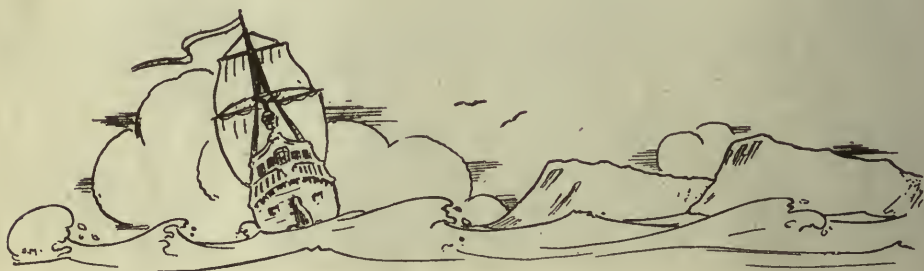
Mr. Jarvis is still an outdoor enthusiast. To the outward eye there may be nothing to distinguish him from a thousand other rich men in his mode of life. He is most methodical and systematic in his work, which he accomplishes with dispatch and vigor during his regular office hours, and then rushes for the open air, in which he spends much time in walking and driving. But there is this essential difference in his mode of life. Although he owns a fine house on one of Toronto's fashionable streets he still re-

members the wild and sleeps, not under his own roof, but under canvas in a tent in the garden. Just an ordinary tent such as he slept in in the woods he continues to sleep in now whatever the state of the weather and the thermometer. If it is impossible to be a business man in the woods, to combine financial wisdom and scout-craft at the same moment of time, he at least brings as much of the woods as possible into his financial atmosphere. His sea-faring days are remembered in his yachts—yachts and horses are twin passions with him. And in winter time, instead of the hot bath customary to most people, he takes an early morning plunge in a snow bank—and enjoys it, too.

Other instances might be enumerated of prominent men who have taken the "Rest Cure" and afterwards accomplished the great work of their lives. Sufficient has been given, however, to show that there is a relation between cause and effect insofar as some cases

of lung troubles are concerned. The breakdown enforces rest which fits a man for big undertakings. In the instances noted it is doubtful if the men who have made such fine records would have had the clearness of intellect and vital energy essential to the carrying out of the projects, had they not taken an enforced rest of twelve or twenty-four months. And so weak lungs are oftentimes a blessing in disguise. For that matter the same conditions apply also to various other diseases. The ex-

perience is related of a young doctor, who over twenty years ago was found to be suffering from a serious kidney ailment. He was given only a few years to live. But he did not despair and putting himself on a diet led a sane open air life, with the result that his health was restored. His name is now listed among the leading specialists. He works only a few hours a day and receives enormous fees. Thus in both health and wealth the "Rest Cure" pays handsome dividends.



To Hunt Lions in London

Agitation has been raised against a scheme of lion hunting in London, through the papers, due to the fact that an erroneous report was circulated that there was going to be a "shooting of lions in London," whereas, as a matter of fact, it is not "shooting of lions" but hunting and capturing lions in London that is intended.

A club is being formed, the initiation fee of which is one hundred guineas—\$500—which entitles the members to participate (at their own risk) in the hunting and capturing of lions. Each member of the club is entitled to invite five persons at a fee of five guineas and for their safety a number of cages will be dispersed around the enclosure, where they can sit in perfect safety, and

watch the event. It has been thoroughly explained to the various participants that there is an element of great danger attached to this thing, and before becoming members they have to sign a document relieving others from all responsibility that may occur as a result thereof, permission for shooting being granted only in case of self-defence, when an animal makes a deliberate attack on any of the hunters, in which case they have the right to the use of their rifles, but not otherwise.

It will be a very select affair and the cost of transforming the immense stadium to this special use, will be exceptionally heavy, hence the fee in question. Already very large offers have come in for the cinematograph rights.

Lady Gay's Note Book

The appended sketch "Lady Gay's Note-book," is written by one of the leading newspaperwomen of the country. It really concerns a couple of interesting little incidents connected with the history of a most interesting note-book which Mrs. Denison purchased while on a European tour in 1889. Strange to relate, apart altogether from its adventures in Europe, the book had something to do with Mrs. Denison's entering the literary field, where she has attained merited success.

By Mrs. Alfred Denison

IT'S not much of a note book. The corners are rubbed, from much contact with boot heels, umbrella ribs and other hard angles in the crowded confines of a steamer trunk.

The elastic band is slack with old age and bulky enclosures, such as photos, guide books and letters of credit or travellers' cheques. And yet it's a note book of parts; twice its custody has brought me into custody or nearly so, and its contents led indirectly to the beginning of a journalistic career of nearly a quarter of a century. So it's "some note-book," as the office boy would express it. To begin at the day I got it! It was in the summer of '89, and I was wandering about

and pencils wherewith to jot down the incidents of my first European tour. I presently found a rambling sort of shop on the corner, where the door impartial-

ly sat in the angle, between show cases of all sorts of odds and ends extending along both streets. I picked up one book after another and tried them in my hand bag. Some were too long, some too wide. But finally, after I had rounded the corner, unheedingly, I found just the right size and slipped it into my bag, while I continued looking for the pencils. When I found the sort I preferred, I was rather bewildered to notice the strange street, and as I stood wondering where the shop door was, the

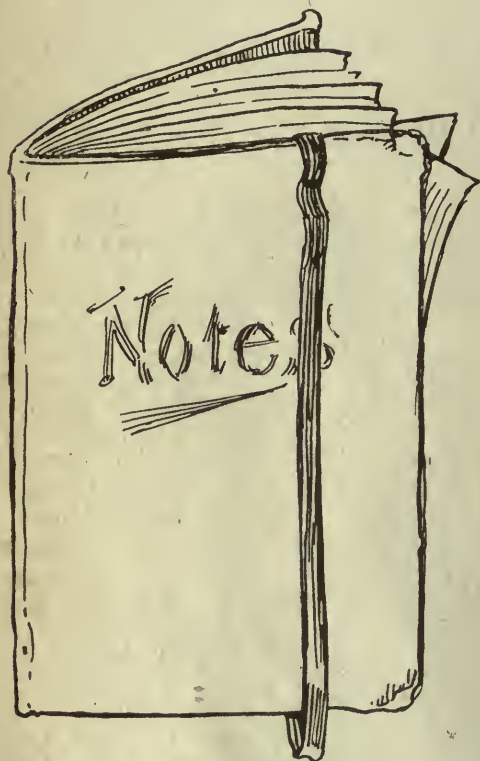


Mrs. Alfred Denison, from a photograph taken about the time of her entry into the literary field.

in the vicinity of the Place Verte in Antwerp, searching for a bookseller's shop wherein I might purchase a convenient sized note book for carriage in my hand bag,

only other person in sight, a diminutive gendarme, with baggy breeches, a fierce moustache and a perky sword, crossed the street and thus addressed me—"I have observed you! You have stolen a

book! It is in your bag! You would without doubt also filch these pencils!" He put his hand upon my arm—"You will come with me to the master of this shop, whom you have robbed!" For one moment I felt like giggling but the next brought wiser thoughts. I bristled up to wee soldier man and said loudly,



The "note book."

"Idiot! Miscreant! Pig! It is you who come with me," and seized him by the arm and dragged him bodily into the shop, where a fat woman and a bald-headed man sat comfortably snoozing. They fell out of their chairs while I harangued them in passionate French, throwing the note book on the counter, telling them that I was but one of half a hundred tourists, all of whom would infallibly have come to buy note books, pencils, maps and guide books at his shop on my advice, had not this pig, the son of a pig, insulted and threatened me, whereas, now—pouf! I should have to warn them all never to trust them-

selves near his emporium." The fat woman and the bald-headed man, with one accord set upon the little gendarme, and chased him out of the shop, then they apologized abjectly and with fervor to me. We smiled upon one another. I bought the note book and the pencils and departed, followed by thanks and blessings. I might mention that I really did bring and send several of our company to that book shop in the next two days, though I think they went rather to see the little gendarme than to buy note books, while I thoroughly enjoyed pointing the finger of scorn at the poor little policeman.

As Antwerp was the nearest city to New York which I visited on that first European trip, so Budapest was the most remote, and it was in the latter that the note book once more got me into trouble. It was a glorious morning and I had driven across from Pesth to Buda and up the winding road from the country to the top of the high Gibraltar-like rock whereon the citadel and King's palace are perched, and from whose summit one gets a superb view over low lying Pesth across the Danube. I left my Victoria waiting in the castle square while I poked about, and came on a little walled in sort of garden, wherein a sentry paced to and fro. During a "fro" trip, I saw a little gateway in a green hedge through which I slipped before the sentry turned and I was enchanted to find myself in a quiet little place stretched on the very brink of the cliff, terraced down to the river and dotted with rich residences, and from whose low parapet I could see miles and miles on three sides, a perfect panorama of loveliness. While I stood quietly gazing my fill at it all, I heard men's voices and the grating of scabbards on the stones of the little enclosure, and looking around my eye fell upon the funniest little fat man in a light blue uniform who was energetically laying down the law to a couple of young officers, very deferential and attentive. The note book and pencil were in my hand and in a moment I had lightly sketched the outline of the rotund and



The "diminutive gendarme."

loud-voiced officer. It was, of course, a caricature, the moustachios a great deal bigger and the figure more like a toy balloon. Just as I slipped the notebook into my bag he turned and saw me at it. In a moment he shouted to the younger of the officers, and that one marched over to me. He addressed me politely in Hungarian. I countered in German. Then he said the General demanded the book I had concealed. I stood firm but polite and said he couldn't have it, and furthermore, asked why they interfered with me? It transpired that I was trespassing, and that the General suspected I had been sketching the walls or the fortress or some equally important detail. I smilingly assured the handsome young man that the General was mistaken, and that if I were trespassing, why did the sentry allow me? He said he'd enquire into that later, but the present question was, would I give up the book or would I prefer to be placed under arrest and have it taken from me? I said, "Nonsense!" and confessed to what I had done, assuring him that he

must not let his General see the caricature, and proposing that he should look for himself, and then tell the General that it was merely a sketch of the scenery. I cautioned him to turn his back to the General, which he did, and then I showed him the page I had used. He bowed gravely and went to his superior officer with some Hungarian tarradiddle, at which the General shrugged his shoulders and marched out. Needless to say, I followed in short order, and as I climbed into my carriage, I caught a merry glance from a dancing pair of brown eyes, as the littlest officer deferentially stood aside while the very fat General rolled into the Castle enclosure.

So much for the note book and its adventures and as it happened it was the reading of its contents to a literary man and his insistence that I should make a book of them, and the reading of that book by the owner of a newspaper and his insistence that I should at once join his editorial staff that landed me in journalism. So you see that note book has a certain interest, despite its shabby appearance.



The "funniest little fat man in a light blue uniform."

How Royalty Reads the Daily Papers

THE popular idea that kings live their lives apart, and know little or nothing about what is going on in the outside and workday world, may have had some foundation in fact in the old days. Speaking generally, it has absolutely none now. The leading monarchs of Europe are all careful readers of the daily press, through which they keep in touch with conditions throughout the world.

King George is a firm believer in doing things himself, and he personally reads the leading newspapers. His Majesty's private secretary saves a certain amount of time and trouble, however, by marking articles and items of news of special interest. The King often jots down notes while he is reading. Some of these notes take the shape of queries asking for further information on some particular subject, and it is the duty of the private secretary to see that this is supplied. His Majesty has a remarkable keen memory, and is therefore able to converse on a very wide range of subjects.

In this respect he resembles the Kaiser, who is a very "hungry" reader, and is able to absorb a vast quantity of information in a very short time. He reads the papers quickly, and is specially interested in technical and engineering papers and in journals dealing with shipbuilding, gunnery, and other warlike matters. He has also a sense of humor, and always glances at the leading comic papers. Should any subject appeal particularly to him, he has experts thereon summoned to the palace, and over cigars and beer he fires off his questions and expects to receive the fullest information. The annual cruise which he takes on the Imperial yacht is the great occasion for these cross-examinations. A distinguished company of naval, military, scientific and business men accompanies him,

and if any details he is in search of cannot be supplied no time is lost in telegraphing to some one who is in a position to give them.

The Emperor of Austria very rarely reads himself. He is read to. The aged monarch still takes the keenest possible interest in the political movements in his country; he also likes to keep abreast of the time in military subjects. Literature and art do not, however, appeal to him.

The Czar has a paper of his own, specially printed each morning. It is the most exclusive paper in the world, for only two copies are supplied, one for the Czar, the other for his private secretary. It is a two-page sheet containing a digest of the news of the world compressed into tabloid form. Needless to say, everything calculated to disturb His Majesty's peace of mind is carefully omitted.

The King of Italy has a literary leaning and is fond of reading magazine articles, a taste shared by the King of Denmark, who is thoroughly informed on the literary movements of the day and well able to converse on them.

The King of Spain has a great admiration for everything English, and English papers and magazines figure on his study table. His Majesty is more a worker than a reader, however, and it is the Queen who supplies him with much of his information. Details concerning his own kingdom are supplied by his secretaries and an official who holds the post of Court Newsmen and is supposed to be up in all the social gossip of the hour. The King takes much interest in motoring, flying, shooting and other sports. He also follows the trend of masculine fashions in London, and is kept advised as to the latest styles. This information is sent by a firm of tailors in London, from whom the King gets the bulk of his clothes.

D. R. Wilkie: a Dominant Figure in Canadian Banking

The aim of this regular monthly feature is to give our readers right across the continent a knowledge of the leaders—the men and women who are doing things in all departments of Canadian life. The sketch this month deals with D. R. Wilkie, one of the outstanding figures in Canadian banking, giving an account of his interesting career, and incidentally touching on many features in connection with his personality and success.

By W. A. Craick

IT was a happy coincidence that the year which witnessed the completion of his half-century of service in the banking arena, should have been signalized by the elevation of the chief executive of the Imperial Bank to the presidency of the Canadian Bankers' Association. In May, 1862, D. R. Wilkie, then a youth of fifteen, became a member of the staff of the Quebec Bank, and in all the fifty years that have since elapsed, his name has constantly figured on the pay roll of one or other of the two banks with which he has been continuously associated. To-day, succeeding the late Sir Edward Clouston, Bart., he occupies the most commanding position in Canadian banking circles.

Unlike many of the leading men of the day, who take a delight in tracing their rise from such humble beginnings

as shining shoes, carrying water or selling newspapers, D. R. Wilkie can scarcely be called a self-made man. He belongs to the third generation at least

of culture. His father and his grand-uncle before him were scholars of brilliant attainments, rectors in succession of the Quebec High School and men whose personalities were impressed on two generations of the youth of the Ancient Capital. Born into such a family, the future banker inherited not only their abilities, but the advantages of position which such a connection gave.

A mixed Scottish and French strain exists in the Wilkie blood, which may be taken to account for a certain con-

tradictoriness in his make-up, the carefulness of the Scot contrasting at times with the open-hearted liberality of the Frenchman. The son of a Scotchman,



D. R. WILKIE,
President Canadian Bankers' Association.

born in Quebec on December 17, 1846, he was brought up among the picturesque surroundings of the French-Canadian city and here he spent his first twenty years.

One can well imagine the kind of life that was lived in the home of the strict, precise schoolmaster. There was rigid discipline, enforced application to study, and constant training in methodical habits, the results of which are apparent in the mature man of to-day. The mother was a woman of fine character, whose influence was likewise calculated to mould a strong personality. In the Wilkie household there were also accommodated from time to time boys from other parts, attending the High School, who were there placed under the immediate care of the Rector. Prominent among these at the time when D. R. Wilkie was living at home, was a youth who is to-day a judge of the Supreme Court of Canada, Mr. Justice Cassels, of Ottawa. In the companionship of these boys and under the supervision of his father, the future bank president passed his earlier years.

It is always a matter of interest to trace out that circumstance in life which influences a man in his choice of a profession. Oftentimes it is seemingly of the most trivial character. In the case of Mr. Wilkie it was so slight an incident as to be almost inappreciable, and yet his whole future career has apparently hinged upon it.

When a lad of fifteen his father had occasion to send him one day with a message to a friend. The friend happened to be one of the directors of the Quebec Bank. As a man will often do, when he sees before him a bright, intelligent-looking boy, he asked young Wilkie what he intended to become when he got through school. The boy had not made up his mind; he had far-off visions of taking up the study of law, but for the present he expressed anxiety to be doing something for himself, no matter what.

The director was evidently impressed with the youth's personality, and spoke to the president of the bank about him. The latter, who knew the father intimately, and was assured that the

son of such a man ought to turn out well, asked him whether he would not care to enter the service of the bank. The opportunity to get started in business seemed too good to miss and the fifteen-year-old lad became forthwith an employe of the financial institution.

Still, this step in itself did not settle the problem of what he was to be. The profession of the law continued to fascinate him, and he determined to use the bank as a stepping-stone to this end. In the sixties, banking hours were short and the work comparatively easy. He was able to continue his studies at Morrin College in the ample spare time which was his after the duties of the day had been completed.

Thanks to native ability and also to the fact that other employes of the bank had dropped out of the ranks, his rise in the service was unexpectedly rapid—a circumstance which placed him in a dilemma. He was anxious to continue his preparation for the life of the bar; but at the same time he began to see gratifying prospects ahead of him in the banking business. A decision became imperative. He was assisted in his choice by James Stevenson, general manager of the bank. The latter had heard through Professor Hatch, of Morrin College, that the boy was intent on going in for the law. He summoned him to his office one day and put the case to him frankly. If he intended ultimately to leave the bank, he could not expect to receive further promotion. On the other hand, if he would agree to stay by the bank, he would assure him that there were splendid opportunities before him. The case, thus stated, was not without its effect, and D. R. Wilkie then and there decided on his future course. A banker he would remain.

James Stevenson was an excellent mentor. An accomplished gentleman, with wide literary tastes, he was one of the foremost bankers of the day, and under him Mr. Wilkie received his early training in banking. Much of a man's future success undoubtedly depends on the kind of instruction and encouragement given him at the outset by his superiors and the president

of the Imperial Bank does not hesitate to express his obligation to the veteran Quebec financier, who gave him his start by imparting a solid groundwork of banking knowledge and inspiring him to aim high.

At the astonishingly early age of twenty, D. R. Wilkie was sent from Quebec to St. Catharines to assume the management of the bank's branch there. Even in those days of opportunity when promotion was rapid, this rise to a managership within five years was remarkable. It showed that the young man was already regarded as possessing abilities of no ordinary character.

Three years after his arrival in Ontario, history records that he was married to Miss Benson, a daughter of the late Senator John R. Benson, of St. Catharines. He is thus related by marriage to a family, the head of which once occupied a prominent place in the legislative life of Canada, and which has given a son to distinguished service in the British army in the person of Major-General Sir F. W. Benson. Mr. Wilkie's two sons inherit a little of the military spirit of the Bensons, for they have both taken up soldiering as a career.

In 1872 the Bank of Hamilton was launched by capitalists of the Ambitious City and in their search for a general manager, the promoters hit upon the late H. C. Hammond, at the time manager of the Toronto branch of the Quebec Bank. Mr. Hammond accepted the offer that was made to him and resigned his position. In the emergency young Wilkie was instructed to report in Toronto and take over from him the keys of the Toronto office. It is true that forty years ago Toronto was a comparatively small city, but none the less the time was one of expansion in banking circles and the arrival of Mr. Wilkie in the Queen City at the age of twenty-five was fortunate for him.

The following year witnessed the incorporation of the Imperial Bank by a group of Toronto capitalists. At first it appears the efforts made to secure sufficient capital proved ineffectual, and it seemed as if the institution was doomed to perish still-born. But in 1874, the

late H. S. Howland, who was one of the originators of the bank, came into contact with Mr. Wilkie, and, appreciating his abilities, urged him to take an interest in the organization of the new corporation. The young banker was gifted with shrewdness and foresight, even in those early days, and he was nothing loath to forego the distant prospect of further promotion in the Quebec Bank for the immediate opportunity for advancement in a new and prospectively vigorous rival.

Through his St. Catharines' connections he was able to make an immediate arrangement that guaranteed the success of the Imperial flotation. His father-in-law was interested in the Niagara District Bank of St. Catharines, of which the late T. R. Merritt had been for twenty-one years president. The bank was small, having only two branches, in Ingersoll and Port Colborne, in addition to the head office, but it had sufficient standing to make its absorption of value. With the Niagara District Bank merged in the Imperial, the shareholders of the two institutions assembled on February 25, 1875, and appointed H. S. Howland president and T. R. Merritt, vice-president. D. R. Wilkie had meanwhile become general manager, or cashier, as the office was then called.

It may prove interesting to hark back to the March day in 1875, when the Imperial Bank first opened its doors for business. The Toronto office was accommodated in the building on Toronto Street now occupied by the Canada Permanent Loan Corporation. The quarters were small, so small that the least of all the Imperial branches to-day would be ashamed to do business in such premises. The staff consisted of Mr. Wilkie and two or three other young men. There was no vault, and on the conclusion of the day's business one might see the manager put the cash and securities in a small satchel and, guarded by his staff, carry them solemnly down the street to the Quebec Bank vault, there to be kept over-night.

The memory of these humble beginnings is lost in the glory of present achievements. Palatial offices, with plenty of marble and polished wood and

metal, make one forget that there was ever a time when business was transacted in cramped, ill-lighted premises. But the metamorphosis is not without its significance, and in the little offices even of to-day where ambitious young men are making a start, one may see a repetition forty years hence of what Mr. Wilkie has achieved.

The remaining chapter of Mr. Wilkie's career is synonymous with the history of the Imperial Bank. Beginning with a paid-up capital amounting to \$804,000 in 1876, and with branches in Toronto, St. Catharines, Ingersoll and Port Colborne, expansion has carried the capital up to \$6,598,500 at the close of 1912, while the number of branches has increased to one hundred and ten. Until 1902, H. S. Howland continued in the presidency. On his death in that year, he was succeeded by T. R. Merritt. When in 1906 the latter likewise passed away, Mr. Wilkie was elected to the presidency, retaining as well the position of general manager.

As a banker, D. R. Wilkie's outstanding characteristic is an extreme cautiousness. He has a mania for holding large cash reserves and in this respect his bank, with possibly one exception, maintains a pre-eminent position among all the chartered banks of the country. As navigator of the financial barque, he has a keen eye for squalls and begins to take in sail at the first symptom of disturbance. When the storm of 1906-07 swooped down on the sea of business, the Imperial was close-reefed to meet the onslaught and rode through the gale with scarce a tremor, while some other craft were in considerable distress.

The position of the Imperial Bank at this crisis was undoubtedly a steady influence in Canadian finance, and the country owes not a little to the careful guidance of D. R. Wilkie and men like him when conditions were so uncertain.

At the same time it must not be assumed that Mr. Wilkie lacks progressiveness. If he has an eye for storms, he has also a keen scent for favorable breezes. He foresaw the expansion of

the West, and it will be found that the Imperial Bank was one of the first to establish branches beyond the Great Lakes. Indeed, at several points it was the first bank on the ground. It opened in Winnipeg in 1880. It established a branch in Calgary in 1882, and in other cities it was early in the field. It may be said in fact that the Imperial policy from the start has been largely the promotion of Western development along conservative lines.

In the actual work of management, Mr. Wilkie is strong on detail. He has a wonderful grasp of all sides of a problem. There are those who are ready to maintain that he attempts too much and that in seeking to control every movement, he is unconsciously weakening the efficiency of his staff. Be this as it may, he is an outstanding example of the strong-willed, dominant personality who sweeps things before him by sheer strength of purpose. He has aimed to make the Imperial Bank not necessarily big but strong. He has cared more for quality than size, and these ideas he has impressed on those under him.

Discipline rather than a desire to court popularity has marked the general manager's attitude towards the staff of the bank. There is a trace of the military as well as of the magisterial in his make-up, which inclines him to severity. He is not a popular manager, if by popular is meant one who lays himself out to be agreeable by adopting a free and easy manner. The Imperial system is military in its discipline, and D. R. Wilkie is the dictator. His authority is not divided. He is the one man whose word carries weight from the assistant general manager down to the youngest office boy, and in this sense, the bank is veritably a one-man institution.

The system, however, is not without its advantages. It has meant that he has gathered about him in the management a staff of men who have a high regard for the dignity of the institution. It will be found that the Imperial managers are as a rule men of superior calibre, who merits the respect and real confidence of their customers.

Personally, D. R. Wilkie is a neat, well-groomed figure, always immaculately dressed and frequently appearing with a boutonniere. He is inclined to be stout, and his bearing is dignified. He is clean-shaven, save for a moustache, with hair growing thin but always carefully brushed. When at work he affects the new-fangled horn spectacles, which add a further note of distinction to his appearance. His accent is slightly English, and he speaks slowly and deliberately. He is a man who looks ten years younger than he actually is.

Blessed with an iron constitution, Mr. Wilkie is able to do two men's work without distress. There is no rest cure for him, no dieting, no regular and systematic exercising. He works early and late, and thinks nothing of carrying home an armful of documents to be studied out in the quiet of his library. He can dispense with sleep to an amazing extent. Indeed, when on one of his Western tours of inspection, he can actually work the clock around and appear as fresh and debonnair as ever the next morning.

At the same time, while he is a strenuous worker, with great powers of application, he can also take his recreation with equal zest. In his earlier years he was a devotee of cricket, and played a good game. For some time he was vice-president of the Toronto Cricket Club, and one of its best batsmen. Latterly he has taken up golf with enthusiasm, and his is one of the familiar figures on the Toronto Golf Links in the summer time. He has an odd style of play, all his own, and the Wilkie flourish as he swings his club, would enable one to distinguish him half a mile away. As he plays, he keeps up a constant flow of almost boyish chaffing of his opponent.

Several stories are told about his play among his golfing companions. On one historic occasion he made a stupendous drive, which carried his ball quite out of sight. A thorough search was made for the lost object, but for a long time it could not be located. Then, wonderful to relate, it was discovered reposing peacefully in the hole at the next green.

The president of the Imperial had obviously done the hole in one stroke, which was a feat unparalleled in the annals of the club. Unfortunately for the prowess of the doughty player it subsequently transpired that one of his waggish friends, noticing the search, had slyly dropped the ball into the hole. It is said that Mr. Wilkie took the joke in good part.

On another occasion he was driving off from the first tee near the clubhouse and as usual was making one of his tremendous flourishes in hitting at the ball, when, for some unaccountable reason the club slipped from his hands and went hurtling over the roof of the house. Most players would have uttered unprintable ejaculations at the mishap, but not so Mr. Wilkie. He simply called to the caddie in a most matter-of-fact tone to run and bring him back the club.

While it would be untrue to say that D. R. Wilkie has confined his energies exclusively to the building up of a great banking institution, there is no doubt that the development of the Imperial Bank has been his one passion. If there has been a trace of self-glorification in his efforts, that pardonable weakness will be overlooked in the success which the bank has attained under his guidance. Such work as he has done outside the walls of the bank and such interest as he has taken in art, music or society, has been genuine and unstudied. It has been a spontaneous expression of his personality, not assumed to gain fame or popularity.

He has gone in for the encouragement of art simply because he was at one time put in charge of the affairs of a young artist. He became interested in his work and that interest spread to the work of other artists. He makes no pretence of being a connoisseur, and he is not a collector. He likes pictures, but he cares more for encouraging native artists than for laying up a store of costly paintings, the value of which is too often dependent on what they will bring. His friendliness with the artists of Toronto and his pleasure in visiting their studios led to his being elected

president of the Canadian Art Club a few years ago.

Most people are familiar with the appearance of the Imperial's bank notes, which are undoubtedly among the most artistically attractive of those of any Canadian bank. In designing them, Mr. Wilkie, of course, took a personal interest, and their beauty owes not a little to his good taste. Apropos of these bills a little story may be told which illustrates the love of badinage which exists among Mr. Wilkie's circle of friends. It will be remembered that a prominent feature on the bills is the portrait of the Prince of Wales. Now it seems that the bills were first issued soon after the appointment of Mr. Cawthra Mulock to the directorate of the bank. Mr. Mulock was then and still is a boyish figure and the opportunity afforded thereby for a joke at Mr. Wilkie was not to be lost. A friend accosted him at the club with the remark, "Well, Wilkie, I must say you are to be congratulated on those new bills of yours. It was certainly quite a stunt to work in that picture of your baby director."

Mr. Wilkie entertains lavishly because he enjoys it; not because he wishes to gain popularity. He is an active member of many clubs, yet no one can accuse him of being a tuft-hunter. He does not go out of his way to be friendly, but is contented with the society of the people he likes. At no time does he appear to better advantage than at the head of his own table. Extremely hospitable and fond of entertaining, he is a past master in the art of making his guests feel at ease, and he can keep a score of people in the best of humor with themselves and the world in general for hours at a time. He is fond of banter and remarkably quick at repartee. Among the ladies he is a great favorite, and no one is more gifted than he in saying and doing the right thing at the right time.

In his attitude towards charity and public service he adopts the same principle. He does not pose as a great philanthropist, but at the same time he does not refrain from helping forward good

causes. He has been particularly active in the support of the Victorian Order of Nurses, and his name will be found associated with the work of the Toronto General Hospital.

That he has a kindly heart goes without saying. One day not long ago he was walking to his office and his way took him down George Street, past the Boys' Home. As he went by the institution he noticed a row of weary-looking young faces peering through the railings at the passers-by. The sight touched him, and he was not long in making up his mind that the urchins ought to be provided with a gymnasium where they could spend their time to better advantage. He set to work to collect money for the purpose, and now the Home is well equipped in this respect.

Formerly Mr. Wilkie took an active interest in Board of Trade work and was president of the Toronto Board during the critical years of the commercial union agitation, which he opposed strongly. He is an ardent Imperialist, and has made some strong pronouncements in the press on the duty of Canadians towards the Empire.

Mr. Wilkie once wrote a book on "The Theory and Practice of Banking in Canada," and he is the author of several essays and newspaper articles on the same subject, particularly dealing with the legal aspects. He is an authority on bank law, which renders his selection as president of the Bankers' Association at this particular time, when new legislation is in preparation of special advantage to banking interests.

Apart from the attention he pays to books and articles on banking, his reading is of a general order. He retains the remnants of the excellent libraries which belonged to his father and grand uncle, and occasionally looks over the old volumes. He is a great admirer of Rudyard Kipling, whom he likes because of the Imperialistic strain of his writing, and he is also fond of Shakespeare, Carlyle and Scott.

The views of such a man on the prospects of bank clerks in Canada should carry weight and this sketch of his

career and personality may well be wound up with a few of his own observations on the subject.

"The business of banking from the employe's point of view, is full of promise," says Mr. Wilkie. "It is true that salaries are small at the start, but banking comes very close to being a profession, and what profession is there which offers remuneration from the very date of the entrance of the student upon his career? A student of law, of medicine, or even of divinity, spends from four to five years in preparation for his calling at the expense frequently of his parents. The student of banking enters at once on the receipt of a salary of from \$250 to \$350, and at the end of his fifth year he is enjoying an income

of \$750 at least. From that point he has his future in his own hands; he has been thoroughly trained in business affairs, and is fit to take up any business occupation.

"It should not be long before the bank clerk has proved himself capable of taking charge of a branch, where the remuneration is not less than \$1400 and may even be as much as \$2500. From that point to the management of a large branch, with a salary of \$5,000 or more, or even to a general managership, is within the possibilities. I don't know of any better opening for a young lad who has not had the advantage of a college education, than that of the banking profession."

Latest in Criminal Detection

Electrical authorities have discovered what they believe to be the surest method of criminal detection yet known. It is in the photographing of the human voice by means of the oscillograph.

The oscillograph is a combination light plant, telephone and photograph gallery all encased in a little box two feet long, 18 inches high and ten inches wide. A small, but very powerful electric arc light throws a beam of light about the size of a lead pencil against a minute prism of glass. This refracts the beam to the back end of the box where it strikes a small cell filled with oil. Suspended in this little cell by means of silver wires is a little mirror almost too small to see with the human eye, but it is this mirror that turns the sound vibrations into light vibrations that are recorded on the photographic film. The mirror reflects such portions of the beam of light that falls upon it, back through a slit less than a half inch wide in the opposite end of the box through which the minute ray of light falls upon a rapidly revolving photographic film. The mirror is connected by means of the silver wires with a common telephone transmitter into which the words to be pho-

tographed are spoken. The vibrations in the transmitter cause similar vibrations of the little mirror through the beam of light in the cells and this fitful vibrating of the reflector is faithfully recorded on the revolving film.

The use of this apparatus in the detection of criminals is based upon the physiological fact that every set of vocal cords differs from every other set of vocal cords, or in other words, every human voice is different in some quality from every other human voice. The difference in the vocal cords causes a difference in the nature of the vibrations in speaking any given word and the different sound vibrations produce exactly different light vibrations. Therefore, no two human voices can produce the same picture of any spoken letter or word.

By photographing the voices of convicted criminals and keeping these records in a permanent file, present methods of identifying suspects by means of finger prints and certain measurements, may be backed up by reference to the voice records. If they agree with the conclusion otherwise reached the identification will be more absolutely certain and beyond question.



"Of all the strange nights I have ever experienced, that was the strangest."
"The Unexpected Siege."

The Unexpected Siege

The stories of H. Mortimer Batten are so different from those of many other writers because they always have a real personal interest. He almost tells of his own experiences in them. And it is always experience at first hand, too,—out in the rugged wilds of the Canadian North, where he spent much time in gathering material for articles which have come from his pen since his return to England. In "The Unexpected Siege" we have one of Mr. Batten's typical Canadian tales.

By H. Mortimer Batten

IT was early spring when I took up my quarters in the Slatewater district, and the many lakes and creeks that intercept the country like a great network were still at winter level. Dave Sharman's ranch had just been put up for sale, and I bought it at a mere song, considering the price of apple grounds about there, and on the whole was thoroughly well pleased with myself. The only point that worried me was—why was Dave Sharman, having cleared the ground and completed the bulk of the heart-rendering and back-breaking donkey work, selling the place at such a low price? The only reason to which I could attribute his extraordinary conduct was that he had found the flies and the loneliness too much for him. I, however, was young and ambitious, and such considerations did not daunt me in the least. Dave had certainly spared no pains in fitting up an habitable outfit, and already the wall creepers were beginning to flourish. The hut was provided with a large-sized window, a bunk, a cupboard, and an extraordinarily good stove. At right angles from the door was a very useful storeroom, suitable for keeping agricultural implements, apples, potatoes, and such like provider. Also there was a pig-sty, a hen-run, and a dog kennel. The whole outfit was dry, warm in the winter, cool in the summer, and well sheltered from the northerly winds.

Moreover there was excellent fishing to be had by way of recreation. With-

in twenty yards of the door stretched the lake, occupying some four or five acres, and overflowing at its far end through a narrow rocky cutting, not more than twenty feet wide, but carrying the whole of the river waters. The ranch and the homestead lay within the very basin of this Lake, and before buying the property I had the forethought to ask whether a "jam" had ever occurred across the lake outlet, which would certainly have meant the submersion of the apple grounds. I was assured, however, that the property was safely above high-water level, and that it had never been flooded since the history of that part of the world began.

"Don't you worry about too much water," laughed a neighboring rancher. "Think yourself blamed lucky if you get enough."

By the end of April I was thoroughly installed, having carted all my belongings over four miles of abominable country by the sweat of my own brow. The spring swiftly merged into summer, the river rose, carried down its cargo of logs, and fell to its normal level without in any way interfering with any domestic felicity. With Dagoe, my small cocker spaniel, the hens and the pig as company, I was as happy as a Lord, and wished for nothing better. During the day I worked hard, ate heartily when I felt that I needed it, and smoked abundant quantities of "black-tack." In the evening I slaked it by the lake with rod and pipe, strolled

round with my rifle potting gophers, or took a walk to the hotel to see Jack Robinson, who was an easterner, like myself.

Sometimes I went into the saloon and discussed apples and politics and magazines with the woodsmen, though the smoke-laden atmosphere of the place had little charm for me.

Thus the weeks slipped by, and it was late in the summer when one evening I happened to walk down the river past the narrow chute by which the lake adjoining my property emptied itself. Below the chute followed a short stretch of rapids, boiling and tumultuous, which, further on emptied themselves into another lake, not very wide, comparatively shallow, and drained in turn by a second narrow chute.

"If ever my lake gets over-fished," I told myself, "I'll try this one. Guess nobody fishes it all summer."

This supposition proved erroneous, however, for on returning after dusk I discerned a large raft, occupied by two anglers, out in the centre of the expanse of water. It was too dark to recognize the men, and they did not see me as I walked through the shadow of the foliage, with Dagoe at my heels. As I neared the home lake I was surprised to see quite a quantity of timber drifting towards the outlet, and concluded that someone had been busy dislodging the stranded logs up stream. It was getting chilly, however, so I turned in, fed the dog, and having cooked myself a flapjack went to bed. As usual I left the door wide open and the sweet summer breezes fanning in on my face, for both Dagoe and I had become used to the occasional nocturnal visits of skunk and porcupine. Dagoe, as usual, curled himself up under the bunk.

It must have been near midnight when I woke suddenly—wide awake—conscious in some mysterious manner that something was out of order. As I opened my eyes I caught sight of a large black shape seated calmly on the foot of the bunk. Presently it turned and looked at me without apparent discomposure, and I realized that this new

bedfellow was nothing more dangerous than master Dagoe.

.. What on earth was he doing up there? Never before had I known the dog to take such a liberty, but after a moment's thought my sudden anger vanished. Clearly something had made the animal uncomfortable in his own bed, and as we were partners in most things he had quietly assayed to share mine.

Turning my head to search for the cause of the dog's unusual behavior, I was greeted by a scene that held me spellbound with amusement. This, then, accounted for the strange *lap-lap* I had heard in my dreams—for the mysterious rustling and awakening that filled the air like the sound of gentle showers. The floor was flooded, and as far as I could see through the open doorway lay a still expanse of water, scintillating in the light of the low summer moon. Here and there things were floating on the surface — newspapers, tin cans, one or two pairs of boots, and all manner of household treasures that had previously occupied a place on the floor.

Still half asleep I realized that something extraordinary had happened,—that there must have been a cloud-burst somewhere up the valley and temporarily flooded the creek. While I was still considering it I heard a low, threatening growl from Dagoe, and at the same instant something slipped across the blanket, and touched my face with a cold, clammy touch. It was a snake! Taking the blanket in both hands I soon disposed of the reptile, and threw it out of the door. Then I felt many other creatures running about on my hands and face, and jumping up, plunged into the icy flood of besieging waters.

Striking a match I lit the oil lamp, and instantly became aware of the fact that the air was thick with minute winged insects. They bumped into the lamp chimney and fell with tiny splashes into the water, and presently I glanced towards the bunk on which I had been sleeping.

What a sight for an entomologist! The blanket was literally alive with

creeping things. Moths, beetles, ants, centipedes—insects such as I had never before seen or dreamt of, and of all the varied hues in creation. It reminded me of a poster I had seen in Nelson advertising a patent insect exterminator.

To some people the sight would have proved horrifying, but since a boy I have always taken a vast interest in the wonderful creeping inhabitants of the woodland. Here were insects of all shapes and sizes,—yellow, copper, green and gold; a veritable congress of tints.

It was some seconds before I realized the full significance of the predicament. The insects were probably angry. Like myself they had been rudely disturbed by the flood. Creeping before it, they had sought the highest points of land, creeping further and further from the water as it advanced behind them, forcing them upwards. Some of them might be capable of stinging or inflicting painful bites. I considered it prudent not to handle them.

Taking Dagoe in my arms I transferred him to a sugar box on the other side of the hut. As I did so I felt something creeping up my leg, and before I had time to sweep it away it stung me badly just above the waterline. Looking down I saw that the offender was a large black and yellow fly, like a hornet, save that the roots and tips of his wings were tinted with brown.

After that I rolled the blankets into a heap, placed them on the cupboard, and took my seat on the naked boards of the bunk. One or two insects still continued to creep up the woodwork, so snatching up a fragment of broken wood I proceeded to hold the fort against the invading army, instantly demolishing anything that bore the least resemblance to a yellow and black hornet.

Before very long, however, I became painfully aware of the fact that the flood waters were still rising. I had used the lower hinge of the door as a gauge, but it was now totally submerged. Moreover the water was beginning to creep between the lower boards of the bunk, and greatly interfering with my comfort, which was none too great un-

der any conditions. Pulling on my high knee boots I joined Dagoe on the sugar box, much to that isolated gentleman's delight. Determined to make the best of things I drew up my legs, lit my pipe, and continued to wage war against the insects.

Anyhow, I determined to write a very humorous letter home about it all, for far from expecting to sustain any losses through the flood, I was speculating on the vast amount of good the thorough soaking would do my sun-baked orchard.

While thus ruminating, however, a sudden loud cackling outside diverted my attention. Goodness—What an ass I was! I had forgotten all about the hens and the pig!

I have often read that in time of an earthquake, the people who are unfortunate enough to be in the district are reduced to a state of dazed stupidity. They regard the whole hideous melee as a matter of course, are not at all overwhelmed, and do the most absurd things. It seems to me that any great and unexpected event, arousing one from one's slumbers, has much the same effect. Those hens and that pig had been my daily consideration for weeks past, yet here was I sitting calmly on a sugar box not twenty yards away, and leaving the poor beasts to drown without so much as a thought!

Jumping up, I plunged into the water, now almost hip deep, and wallowed hurriedly towards the outhouses. Fortunately the pig-sty stood on high ground, but five inches of water already covered the floor. After much tussling and screeching on the part of the pig I managed to get a rope round his neck, passing it in a loop round his hind quarters so that it would not cut. This done, I placed a rickety, home-made ladder against the eaves of the house, and dragged the expostulating pig into the flood. On reaching the foot of the ladder I managed to get the beast under my arm—fortunately, it was only half-grown—and step by step began the precarious ascent.

Scarcely had we ascended two feet

when the pig gave a huge tussle, just at the wrong moment, totally upsetting the balance of affairs. The ladder turned round, and still hugging the screaming porker I fell full length into the muddy flood. The pig passed under water, still screaming, and for a second disappeared from view.

Choking and angry I struggled to my feet, again clasped the animal, and made a frantic dash for the ladder.

This time we safely reached the slightly-slanting roof, and with soft and soothing words deposited my unwieldy burden. With a snort of rage the animal instantly dashed for the open, and a second later disappeared with a squeal of dismay over the other side of the hut.

I wallowed hurriedly round, and found the foolish creature endeavoring to ascend the perpendicular wall, but without much success. Having again conveyed him to the roof, I tied him securely to the chimney pipe, leaving him just enough spare rope to lie down.

The hens gave little trouble. I found them sitting in a row within two inches of the water, and transplanted them, two at a time, to the roof of the hut. They seemed too sleepy to grasp what was happening, and squatted without complaint just where I put them. After that I returned for Dagoe and my overcoat, and in a few minutes, hens, pig, dog and man were seated on the roof, gazing out sombrely across the expanse of moonlight water.

Before many minutes had elapsed I felt heartily glad that the dog and I had abandoned the hut. Peering over the eaves I saw a large black snake swim at a terrific speed into the open door. Looking down I watched the reptile wriggle onto the floating soap box, lie still for a moment, then dart back into the water. The movements of the venomous reptile were so quick that I should have experienced some difficulty in evading it.

Of all the strange nights I have ever experienced, that was the strangest. The air was filled with incessant sounds, the hum of myriads of insects, the weird cries of disquieted birds—low,

guttural whispers and a thousand and one eerie notes for which there was no accounting. Now and then a vivid flash of summer lightning lit up the shadowy scene. I was clad in a thick overcoat, but bit by bit began to feel chilly, and was ultimately compelled to pace the roof. The pig was thoroughly determined to make a nuisance of himself and to commit suicide at the same time. Lying back to the full length of the rope he would squat resignedly on his haunches, the noose pulled so tight round his neck that his ears were pushed forward to where his eyes ought to have been. Every now and then it was necessary to go and give him a "budge up," whereupon Dagoe, who thoroughly enjoyed the novelty of the situation, would consider it his duty to round up the hens—a task at which he considered himself somewhat of an adept. But sure enough, when I had restored order, the pig would be back again in his old position, and the chimney on the point of collapsing.

How long was the siege going to last? If the abnormal abundance of water were due to a cloudburst—which, though vastly improbable, was the only cause I could think of—the river should be down at normal level before day-break. I was thoroughly sick of this Robinson Crusoe business, but was too disturbed to spend the hours in peaceful slumbers. Suddenly the cockerel, awakening to a sense of his responsibilities, crowed lustily, greatly startling Dagoe, myself and the pig. After that we kept a watchful eye on the old bird, and directly he began to stretch out his long neck we hardened our nerves, knowing what to expect. A few minutes after this slight diversion, our party was joined by yet another refugee from the flood. A little red squirrel, wet and bedraggled, scrambled up the ladder, eyed our family gathering narrowly, then scuttled away round the eaves. He stayed with us till the end of the siege, which came about an hour after his arrival.

It must have been four o'clock in the morning when a terrific explosion

sounded from the far end of the lake. The whole earth and air seemed to shake, and glancing towards the distant chute I saw a huge tongue of flame, against which danced black fantastic shadows, leap high into the air. The uproar died down as suddenly as it had begun, and a strange whisper, soft, but disquieting, succeeded the explosion. Glancing down I saw that the flood waters were rapidly receding, and creeping with an oily swirl back towards the lake.

In a flash, I understood what had happened. Someone had dammed the outlet of the lake, and thus caused the flooding of the basin. The roar I had just heard was the blasting of the dam, and now the lake was rapidly sinking to its normal level.

What could it mean? Determined to solve the mystery, I climbed hurriedly down, and without so much as a thought for snakes and hornets, waded into the hut, snatched up my light sporting rifle and struck out for dry land.

In a few minutes I had reached the outlet of the lake, and standing in the shadows, caught sight of a man, busily lading a pack mule, under the trees a short distance away. The man was wearing a soft hat, overall breeches tied at the knees, and a tarpaulin jacket. As I drew near he turned and nodded as though in no way disconcerted.

"What's the game, boy?" I queried. "Suppose you know you've flooded me out?"

The man grunted. "Sorry partner," he said. "We didn't intend to disturb you, or sure, we'd have dropped you a line."

Just at this juncture a second man appeared from somewhere in the shadows. He was tall and sinuous, with a fair moustache, and a pleasant sunburnt face. His jacket lay open at the neck, and he was wearing loose rubber boots from which his trousers bulged loosely.

"My name's Dave Sharman," he introduced himself, "Maybe you'll remember making a cheque out to me when you bought the ranch?"

"Just so," I agreed. "But what in thunder is the game at this time of night?"

The two men glanced at each other and back at me. "Just a little venture," said Sharman. "Maybe you'll keep your mouth shut, partner, and with luck I'll be writing you in a month or two."

"Oh, I shan't talk," I promised. "But it seems a mighty strange business, anyway."

With that I returned to my disordered home, now high and dry, and with a sigh of relief restored the pig to his proper quarters. Needless to say, I kept quiet about the mysterious affair, for in the backwoods it isn't worth while for a man to take upon himself the duties of policeman. Men have to help each other as best they can without taking any responsibilities for each other's spiritual affairs.

A month later I received a letter bearing a Vancouver postmark and the name of a well known hotel of that city. It was from Dave Sharman, and ran as follows:

"Dear Partner: Thanks for keeping mum. It wasn't you I was afraid of anyway—it was the power stations lower down. I enclose cheque for \$200, which I hope will pay for damage done by the flood.

"Say! You bought that ranch of mine almighty cheap. It didn't suit me; apple growing isn't the right game for an old prospector. I soon wanted to get back to the hills, and one day, when fishing the lake below the ranch, I dropped my reel, and tried to fish it out with a snow rake. I didn't get the reel, but I got a chunk of quartz that gave me the fever properly, and set me thinking. The mining rights about there belong to the Railway Co., of course, but I didn't feel inclined to pay their fancy prices.

"You know the rest. A few yards of cable netting, a few logs and young spruce, and the dam was complete. Pretty risky business working below it, I can tell you, but we cleared something like \$4,000 worth, and I guess the Rail-

way Co. won't miss it. Finding's keeping, any road, and hope you'll think we've treated you square.

Yours truly,
Dave Sharman."

That two hundred dollars kept me awake all night. I didn't just fancy

giving it to a hospital. Couldn't bear the idea of poor helpless invalids being carried into a building that had been partly paid for with stolen money. At last, to ease my conscience, I bought a strip more land from the Railway Co., and sold it two years ago for just under one thousand!

Why Colonial Furniture is Valuable

Why Colonial furniture is valuable is explained in a booklet issued by the College of Agriculture of Cornell University.

"No one knew better than the Colonial folk the relation between structure and form," declare the Cornell furniture experts. "It is not because Colonial furniture is old that it is valuable, but because it is sound in workmanship, normal in form and made of a kind of mahogany that is not on the market to-day. The decoration applied by the Colonial makers to their furniture, whether carving, inlay, mouldings, turnings or decorative grain, with few exceptions enhanced the effect and in no way distorted the natural shape. Cherry and birch were used for legs and for uprights requiring strength, mahogany being too brittle for this purpose. The fronts of bureau drawers, the backs of davenport and other parts showing beautiful grain were merely veneered with a thin layer of mahogany glued to a backing of soft wood.

"Wood veneer should not be looked on as a sham, since it is used for the purpose of preventing large panels of wood from warping; table tops, door panels and the like would warp out of all usefulness unless they were built up to two or more layers of wood running in different directions and glued together, so that the tendency of one layer of wood to shrink in one direction is overcome by the tendency of another layer to remain firm in that direction and to shrink in the opposite direction.

"Walnut furniture will never be valuable as a style for the reason that it

represents a period of poor design. Walnut is in itself a beautiful wood, glowing in color and fine in grain, but the sort of grooving, piercing, carving and moulding to which it was subjected largely robbed it of its natural charm. Many pieces were too ponderous to be easily moved about. Simple designs in walnut similar to Colonial pieces would be beautiful and valuable but even mahogany worked into ornate designs as was walnut would be artistically valueless. A few of the plainer pieces of walnut are good in design and therefore permanent in worth."

For the golden oak furniture which was popular a few years ago and which is still to be seen in many of the houses of the reasonably well-to-do the College of Agriculture has nothing but the severest condemnation. To the false facility of the machine work the falling off in the beauty and dignity of the furniture of the golden oak period is attributed.

"Stamped decorations of poor pattern, machine carving glued to panels, scrollwork brackets and bended arms ending in animal heads—all these distortions have been applied to furniture in the name of decoration. But all in vain is the name, for decoration means enhancement. A chair or table of plain structure with straight edges has at least the dignity of being genuine. If the general form is to be softened or refined a human being, not a machine, must have the upper hand. The attempt to beautify must be an inspiration, not a nightmare," says the pamphlet.



An old sealer at her last anchorage.

“To the Ice” for Seals

None but the strongest, we are told, are taken “to the ice” for seals—a quest beset with the greatest danger. Only such men are chosen as can stand hardship, men who are willing to look death in the face at every hour in return for the rich rewards of a successful trip. Something of the dangers of this peculiar and perilous business is presented in the accompanying article and views.

By Daniel Owen

THE last good-byes are over, the huge hawsers have been cast off, the steamers sail proudly down the harbor, while women standing on the docks gaze wistfully after them. When these same vessels come back to port there will be more widows and orphans in Newfoundland, for they have started on a quest that is beset with the greatest danger. They have gone “to the ice.”

The time is early spring, the place is the capital of Newfoundland. An unwonted stir along the waterfront had taken me to the docks and I had just seen the sealing fleet steam outward to the open sea. They are gone in search of the hair seal.

None but the strongest are taken “to the ice.” The crews, numbering from seventy-five to a hundred and fifty men, are picked from the bravest of those composing the fishing population of Newfoundland. They are men who can stand hardship—men who are willing to look death in the face at every hour, in return for the rich rewards of the successful trip.

The perils of seal fishing have not been overestimated. It is no rare occurrence for hunting parties to become

separated on the floes and be lost in the blinding snow storms that rise without warning in the Arctic regions. For days they will wander about in the surging ice only to find, when the storm abates, that their steamer has been driven off by the freezing mass. Food is gone, cold is intense, and when death comes it is welcomed as a merciful release. Again, a sudden shift in the current and the floe parts; the ice forces the steamer off, and the men are left to meet their fate. There are times, too, when the angry animals which they would slaughter tear the men to pieces, wounding them frightfully and sometimes killing them outright.

It is not only on the frozen sea that danger lurks. It is present on the steamers, which, strongly as they are constructed, are not always able to stand the strain of the breaking ice, which crushes in the sides. Nearly every season one or more of the sealing fleet is lost in the northern seas, and, with its crew, pays the toll of those who go “to the ice.”

There are only two species of seal worthy of consideration. The “harp” and the “hood.” The “harp,” which is



S. S. Vanguard off "to the ice."

the seal of commerce, derives its name from the singular markings with which it is adorned. A broad, and slightly curved line of black spots run from either shoulder until they converge at the back just above the tail, and form a figure that somewhat resembles a harp. The "dog hood" is distinguished by a large bag of flesh suspended from the nose. When the "hood" is attached he inflates this hood, which completely shelters the face and is impervious to bullets. Killing is accomplished by shooting or "gaffing" on the neck at the base of the skull.

The migratory habits of the seals are as interesting as they are regular. When the young seals are about two months old and are thoroughly accustomed to the water, the exodus to the Arctic regions commences and by the latter part of May the huge colony will have arrived in the Greenland waters, there to remain for a period of about three

months. With the approach of winter the seals are once more on the march—this time directing their course to the Labrador Coast. When the Straits of Belle Isle are reached the "pack" parts company; one section going to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, the other continuing southward along the Newfoundland coast, finally coming to a halt in the vicinity of the "banks." Here they feed upon the abundance of fish until about the first week of February, when they return to the colder Arctic regions. The floes of the Arctic drift are the birthplace of the young seals, and here they are weaned, and are directed through the curriculum provided for such amphibious creatures.

This migratory tendency of the seals affords an unusual and amazing spectacle, at least it so appears to one who has never before witnessed it. When the seals are on the march they have the appearance of a grand army wend-

ing its way through hostile territory. First comes the advance guard, or perhaps two thousand old and well-tried "hoods." Behind them straggle small bodies connecting with the main division of three hundred thousand seals. Last of all comes the rear guard. Slowly they move over the ice, but steadily, and with every appearance of a fixed purpose. When the advance guard stops, the main army stops; when the advance guard moves on, the great division does likewise.

It is about the first of March that the fleet sets out from St. John's. By this time the "white coats"—as the young seals are called—are ready for the killing. Just how long it will take to reach the "pack" is uncertain. Everything depends on the Arctic Current and the drift of the floes. It may be only a few days before the men in the look-outs at the head of the masts "pick

up" the prey, or it may be three weeks. Some times they come upon them in the night, and the presence of the seals is made known by the weird whining of the young that can be heard for miles.

As soon as the "pack" is sighted the steamer approaches the floe, and, when a secure spot is reached, is moored to the ice. Then every available man is landed and sent into the pack to accomplish the slaughter. The crew divides and parties of from six to ten men spread over the ice. The hunters are armed with long poles, at the end of which is a steel gaff, and with this weapon the young seals are despatched. So easily are they killed that often a kick is all that is necessary. The whole process takes but a moment. A kick or a "gaff" on the animal's nose; a quick slash with the knife, and the body and skin are separated. Sometimes, however, the task is more difficult, for the old



A whole ship's crew towing seal pelts.



Seal pelts on dock at Harbour Grace, Newfoundland.

"hoods" fight long and fiercely in defence of their young. The hunters become the attacked and a battle royal ensues. Usually the old seal is finally killed, but not before he has seriously wounded, and often killed some of the hunters.

Men who have gone "to the ice" for years have told me that so marvellous is the paternal instinct that an old "hood" will come charging down upon a killing party, and forcing its way to where the quivering bodies are laying on the ice, carry away the skinless body of a "white coat." Occasionally it will happen that the season is unusually advanced, and when the steamers reach the "pack" the old seals will have gone north for a week's feeding in colder waters. On their return they will hurry through a pack of two hundred thousand seals and pick out their young without the least hesitation or mistake.

As soon as sufficient seals are killed the skins are piled on a "pan" and a

flag with the initial or number of the steamer whose crew had killed them, is placed in the ice. Several "pans" are made in one day. This signal proves possession, and it is rarely that a sister ship will steal the pelts belonging to another. The hunters seldom haul the skins to the ship. This is only done when the steamer is unable to force her way through the ice to gather up the "pans," which is the usual procedure.

While in Newfoundland I became acquainted with several old salts who year after year had gone "to the ice," and it was from some of these that I gathered tales of thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes in the frozen north.

In the spring of eighty-eight about a hundred men from the old *Fortuna* were "killing" on the ice, when a sharp report sounded on the floe, louder and longer than the sound of a gun. All heard the ominous warning and read its meaning. The ice was breaking. Hur-



Skinning an old hood's pelt.

riedly they made for their ship, three miles away, but even as they raced over the "hummocky" snow, the floe was parting, and little islands began to shape themselves out of what a few minutes before had appeared an almost permanent solid. The majority of the crew reached the vessel in safety; only seven remained on the ice, and these were within three minutes of their refuge, when suddenly a gap appeared in the ice and spread with incredible rapidity. By the time that the dilatory party reached the side of the chasm its width was over a hundred yards. On the *Fourtuna* the sailors were getting out a life boat with which to rescue their comrades. Just as it was launched the storm broke, and a blinding snow enveloped not only the party on the ice, but those in the boat. Instead of immediately returning (they were not twenty yards from the ship's side), the latter continued, probably lost their bearings and the crew were either drowned or

perished from cold and hunger. As for those on the ice they simply waited; waited for the boat that never came. Meanwhile the ice continued to break, until in a few hours they were afloat in the Arctic Ocean, on a huge cake of ice with scarce enough food to last twenty-four hours. Added to the pangs of hunger came the suffering of intense cold. They dared not walk, lest they fall over the sides of the berg, and so lose themselves in the icy waters. Nine days later a passing sealer found them. Six were dead, frozen stiff, the seventh survived long enough to tell the story of the suffering experienced by himself and companions.

In the same winter one of the finest sealers that ever sailed into Labrador waters, was lost on her maiden voyage. Caught between the heavy ice cakes, and unable to free herself, her sides were crushed in and the whole crew was forced to take to the ice. For nearly four weeks the men lived upon the desolate



A view of sealing operations, from an old painting.

"field of white," and when rescued there was hardly a man who escaped without the loss of a limb through freezing, while several died from the effects of the exposure.

On another occasion a boat's crew became lost in a blizzard, wandered aimlessly over the ice for days and days, and when finally the party was sighted by a sealer, three were insane, two were in a dying condition, while the other four were suffering intense agony from cold and lack of food.

The most harrowing story that I heard concerned two seal hunters who were lost on the floes. For three days they experienced little discomfort, but on the fourth day their food was gone, and it became colder. Exhausted, they lay down to sleep, and when they awoke one of them found that his right leg was frozen. Twenty-four hours later, becoming crazed with the pain, he cut his foot off. Soon gangrene set in and after hours of intense suffering he died. In-

stead of abandoning the body, the survivor placed it upon a sled that they happened to have with them at the time they were lost, and dragged it after him for three nights and days, when he in turn lay down to sleep a last sleep. Fate, however, decreed otherwise. A hunting party rescued the man, and with the body of his dead friend, took him to their ship. There, in order to save his life, both legs were amputated above the knee; the right arm was removed above the elbow and an ear was cut off. This man was the sole support of a wife and five young children.

The hardships and dangers of the frozen North are indeed great, but it is not only the hunters that suffer as a result of the perils that are encountered by those who answer the never-ceasing cry for men, and fill the ranks of those who annually go to "the hunt." Women and children must bear the burden that is thrown down by those who give their lives in quest of the hair seal that is to be found away "to the ice."

The Smoke Bellew Series

WONDER OF WOMAN—Part II.

With the instalment published in this issue the Smoke Bellew series is concluded. The tales have been typical Jack London stories, for his characters are always persons with plenty of red blood in their veins, and his field of conquest is the big open world, with all it offers in the way of thrilling adventure. The Smoke Bellew tales have been a big feature in MacLean's during the past year, and have won for the magazine many warm friends.

By Jack London

VIII.

SMOKE'S new situation at Snass's fire was embarrassing. He saw more of Labiskwee than ever. In its sweetness and innocence, the frankness of her love was terrible. Her glances were love glances; every look was a caress. A score of times he nerved himself to tell her of Joy Gastell, and a score of times he discovered that he was a coward. The damnable part of it was that Labiskwee was so delightful. She was good to look upon. Despite the hurt to his self-esteem of every moment spent with her, he pleased in every such moment. For the first time in his life he was really learning woman, and so clear was Labiskwee's soul, so appalling in its innocence and ignorance, that he could not misread a line of it. All the pristine goodness of her sex was in her, uncluttered by the conventionality of knowledge or the deceit of self-protection. In memory he reread his Schopenhauer and knew beyond all cavil that the sad philosopher was wrong. To know woman, as smoke came to know Labiskwee, was to know that all woman-haters were sick men.

Labiskwee was wonderful, and yet, beside her face in the flesh burned the

vision of the face of Joy Gastell. Joy had control, restraint, all the feminine inhibitions of civilization, yet, by the trick of his fancy and the living preachment of the woman before him, Joy Gastell was stripped to a goodness at par with Labiskwee's. The one but appreciated the other, and all women of all the world appreciated by what Smoke saw at Snass's fire in the snow-land in the soul of Labiskwee.

And Smoke learned about himself. He remembered back to all he knew of Joy Gastell, and he knew that he loved her. Yet he delighted in Labiskwee. And what was this feeling of delight but love? He could demean it by no less a name. Love it was. Love it must be. And he was shocked to the roots of his soul by the discovery of this polygamous strain in his nature. He had heard it argued, in the San Francisco studios, that it was possible for a man to love two women, or even three women, at a time. But he had not believed it. How could he believe it when he had not had the experience? Now it was different. He did truly love two women, and though most of the time he was convinced he loved Joy Gastell more, there were other moments when

he felt with equal certainty that he loved Labiskwee more.

"There must be many women in the world," she said one day. "And women like men. Many women must have liked you. Tell me."

He did not reply.

"Tell me," she insisted.

"I have never married," he evaded.

"And there is no one else?—no other Iseult out there beyond the mountains?"

Then it was that Smoke knew himself a coward. He lied. Reluctantly he did it, but he lied. He shook his head with a slow indulgent smile, and in his face was more of fondness than he dreamed as he noted Labiskwee's swift joy-transfiguration.

He excused himself to himself. His reasoning was jesuitical beyond dispute, and yet he was not Spartan enough to strike this child-woman a quivering heart-stroke.

Snass, too, was a perturbing factor in the problem. Little escaped his keen black eyes, and he spoke significantly.

"No man cares to see his daughter married," he said to Smoke. "At least, no man of imagination. It hurts. The thought of it hurts, I tell you. Just the same, in the natural order of life, Margaret must marry some time."

A pause fell, and Smoke caught himself wondering for the thousandth time what Snass's history must be.

"I am a harsh, cruel man," Snass went on. "Yet the law is the law, and I am just. Nay, here with this primitive people, I am the law and the justice. Beyond my will no man goes. Also, I am a father, and all my days I have been cursed with imagination."

Whither his monologue tended, Smoke did not learn, for it was interrupted by a burst of chiding and silvery laughter from Labiskwee's tent, where she played with a new-caught wolf-cub. A spasm of pain twitched Snass's face.

"I can stand it," he muttered grimly. "Labiskwee must be married, and it is my fortune, and her's, that you are here. I had little hopes of Four

Eyes. McCan was so hopeless I turned him over to a squaw who had lighted her fire twenty seasons. If it hadn't been you, it would have been an Indian. Libash might have become the father of my grandchildren."

And then Labiskwee came from her tent to the fire, the wolf-cub in her arms, drawn as by a magnet, to gaze upon the man, in her eyes the love that art had never taught to hide.

IX.

"Listen to me," said McCan. "The spring thaw is here, an' the crust is comin' on the snow. It's the time to travel, exceptin' for the spring blizzards in the mountains. I know them. I would run with no less a man than you."

"But you can't run," Smoke contradicted. "You can keep up with no man. Your backbone is limber as thawed marrow. If I run, I run alone. The world fades, and perhaps I shall never run. Caribou meat is very good, and soon will come summer and the salmon."

Said Snass: "Your partner is dead. My hunters did not kill him. They found the body frozen in the first of the spring storms in the mountains, No man can escape. When shall we celebrate your marriage?"

And Labiskwee: "I watch you. There is trouble in your eyes, in your face. Oh, I do know all your face. There is a little scar on your neck, just under the ear. When you are happy, the corners of your mouth turn up. When you think sad thoughts they turn down. When you smile there are three and four wrinkles at the corner of your eyes. When you laugh there are six. Sometimes I have almost counted seven. But I cannot count them now. I have never read books. I do not know how to read. But Four Eyes taught me much. My grammar is good. He taught me. And in his own eyes I have seen the trouble of the hunger for the world. He was often hungry for the world, yet here was good meat, and fish in plenty, and the

berries and the roots, and often flour that came back for the furs through the Porcupines and the Lusk-was. Yet was he hungry for the world. Is the world so good that you, too, are hungry for it? Four Eyes had nothing. But you have me." She sighed and shook her head. "Four Eyes died still hungry for the world. And if you lived here always would you, too, die hungry for the world? I am afraid I do not know the world. Do you want to run away to the world?"

Smoke could not speak, but by his mouth-corner lines was she convinced.

Minutes of silence passed, in which she visibly struggled, while Smoke cursed himself for the unguessed weakness that enabled him to speak the truth about his hunger for the world, while it kept his lips tight on the truth of the existence of the other woman.

Again Labiskwee sighed.

"Very well. I love you more than I fear my father's anger, and he is more terrible in anger than a mountain storm. You told me what love is. This is the test of love. I shall help you to run back to the world."

X.

Smoke awakened softly and without movement. Warm small fingers touched his cheek and slid gently to a pressure on his lips. For, with the chill and frost clinging in it, next tingled his skin, and the one word, "Come," was breathed in his ear. He sat up carefully and listened. The hundreds of wolf-dogs in the camp had lifted their nocturnal song, but under the volume of it, close at hand, he could distinguish the light regular breathing of Snass.

Labiskwee tugged gently at Smoke's sleeve, and he knew she wished him to follow. He took his moccasins and German socks in his hand and crept out into the snow in his sleeping moccasins. Beyond the glow from the dying embers of the fire, she indicated to him to put on his outer foot-gear, and while he obeyed, she went back under the fly where Snass slept.

Feeling the hands of his watch Smoke found it was one in the morning. Quite warm it was, he decided, not more than ten below zero. Labiskwee rejoined him and led him on through the dark runways of the sleeping camp. Walk lightly as they could the frost crunched crisply under their moccasins, but the sound was drowned by the clamor of the dogs, too deep in their howling to snarl at the man and woman who passed.

"Now we can talk," she said, when the last fire had been left half a mile behind.

In the starlight, facing him, Smoke noted for the first time that her arms were burdened, and, on feeling, discovered she carried his snowshoes, a rifle, two belts of ammunition, and his sleeping robes.

"I have everything fixed," she said, with a happy little laugh. "I have been two days making the cache. There is meat, even flour, matches, and skis, which go best on the hard crust and, when they break through, the webs will hold up longer. Oh, I do know snow-travel, and we shall go fast, my lover."

Smoke checked his speech. That she had been arranging his escape was surprise enough, but that she had planned to go with him was more than he was prepared for. Unable to think immediate action, he gently, one by one, took her burdens from her. He put his arm around her and pressed her close, and still he could not think what to do.

"God is good," she whispered. "He sent me a lover."

Yet Smoke was brave enough not to suggest his going alone. And ere he spoke he saw all his memory of the bright world and the sun-lands reel and fade.

"We will go back, Labiskwee," he said. "You will be my wife, and we shall live always with the Caribou people."

"No! no!" She shook her head; and her body, in the circle of his arm, represented his proposal. "I know. I have thought much. The hunger for the world would come upon you, and in the

long nights it would devour your heart. Four Eyes died of hunger for the world. So would you die. All men from the world hunger for it. And I will not have you die. We will go on across the snow mountains on the south traverse."

"Dear, listen," he urged. "We must go back."

She pressed her mitten against his lips to prevent further speech.

"You love me. Say that you love me."

"I do love you, Labiskwee. You are my wonderful sweetheart."

Again the mitten was a caressing obstacle to utterance.

"We shall go on to the cache," she said with decision. "It is three miles from here. Come."

He held back, and her pull on his arm could not move him. Almost was he tempted to tell her of the other woman beyond the south traverse.

"It would be a great wrong to you to go back," she said. "I . . . I am only a wild girl, and I am afraid of the world; but I am more afraid for you. You see, it is as you told me. I love you more than anybody else in the world. I love you more than myself. The Indian language is not a good language. The English language is not a good language. The thoughts in my heart for you, as bright and as many as the stars—there is no language for them. How can I tell you them? They are there—see."

As she spoke she slipped the mitten from his hand and thrust the hand inside the warmth of her parka until it rested against her heart. Tightly and steadily she pressed his hand in its position. And in the long silence he felt the beat, beat of her heart, and knew that every beat of it was love. And then, slowly, almost imperceptibly, still holding his hand, her body began to incline away from his and toward the direction of the cache. Nor could he resist. It was as if he were drawn by her heart itself that so nearly lay in the hollow of his hand.

XI.

So firm was the crust, frozen during the night after the previous day's surface-thaw, that they slid along rapidly on their skis.

"Just here, in the trees, is the cache," Labiskwee told Smoke.

The next moment she caught his arm with a startle of surprise. The flames of a small fire were dancing merrily, and crouched by the fire was McCan. Labiskwee muttered something in Indian, and so lash-like was the sound that Smoke remembered she had been called "cheetah" by Four Eyes.

"I was minded you'd run without me," McCan explained when they came up, his small peering eyes glimmering with cunning. "So I kept an eye on the girl, an' when I seen her caching skis an' grub, I was on. I've brought my own skis an' webs an' grub. The fire? Sure an' it was no danger. The camp's asleep an' snorin.' the waitin' was cold. Will we be startin' now?"

Labiskwee looked swift consternation at Smoke, as swiftly achieved a judgment on the matter, and spoke. And in the speaking she showed, child-woman though she was in love, the quick decisiveness of one who in other affairs of life would be no clinging vine.

"McCan, you are a dog," she hissed, and her eyes were savage with anger. "I know it is in your heart to raise the camp if we don't take you. Very well. We must take you. But you know my father. I am like my father. You will do your share of the work. You will obey. And if you play one dirty trick, it would be better for you if you had never run."

McCan looked up at her, his small pig-eyes hating and cringing, while in her eyes, turned to Smoke, the anger melted into luminous softness.

"Is it right, what I have said?" she queried.

Daylight found them in the belt of foot-hills that lay between the rolling country and the mountains. McCan suggested breakfast, but they held on. Not until the afternoon thaw softened



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"Side by side, they flew through the stinging thickness of cold fire."

the crust and prevented travel would they eat.

The foot-hills quickly grew rugged, and the stream, up whose frozen bed they journeyed, began to thread deeper and deeper canyons. The signs of spring were less frequent, though in one canyon they found forming bits of open water, and twice they came upon clumps of dwarf willow upon which were the first hints of swelling buds.

Labiskwee explained to Smoke her knowledge of the country and the way she planned to baffle pursuit. There were but two ways out, one west, the other south. Snass would immediately dispatch parties of young men to guard the two trails. But there was another way south. True, it did no more than penetrate half way into the high mountains, then, twisting to the west and crossing three divides, it joined the regular trail. When the young men found no traces on the regular trail they would turn back in the belief that the escape had been made by the west traverse, never dreaming that the runaways had ventured the harder and longer way around.

Glancing back at McCan, in the rear, Labiskwee spoke in an undertone to Smoke.

"He is eating," she said. "It is not good."

Smoke looked. The Irishman was secretly munching caribou suet from the pocketful he carried.

"No eating between meals, McCan," he commanded. "There's no game in the country ahead, and the grub will have to be whacked in equal rations from the start. The only way you can travel with us is by playing fair."

By one o'clock the crust had thawed so that the skis broke through, and before two o'clock the web-shoes were breaking through. Camp was made and the first meal eaten: Smoke took stock of the food. McCan's supply was a disappointment. So many silver fox-skins had he stuffed in the bottom of the meat-bag that there was little space left for meat.

"Sure an' I didn't know there were

so many," he explained. "I done it in the dark. But they're worth good money. An' with all this ammunition we'll be gettin' game a-plenty."

"The wolves will eat you a-plenty," was Smoke's helpless comment, while Labiskwee's eyes flashed their anger.

Enough food for a month, with careful husbanding and appetites that never blunted their edge, was Smoke's and Labiskwee's judgment. Smoke apportioned the weight and bulk of the packs, yielding in the end to Labiskwee's insistence that she, too, should carry a pack.

Next day the stream shallowed out in a wide mountain valley, and they were already breaking through the crust on the flats when they gained the harder surface of the slope of the divide.

"Ten minutes later and we wouldn't have got across the flats," Smoke said, when they paused for breath on the bald crest of the summit. "We must be a thousand feet higher here."

But Labiskwee, without speaking, pointed down to an open flat among the trees. In the midst of it, scattered abreast, were five dark specks that scarcely moved.

"The young men," said Labiskwee.

"They are wallowing to their hips," Smoke said. "They will never gain the hard footing this day. We have hours the start of them. Come on, McCan. Buck up. We don't eat till we can't travel."

McCan groaned, but there was no caribou suet in his pocket, and he doggedly brought up in the rear.

In the higher valley in which they now found themselves, the crust did not break till three in the afternoon, at which time they managed to gain the shadow of mountain where the crust was already freezing again. Only once did they pause to get out McCan's confiscated suet, which they ate as they walked. The meat was solidly frozen, and could only be eaten after thawing over a fire. But the suet crumbled in their mouths and eased the palpitating faintness in their stomachs.

Black darkness, with an overcast sky, came on after a long twilight at nine o'clock, when they made camp in a clump of dwarf spruce. McCan was whining and helpless. The day's march had been exhausting, but in addition, despite his nine years' experience in the Arctic, he had been eating snow and was in agony with his parched and burning mouth. He crouched by the fire and groaned, while they made the camp.

Labiskwee was tireless, and Smoke could not but marvel at the life in her body at the endurance of mind and muscle. Nor was her cheerfulness forced. She had ever a laugh or a smile for him, and her hand lingered in caress whenever it chanced to touch his. Yet, always, when she looked at McCan, her face went hard and pitiless and her eyes flashed frostily.

In the night came wind and snow, and through a day of blizzard they fought their way blindly, missing the turn of the way that led up a small stream and crossed a divide to the west. For two more days they wandered, crossing other and wrong divides, and in those two days they dropped spring behind and climbed up into the abode of winter.

"The young men have lost our trail, an' what's to stop us restin' a day?" McCan begged.

But no rest was accorded. Smoke and Labiskwee knew their danger. They were lost in the high mountains, and they had seen no game nor signs of game. Day after day they struggled on through an iron configuration of landscape that compelled them to labyrinth in canyons and valleys that led rarely to the west. Once in such a canyon, they could only follow it, no matter where it led, for the cold peaks and higher ranges on either side were unscalable and unendurable. The terrible toil and the cold ate up energy, yet they cut down the size of the ration they permitted themselves.

One night Smoke was awakened by a sound of struggling. Distinctly he heard a gasping and strangling from

where McCan slept. Kicking the fire into flame, by its light he saw Labiskwee, her hands at the Irishman's throat and forcing from his mouth a chunk of partly chewed meat. Even as Smoke saw this, her hand went to her hip and flashed aloft with the sheath-knife in it.

"Labiskwee!" Smoke cried, and his voice was peremptory.

The hand hesitated.

"Don't," he said, coming to her side.

She was shaking with anger, but the hand, after hesitating a moment longer, descended reluctantly to the sheath. As if fearing she could not restrain herself, she crossed to the fire and threw on more wood. McCan sat up, whimpering and snarling, between fright and rage spluttering an inarticulate explanation.

"Where did you get it?" Smoke demanded.

"Feel around his body," Labiskwee said.

It was the first word she had spoken, and her voice quivered with the anger she could not suppress.

McCan strove to struggle, but Smoke gripped him cruelly and searched him, from under his armpit, where it had been thawed by the heat of his body, drawing forth a strip of caribou meat. A quick exclamation from Labiskwee drew Smoke's attention. She had sprung to McCan's pack and was opening it. Instead of meat, out poured moss, spruce needles, chips—all the light refuse that had taken the place of the meat and given the pack its due proportion minus its weight.

Again Labiskwee's hand went to her hip, and she flew at the culprit only to be caught in Smoke's arms, where she surrendered herself, sobbing with the futility of her rage.

"Oh, lover, it is not the food," she panted. "It is you, your life. The dog!—he is eating you, he is eating you!"

"We will yet live," Smoke comforted her. "Hereafter he shall carry the flour. He can't eat that raw, and if he does I'll kill him myself, for he will be eating your life as well as mine." He

held her closer. "Sweetheart, killing is men's work. Women do not kill."

"You would not love me if I killed the dog?" she questioned in surprise.

"Not so much," Smoke temporized.

She sighed with resignation.

"Very well," she said. "I shall not kill him."

XII.

The pursuit by the young men was relentless. By miracles of luck, as well as by deduction from the topography of the way the runaways must take, the young men picked up the blizzard-blinded trail and clung to it. When the snow flew, Smoke and Labiskwee took the most improbable courses, turning east when the better way opened south or west, rejecting a low divide to climb a higher. Being lost, it did not matter. Yet they could not throw the young men off. Sometimes they gained days, but always the young men appeared again. After a storm, when all trace was lost, they would cast out like a pack of hounds, and he who caught the later trace made smoke signals to call his comrades on.

Smoke lost count of time, of days and nights and storms and camps. Through a vast mad phantasmagoria of suffering and toil he and Labiskwee struggled on, with McCann somehow stumbling along in the rear, babbling of San Francisco, his everlasting dream. Great peaks, pitiless and serene in the chill blue, towered about them. They fled down black canyons with walls so precipitous that the rock frowned naked, or wallowed across glacial valleys where frozen lakes lay far beneath their feet. And one night, between two storms, a distant volcano glared the sky. They never saw it again, and wondered whether it had been a dream.

Crusts were covered with yards of new snow, that crusted and were snow-covered again. There were places, in canyon and pocket-drifts, where they crossed snow hundreds of feet deep, and they crossed tiny glaciers, in draughty rifts, wind-scoured and bare of any

snow. They crept like silent wraiths across the faces of impending avalanches, or roused from exhausted sleep to the thunder of them. They made fireless camps above timber-line, thawing their meat-rations with the heat of their bodies ere they could eat. And through it all Labiskwee remained Labiskwee. Her cheer never vanished, save when she looked at McCann, and the greatest stupor of fatigue and cold never stilled the eloquence of her love for Smoke.

Like a cat she watched the apportionment of the meager ration, and Smoke could see that she grudged McCann every munch of his jaws. Once, she distributed the ration. The first Smoke knew was a wild harangue of protest from McCann. Not to him alone, but to herself, had she given a smaller portion than to Smoke. After that, Smoke divided the meat himself. Caught in a small avalanche one morning after a night of snow, and swept a hundred yards down the mountain, they emerged half-stifled and unhurt, but McCann emerged without his pack in which was all the flour. A second and larger snow-slide buried it beyond hope of recovery. After that, though the disaster had been through no fault of his, Labiskwee never looked at McCann, and Smoke knew it was because she dared not.

XIII

It was a morning, stark still, clear blue above, with white sun-dazzle on the snow. The way led up a long, wide slope of crust. They moved like weary ghosts in a dead world. No wind stirred in the stagnant, frigid calm. Far peaks, a hundred miles away, studding the backbone of the Rockies up and down, were as distinct as if no more than five miles away.

"Something is going to happen," Labiskwee whispered. "Don't you feel it—here, there, everywhere? Everything is strange."

"I feel a chill that is not of cold," Smoke answered. "Nor is it of hunger."

"It is in your head, your heart," she agreed, excitedly. "That is the way I feel it."

"It is not of my senses," Smoke diagnosed. "I sense something, from without, that is tingling me with ice; it is a chill of my nerves."

A quarter of an hour later they paused for breath.

"I can no longer see the far peaks," Smoke said.

"The air is getting thick and heavy," said Labiskwee. "It is hard to breathe."

"There be three suns," McCan muttered hoarsely, reeling as he clung to his staff for support.

They saw a mock sun on either side the real sun.

"There are five," said Labiskwee; and as they looked, new suns formed and flashed before their eyes.

"By heaven, the sky is filled with suns beyant all countin'," McCan cried in fear.

Which was true, for look where they would, half the circle of the sky dazzled and blazed with new suns forming.

McCan yelped sharply with surprise and pain.

"I'm stung!" he cried out, then yelped again.

Then Labiskwee cried out, and Smoke felt a prickling stab on his cheek so cold that it burned like acid. It reminded him of swimming in the salt sea and being stung by the poisonous filaments of Portuguese men-of-war. The sensations were so similar that he automatically brushed his cheek to rid it of the stinging substance that was not there.

And then a shot rang out, strangely muffled. Down the slope were the young men, standing on their skis, and one after another opened fire.

"Spread out!" Smoke commanded. "And climb for it! We're almost to the top. They're a quarter of a mile below, and that means a couple of miles the start of them on the down-going of the other side."

With faces prickling and stinging from invisible atmospheric stabs, the three scattered widely on the snow sur-

face and toiled upward. The muffled reports of the rifles were weird to their ears.

"Thank the Lord," Smoke panted to Labiskwee, "that four of them are muskets, and only one a Winchester. Besides, all these suns spoil their aim. They are fooled. They haven't come within a hundred feet of us."

"It shows my father's temper," she said. "They have orders to kill."

"How strange you talk," Smoke said. "Your voice sounds far away."

"Cover your mouth," Labiskwee cried suddenly. "And don't talk. I know what it is. Cover your mouth with your sleeve, thus, and do not talk."

McCan fell first, and struggled wearily to his feet. And after that all fell repeatedly before they reached the summit. Their wills exceeded their muscles, they knew not why, save that their bodies were oppressed by a numbness and heaviness of movement. From the crest, looking back, they saw the young men stumbling and falling on the upward climb.

"They will never get here," Labiskwee said. "It is the white death. I know it, though I have never seen it. I have heard the old men talk. Soon will come a mist—unlike any mist or fog-frost or smoke you ever saw. Few have seen it and lived."

McCan gasped and strangled.

"Keep your mouth covered," Smoke commanded.

A pervasive flashing of light from all about them drew Smoke's eyes upward to the many suns. They were shimmering and veiling. The air was filled with microscopic fire-glints. The near peaks were being blotted out by the weird mist; the young men, resolutely struggling nearer, were being engulfed in it. McCan had sunk down, squatting, on his skis, his mouth and eyes covered by his arms.

"Come on, make a start," Smoke ordered.

"I can't move," McCan moaned.

His doubled body set up a swaying motion. Smoke went toward him slowly, scarcely able to will movement

through the lethargy that weighted his flesh. He noted that his brain was clear. It was only the body that was afflicted.

"Let him be," Labiskwee muttered harshly.

But Smoke persisted, dragging the Irishman to his feet and facing him down the long slope they must go. Then he started him with a shove, and McCan, braking and steering with his staff, shot into the sheen of diamond dust and disappeared.

Smoke looked to Labiskwee, who smiled, though it was all she could do to keep from sinking down. He nodded for her to push off, but she came near to him, and side by side they flew down through the stinging thickness of cold fire.

Brake as he would, Smoke's heavier body carried him past her, and he dashed on alone, a long way, at tremendous speed that did not slacken till he came out on a level, crusted plateau. Here he braked till Labiskwee overtook him, and they went on, again side by side, with diminishing speed which finally ceased. The lethargy had grown more pronounced. The wildest effort of will could move them no more than at a snail's pace. They passed McCan, again crouched down on his skis, and Smoke roused him with his staff in passing.

"Now we must stop," Labiskwee whispered painfully, "or we will die. We must cover up—so the old men said."

She did not delay to untie knots, but began cutting her pack-lacings. Smoke cut his, and, with a last look at the fiery death-mist and the mockery of suns, they covered themselves over with the sleeping-furs and crouched in each other's arms. They felt a body stumble over them and fall, then heard feeble whimpering and blaspheming drowned in a violent coughing fit, and knew it was McCan who huddled against them as he wrapped his robe about him.

Their own lung-strangling began, and they were racked and torn by a dry cough, spasmodic and uncontrollable.

Smoke noted his temperature rising in a fever, and Labiskwee suffered similarly. Hour after hour the coughing spells increased in frequency and violence, and not till late afternoon was the worst reached. After that the mend came slowly, and between spells they dozed in exhaustion.

McCan, however, steadily coughed worse, and from his groans and howls they knew he was in delirium. Once, Smoke made as if to throw the robes back, but Labiskwee clung to him tightly.

"No," she begged. "It is death to uncover now. Bury your face here, against my parka, and breathe gently and do no talking—see, the way I am doing."

They dozed on through the darkness, though the decreasing fits of coughing of one invariably aroused the other. It was after midnight, Smoke judged, when McCan coughed his last. After that he emitted a low and bestial moaning that never ceased.

Smoke awoke with lips touching his lips. He lay partly in Labiskwee's arms, his head pillowed on her breast. Her voice was cheerful and usual. The muffled sound of it had vanished.

"It is day," she said, lifting the edge of the robes a trifle. "See, O my lover. It is day; we have lived through; and we no longer cough. Let us look at the world, though I could stay here thus for ever and always. This last hour has been sweet. I have been awake, and I have been loving you."

"I do not hear McCan," Smoke said. "And what has become of the young men that they have not found us?"

He threw back the robes and saw a normal and solitary sun in the sky. A gentle breeze was blowing, crisp with frost and hinting of warmer days to come. All the world was natural again. McCan lay on his back, his unwashed face, swarthy from camp-smoke, frozen hard as marble. The sight did not affect Labiskwee.

"Look!" she cried. "A snow bird! It is a good sign."

There was no evidence of the young

men. Either they had died on the other side of the divide or they had turned back.

XIV

There was so little food that they dared not eat a tithe of what they needed, not a hundredth part of what they desired, and in the days that followed, wandering through the lone mountain-land, the sharp sting of life grew blunted and the wandering merged half into a dream. Smoke would become abruptly conscious, to find himself staring at the never-ending hated snow-peaks, his senseless babble still ringing in his ears. And the next he would know, after seeming centuries, was that again he was roused to the sound of his own maunderings. Labiskwee, too, was light-headed most of the time. In the main their efforts were unreasoned, automatic. And ever they worked toward the west, and ever they were baffled and thrust north or south by snow-peaks and impassable ranges.

"There is no way south," Labiskwee said. "The old men know. West, only west, is the way."

The young men no longer pursued, but famine crowded on the trail.

Came a day when it turned cold, and a thick snow, that was not snow but frost crystals of the size of grains of sand, began to fall. All day and night it fell, and for three days and nights it continued to fall. It was impossible to travel until it crusted under the spring sun, so they lay in their furs and rested, and ate less because they rested. So small was the ration they permitted, that it gave no appeasement to the hunger pang that was much of the stomach but more of the brain. And Labiskwee, delirious, maddened by the taste of her tiny portion, sobbing and mumbling, velping sharp little animal cries of joy, fell upon the next day's portion and crammed it into her mouth.

Then it was given to Smoke to see a wonderful thing. The food between her teeth roused her to consciousness. She spat it out, and with a great anger

struck herself with her clenched fist on the offending mouth.

It was given to Smoke to see many wonderful things in the days yet to come. After the long snow-fall came on a great wind that drove the dry and tiny frost particles as sand is driven in a sand storm. All through the night the sand-frost drove by, and in the full light of a clear and wind-blown day, Smoke looked with swimming eyes and reeling brain upon what he took to be the vision of a dream. All about towered great peaks and small, lone sentinels, and groups and councils of mighty Titans. And from the tip of every peak, swaying, undulating, flaring out broadly against the azure sky, streamed gigantic snow-banners, miles in length, milky and nebulous, ever waving lights and shadows and flashing silver from the sun.

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," Smoke chanted, as he gazed upon these dusts of snow wind-flung into sky-scarfs of shimmering silken light.

And still he gazed, and still the bannered peaks did not vanish, and still he considered that he dreamed, until Labiskwee sat up among the furs.

"I dream, Labiskwee," he said. "Look. Do you, too, dream within my dream?"

"It is no dream," she replied. "This have the old men told me. And after this will blow the warm winds, and we shall live and win west."

XV

Smoke shot a snow-bird, and they divided it. Once, in a valley, where willows budded standing in the snow, he shot a snowshoe rabbit. Another time he got a lean, white weasel. This much of meat they encountered, and no more, though, once, half-mile high and veering toward the west and the Yukon, they saw a wild-duck wedge drive by.

"It is summer in the lower valleys," said Labiskwee. "Soon will it be summer here."

Labiskwee's face had grown thin, but the bright, large eyes were brighter and larger, and when she looked at him she was transfixed by a wild, unearthly beauty.

The days lengthened, and the snow began to sink. Each day the crust thawed, each night it froze again; and they were afoot early and late, being compelled to camp and rest during the midday hours of thaw when the crust could not bear their weight. When Smoke grew snow-blind, Labiskwee towed him on a thong tied to her waist. And when she was so blinded, she towed behind a thong to his waist. And starving, in a deeper dream, they struggled on through an awakening land bare of any life save their own.

Exhausted as he was, Smoke grew almost to fear sleep, so fearful and bitter were the visions of that mad, twilight land. Always were they of food, and always was the food, at his lips, snatched away by the malign image of dreams. He gave dinners to his comrades of the old San Francisco days, himself, with whetting appetite and jealous eye, directing the arrangements, decorating the table with crimson-leafed runners of the autumn grape. The guests were dilatory, and while he greeted them and all sparkled with their latest cleverness, he was frantic with desire for the table. He stole to it, unobserved, and clutched a handful of black ripe olives, and turned to meet still another guest. And others surrounded him and the laugh and play of wit went on, while all the time, gnawing hidden in his closed hand, was this madness of ripe olives.

He gave many such dinners, all with the same empty ending. He attended Gargantuan feasts, where multitudes fed on innumerable bullocks roasted whole, prying them out of smouldering pits and with sharp knives slicing great strips of meat from the steaming carcasses. He stood, with mouth agape, beneath long rows of turkeys which white-aproned shopmen sold. And everybody bought save Smoke, mouth still agape, chained by a leadenness of

movement to the pavement. A boy again, he sat with spoon poised high above great bowls of bread and milk. He pursued shy heifers through upland pastures and centuries of torment in vain effort to steal from them their milk, and in noisome dungeons he fought with rats for scraps and refuse. There was no food that was not a madness to him, and he wandered through vast stables, where fat horses stood in mile-long rows of stalls, ever seeking and never finding the bran-bins from which they fed.

Once, only, he dreamed to advantage. Famishing, shipwrecked or marooned, he fought with the big Pacific surf for rock-clinging mussels and carried them up the sands to the dry flotsam of the spring tides. Of this he built a fire, and among the coals he laid his precious trove. He watched the steam jet forth and the locked shells pop apart, exposing the salmon-colored meat. Cooked to a turn—he knew it; and this time there was no intruding presence to whisk the meal away. At last—so he dreamed within the dream—the dream would come true. This time he would eat. Yet in his certitude he doubted, and he was steeled for the inevitable shift of vision until the salmon-colored meat, hot and savory, was in his mouth. His teeth closed upon it. He ate! The miracle had happened! The shock aroused him. He awoke in the dark, lying on his back, and heard himself mumbling little, piggish squeals and grunts of joy. His jaws were moving, and between his teeth meat was crunching. He did not move, and soon small fingers felt about his lips, and between them was inserted a tiny sliver of meat. And in that he would eat no more, rather than that he was angry, Labiskwee cried and in his arms sobbed herself to sleep. But he lay on awake, marvelling at the love and the wonder of woman.

* * * * *

The time came when the last food was gone. The high peaks receded, the divides became lower, and the way opened promisingly to the west. But

their reserves of strength were gone, and, without food, the time quickly followed when they lay down at night and in the morning did not arise. Smoke weakly gained his feet, collapsed, and on hands and knees crawled about the building of a fire. But try as she

ing snow, came the trickling music of unseen streamlets.

Labiskwee lay in a stupor, her breathing so imperceptible that often Smoke thought her dead. In the afternoon the chattering of a squirrel aroused him. Dragging the heavy rifle, he



"Beside the fire, within arm's length, sat Shorty."

would, Labiskwee sank back each time in an extremity of weakness. And Smoke sank down beside her, a wan sneer on his face for the automatism that had made him struggle for an unneeded fire. There was nothing to cook, and the day was warm. A gentle breeze sighed in the spruce trees, and from everywhere, under the disappear-

wallowed through the crust that had become slush. He crept on hands and knees, or stood upright and fell forward in the direction of the squirrel that chattered its wrath and fled slowly and tantalizingly before him. He had not the strength for a quick shot, and the squirrel was never still. At times Smoke sprawled in the wet snow-melt

and cried out of weakness. Other times the flame of his life flickered, and blackness smote him. How long he lay in the last faint he did not know, but he came to, shivering in the chill of evening, his wet clothing frozen to the re-forming crust. The squirrel was gone, and after a weary struggle he won back to the side of Labiskwee. So profound was his weakness that he lay like dead through the night, nor did dreams disturb him.

The sun was in the sky, the same squirrel chattering through the trees, when Labiskwee's hand on Smoke's cheek awakened him.

"Put your hand on my heart, lover," she said, her voice clear but faint and very far away. "My heart is my love, and you hold it in your hand."

A long time seemed to go by, ere she spoke again.

"Remember always, there is no way south. That is well known to the Caribou People. West . . . that is the way . . . and you are almost there . . . and you will make it."

And Smoke drowsed in the numbness that is near to death, until once more she aroused him.

"Put your lips on mine," she said. "I will die so."

"We will die together, sweetheart," was his answer.

"No." A feeble flutter of her hand checked him, and so thin was her voice that scarcely did he hear it, yet he did hear all of it. Her hand fumbled and groped in the hood of her parka, and she drew forth a pouch that she placed in his hand. "And now your lips, my lover. Your lips on my lips, and your hand on my heart."

And in that long kiss darkness came upon him again, and when again he was conscious he knew that he was alone and he knew that he was to die. He was wearily glad that he was to die.

He found his hand resting on the pouch. With an inward smile at the curiosity that made him pull the drawstring, he opened it. Out poured a tiny flood of food. There was no particle of it that he did not recognize, all stolen

by Labiskwee from Labiskwee—bread-fragments saved far back in the days ere McCan lost the flour; strips and strings of caribou-meat, partly gnawed; crumbles of suet; the hind-leg of the snowshoe rabbit, untouched; the hind-leg and part of the fore-leg of the white weasel; the wing, dented still by her reluctant teeth, and the leg of the snowbird—pitiful remnants, tragic renunciations, crucifixions of life, morsels stolen from her terrible hunger by her incredible love.

With maniacal laughter Smoke flung it all out on the hardening snow-crust and went back into the blackness.

He dreamed. The Yukon ran dry. In its bed, among muddy pools of water and ice-scoured rocks, he wandered, picking up fat nugget-gold. The weight of it grew to be a burden to him, till he discovered that it was good to eat. And greedily he ate. After all, of what worth was gold that men should prize it so, save that it was good to eat.

He awoke to another sun. His brain was strangely clear. No longer did his eyesight blur. The familiar palpitation that had vexed him through all his frame was gone. The juices of his body seemed to sing, as if the spring had entered in. Blessed well-being had come to him. He turned to awaken Labiskwee, and saw, and remembered. He looked for the food flung out on the snow. It was gone. And he knew that in delirium and dream it had been the Yukon nugget gold. In delirium and dream he had taken heart of life from the life sacrifice of Labiskwee, who had put her heart in his hand and opened his eyes to woman and wonder.

He was surprised at the ease of his movements, astounded that he was able to drag her fur-wrapped body to the exposed, thawed gravel bank, which he undermined with the axe and caved upon her.

* * * * *

Three days, with no further food, he fought west. In the mid third day he fell beneath a lone spruce beside a wide stream that ran open and which he knew must be the Klondike. Ere

blackness conquered him, he unlashed his pack, said good-bye to the bright world, and rolled himself in the robes.

Chirping, sleepy noises awoke him. The long twilight was on. Above him, among the spruce boughs, were ptarmigan. Hunger bit him into instant action, though the action was infinitely slow. Five minutes passed before he was able to get his rifle to his shoulder, and a second five minutes passed ere he dared, lying on his back and aiming straight upward, to pull the trigger. It was a clean miss. No bird fell, but no bird flew. They ruffled and rustled stupidly and drowsily. His shoulder pained him. A second shot was spoiled by the involuntary wince he made as he pulled trigger. Somewhere, in the last three days, though he had no recollection how, he must have fallen and injured it.

The ptarmigan had not flown. He doubled and redoubled the robe that had covered him, and humped it in the hollow between his right arm and his side. Resting the butt of the rifle on the fur, he fired again, and a bird fell. He clutched it greedily and found that he had shot most of the meat out of it. The large-caliber bullet had left little else than a mess of mangled feathers. Still the ptarmigan did not fly, and he decided that it was heads or nothing. He fired only at heads. He reloaded, and reloaded, the magazine. He missed; he hit; and the stupid ptarmigan, that were loath to fly, fell upon him in a rain of food—lives disrupted that his life might feed and live. There had been nine of them, and in the end he clipped the head of the ninth, and lay and laughed and wept he knew not why.

The first he ate raw. Then he rested and slept, while his life assimilated the life of it. In the darkness he awoke, hungry, with strength to build a fire. And until early dawn he cooked and ate, crunching the bones to powder between his long-idle teeth. He slept, awoke in the darkness of another night, and slept again to another sun.

He noted with surprise that the fire

crackled with fresh fuel and that a blackened coffee-pot steamed on the edge of the coals. Beside the fire, within arm's length, sat Shorty, smoking a brown-paper cigarette and intently watching him. Smoke's lips moved, but a throat paralysis seemed to come upon him, while his chest was suffused with the menace of tears. He reached out his hand for the cigarette and drew the smoke deep into his lungs again and again.

"I have not smoked for a long time," he said at last, in a low, calm voice. "For a very long time."

"Nor eaten, from your looks," Shorty added gruffly.

Smoke nodded and waved his hand at the ptarmigan feathers that lay all about.

"Not until recently," he returned. "Do you know, I'd like a cup of coffee. It will taste strange. Also, flapjacks and a strip of bacon."

"And beans?" Shorty tempted.

"They would taste heavenly. I find I am quite hungry again."

While the one cooked and the other ate, they told briefly what had happened to them in the days since their separation.

"The Klondike was breakin' up," Shorty concluded his recital, "an' we just had to wait for open water. Two polin' boats, six other men—you know 'em all, an' crackerjacks—an' all kinds of outfit. An' we've sure ben a-comin'—polin', linin' up, an' portagin'. But the falls'll stick 'em a solid week. That's where I left 'em a-cuttin' a trail over the tops of the bluffs for the boats. I just had a sure natural hunch to keep a-comin'. So I fills a pack with grub an' starts. I knew I'd find you a-driftin' an' all in."

Smoke nodded, and put forth his hand in a silent grip.

"Well, let's get started," he said.

"Started hell!" Shorty exploded, "We stay right here an' rest you up an' feed you up for a couple of days."

Smoke shook his head.

"If you could just see yourself," Shorty protested.

And what he saw was not nice. Smoke's face, wherever the skin showed, was black and purple and scabbed from repeated frost-bite. The cheeks were fallen in, so that, despite the covering of beard, the upper row of teeth ridged the shrunken flesh. Across the forehead and about the deep-sunk eyes, the skin was stretched drum-tight, while the scraggly beard, that should have been golden, was singed by fire and filthy with camp-smoke.

"Better pack up," Smoke said. "I'm going on."

"But you're feeble as a kid baby. You can't hike. What's the rush?"

"Shorty, I am going after the biggest thing in the Klondike, and I can't wait. That's all. Start packing. It's the biggest thing in the world. It's bigger than lakes of gold and mountains of gold, bigger than adventure, and meat-eating, and bear-killing."

Shorty sat with bulging eyes.

"In the name of the Lord, what is it?" he queried huskily. "Or are you just simple loco?"

"No, I'm all right. Perhaps a fel-

low has to stop eating in order to see things. At any rate I have seen things I never dreamed were in the world. I know what a woman is . . . now."

Shorty's mouth opened, and about the lips and in the light of the eyes was the whimsical advertisement of the sneer forthcoming.

"Don't, please," Smoke said gently. "You don't know. I do."

Shorty gulped and changed his thought.

"Huh! I don't need no hunch to guess *her* name. The rest of 'em has gone up to the drainin' of Surprise Lake, but Joy Gastell allowed she wouldn't go. She's stickin' around Dawson, waitin' to see if I come back with you. An' she sure swears, if I don't, she'll sell her holdin's an' hire a army of gun-fighters, an' go into the Caribou Country an' knock the everlastin' stuffin' outa old Snass an' his whole gang. An' if you'll hold your horses a couple of shakes, I reckon I'll get packed up an' ready to hike along with you."

THE END





The splendid new National Transcontinental roadbed. Much time and labor has been spent in dressing it up.

Driving Steel Through a Wilderness

A transcontinental railway in a country such as Canada—the land of illimitable distances—marks a new epoch. It is a project fraught with immense difficulties and wonderful possibilities. In the Northern wake of the builders of the New Transcontinental will follow thousands of settlers, for the country is potentially rich, and without doubt the history of the West will be repeated in this new land of abundant promise. In this article the stupendous task of driving steel rails through the Northern wilderness is graphically described in picture and story.

By W. C. Arnott

IT IS ONE of the hallucinations of the human mind to imagine that the other fellow always has the easier job. The tendency to magnify the burden of one's own tasks is deep-seated. That is why you will find a divergency of opinion as to whose share in the work of building such a railway as the National Transcontinental has been the most onerous. Engineers in the field will

sniff disdainfully at the part performed by the staff at headquarters. Contractors' men will sneer at the achievements of the resident engineers. The navy, if he takes time to think about it at all, will be convinced that he alone has actually worked.

Yet when it comes to the final analysis, it is doubtful if any one person or group of persons has had to endure



"The rivers cut deep into the forest growth and their valleys open up panoramas of great attractiveness."

more genuine hardships than the men who located the road. One can cover the three or four hundred miles of completed track through northern Quebec and Ontario, comprised in the Cochrane district, with comparative comfort. It is even possible to go further and follow the grade for many miles on foot without any undue discomfort. But what a journey that must have been before the hand of man had set itself to hew a path through the wilderness. It was not alone a land spread thick with forest growth. Nor was it only the abundance of its rivers and lakes that rendered it difficult of passage. Above and beyond all this it was largely a water-sogged waste. All through the woods, water was held in storage in soaking ground and springy muskeg. It is easy enough to be courageous when dry of foot and warmly clad but to struggle forward day in and day out

through weeks and months, with drenched shoes and damp clothing, is a truer test of endurance. This was the lot of the locating engineers.

Water is one of the great assets of this north country. It is the main element of contrast in the scenery. Take away those brimming rivers that intersect the right of way at intervals of every few miles and a journey across the great clay belt would be more monotonous than a trip over virgin prairie. The prairie affords breadth of vision at least, but the forest closes in against one with monotonous and almost stifling uniformity. To relieve this oppression, the rivers come as rifts in a cloudy sky. They cut deep into the forest growth and their valleys open up panoramas of great attractiveness. From the high steel bridges that span their current, one peeps into regions full of potentialities for sport and exploration.



The engineers' camps consist of picturesque groups of log houses.

But in pré-railway days, the rivers were as bridgeless as the forests were pathless. Natural drainage alone carried off such surplus moisture as was squeezed out of the woods and more than enough remained to make prospecting unpleasantly damp and correspondingly disconsolate. Into such a land as this, supremely rich in its soil, abundantly blessed with water, the pioneers of the railway penetrated, taking the first essential steps in the work of construction.

Very much like actual warfare has been the building of the railway and while no human enemy in the shape of hostile tribes of Indians has been encountered, yet in subduing the opposing forces of nature, the railway builders have had to have recourse to many of the artifices of real war. With somewhat the same precision as an army is officered, the leaders of the railway forces have been placed in different

ranks and positions. At the head of the engineering staff, stands the chief engineer with his headquarters at the capital. Under him are the several district engineers, each of whom has charge of one or two districts. These districts are in turn divided into divisions and the divisions are subdivided into still smaller sections. Over a division, a divisional engineer takes charge, while resident engineers carry out the instructions of their superiors in the smaller subdivisions.

The rank and file are divided into gangs, corresponding to the companies in a regiment, while a camp may be considered as analogous to the regiment itself. As the work progresses the camps are moved forward, carrying the attack ever further and further into the enemy's territory. There are in each camp officers of the non-commissioned variety, time-keepers, paymasters, supply keepers, cooks and foremen, all of



Track laying machine at work.

whom have their particular duties to perform.

In the work of railroad building the transport of supplies has been one of the most important considerations. This was perhaps a more arduous undertaking in the early days before the men had obtained a firm footing in the land, but thanks to the existence of navigable rivers and lakes it was possible to carry supplies to the construction camps with comparative ease. Visitors who follow the trail of the railroad builders are shown relics of the days before the steel was down in the shape of scows, mackinaws and river steamers, some of which are fast decaying alongside some sheltering shore and others are in service as pleasure craft of one sort or another.

One contractor at least established a mono-rail route for bringing his supplies to the front. A single rail was laid along the grade, on which a two-wheeled contrivance was placed. By an

ingenious arrangement a horse was harnessed underneath one side of this vehicle and, the load being balanced neatly between horse and cart, so that the animal would not be lifted off its feet, the whole outfit would jog merrily along towards the camp.

In process of time, as mile after mile of track was laid, real trains began to supersede these primitive attempts at locomotion and to-day the supply train has become a regular bi-weekly or tri-weekly feature on the road. Fresh fruit and vegetables, meat and dairy products, are carried east and west in box cars and are delivered at the camps within a comparatively few hours. The strenuous days are over—the days when it was necessary to carry supplies to end of steel over frozen tote roads, before the coming of spring rendered communication uncertain. Nowadays the railroad builder is a pampered individual, living on the fat of the land and



From the high steel bridges that span the rivers one peeps into rivers full of potentialities for sport and exploration.

within as easy reach of the big mail order house as the average homesteader in the West.

Bereft of many of the blessings and comforts of civilization, with no saloons or theatres within several hundreds of miles, your railroad navy must be treated with some measure of consideration in the item of food. One may wonder at the plenty and variety that is placed before him at meal time but it must be regarded largely in the light of a bribe. The attraction of sight being denied him, for he is supposedly blind to the beauties of nature, or at least that aspect of nature which is vouchsafed him, it becomes necessary to appeal with double force to that other clamorous sense of taste. He must be fed well to hold him and this circumstance the contractor recognizes. That is why one finds these hard-worked navies feasting abundantly on roast beef

and pork, steak and potatoes, beans, cabbage, tomatoes, corn, bread and rolls, pudding and pie, cookies and cakes, jam and preserves, crackers and cheese. All these articles of food and more are contained within the limits of the bill of fare of a single meal.

The commissariat department is equally lavish with the engineers. These superior beings—the aristocrats of the road—are not fed by the contractors but by the Government. They are part of the great T. C. R. — the Transcontinental Commissioners' Railway—and as such they are entitled to the best that is to be had. Their camps are isolated from those of the laborers, being placed as a rule some half a mile from the railway and near some river or lake. A cook is detailed to provide for their wants and one of the log houses, which comprise the camp, is assigned for his use. Here he reigns



A little French-Canadian settlement has sprung into being at the Harricanaw River.

supreme and only at meal times is the engineering staff permitted to invade his quarters.

The life at an engineer's residency is not without its attractive features, albeit the young men there are so very much cut off from all those frills which help to make life worth living. As a rule they are a congenial company of well-educated young fellows, who have possibly been at college and know a few things about the ways of the world. They understand how to make themselves comfortable and they keep their quarters spick and span. They are not too far outside the postal limits to miss the enjoyment to be derived from the receipt of letters and papers, while there is customarily a fair assortment of books to fall back upon in the long evenings.

Practically everybody dabs a little at photography and the residency that cannot produce an album of photographs for the delectation of visitors has

yet to be discovered. It is an easy way to show what the staff has accomplished on the road and to illustrate feats of prowess in various fields of effort. Then your average residency boasts a gramophone, unless it be that members of the staff are themselves musicians. Sometimes a camp can even go to the extent of mustering a little orchestra, as at Low Bush residency.

A dogless residency is unknown, the number of canines being considerable, and there are sometimes other pets such as bear cubs and foxes on the place. Some camps have cows and chickens, from which they derive their own milk and eggs. In every case there is a garden where root crops grow exceedingly well and flowers bloom profusely, for it must be known that one's residence at a camp is not a matter of days or weeks or even months, but extends over whole years, so that it is worth while to go to some trouble to cultivate the ground.



Cochrane, the capital city of the Northern empire.

Splendid opportunities for enjoying outdoor life in a new and unspoilt country are the lot of the young fellows in the residencies. Necessarily there is work to be done, often of a strenuous and exhausting nature, but as construction proceeds, the stress is removed and more time is available for other pursuits. Hunting and fishing are to be had in plenty at the proper seasons, while in winter trapping is carried on. Chances for taking canoe trips on the rivers or sailing on the lakes are frequent and in fact there is no end to the free and untrammelled enjoyment of outdoor pursuits.

The foregoing depicts one phase of life in the railway camps. But it is not all beer and skittles. There is a sterner side to it. Just as in a military campaign officers and men may on the whole fare plentifully and have many means of enjoying themselves, yet they must keep ever before them the object towards which they are aiming. The

railway must be built and mixed with the lighter moments come those of more serious import.

When one is told that the country through which the railway passes, for many miles east and west of Cochrane, is comparatively level, it would appear as if the task of railroad construction would not be particularly difficult. A little extra effort in felling trees would seem to be the only additional outlay of labor that would distinguish its construction from that of a railway across the prairies. Unfortunately for the ideas of those who are unfamiliar with the nature of the country, actual construction did not work out so smoothly. It is true the grade was made with comparative ease and the steel followed expeditiously, but when it came to running trains over the track unforeseen difficulties arose. At certain points—not numerous it is true but sufficiently frequent to be a source of much vexation—the road caved in. Frequently

these saggings were in the neighborhood of streams or hollows, where temporary trestles had been erected to carry the track across, pending filling in, and the result was that the trestle would sometimes capsize and dump a passing train into the ditch. Or else it was just an ordinary piece of track, which would sink beneath the weight of a locomotive. Only one remedy was possible and that was earth. It became necessary to fill up the pores of the spongy ground with ballast. Trainload after trainload would be dumped into the voracious hole, until at last it could swallow no more and the track would have a solid foundation.

Sometimes the presence of these muskegs would not become noticeable for some time after preliminary construction had been completed. Then one day—a sag in the track would become noticeable, would grow more accentuated every day and finally would call for immediate attention. At other times it would become necessary to build a deviation around the sink-hole to carry traffic, while busy ballast trains would labor to fill in the gap. However, the worst muskeg must have its limit and patient effort at length succeeds in reaching that limit. The obstacles which nature has placed in the way of the advancing army of railroad builders, have always been surmounted.

One is sometimes inclined to wonder why it is taking so long to build this new railway, why the work of conquest is proceeding so slowly. The answer to this is simple. Such a high standard of construction has been called for that it has been impossible to build any more rapidly. Here for instance is a stretch of track, over which a train could readily run its fifty or sixty miles an hour and that as smoothly as on the best road in the older part of the country. It seems as if nothing more would be required before the contractor could hand it over as a finished piece of work. But it comes as a surprise to learn that all this track must be gone over again and dressed up with a final load of ballast.

Here is where much time and labor is being spent—not in the actual track laying—but in the dressing up of the roadbed.

Bridge building is another operation that delays construction. Where so many rivers have to be crossed, the item of bridges becomes indeed an important one. It has been the policy of the Government to put in permanent steel structures at the outset, not to wait and shoulder the expense on to a later day. For temporary needs, trestles have been erected to one side of the locations of the permanent bridges and, as quickly as the structural steel can be hurried to the place, the latter have been swung into position and bolted to the concrete foundations. This portion of the work is carried on independently of the regular railroad work, the engineering and contracting forces being specially mobilized for the purpose.

It must be conceded that most railways have been built to fill an existing need. Even in the case of roads in the newer portions of the West, there have been some settlers and some development in advance of the steel. But if the ultimate goal of the National Transcontinental be eliminated, and its transcontinental features be put out of the reckoning, it is almost unique in that it has been built through hundreds of miles of absolutely uninhabited territory. Stations have already been erected all along the line, but there is not a human being to make use of them. All the equipment is ready for the accommodation of a big population but the people are non-existent. This circumstance renders the achievement of the railroad builders all the more notable, in that they have carried on their work in an unpopulated region. There can be no doubt, however, that in their wake will follow thousands of settlers, for the country is potentially rich. Already some settlement has taken place near Cochrane and this will spread all along the line, until the history of the West will be repeated in this new land of abundant promise.

Unwritten Law

Probably the most interesting feature of routine business in Women's Clubs is the balloting on new members. Only a woman can really understand and duly appreciate the manifold difficulties and problems arising out of the procedure. Elizabeth Winter, an American writer, has seized on it in the writing of "Unwritten Law," in which she caricatures some of the leaders of a Woman's Literary organization, the members of which are unduly impressed with a sense of their own importance.

By Elizabeth Winter

"LADIES" — Mrs. Julius Thornton, President of the Dalton Woman's Literary Club, had rapped on the table, and there was immediate, reverent silence—"ladies, before we take up our regular programme, I wish to call attention to this magazine article. The writer is new to me, but she so evidently appreciates both the difficulties and the possibilities that lie before the rural woman who is reaching out for a broader and higher culture, that I feel we can do no better than to get her point of view."

She paused for breath, and the semicircle of faces beamed with interest.

"It will please me greatly to have the magazine passed about among you, and at our next meeting we will have a discussion—an earnest, intelligent one, let us hope."

The President looked solemnly from face to face, beginning on her left and ending with the last one on her right; and each head, in turn, had responded with a gracious inclination. That is, all except Mrs. Bertram Lloyd's. Hers was tossed to one side, and her eyes were rolled up to the ceiling. But she said nothing, which was as near an assent as could be expected, and Mrs. Julius Thornton had a perfect right to feel that her seed had fallen into good ground.

"And now we must get to work," she resumed, in brisk, business-like tones. "Whom will you have, ladies, to fill our

dear Mrs. Gorman's place? Remember we have only *one* vacancy."

The ladies looked at one another with serious, questioning eyes. Whom *could* they choose? Truly this club work brought great responsibilities! At last Mrs. Willet, over near the door, cleared her throat and ventured timidly:

"I nominate Mrs. Jim Thornton."

Silence.

"Is there a second to that nomination?"

The ladies searched their President's face, there was a distinct rustle, then—silence.

Two pink spots had come into Mrs. Willet's cheeks.

"Ladies, I deplore the awkwardness of the situation," Mrs. Thornton said suavely. "Nothing like it has occurred in the history of our organization. Of course, *all* of us would like to bring our special friends into this exclusive circle. As for myself, it is not necessary to say that I am very, very fond of my sister-in-law, Nannie Thornton; but"—she raised her eyes bravely—"like a great many other really good women, she is bound by her limitations. Forced to live in the country until last year, tied down with her little children and household cares, how could she be expected to find time for self-culture, for the expansion of mind and soul!"

"But she reads a great deal, and——"

"As for that, so does the colored lady in my kitchen," flashed Mrs. Bertram Lloyd, rolling her eyes to the ceiling

above Mrs. Willet's head. "I said to Bertram when I started down here—'Bertram,' I said, 'I intend to express myself quite frankly at the meeting.' Unwritten laws never did scare me." She brought her eyes down, flaunted them at the others, pursed her lips to one side, and shrugged.

Mrs. Thornton hastily interposed.

"My friends, that the Club would be a great help and pleasure to Mrs. Jim Thornton, we do not question for one moment; but—we—must—have—*students*—in the Woman's—Literary—Club. We need wide-awake women with a broad view of life, and a real interest in the vital—issues—of—our—times!"

"But she *does* know, and she is a good worker when——"

"So is my cook a good worker—when!"

The ladies laughed and felt relieved; then turned again toward their President. Would she be equal to this crisis?

She would.

"Time passes, my friends, and we must settle this question. Mrs. Willet's nomination has not been seconded. Are there any others?"

"I nominate Mrs. De Long, our new rector's wife," said Mrs. Lloyd. "I told Bertram just this afternoon that I thought she ought to belong. She has a great long string of D.D.'s in her family, and ought to know all about French history and Napoleon Bonaparte. Don't you think so?"

"Why, she is a perfect stranger! How could we possibly know——"

The President heard a whisper at her elbow—"What is the matter with Mrs. Willet?"—and again measured up to the responsibility of leadership.

"I feel, ladies, that Mrs. Lloyd is right. It is far wiser to risk a—a pleasing probability than to accept a—a—positive—a——"

"I second Mrs. Lloyd's nomination!" blurted Mrs. Abbott; and no wonder, for Mrs. Lloyd had brought sudden pressure to bear on her tenderest toe. Mrs. Willet had seen it.

The election was declared unanimous, nobody noticing Mrs. Willet's silence. But she arose, the spots in her cheeks flaming crimson.

"Madam President, may I be excused for five minutes?"

A shade of apprehension crossed Mrs. Julius Thornton's face.

"I'll be right back," Mrs. Willet added gently.

"Why, certainly, certainly. We will wait for your return, Mrs. Willet."

A sigh of mingled relief and wonder passed, like a wave, around the room when the door closed.

"Shall we wait, ladies? Very well—yes, I *do* think it is due Mrs. Willet. And, ladies, I will use the opportunity to say that we must be very considerate and—patient; for no one tries harder than Mrs. Willet to do her part of the work, and you know, too, that there is not a house in town quite so suitable for our Christmas reception as hers."

The President looked at her watch, fluttered the leaves of the magazine, looked at her watch again, and frowned slightly as Mrs. Willet, pale and out of breath, came inside the door, and remained standing.

She had been gone six minutes!

"I just ran down the street to the nearest telephone and called up Nannie Thornton," she said in a timid, deprecating voice. "I asked her—she said I might tell you—*she* wrote that in the magazine!"

Her eyes faltered upward as high as the President's hands that held the book, just as Mrs. Bertram Lloyd's rolled down from the ceiling, and rested, fascinated, on the same spot.

"She did not want it known about her articles and her—book but I begged her—I thought you would like to know."

Her eyes dropped again to her own hands, clasped tightly around a shopping-bag, and her voice almost failed her:

"If you should wish to have Mrs. Thornton—Mrs. Jim Thornton—in the Club, she can have—my place. I can—

not—I am not going to be—any longer. I'm too busy——”

At last the President found her voice.

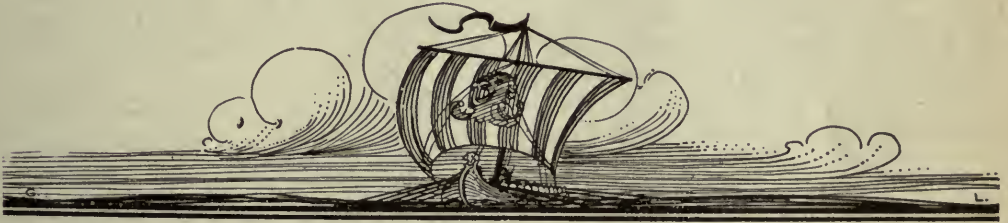
“My dear Mrs. Willet, we cannot for a moment consider your resignation! We will *create* a place for Mrs. James McClure Thornton in the Dalton Woman's Literary Club! To think of dear sister Nannie doing all those wonderful things, the quiet minx! Of course we could not know—how could we? But now everything is all right, and she must come right in! Going? And you will not reconsider? So sorry, every one

of us is—but, ladies, let's dispense with the programme, and go down in a body to welcome Mrs. Thornton into our Club! Mrs. Willet, we should be glad to have you join us.”

The ladies were on their feet in an instant.

Mrs. Willet had waited, holding to the door-knob, and the red spots had come back into her cheeks.

“Oh, I had forgotten! I told Nannie you *might* elect her, and she said, if you did, to thank you, and say she was sorry, but she didn't have time.”



Roadside Telephones for Automobilists

THE latest form of telephone enterprise is reported from England. The scheme consists of roadside telephones for automobilists. Patrol sentry boxes are now being erected at intervals of several miles along most of the main roads and in each box will be installed a telephone communicating with the nearest exchange. A patrol will be put on point duty at each box.

The scheme has been subscribed for by the road organization committee of the two principal automobilists' societies. The telephones will be at the service of their members for all purposes entirely free of cost. In the case of trunk calls the ordinary trunk fee only will be charged and a schedule of such fees will be exhibited in each sentry box. Members will, of course, be entitled to the service of the patrols either for the purpose of receiving or transmitting messages.

This extension will be of special value to members of the automobile associations not only in case of accidents or breakdown, but for private or business purposes, for communicating with their destination, for ordering meals or accommodation at hotels, while en route and in numerous other ways too numerous to mention.

Each sentry box will be available both for local and trunk calls, and for receiving as well as transmitting messages, so that in effect members of the association will be “get-at-able” from any point on the main road. The installation of the telephone service will do much to ensure the comfort and safety of members at all times while touring, and it is hoped in due course to establish the telephone system on every main road throughout the country.

Miracles of Modern Surgery

Possibly in no other branch of achievement has there been greater progress in recent years than in surgery. Anything now seems possible in this field of effort. So rapid have been the developments that it is almost impossible for physicians to keep in touch with them, much less to prophesy what may take place in the future. Some of the interesting miracles of modern surgery are outlined in the course of this article.

By Edward J. Moore

ONE fine Saturday afternoon back in the "eighties" when Jimmy Jones was acting as catcher for the east-side team in a corner-lot baseball match he got a "paster" with the full strength of a batter's swing on the bridge of the nose. Naturally Jimmy's nasal organ, in spite of somewhat strenuous effort on the part of the family doctor, was seriously flattened and his former very pleasing facial contour was altered almost beyond recognition.

Jimmy got through his boyhood days and his teens very creditably, despite his unfortunate handicap. The lack of a proper nose did not seem to interfere very materially, either, with his commercial abilities for with the growth of the town he was able to develop a contractor's business which promised to give him a good living. One day last fall, however, a new family moved to town and into one of his new houses and, to put it briefly, Jimmy fell rapidly and violently in love with the only daughter of the home.

Shortly afterward Contractor Jones gave out that he was going away on a somewhat extended trip and his itinerary was kept carefully to themselves by the very few friends he let into his secret.

The other day a handsome young man with a suit and stride remarkably familiar walked down K— street to a group of new houses and called out to the boss carpenter: "How are you getting along, Bill?"

"Bless my soul," returned the foreman, dropping his mallet and chisel, "if it ain't Jimmy. And your nose is all right again. I wouldn't have known you only for your voice."

Jimmy tells an interesting story of how the surgeons did the repair work.

"They hacked me up pretty well," he says, in his own humorous way. "First they carved up my face, then opened me up down below, cut out a chunk of one of my ribs and grafted it in where my nose ought to have been. And," he goes on proudly, referring to the new and highly improved organ, "they made it alright, didn't they?"

Incidentally, too, Jimmy tells that he never felt so well in his life. It is only natural that the restoration of the nasal passages, which had been almost completely blocked for twenty years, has provided for a decided improvement in general health and has given Jimmy a new grip on things. Incidentally, too, the chances are, *now*, that he will get the girl.

The facts of this story, which are substantially, if not absolutely, true, were given to the writer the other day as one example of some of the wonderful things done by modern methods of surgery. And this case is only one of the simplest. It is quoted first as being the most readily believable.

This old world of ours is moving on all right. Progress is manifest in a multitude of lines of human effort. But in none of them, probably, are the

blessings and benefits more evident, nor does the future promise greater things than in the development of skill and methods in surgical procedure. It is a far call from the middle of last century, when the surgeon's knife was regarded as a last resort and when the patient, even in simple operations, not only suffered excruciating agonies but also stood comparatively small chances of recovery, to the present when pain and shock have been very largely if not altogether eliminated and when the skilled surgeon can handle muscle, flesh, bones and even vital organs with a confidence that in almost every case means the relief of suffering and the restoration of the diseased or deformed organ to its normal function.

Cases such as that of Jimmy Jones are of such frequent occurrence to the doctors that they seem to be rather surprised when inquiry is made regarding them. Perhaps, too, there is something in the ideals or ethics of the profession which militates against these matters being made technically familiar to the general public. The perusal of several of the current medical journals has, however, provided an excuse for the telling, from a layman's standpoint, of a few of the true "fairy-stories" of modern surgery.

"What Can Be Done with Bones," perhaps does not sound particularly inviting as the subject for an address and yet any surgeon who has kept in touch with the recent developments of his profession could hold the interest of an audience for hours in discussing the question.

Even so long as twenty-five years ago a small girl with a diseased arm was taken, in one of the Glasgow hospitals, to Dr. William MacEwan. He took away the decayed section of the upper bone, a short time afterward replaced it with pieces of bone secured from another child in a different operation and sewed up the arm. To-day, so a report in one of the journals states, that child, now a mother and a widow, supports a small family by playing the piano in a music hall.

The X-rays, of course, play a large part in present-day operations and provide to a large extent for the successful diagnosis of conditions as well as for examination after the operation has taken place.

It is not perhaps generally understood that the modern plague, tuberculosis, affects the bones as well as the pulmonary region, causing serious decay. Dozens of the little cripples seen in the streets of our cities are afflicted in this way.

A little over a year ago a United States surgeon who had made a special study of this class of disease was in Winnipeg for a short time and had brought before him a little girl cripple of six. Examination showed that both bones of one of the limbs were badly eaten away. In this case a section of bone four inches long was taken from the little patient's other leg to replace the diseased section. Several months after the operation an X-ray photograph showed that the transplanted bone was growing at both ends. Another photograph recently taken showed that practically a new bone had developed. The doctor who reports the case says that now the child runs and skips seemingly as well as any of her playmates.

Children with humpbacks and others who suffer from the painful and humiliating deformities of club feet are being treated to-day with almost certainty of success by methods of bone-grafting that fifty years ago would have been considered wild dreams.

There is something rather uncanny in the thought that portions of flesh, bone and even glands from dead bodies may, under favorable conditions, be kept for weeks or even months and then utilized to take the place of portions of a living human being which by reason of disease or accident have been removed. And yet that sort of thing is done and promises to enter largely into surgical methods in the future. Dr. Roswell Park, professor of surgery in the University of Buffalo, who has specialized along very interesting lines, in

a recent address which attracted much attention from the profession suggested procedure which seems more than miraculous. He supposed the case of a healthy young woman meeting an instantaneous death through violent accident and forecast the possibility of using not only the bones, the teeth, the arteries, nerves and muscles, but also the greater portion of the epidermis to take the place of missing portions of living bodies.

The possibilities of skin-grafting have been known and to some extent utilized for years but more recently these possibilities have been developed to a much greater extent. Nowadays it seems quite practicable to graft portions of flesh freely from one part of the patient to another or from another individual, or even from other animals. In this connection it may be interesting to note that the grafting operations are not aimed to cover the whole of the denuded section but that the new skin is put on in patches or "islands," to give the technical term, and these grow together to complete the new covering.

With the possibilities of these methods there should be little place in the future for the fake beauty-doctor, who with injections of wax professes to fill out the cheeks of gullible patrons who are not satisfied with what nature has given them. It is a comparatively easy thing, the doctors report, to transplant fat and in this way sunken facial features or portions of the body which are less developed than desired may be filled out safely and permanently.

Wonderful things are also reported as a result of surgical treatment of the eye. Just the other day in New York, for example, a woman suffered an accident which necessitated the removal of part of the cornea. The operation came to the notice of a physician who was treating the diseased eye of a Chinaman and the removed section was transplanted to the Asiatic with what are said to have been surprisingly good results.

Forty years ago a suggestion to open the human brain-cavity would have

been regarded as ridiculous, not only by the public but also among the medical fraternity. Even yet stories of such things are accepted with hesitancy by the average layman. And yet in recent years the practicability of localizing cranial disturbances and of remedying these by operation has been so remarkably demonstrated that there is now little hesitancy in following such methods. At first this class of operations was intended for the removal of tumors, blood clots and skull depressions. More recently, however, these methods have been employed in the curing of cases of mental peculiarity and dangerous characteristic tendencies. If the practice is carried to the logical extent its possibilities suggest it may be that in another generation the evil tendencies of the so-called troublesome class of society will be largely, if not altogether, eliminated by localization of these mental lesions and correction by surgical methods.

Perhaps even more wonderful, if that is possible, than the examples of surgical progress already cited are the operations carried out on what we speak of as the vital organs. The freedom with which the skilled surgeon now-a-days opens the body and pokes about in its interior is by great odds stranger than any of the sorcery or magic of the far-famed east.

It is only a few years since medical students everywhere were strongly impressed as to the seriousness of opening the abdominal cavity. Now-a-days the removal of the appendix is regarded more or less as a common operation. One of the recent journals reports a particularly interesting case from France where a well-known surgeon removed the entire stomach of a peasant, connecting the lower end of the esophagus to the upper end of the small intestine. Without doubt the patient will have to be somewhat careful of his diet but the doctors say that with this attended to there is no reason why he should not get along fairly comfortably. Another doctor suggests as practically possible the replacing of a diseased stomach

with another healthy one taken from a dead body.

In a somewhat similar way, the thoracic cavity, the home of the heart and lungs, is explored and repairs carried out. Now-a-days the surgeon is even able to sew up a heart wound and in some cases to strengthen arterial walls.

These are only a few examples of the wonder-working methods of modern surgical science. Hundreds of other cases, many of them so unexpected as to tax one's credulity, can be cited by any recent graduate of a first-class medical school. And again, new discoveries leading to further unimagined possibilities, are coming to light every day. What developments the future may offer is so problematical that even members of the profession hesitate to express an opinion as to the limits of surgical possibilities.

"Anything! Anything seems possible," said a successful surgeon in discussing the matter the other day. "News of new methods, new successes, comes in from Europe, from America, from everywhere, so thick and fast that it is practically impossible to keep in touch with it all, much less to prophesy what may take place in years to come."

With such things now known to be true one can only conjecture as to future possibilities. And such conjecture may well be startling if not absolutely productive of a certain feeling of fear.

Is it possible, perhaps, that in the time of our great-grandchildren, when the present wonderful methods and discoveries will be considered obsolete, the surgeons will be able to replace all the diseased and worn-out sections, organs and portions of the human body in such a way as to prolong life indefinitely? One can only conjecture.

Vacuum-Cleaning the Human Body

HAVE you taken a vacuum-light bath? The chances are you have not, for this is something new under the scientific sun. This new method is the process of combining the heat rays of an incandescent lamp with a vacuum. Bell-shaped cups of various forms and sizes for applying to various parts of the body are used, an electric light being fitted into the interior. The strength of the suction pull and of the light depends, too, upon the area of the body to be treated. The palm of the hand, of course, will stand greater pressure and more heat than will the face. The action of the suction cup alone is twofold: it draws from the skin impurities characteristic of certain not uncommon skin diseases; and furthermore, it draws the blood to the surface, the blood picks up waste matter that the suction does not get and carries it to the various excretory organs, such as the liver, kidneys and lungs, where in one form and

another it is eliminated from the body. It also brings to the diseased part substances for building up new tissue and healing the wound. The circulation of the blood in the diseased areas is especially stimulated by successively applying and withdrawing the suction cup.

In addition to the effects of the suction the remarkably stimulating effects of heat are introduced. The small lamp within the cup dilates the blood-vessels which lie near the surface of the body, allowing a greater volume of blood to reach the affected part, and also accelerating the flow of the blood stream. The heat rays find the skin in an especially receptive condition, for the suction opens the pores of the skin in a remarkable manner; and the push of the body surface toward the lamp serves to drive the rays into the interior of the skin.

The Dodds-Sinders

The Dodds-Sinders stories will run in MacLean's during January, February and March. The stories record the experiences of a Canadian family which suddenly acquires wealth and endeavors to attain social prominence. The three chapters deal with the Dodds-Sinders at home, abroad, and on their return. Mr. Cahn has given all of the stories a delightfully humorous turn.

By Ed. Cahn

Part One—AT HOME

THE doorbell rang just as James, butler to the Sinderson family, was in the midst of a graphic account of how Miss Birdie Sinderson had managed to overturn a plate full of soup into her young man's lap the evening before. He had reached the most dramatic part of his story, there was a broad grin upon the faces of all his hearers and James was too much of an artist to stop upon the very brink of a climax.

He continued and the bell sounded again, but not until he was rewarded by a howl of laughter from the Jimpkin's butler, Mrs. Jimpkin's maid, all the Sinderson servants and Jones' valet assembled in the kitchen and disposed around a table decorated with several bottles of Sinderson's best imported beer, did he make any move to answer.

As the echoes died away after the second summons, James donned his coat, pulled down his cuffs and assuming his professional air of funeral gravity picked up the solid silver card tray from a corner of the stove and leisurely proceeded to the discharge of his duty.

Mr. Sinderson, feeling himself to be in bad odor with his family, had taken refuge from their wrath in the library, that vault-like home of learning in the most expensive bindings, arranged upon the shelves in a sort of checker-board effect that Sinderson thought and freely said was "swell and neat."

All the books in black bindings were

together, those in grey beneath, flanked a little below by those in green and red. Sinderson had been to considerable pains to find shades enough to continue the idea upon all four walls of the big room and had not spared expense, even going to the lengths of having a stack of city directories rebound in sky blue to fill out a corner.

But, even in the midst of his literary kaleidoscope, Sinderson was not happy, for he had nothing to read.

Mrs. Sinderson and the girls carefully examined every book and magazine that came to the house and had, ever since the awful day when Mrs. T. T. Byble had found nothing but fashion plates and five numbers of the Pinkun and seven of a horrible Yankee Police Gazette on the library table.

Sinderson had been sitting gloomily smoking and wishing himself poor again when the first summons came. He sprang up and was making for the door when he recollected that he now had a butler to open doors and so even that small pleasure was denied him. At the second ring he began to hope that James had fallen down the cellar stairs and broken his superior neck and to wonder if he did not now have sufficient excuse to offer Sally for answering it himself.

Then it flashed upon him that in a reckless moment that day he had invited old Donald Hicks to call upon

him and have a pipe whilst they talked over the old days. He shuddered at the thought of a visit from Hicks upon such an evening. He would just tip him the wink to make himself scarce since the Missis and the girls were in such critical humors.

Sinders scrambled out of the enormous chair in which he was half buried and hastened across the slippery polished floors toward the door. He trod as warily as a cat upon hot bricks but a rug with all the fiendish treachery of the Persian slid beneath him and all but laid him low. At this instant he heard James approaching and promptly gave way to downright panic.

He would have sworn before all the K.C.'s in Canada that he who stood without the portal was none other than Donald Hicks, stewed of course, for was it not close on to ten p.m.; had not Donald made a modest clean-up at Porcupine, and who, with brains in his head, putting those things together could doubt but what he had employed every shining moment in an energetic attempt to put himself outside of all the moisture to be had in the city—far famed as the most virtuous in Canada?

Hicks was unconventional at all times, but at ten in the evening of a festive day! Well, he must be headed off at all costs. What might he not say to the painfully correct and formal James? What sort of a shindy would he not kick up right there on the doorstep? St. George Street, hearing it, would elevate its already lofty nose and Sally and the girls—

Sinders bit his under lip and swore a miner's oath to reach that door first.

Alas, thanks to the slippery floor and the cursed Persian he had lost too much time. He heard his butler sliding back the door and entering the hall. He had seen his employer leaping from rug to rug down the long vista of the rooms and, knowing that if he allowed him to open the door he would hear from Mrs. Sindere without fail, hastened his pace to a dog trot.

"Hi'll hawnser, sir!" he said, but Sindere still kept on.

"The old fool is getting deaf," thought James and mended his pace. Sindere not daring to raise his voice lest Sally should overhear, increased his pace and so, master and man ran nothing more nor less than a foot-race to the door.

Thanks to the butler's handicap, Sindere won by a nose and opened the door.

Sure enough, there stood, or rather leaned, friend Hicks, very much the worse for wear and showing every sign of distress in visage and eccentric apparel. He was shedding copious tears and vainly endeavoring to dry them upon the hard and unresponsive surface of all that remained of a three-dollar derby hat.

The verandah light was bathing this operation in a golden glow and the departing guests at the house across the way were showing marked signs of interest.

One glance was enough to reveal to Sindere the futility of asking Donald to depart. He must remove him from the public gaze, come what might. He reached for Donald's collar with one hand and for the light switches with the other.

His friend's untimely lurch forward confused him and so he not only failed to put out the verandah light but jerked Hicks into a hall as dark as the inside of a blind man's hat.

James, mystified by all this, had retired a few feet and stood waiting, partly for orders but mostly in order to hear what was to happen next.

The slamming of the front door and Donald's incoherent greetings brought Mrs. Sindere rustling to the head of the stairs.

"James!" she called, alarmed at the darkness and the strange voice.

"Yes, madam," said James from the gloom.

"What's the trouble? Turn on the lights! This instant!"

"Yes, madam."

"No, sir!" hissed Sindere desperately.

"Nozzer lady lost in the fog," ob-

served Hicks. "I'll shing to keep 'er company." And he raised his voice.

"Shut up!" roared Sindersons.

"Turn on the lights!" called Mrs. Sindersons furiously.

James started for the switches. Sindersons pushed Hicks toward the library; he protested and tried to go the other way. Mrs. Sindersons ran down the stairs just in time to meet all three at the foot of them. There was a head-splitting collision and they all fell in a heap, the four-hundred-dollar grandfather clock, which had just that day been sent home from Byrre's and forgotten in its new place, crashing over upon them.

There was a shower of glass, the chimes sounded wildly and then they untangled themselves.

"Beg pardon, sir," said James.

"Police!" croaked Donald. "It's a raid!" Mrs. Sindersons began to scold vehemently, and what Sindersons said could never be repeated.

The girls came running, the French maid excitedly telephoned for the police, the neighbor's servants remained in the background but missed none of the details and Donald, separated from the debris of the grandfather clock, was thrust into the library and onto the lounge to sleep it off and be out of harm's way. Instead of subsidizing, however, he amused himself by pulling down books and endeavoring to throw them back into place after the manner of a game of quoits.

After all this, of course, no power on earth could save Sindersons from the interview with Sally and the girls which had been impending all evening. He answered the numerous questions of the policeman who came in answer to the maid's call, and bribed James into a promise of silence, under the impression that he was the only dangerous witness, and then he meekly obeyed orders and joined his wife in her sitting-room.

Nora and Birdie were there, too. He saw that they had recently been weeping and his heart softened, until he noticed that they both wore the gowns whose exaggerated cut had provoked

him to stern criticism earlier in the evening.

He sat down before his better five-eighths, jauntily crossed his legs and thrust his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest.

His wife looked at him witheringly until he could bear it no longer.

"Sally! As sure as my name's Sandy Sindersons I——"

"Don't call me Sally. And your name is not Sandy. You are S. Hobson Sindersons, or at least you used to be, but the girls and me have decided that from now on you and us are the Dodds-Sindersons. Your ma's folks were Dodds and good people in the old country and everybody knows I was a Dodds, and my family can't be beat in Canada, so we are Dodds-Sindersons from this out."

"But everybody calls me Sandy. All the boys——"

"Don't interrupt! It's bad form and 'Sandy' is vulgar."

"The boys, miners like that Hicks, we are not going to know any more. They're bad form."

Seeing the downcast look upon her father's face Birdie handed him a card upon which was engraved "Dodds-Sindersons." "See here, pa, it looks swell."

He looked at it doubtfully.

"What's this here mark?"

"It's a hyphen."

"Hi—hife—Dodds, line between Sindersons, eh? I'll keep this, Birdie, and learn it before I spring it on anybody."

Mrs. Sindersons sighed impatiently. "There you are again, using slang. I tell you Dodds-Sindersons we will never get anywhere or be anything until you get refined."

"Well, Sally, Sarah I mean! We don't need to be refined. We've got plenty of money. We have one of the swellest houses, and the swellest clothes and——"

"Yes, and nobody will look at us because everybody calls you Sandy and slaps you on the back, and folks like Hicks come and make a show of us. Everybody has heard about how your ma insisted on doing the cooking herself even though I have a high-priced

French chef in the kitchen, and she would call him "Cheffie" and gossip with the Jimpkin's maid over the back fence."

"Well, ma can make better tea-biscuit than that chef and you used to gossip with everybody up in the mines."

"Oh, be still! Porcupine's society don't count. We are millionaires now. I want Nora and Birdie to have some chance."

"So do I."

"Well, for pity's sake then, pa, don't order any more 'cuisine' at a restaurant."

"Say!" exclaimed Dodds-Sinders, interested at last, "I could see from that waiter's face that something was wrong. I heard Bob Short say the cuisine at that hotel was fine. I was tired of all the queer stuff we've been getting for to top off with and so I says to him, 'Bring along a big order of that there cuisine.'"

Nora, divided between laughter and tears, explained, but her father was still doubtful.

"I don't know, Nora. Bob Short is up to date. He said it and he ought to know."

"Him know!" cried Mrs. Dodds-Sinders. "Why, his pa was nothing but a barber."

"You don't say! How do you know?"

"I heard Mrs. Toppe-Nyche say he was a barbarian and his father before him. So you see you can't go by what he says."

"Um, maybe, but I could buy and sell the Toppe-Nyches and they don't live on such a swell street either. I don't see why you set such store by them."

"They're in society, real society, and they know lords and earls and everything in England," answered Mrs. Dodds-Sinders.

"Pa, we are going to England."

"What for?"

"For culture."

"What's that? Don't they keep it here?"

The silence that greeted this question, and the hopeless expression upon

three feminine faces, made Dodds-Sinders realize that he had made one more mistake. He grinned unhappily.

Nora sprang up and ran to throw her arms around him.

"Dear old dad. This is not your lucky day. I'll tell you. Ma and Birdie and I have spent a lot of money furnishing up this house like a palace and hiring all these saucy servants and trying to get into the best society, but we can't do it while we are so ignorant of what's the right thing to do, and have, and say, and go to."

"We think that your way of making money is a good way to get what we want if we just use it right. When you first landed in the mines you didn't know quartz from railroad iron and instead of trying to prospect right away, you hired out and learned from the beginning up—didn't you?"

Dodds-Sinders nodded and smoothed Nora's bonny brown head with a diamond-decked but still horny hand.

"Well, we have tried to learn this society life from the top; it don't work, and so we are going over to England where they really know how, and see if we can't pick up a few points."

"Then we will come back here and we will see who turns up their nose at us!" cried Birdie.

"All right, me girls. Go along. I'll pay the bills and never hol—complain. Yer ma can't say I ever denied her a thing I could give her, but look out you don't come back so cultured that I don't know you at all."

They all laughed.

"You are going along, Sam, right along. You need cultivation as much as we do."

"But Sally, dear, I'm too old to be learning new tricks."

"Oh, no, you're not; you're only forty-seven."

"I wish I was ninety."

"It wouldn't save you."

"I wish you'd tell me why you—"

"I'll teach this town that Sarah Dodds-Sinders always gets what she goes after."

"All right. I'll go along and watch the fun."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Birdie, "what a queer odor! Something must be burning."

Dodds-Sinders gave a gasp and dashed down to the library followed by his family.

There, on the hearth-rug before the fire lay Donald Hicks fast asleep, beside him were two gold fish and a third, impaled upon the papercutter, was toasted to a turn.

They looked at their unconscious guest with various expressions and finally Mrs. Dodds-Sinders spoke.

"Samuel, please don't make any

friends like Hicks in London. It's a good thing we are sailing next week."

"I'll be awful lonesome over there, Sarah. Can't I take along a valet for company?"

"Certainly! The very thing."

"All right. I'll sober up Hicks. He needs culturating too and me and him could have some fun I bet you."

"I bet you can't!" chorused three indignant voices.

Dodds-Sinders, left alone, sank into a chair beside Hicks. "You lucky pup," he said enviously. "You ain't got a copper to your name and ain't never going to have. I wish you was me and I was you."

Novels That Never Reach Print

WHO buys and reads all the new novels?

It may serve as a warning to those with an itch for scribbling to know that, despite the great array of novels that brighten the booksellers' windows, only one-half per cent. of those written ever attain the glory of print and a dollar-and-a-half label. This, at any rate, is the estimate of a popular London publisher.

Great as is the number of novels published, it is only the merest fraction of those submitted. Yet the number of novel-writers, especially women, is apparently increasing every month. At least three-quarters of the novels submitted are the work of women.

If the people who talk of the great flood of novels could see the daily shower of manuscripts, they would wonder, not at the number published, but at the

labor in weeding the possible books from the impossible.

Many people who swear by certain established authors wonder where the new novelists — those of the outer fringe — find their public. The answer is that the library circulation alone is generally enough to make the publishing of a new novel worth while; and there is always the chance that a book will make an unexpected hit. The judgment of the publisher's reader is not infallible, and one always hopes for the unexpected.

Of course all the novels published do not pay, but what is lost on the swings is made up on the roundabouts.

Strange to say there is a strong superstition that red books are more likely to win success than those dressed in any other color.

What Will Lloyd George Do Next?

The remarkable career of David Lloyd George, the "mouthpiece of democracy in the British Commons," is replete with so many startling features that it is not unnatural for one to ask: "What will he do next?" In the brief sketch which we present this month the writer discusses the query in all of its interesting phases. Inevitably Lloyd George has the ear of the democracy. Will he become the leader of some new movement or the new head of some great party?

By Linton Eccles

THE future of the Right Honorable David Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer and mouthpiece of the democracy in the British House of Commons, is still an enigma to his friends and his foes. That is the penalty of being a personality: your opponents and often those who side with you don't know what you are going to do next. Perhaps it is as well they shouldn't, because a personality wouldn't be a personality if he were governed by the rule of commonplace. And Lloyd George may be revolutionary, even anarchistic, besides all the unflattering things the fellows on the other side say about him; but he can't be commonplace.

They say he shuffles uneasily on his seat in the Cabinet chamber. I don't doubt it. I should be greatly surprised,

and greatly disappointed, if he sat and said and did nothing different from what his colleagues say and do. Because? Oh, well, say because he's not commonplace.

They say he wants the leadership. Of course; and there are two or three, at least, other ambitious men in the present Liberal Government who have got it all thought out that they are as Elisha to Elijah, and that they and they only are the heaven-appointed ones to try on Asquith's mantle. But I have an idea—it may sound a little irreverent, but it isn't, really—that heaven stands aside in affairs like these and lets its puppets arrange these



David Lloyd George.

little dealings for themselves.

A while back nearly everybody was saying that Sir Edward Grey, now Foreign Secretary, should be and would

be the next Prime Minister, or at any rate the next leader of the British Liberal party. That seemed heaven's way of arranging it to those who considered themselves, under heaven, the real brains of their party. "Who could be better than Grey?" they asked themselves and each other and anybody else who would listen. "He is a proved statesman and diplomat, and is wonderfully well trusted and liked by the Tories. What better proof could you have that he is the best man we can have?"

Well, ambition has a way of upsetting rudely the nice calculations of the armchair generals, political, social, military and domestic. There are men, one or two at least, who are more ambitious than Sir Edward, who are heard of by the great public outside about ten times or more to Grey's once. The fact is, they take care to keep on acquaintance terms with what we call the man in the street, whilst the Foreign Secretary sticks closely to the work of his big department and rarely faces the mass of voters, even at the seething time of a general election. He would far rather handle a documental crisis with a foreign power than address his fellow members of the House of Commons, and he would rather address his fellow members than he would talk from a platform to the man with the free franchise.

Rumor has been called all shades of a lying jade, but sometimes she tells the truth. Perhaps she is telling, or hinting, the truth about Lloyd George. You have to find out how far by putting the signs together. Undoubtedly, the big little Welshman wants political power, and more of it than his present position gives him. Unquestionably, he believes himself to be a, if not the, chosen leader of democracy in Britain. That is obvious because he has led democracy in Britain already about twice as far, comparatively, towards the goal of democratic salvation than has any leader before him; and you can bunch the whole lot of them—Cobden, Bright, Gladstone, Campbell-Bannerman, As-

quith—for the purpose of this reckoning.

Inevitably, Lloyd George has the ear of the democracy. It is a simple question why. He talks to the democracy for the democracy, and he gives, or aims at giving, the democracy what it wants, or thinks it wants, or what he persuades it that it wants. He has given it old age pensions, a revolutionary budget that taxes the dead and the living on the toll of their possessions as they never have been taxed before. And there is state insurance, labor exchanges and other palliatives of unemployment and industrial inability, that are being tried out and have yet to demonstrate their real power as vote-pullers.

It is probable that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has gone as far along the line of reform as the Cabinet and the party will let him for the present, and for some time to come. And he is in the position of being impatient to travel on, with the Cabinet and the party applying the brakes. There is a good deal that is reason on their side. The era of democratic reform ushered in by the smashing Liberal victory of 1906 has had something of pyrotechnic splendor about it. Men who are apt to dismiss the greatest Welshman since Owen Glendower's day in a derisive sentence say his performances have been all fireworks and nothing else, but they are wrong. For, when you get down to the bottom of things, you find that the thinking British electors are not in the habit of re-electing any party on their displays of pyrotechnic politics.

But this six years' spell of reform has left the public rather out of breath, particularly as the public has in various ways to pay for the privilege of being reformed, and pay in cash, whether it is in percentages on property values or in three-penny stamps to stick on insurance forms. And it may be that the public in Britain is ready for a rest, to get used to the new state of things. But, say those who agree with the Chancellor, these reforms were all overdue, and there are some other important

changes in the old course of events that we are still anxiously waiting for, some last shreds of the pall of feudalism to be torn away.

Anyway, whether the people want more reform or more time to digest the meal they have been served since 1906, David Lloyd George has preserved practically unimpaired his hold on the democracy. His closest associates say he has immensely strengthened it, but the testing time for that has yet to come; and doubtless it is coming very soon.

It used to be that Lloyd George and Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty, were the David and Jonathan of the British Cabinet. They both could not be Prime Ministers at the same time, and perhaps neither could have been Prime Minister without the countenance and the co-operation of the other. So, on the face of it, they were fast political friends. Then Churchill was translated from the Home Office, where he upset the Labor allies of the Government, to the Admiralty, where he set about reforming with a zeal surprising even to himself. But it was reforming the wrong way, so the Lloyd George section said, though naturally it pleased the big navy people and made friends for the new Admiralty head where he was sadly lacking them, on the Tory side of the House. Lloyd George was the man with the nation's purse, and he used his influence and his power to say that Churchill could have only so much to add to the weight of floating armaments against Germany. And though Churchill's influence was thrown in the scale whither the money went, and his utmost persuasion was applied to make the scale weigh down more heavily, he was beaten at the game of argument, probably because his friend the Chancellor had hold of the purse-strings, which was as good as having the last word.

We may take it, reasonably, then, that the David and Jonathan partnership, if not at an end, is not now an active alliance. It looks as if David and Jonathan-Winston had come dan-



David Lloyd George in a recent pose.

gerously near an open rupture over the problem of how many Dreadnoughts. We heard about that time, and for the first time, of Lloyd George's new land policy plans. He said, you remember, during the debates on the famous budget, that the land tax did not go far enough, that is as far as he would have liked it to go; and if he didn't say it very openly in the House he said it plainly enough outside, in the country, and not to small audiences either. Mr. Churchill has not said, perhaps has been careful not to say, anything about the new crusade whose forces are now actively being collected. But Mr. Ure, the Lord Advocate, Mr. Masterman and one or two other leaders who sit at the feet of the Chancellor, have supplied the deficiency and ranged themselves unequivocally on the Lloyd George side.

The rumor came that Lloyd George would resign his job to run the new land campaign, as Chamberlain before him resigned to stump for protection; but that rumor, anyway, had too long wings, or perhaps wasn't feathered at all. The time wasn't ripe, as the ancient phrase-maker taught us to say.

But what about Lloyd George as a Labor leader? It is a very interesting speculation, if it isn't an actual possibility. The Labor Party in Britain is occupying the strongest strategic position it has ever held, and it is occupying it with success for the present and pregnant promise for the future. Payment of Members of Parliament—an important reform I omitted to mention before—was introduced, maybe forced, into the programme of the Liberal Government by Lloyd George and his fellow democrats. Whatever evils may be attached to this system of paying men to give their time to the country's business, this £400 a year has opened the way for the democracy to represent itself, if it wishes to be so single-minded. It means all the difference between going or not going to Westminster for the poor member, and the term "poor member" enrolls practically all the Labor representatives, shut out by the Osborne judgment from being officially

financed by trade union funds; it includes quite a few of the Liberal and none of the Conservative members. Therefore, potentially, Lloyd George and his democratic associates have earned the gratitude of all Labor men and all those in his own party who are not big contractors or company promoters or anything else that counts its income with a string of noughts.

Trade union men began, after the passing of the payment of members' provision, to say, in different ways, "Now, if only we had a leader." They had, and have, leaders, but no leader. They want a big man, a statesman, a general, above all a man who can sway the people. And Lloyd George can sway the people as no one else so far in the present generation has done, or apparently can do. And Lloyd George can lead the new democratic party in Britain if he will. Will he?

That is the way the reasoning runs, and it runs naturally, doesn't it? The idea certainly is not fantastic or far-fetched. To be acknowledged as It, as we say sometimes when we feel like talking slang, is far more satisfying to the ambition than merely to play second fiddle in the orchestra, whether it is playing political or any other kind of harmony. So, to come back to our opening sentence, Lloyd George's future is an enigma. It may not puzzle us for long, for though the Chancellor has shown that he knows how to wait with almost Christian-like resignation and patience, he has also demonstrated his power to make quick, and if you like, revolutionary decisions. Will he make this one, the way the British democrats think he will? "Wait and see," spoke Mr. Asquith upon a significant occasion, when the people wanted him to say, "Come, I'll tell you all I know." And it is likely the Premier is waiting himself to see what his chief lieutenant will do. And it is rather more than likely that if Mr. Asquith, by some stroke of obsession very unusual to him, would take us into his confidence and tell us all he knew about Mr. Lloyd George's immediate future, the disclosure would be a desperately interesting one.

Home Joy Killers

Dr. Marden is recognized throughout the world as the foremost inspirational writer of the day. His articles are a regular feature of MacLean's each month. In this issue he deals with "Home Joy Killers." This article is really a part of a new book which Dr. Marden is to issue shortly under the title "The Joy of Living." A companion article "The Power of the Home Joy" will appear in our February issue.

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

DID you ever come across the hog at home—the man who is so affable, such a genial good fellow in the club downtown and among his men friends and business associates, but who, when in his home, throws off his mask and feels no obligation to restrain himself or to temper his language; the man who finds fault with everything, abuses everybody, criticises everything, who storms about the house like a mad bull when he is out of sorts and things do not please him?

We have all undoubtedly met this man, the good fellow at the club and the hog at home—the man who uses his home for a kicking post.

The hog at home is a very curious animal. I have seen him in the midst of a terrible rage when he seemed to be the plaything of his passion, become as gentle and docile as a lamb in an instant with the ringing of a door-bell and the announcing of company. It would seem as though there must be some magical connection between the door-bell and this man's temper.

When it did not seem possible for him to get control of himself, he did not have the slightest difficulty in calming down in an instant when a caller was announced, thus proving that this matter of self-control was largely one of vanity, self-pride. He would be mortally ashamed to have the caller see the hog husband that was there when the door-bell rang.

We often see him in the home sitting cross, crabbed, glum, during the entire

evening and at meals, without making the slightest effort to be agreeable. At the club or in his business dealings, even if things go wrong, he feels obliged to restrain himself and be decent because he would not have his business friends see him with his mask off. He has too much pride and vanity for that. But when he is at home he thinks he is under no obligation to be agreeable; he thinks he has a perfect right to do just what he feels like doing, and to be just as mean, hateful, and disagreeable as he wants to be. He makes no attempt to restrain or control himself.

Such boorishness and lack of companionableness between husband and wife are among the most common domestic joy killers.

Of course the woman is often at fault, but she is more naturally a home maker at heart than the man. He is more selfish and apt to be indifferent to the home, and he is the one who needs to be roused to the responsibility of making home happy, and marriage full of the mutual joy in giving.

"If there are women who do not, by study and that best companionship which they could offer to their husbands, learn rightly to play the part of helpmeets, there are far more men who, for one selfish reason or another, never give their wives the opportunity," writes Mrs. John Logan.

A woman's thirst for sympathy and close companionship is very difficult for the average man to comprehend.

It would be as impossible for a woman to live her normal life under abuse or indifference without sympathetic companionship, as for a rose to develop its normal beauty and fragrance without sunshine. This is often the reason why so many wives seek elsewhere the sympathy which their husbands deny them.

There are men who think that if they do not actually strike their wives, if they provide a house and clothing for them, they ought to be satisfied and happy. But these things will never insure happiness to the kind of a woman you would desire your wife to be, my friend.

It often occurs that a man marries a beautiful, bright, cheerful girl, who is always bubbling over with animal spirits, and in a short time everybody notices a complete change in her character, brought about by the perpetual suppression of her husband, who if not actually brutal, is severe in his criticisms and unreasonable in his demands. The wife is surrounded with this joy killing atmosphere of sharp criticism or severity until she entirely loses her naturalness and spontaneity, and self-expression becomes impossible. The result is an artificial, flavorless character.

Think of the suffering of a wife who feels her spirits gradually drying up, and her buoyancy and youthfulness evaporating; her beauty, her attractiveness gradually fading; in fact her ambition strangled, her whole life being blighted in a cold, loveless environment.

A lady recently told me that not once during several months which she spent at the house of friends did she see the husband display the slightest sign of affection for his wife, although she is a woman vastly superior to him in every way.

She has dragged out an unloved, miserable existence for more than a quarter of a century with a husband who is cold and absolutely indifferent to her comfort, pleasure, or happiness. Not once in a year does he take her

anywhere. He is practically never seen with her away from home. He never thinks she needs an outing, a vacation, or a change. When he travels, he goes alone or in the company of others, never even suggesting that his wife accompany him. This man is not unkind or cruel, he is only indifferent to his wife. He has not a particle of sentiment for her.

To many women indifference is worse than cruelty, if the cruel husband shows at least a little affection now and then. Utter indifference is one of the things that the feminine heart cannot endure without keen suffering.

Indifference and cruelty are evident forms of selfishness, the root of domestic unhappiness. Less evident, perhaps, is that self-love which many men mistake for love of their wives. It is a sort of projection of themselves with which they are in love. They think more of their own comfort, their own well-being, their own ambitions, their own pleasure, than they do of the highest welfare of their wives.

Many such men do not mean to be selfish in their home life, and really believe they are generous, but their minds are so focused upon themselves and their ambition that they can only think of a wife in reference to themselves. Whereas the highest love has the highest welfare of the individual at heart, not its own.

It is fortunate for the world that a woman's love is not so selfish, not so self-centred as a man's. If it were, civilization would go back to barbarism.

When a woman has given up everything for a husband who, before marriage was always bringing her flowers and showing other little evidences of his affection, who was generous and loving and kind, but who afterwards seldom thinks of these little attentions so much appreciated by women, but is often indifferent, cross, and fault-finding, she cannot help feeling unhappy at the contrast.

It does not seem possible that a man who could be so affectionate, kind, and

considerate while pursuing the object of his regard, could become indifferent and cruel after he had secured the prize; but this is true of multitudes of men.

With many men romance ends with marriage, as a hunter's interest dies with the game when he has fired the shot that kills.

If there is any person who needs pity in the world, it is the wife who gives love and makes perpetual sacrifices in return for indifference, neglect, and even cruelty. Is it not a crime for a man to take a beautiful, affectionate buoyant girl from a happy home, after a romantic courtship, and then crush her spirit, and freeze her love by cold, heartless indifference and selfishness; to wreck her happiness? Can any greater disappointment come into a woman's life than to see her dream of love, marriage, and a happy home blighted by cold-hearted, indifferent, cruel neglect?

"Jealousy and suspicion poison the atmosphere of the family. The home joy cannot live where they are entertained. At the outset young people who marry should resolve never to permit the sun to go down on their wrath. Lovers fondly fancy that they will never have a quarrel. However, most husbands and wives occasionally have little differences which need not amount to much if they simply follow one rule; never to go to sleep at night except in friendly harmony. If there has been a disturbance of peace, settle it before bedtime. If either has done or said anything to wound the other, confess and seek forgiveness before the head touches the pillow.

"We take offence too easily. I know cases of husbands and wives—who, in a discussion over a matter of perhaps no real importance, get offended with each other, and the husband goes away without his usual morning kiss,— goes down town and is miserable all day long, and the wife stays at home and is miserable all day long; and over what? They forget the time when she was the one ideal of all that was beau-

tiful; they forget the time when he was the one hero picked out of all the sons of earth. For a contemptible, petty, little nothing they think unkindly and harshly of each other. Is a little trifle like that worth purchasing at the price of the happiness of a day? How petty it is! If people would only stop and think, they would be ashamed of themselves, and ask each other's pardon, and devote themselves to creating sunshine and peace instead of getting offended over things that are of no earthly account."

"If folks could have their funerals when they are alive and well and struggling along, what a help it would be!" sighed Mrs. Perkins, upon returning from a funeral, wondering how poor Mrs. Brown would have felt if she could have heard what the minister said. "Poor soul, she never dreamed they set so much by her!

"Mis' Brown got discouraged. Ye see; Deacon Brown, he'd got a way of blaming everything on to her. I don't suppose the deacon meant it,—'twas just his way,—but it's awful wearing. When things wore out or broke, he acted just as if Mis' Brown did it herself on purpose; and they all caught it, like the measles or the whooping cough."

Just think what a woman who has half a dozen children has to endure if she is obliged to do all her work,—sewing, cooking, washing, and cleaning—without even the assistance of a hired girl. How long could a man stand this kind of an existence, shut up in a house or a little flat year in and year out, rarely ever going anywhere, with very little variety or change? How would he keep his cheer? A few days of confinement in the home is about all most men can stand, especially if their rest is disturbed at night by sick children.

Most men little realize how rapidly a woman fades and uses herself up and loses her cheer when she works like a slave all day and long into the night, caring for a large family. Just because a wife is willing to do everything she can to help her husband, is no reason why he should allow her to ruin her

health and attractiveness, rob her of the zest for living, in the operation. There is nothing more wearing and exasperating, nothing which will grind life away more rapidly than monotonous, exacting housework. A man has a great variety during the day in his business; but his wife slaves at home and rarely gets any variety. How is she to keep joy in the home for the children, or for guests and friends?

She is plodding and digging all day long, year in and year out, cleaning, scrubbing, mending clothes, caring for the children,—a work which grinds life away rapidly, because of the drudgery and monotony in it.

The husband has constant change which rests and refreshes him; but to the average wife it is one dull, monotonous routine of hard, exacting, exasperating toil. And yet the wife and mother should be the fountain head of joy in the home.

Many a man is cross and crabbed when he comes home, just because his wife is not quite as buoyant and cheerful and entertaining as he thinks she ought to be after a nerve-racking, exacting day's work. What does he do to make the evening pleasant for her? How many times during the last year has he taken his wife out to entertainments or to dinner? When did he last take her away on a little trip? How long has it been since he brought her home some flowers, confectionery, a book, or some other little gift which would tell her that he was thoughtful of her? How often has he given up his club, or the society of his companions, or his own pleasure to remain home and help his wife take care of the children, or make the evening delightful for his family?

Saving only the dregs for the home, exasperated nerves and jaded energies, is a very short-sighted policy. Thousands of homes in this country are made up of shreds and patches. All we find there is the by-product of a man's oc-

cupation. Many a man gives the home what he has left over,—the crumbs, the odds and ends. Instead of bringing to it his freshest energies, his buoyant spirits, he often comes a physical wreck. He remains in the store or office as long as there is anything left of him that is any good. Then he goes home, and he wonders why the children avoid him, why they do not run and throw their arms about his neck, delighted to see him.

The children know that when such a father reaches home their fun is pretty nearly over. They do not see anything very interesting or attractive in his long, tired face. They know there is no spring in his dragging, hesitating steps. They know there is no vitality left for a romp with them on the floor or on the lawn. They know they have to keep quiet or they will be sent to bed or out of the room.

The average modern man has taken the cream off his energies during the daytime, and brings home only the skimmed milk, and this is often very sour. Then he wonders why his wife is not as bright and as agreeable as she used to be! He cannot see the poor, mean, miserable, starved part of himself that he brings to her, and he expects her to match it all with the same charm and sweetness, the same joyous response that she gave him when he brought the best part of himself to her. His weariness and depression cannot summon forth that happy response; they paralyze the children's play; they strangle the home joy.

The fun loving faculties in many children are never half developed; hence the melancholy traits, the tendency to sadness, moroseness, morbidness, which we see in men and women everywhere. These are not normal. They are indications of stifled, suppressed, dwarfed nature. And they are to be laid at the door of the killers of the home joy.

A Bag of Holes

"A Bag of Holes" is a New Year's story, and will thus be welcomed as a suitable feature for the January number. The writer is well known to readers of MacLean's, having contributed both short stories and articles to the magazine last year. In addition, Miss Burkholder has won popularity through her recent novel, "The Course of Impatience Carningham."

By Mabel Burkholder

THIS was one of the nights when Lemuel Brown, bachelor, labored under the impression that he was missing some of the joys of life. He had just returned from a neighbor's house, where there were women and children, and shouts of youthful joviality, and snatches of music; and the bungalow on the hill was doubly empty, doubly silent, in comparison.

To be sure, his cat, Clover, sprang to meet him from a rafter as he opened the woodshed door, and the back-log in the kitchen stove still sent out a grateful warmth, which took the place of a welcome. He struck a light, threw on some smaller sticks of wood, patted Clover, now rubbing enthusiastically against his legs, and sinking into a chair with his heels on the stove, reflected that there were also some annoyances he had escaped.

For one of his education and worldly polish this seemed, indeed, a strange life he had chosen. That during twelve of the best years of his life, from twenty-one to thirty-three, a young chap, not too bad looking, reared in luxury, college educated, should bury himself among quiet country hills and practically lead the life of a hermit, with his horses as his hobby, his cat as his friend, was an incomprehensible riddle to most of his acquaintances. People were fond of hunting for the cause. Yes, his neighbors that very night had been prying into the why and wherefore of it.

As he dreamed before the blazing

wood fire the reason came before him in a series of flame pictures, weird, unreal, dazzling, like the passing scenes of a moving-picture show.

Out on the winding road that led from his home town of A—— to the next town of B——, thirty miles away, on a beautifully wooded slope stood Sunny Brae, a house—nay, to his dreaming vision, a mansion. On either side of its broad halls branched off rooms, which his fancy furnished as he had seen them last, twelve years ago, with every appointment a luxurious taste could suggest. Before the house lay a shady, sloping lawn, filled with the changing scenes of childhood. In an orchard at the side a group of mild-eyed calves poked their noses through the pickets, begging a share in the children's lunches.

Thus in flame passed the first picture—his childhood's home.

Then a cloud began to creep over Sunny Brae. The family fell on evil days. His father was cheated in business. He failed, in his old age. The proud old aristocrat died of heart-break. In two short, terrible years mother was gone, children were scattered, home was a mocking echo of the past.

Then the third picture of the series leapt up out of the flame.

The old house still stood on the wooded slope, on the winding road that ran between A—— and B——. He who had stolen his father's business and accepted the house as payment for his

father's failure, dwelt there, and used his father's barns, his mother's furniture—

The young man closed his eyes. The scene had become too painful to dwell on.

Usurpers seldom prosper and Nathaniel Darlington was no exception to the rule. He was a gray-haired man when at the height of his roguery. Twelve years' worry over uncertain schemes had made him old. His brain did not work as cleverly as before. Other men went him one better.

Lem Brown was one of them.

Ranching thoroughbred horses is a paying business. Young Brown grew rich at it. As he never spent, he had all he ever made laid up in a snug place. The best of his system of living was that he never had to spend. When other people, like Nat Darlington, spent more than they earned, he was always willing to lend, lend, that they might spend more and enjoy themselves still more extravagantly. Of late years, in a quiet way through his lawyer, he had lent Nat Darlington sums running into the thousands, and taken as security—Sunny Brae. Nat was always going to pay it back in a lump when some of his schemes worked, but Brown planned that the lump should be Sunny Brae.

He had put in all those hard, intervening years sustained by the hope that some day he should be able to set Darlington out on the road—he and all his. He didn't know what family he had, but he hoped he had a lot of them. And he hoped the day they were set out would be cold and raining, and that they wouldn't have coats to keep them warm.

Just here the fire died down without warning, the pictures faded, and the young man's chair came to the floor with a vengeful thump. The hour of doom had struck. Why delay the sweet moment of vengeance? Old Darlington could not now keep the interest paid. Why let it run on into the new year? No, he resolved to be the master of Sunny Brae on the first day of Jan-

uary. It would be his New Year's present to himself.

He brushed Clover impatiently from his knee, threw himself on his best horse and galloped into town to consult his lawyer, Bute and Son. Like a caged lion he paced up and down Bute's office, dictated his wishes to his astonished lawyer, watched the letter of doom written, signed it with his own signature. Brown was a common name around town, and it is doubtful if the Darlington knew the exact identity of the man to whom they were indebted. Growing boys change rapidly into bearded men, and few recognized in the stern, silent man, the gay, reckless youth of a dozen years ago. Now he signed himself in letters of cruel blackness, Lemuel Brown, son of Morton Brown, late of Sunny Brae.

Two weeks after the letter ran its way of death, he decided to follow it up by a personal visit. He had received no reply, and he dreaded lest Darlington should make a feeble effort to crawl out of the trap. Again he threw himself on his best horse and galloped past the town, out on the winding road with the beautifully wooded hills. Crowning the slope rose the ancient chimneys of Sunny Brae. A faint smoke curled up from one of them. Its lazy waves of motion did not suggest enough heat to counterbalance the frost of the bitter December day. Brown hoped Darlington was cold and that his fire was out.

Hitching his horse to an old tie-post his own boyish hands had sunk in the ground twenty years ago, this young old man, gray-headed, yet with a boyish bound in his step, walked up to the front door of the mansion and rapped imperiously with his riding-whip. He stamped around in the cold a full minute before anybody came.

At last the door, a heavy one that stuck at the bottom, was opened, and a young woman in a long blue working apron looked out suspiciously on the stranger. Lem pawed over the whole English language in an attempt to get words to express his errand.

The young woman, who had soft

blue eyes and a marvellous wealth of amber hair, opened the door wider and he followed her meekly into the hall. Where was the old man? Mean as Lem was feeling, he wasn't mean enough to take out his revenge on this girl.

"Come in here," she said, as she opened the door into a kind of sitting-room, which he remembered as his father's library.

Here the one fire of the house burned in the grate, and around it on the floor played a couple of children, a girl of ten and a boy of seven.

This, too, was disconcerting. Lem had a notion that children ought to be happy until they were eighteen or twenty—as he had been.

"I am Lemuel Brown, son of Morton Brown, late of Sunny Brae," he said awkwardly, as without invitation he laid his hat and whip on the table.

The girl recoiled noticeably. Even the children glanced up with a shiver of fear. The stern stranger had thrown a gloom over their game. The little girl shrank back into her corner, while the boy, half in fear, half with the idea of protecting her, came and laid his head on the young woman's arm.

"Will you be seated?" she asked, in an expressionless tone.

He handed the chair back.

"Will you?" he returned courteously. It came more natural for Lem to be courteous than otherwise.

She sank into it, and he stood with his back to the fire, hands clenched behind.

"I am Irene Darlington," said the girl, forcing herself to look at him. "And this is Fritz and Bessie, my little brother and sister. I introduce myself, because I am afraid you will have to deal with me. Father is upstairs, too ill to be disturbed. At times his mind is quite weak, so most of the business falls on me."

Brown smothered an oath. It was just like a trick of old Darlington to pretend illness and leave the brunt of affairs to fall on his defenceless daughter. He glanced up the stairs as if he would go up and drive him out of his

lair. But the girl's blue eyes were wells of truth. He was too much a gentleman to doubt her veracity.

He stooped to tighten a buckle on his riding boots awkwardly.

"You have foreclosed the mortgage," she said, looking at him with a sort of fascinated horror, as if he were a huge reptile.

From the bottom of his heart he thanked her for making the opening.

"I was thinking I would have to," he muttered lamely.

"Were you thinking of staying here to see fair play? Or of sending your bailiff? There are many things we might run away with."

He denied any such intention.

She continued speaking, though her heavy lids were closed.

"You have been kind to bear with us so long."

Kind! The gentle creature was a master of sarcasm.

"If you could—that is, perhaps you are prepared to pay something."

Half-veiled under their fringe of lashes, the blue eyes looked up into his dark, set face, and lips white as milk muttered, "We cannot pay."

"Oh," said the man, leaning over to peer into her face.

She pushed back her chair beyond his reach, and rose, gathering all her forces, speaking rapidly as if fearful her strength would fail.

"Mr. Lemuel Brown, son of Morton Brown, late of Sunny Brae, your claims are absolutely just. I do not know why you have spared us so long. I did not know till the letter came just who you were. But now you may take your sweet revenge from a broken family that cannot resist you. We have done you irreparable wrong. I beg no mercy at your hands, no extension of time. We are arranging to vacate the house on the last day of the year as you requested. See, all our furniture is being torn up for a sale on that day. Even this"—she laid her hand on the old piano—"even this has to go."

It was his own mother's piano. He had run his first scales over its creamy

keys. She spoke of it as her treasure.

"Even this——"

She reeled and sank back into her chair, every drop of blood leaving her face.

Alarmed at the sudden swoon, he crossed the room, picked her up and carried her to the lounge. The little girl, painfully used to the symptoms, ran for water.

"Miss Darlington," he pleaded, "tell me what I can do for you."

"Do?" she sighed, speaking thinly, as from a spirit world. "Could you leave me alone for awhile? Could you rest assured that I will not cheat you, and Go?"

He stepped back to spare her the torture he knew his presence inspired. Assured that Bessie could do all that was possible for the present, he picked up his hat and whip and went out, gently closing the door behind him.

At the gate he encountered old Dr. McMann, urging his short-winded pony up the hill.

"McMann," said Lemuel Brown fiercely, "in what state is old man Darlington?"

"Well," said the old doctor, while the pony took advantage of the rest and cropped a mouthful of frozen grass, "pretty bad, I should say. Mind, I don't say fatal. He may last for years, but he'll just live to add to the burdens of his daughter, for he is childish, unreasonable, undependable."

Lem kicked himself for asking. He knew the girl had spoken the truth, but because she was a Darlington he hated to take her word.

"The young woman up there isn't the old fool's daughter?" he burst out.

The doctor smiled and nodded.

"Stranger anomalies have happened. You must take into account the girl's mother, who was one of God's saints."

"Small wonder she died young," muttered Brown bitterly.

The old doctor stroked his white beard thoughtfully.

"And the girl will go just like her. It's to see her, not the old man, that I am making this trip out to-day. Lately

she's been taking queer fainting spells. Thinks it's her heart. All bosh! She wants more care, more consideration, more simple, everyday comforts. She is a strong, brave girl, but she can't stand everything."

Brown's face was a puzzle.

"What seems to be the trouble? You say she is worrying?"

"Suffering Samuel! Haven't you heard? The story goes that the Darlings are pretty deeply in debt. Some lawyer in town holds a mortgage for all the place is worth. I hear they are to get out at the end of the year. No wonder Irene is cut up about it. It has been her home for twelve years, and a noble old place it is."

Lem nodded, whipping up his horse, and the doctor jogged on up the hill.

As the horse started up suddenly, a tiny square of white paper loosened from the cuff of the young man's coat and fell into the frozen roadway. It looked like a snapshot. He could only conjecture that it had stuck to his coat as he brushed past the table or the sideboard. He threw himself from his saddle to pick it up. As he half expected he was rewarded by the pictured face of Irene Darlington. Too much agitated to examine it then, he frowned at it and put it in his pocket.

Down through the town and out on his own road galloped Lemuel Brown, shaking his fist at the stars in his helpless rage.

"Where does my revenge come in? My twelve-years'-planned revenge! God in heaven, where is the satisfaction for which I prayed?"

Lemuel Brown was a constant reader of his Bible, especially of the thunderous prophets who foretold the doom of evildoers. He pondered over gloomy Jeremiah, he drank in with delight the terrors of Hosea. It seemed to him that it was Bible teaching that all sinners should come to their day of doom. It pleased him to believe his the appointed hand to hasten the destruction of his own personal enemies. Lem, seldom read the New Testament. Forgiveness

until seventy times seven did not appeal to him.

That night as he sat in his little, comfortable kitchen, the tortoise-shell cat with the clover-leaf marked in yellow on her back pushing her friendly nose under his coat to find a warm spot to curl up in, he reached up his hand and took his old thumb-worn Bible from the lamp-shelf.

It opened at random at Haggai, a good book, full of strong denunciations. He plunged in for several verses. But the theme did not suit him. It was about the hoarding of money, which after one had laid it up for selfish purposes, leaked away, bringing no satisfaction.

"He that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes," declared the prophet.

Lem shut the book with such a snap that Clover jumped four inches. If ever anybody had been hoarding money in a bag with holes he was that man.

Gravely he brought the picture of Irene Darlington out of his pocket, and gave himself up to the melancholy pleasure of examining it. It was a sweet face, albeit the lips were set too tightly and there was a certain dejection expressed by the drooping shoulders. It showed a soul starving for sympathy—for comforts, the doctor had said. Was it possible that Irene Darlington was without the simple comforts of everyday life?

"Blame it all! If it isn't the worst mix-up that could have come to pass!"

Clover leapt up sympathetically and put her cold nose between his collar and his neck.

"Insidious, encroaching, wheedling, you know how to win your way like all your sex," he muttered.

Still he did not put her down. Instead his hand began absently to stroke the round, soft head.

"You were made to be loved, so I will love you," he said, talking to the cat and looking at the picture.

Stretching back in his chair he closed his eyes, as if to shut out a vision of the cheerless room, the hunted girl, the

helpless children he had left at Sunny Brae.

"A bag with holes," his tight lips quivered.

Clover, looking up wisely at times from the corner of her eyelid, thought her master slept in his chair; and he, looking down at other times, thought Clover slept, so did not move for fear of disturbing her. Thus they passed the night by the fire.

In the morning, with a hard, gray face, he dispatched a letter to the elder Bute, giving minute instructions as to how to proceed at the sale, and after how he wanted the business settled up. He took great pains to make the letter as harsh, as unrelenting, as any that had preceded it; but the thing he really sat down to write about was expressed in four words at the bottom of the sheet.

"Buy in the piano."

Then, as if shy of his own presence, he walked irrelevantly across the kitchen and examined his face in the looking-glass. Before he turned away he pulled out several gray hairs over one temple.

It was the last day of the year. Six o'clock at night. A gray, dreary evening. The sale was over. The strange men had gone. The tramp of horses had died away in the yard. Sunny Brae, the ghost of its former self, lay stripped of all its furnishings, a wilderness without, a tomb within.

Only in the sitting-room, where a table and a couple of chairs remained, a wood fire still blazed on the hearth. In the kitchen the children were trying to get a bit of supper for themselves. For once Irene had failed them. She stood leaning against the dismantled window, both hands locked over her forehead that ached till it was numb.

Lemuel Brown came up the path from nowhere. He had not been at the sale, and seemed now to spring suddenly from the shadows of the night. He knew his presence seemed an insufferable intrusion that night. Tread as lightly as he would, it must seem to the girl at the window that he was walking over her with heels of iron.

She greeted him with her back when he entered. He drew the one chair not in use up to the fire.

"I did not expect you until to-morrow," she murmured, turning.

"I see the piano is still here," he said shortly. "Who bought it?"

"I do not know," she responded dully. "A lawyer from town, I think. They said he bought most of the valuable things."

"Was it Bute?"

"It may have been the younger Bute. I have never dealt with him, and so do not know him."

"They are friends of mine and will not hurry the things away."

"What can it matter," she cried, turning on him fiercely, "whether the piano goes to-night or a week from to-night?"

He came a step nearer.

"Irene," he said, "sit down. I have some things to say to you that may explain the intrusion of my presence here to-night."

She threw up her fair head haughtily, but he did not seem to notice his mistake. He had been calling her picture by its first name so long that it came perfectly natural.

Seeing that he still pointed to a chair, she submitted and sat down. He threw himself into the one opposite, and they faced each other across the long table.

"I confess," he said abruptly, "to a lifelong hatred of your father. I confess that for twelve years I have been trying to ruin him, as he ruined my family."

"But," he threw out his arms across the table, as if to bridge the gulf between them, "so help me, God, I never knew that your father had a daughter on whom was falling the vengeance I was planning for him. Will you give me credit for that much humanity? Will you say you believe my word?"

"Are you not saying it?" She had leaned back her head and closed her eyes in the utterly weary attitude he remembered so well.

"Heaven knows," he went on passionately, "that after I saw you all the sweetness went out of my revenge."

"Yet you failed not to carry it out to the last item," she reminded him.

His long arm swept across the table, caught the hand that lay white and motionless on the other edge, and gripped it in spite of protests.

"I was a fool. I was mad with the defeat of my purpose. When I came to myself, what could I do to stop the sale you yourself had planned and which was to take place in a few days?"

"If those precious things had been your mother's," she said, with rebellious bitterness, "you would have done something."

"Good heavens!" he interrupted her. "Were the things not my mother's before they were yours?"

She opened her blue eyes wide to look into his dark face, now suffused with tender feeling.

"Forgive me," she cried. "I cannot seem to remember your part of it. I was such a child when we came here. It seems to me the place and all the beautiful things belonging to it were ours always."

Never relaxing the grip of her fingers, his dark eyes held hers as a magnet holds a steel.

"Just to think," she continued, speaking as if impelled by his will, "that your childish feet rang through these halls, that your dear ones sang songs around that same piano." With her free hand she brushed away a tear. "Ah, your claim is prior to mine. Will you believe my sincerity when I express the wish that you may be happy here with no nightmare memories of our existence to vex your future peace?"

"Happy?" He caught up the word passionately. "Happy here? I shall not try to live here. The place is full of ghosts."

Again she opened her eyes wider to look at him.

"Not live here? Not live at Sunny Brae when you can? Not gather your family together and rebuild the old scenes?"

"The years have scattered my family beyond recall. I alone am left. Hav-

ing done without luxuries for twelve years, I fancy I shall do without them longer."

She made no reply.

"Miss Darlington," he asked abruptly, "what plans have you made for future residence?"

"We stay this winter with an old aunt in town. After that I have no plans."

"What I am trying to say, though I am clumsy about getting it said, is this. Do not be in a hurry to leave Sunny Brae on my account. If you wish to delay your going a week, a month——"

"A day would be heavenly," she muttered, shutting out a vision of the life to come with her exacting relative; "but we cannot live without furniture."

"Bute is my lawyer, as you know. He only bought the things for me, and my sole desire in securing them was that they might remain here as long as you cared to use them."

"Did you," she asked, as full comprehension dawned slowly in her face, "command him to run them up to fabulous prices, so that I am a richer woman to-night than I ever was in my life before?"

A slow flush spread to the roots of his hair. There was something in her look of gratitude that unmanned him.

Again over her wan face spread that ashy whiteness, bleaching even her lips to the color of chalk. Her head sank on one arm of the chair, like a tall white chrysanthemum broken on its stalk. The word of kindness unnerved her as harshness seldom had done.

Again the man gathered her in his arms and carried her to the couch.

"Irene," he pleaded, on his knees chafing the cold hands, "this is to be the last of such scenes as this. I cannot look at you. Your eyes are a constant reminder that I am responsible for all your suffering—the silent, sinister influence undermining all your happiness."

Of its own free will the little cold hand slipped inside his throbbing palm.

"I didn't mean to reproach you with anything," she whispered.

"Will you accept my offer?" he demanded. "Will you stay in the house as long as you wish? Will you use the things that have been left? I know my generosity comes much too late, that you cannot bear to accept it after all I have done—but will you?"

"I cannot stay long," she replied. "The house is too large for us. I cannot keep it going since father doesn't work at all. And while thanking you for your kind intentions, I know it will not be long before you will want to live in this lovely spot yourself."

"A lonely old fellow like me, in such a great, grand house as this!" he smiled. "Irene, listen. If I ever should take a notion, say in the spring, to come back and fix it up, to put in new furnishings that would drive the ghosts out of the corners—Irene, are you listening?—would you, too, come back, as the fair mistress of it all? Could anything persuade you to remain at Sunny Brae as old Lem Brown's wife?"

His lips were against her ear, his brown cheek swept her face.

"You forget," she whispered bravely, "I am not free. Remember you would have to put up with the children—and my poor old father."

"And you would have to put up with a stiff, stern old fellow, whose first youth is past, whose head is full of gray hairs——"

"I have no fear of such a burden ever becoming irksome," she breathed softly.

"Neither do I fear the burden of the children—and your father—for your sake."

She threw her white arms around his neck, her whole frame shaken by a great sob.

"O my unmerciful old tyrant, controller of my destiny from my childhood, I cannot hate you, though I have tried with all my might!"

Next morning—it was New Year's, and all the gleaming, glistening world seemed to have been made over new—as Lemuel Brown pounded down the winding road into town, he again ran into old Dr. McMann, driving out.

"Bound for Sunny Brae?" called Lem.

"Yes. I count on going out twice a week."

"You're making your last trip. Your patient isn't going to take any more fainting spells."

"Brown," cried the doctor, turning on him sharply, "what's the matter with your face? I never saw you wear such a look before."

"How do I look?" smiled Lem.

"As if you had been making a set of New Year's resolutions, to be a good

boy, and join in with other mortals, and have the good times you were cut out to have. Come, confess that you were sitting around some midnight fire, swearing your solemn oaths as the clock struck twelve."

Lem denied it.

"All I did last night was learn to put on a patch."

"A patch?" roared the doctor. "Jumping Jemima! What were you trying to patch?"

"A bag," said Lem gravely. "A bag with holes."



Discouragements of Welfare Workers

IT is quite the habit of humanity to berate and disparage any man who gets ahead of the procession.

The first man in history to introduce factory betterments was Robert Owen; then came Lever Brothers, England, and Krupp in Germany; but all the time we have had factory towns growing up all over the world, where there were long lines of dingy tenements, all alike with squalid surroundings, unpaved streets, homes guiltless of paint, and everything of a dull, dead, monotonous sort and kind, making mental evolution on the part of workers a barren ideality.

Robert Owen died, whipped out and discouraged, and his ideals were placed

in the tomb with the outworn shell of what was once a man.

If John H. Patterson (of National Cash Register work), had died ten years ago, it would perhaps have been quite the same.

But now Patterson has lived through the time of stress and struggle, of stupid understanding, of contumely, disparagement and ingratitude, and he is victor. Many of the people who disparaged Patterson are now imitating him.

In this world we work in relays, and when a man has carried the flag well to the front, let us thank heaven that he was able to go thus far, and not sniff at either him or his commander because he did not go further.

Gagen, The Painter of the Sea

This is the third article of Mr. Staley's series. The first was a general review of Canadian Painting, the second a sketch of the career of Frederick M. Bell-Smith, and the third, presented herewith, treats of the work of Robert Ford Gagen, the Painter of the Sea. These articles, covering the lives of prominent artists and presenting illustrations of their finest paintings, constitute a most valuable series on Canadian Art.

By John E. Staley

"LOVE of the sea and the river has always held first place in my affections. Scarcely a year has passed, since I was a boy, but it has seen me paddling, swimming, playing, dreaming, chatting, and sketching in and out of the briny. Shipmen and fisherfolk have been my companions, and I am thoroughly familiar with everything that floats, and with every mood of the watery elements. Sunshine and mist, wild storm and gentle breeze, noon and night are all full of fascination for me. Their innumerable effects are like the play of the features upon the human face; they are quite as fickle in expression. The songs of sea sirens, and the whisperings of river naiads ever lead me on unresisting in my yearly pilgrimages. The open Court of my Goddess of the Foam—their Queen—wide as sea and sky extends, is my Elysium. Her altars are rugged rocks and frowning precipices, but she herself is, in sooth, a coquette—for she eludes my grasp, leaving me however, with inspirations and impressions which influence my life and my work all through."

Thus musing Robert Ford Gagen sails serenely upon an even keel—the strivings of his heart restrained, like the lapping billows upon the gunwales, by the skilful helmsman's hands. He yarns of others, and has his own, and quite unaffectedly, manifests the instincts of the man—were he not a painter he would be a sailor. In this he displays the eternal fitness of things—his

infatuation is inherited. Born in London, his parents were George John Gagen and Caroline Holland. She was a daughter of William Holland, Captain in the old East India Company's service, and Mr. Gagen was an architect. Mrs. Gagen first detected her little son's artistic bent and corrected his crude sketches. One such Robert Ford Gagen remembers well—a study in pencil of three oak trees. "This was," he says, "my first effective study direct from Nature, and my mother kept it among her treasures for many a year."

His father succeeded to the business of Ford and Patterson, architects, of Mark Lane, London, and many visits, made by him to the office, enlarged his predilections for the Fine Arts. Mr. Ford married a sister of Mr. J. G. Howard, the munificent donor of Howard, or High Park—who immigrated in 1832, and settled at York (Toronto). When Mr. Ford retired from business it was carried on by Mr. Gagen, senior, for many years. Failing health, however, compelled him to seek another clime, and, acting on the advice of Mr. Howard, he and his family came to Canada in 1862. They made their home at Harpurhey, now Seaforth, in Huron County, Ontario.

That westward voyage, in the old "United Kingdom," occupied twenty-eight long days—not a day of it did the young art student regret, for it opened his vision and enlarged his heart. Enthralled he watched and felt the great

rollers of the deep with their crests of spongy foam, and their gulfs of turgid color; each pitch and toss was a game of gain to him. He laughed and he sang as the great green water burst over ship and crew—the deluges of spray whetted but his appetite—his love of the “Restless Sea”—the title, in quite recent times, of one of his most striking canvases,—an all-inspiring theme.

One of Robert F. Gagen's earliest friends in Canada was William N.

not merely what he saw of Nature's moods, but what lay underneath them and around them—breath and pulse and atmosphere. Foliage and flowers earliest attracted his eye and his hand, and for many years their study and portrayal formed the bulk of his travail. Many were the prizes he won at Provincial Exhibitions, for such subjects, as well as for more ambitious landscapes in oils and water colors.

Another helping hand was now ex-



Afternoon near Tadousac.

Cresswell, an artist who lived quite near Seaforth; many were the sketching expeditions they made together; spurning the flat and uninteresting country around their dwellings, they sought the picturesque shores of Lake Huron, in the neighborhood of Goderich and Bayfield. Cresswell was just the sort of teacher-companion Gagen needed: he had been a pupil of E. W. Cook, R.A., a marine painter of distinction. Under Cresswell's guidance the young English youth learned how to draw and paint,

tended to the prize-winner—no less a powerful hand than that of one of the Makers of Canadian Art—John A. Frazer. In 1872, having noted the excellence of young Gagen's work, Mr. Frazer asked him to enter his employ as a painter of water color portraits and miniatures. This was a new departure and on unfamiliar ground, but his success was very soon apparent. This close association with the famous landscape painter greatly influenced Gagen's subsequent career. Mr. Fraser was one

of the founders of the Ontario Society of Artists—the parent of all other art associations in the Dominion, and the name of Robert Ford Gagen was one of

en's studio were hung—"Falls of the Genesee, N.Y.," and "Stream in the Wood."

Gagen went on working diligently—



Robert Ford Gagen in His Studio.

the first inscribed on its honor roll of members. At the first exhibition of pictures held by the society in 1873, two very excellent compositions from Gag-

en's studio were hung—but as he toiled in his studio, another, and a still more vital interest, entered into his life—matrimony of course. In 1876 Miss



"Surf"—Coast of Maine.

Jane Palmer, daughter of John Palmer, of Scarborough, Ontario, gave him her heart and hand. It was a happy marriage; she became the mother of a son and two daughters, the ruler of a peaceful hearth, her husband's help and guide. At this time the Earl of Dufferin was Governor-General of Canada, and took a great interest in artistic matters. He was followed by the Marquis of Lorne, whose Royal consort, Princess Louise, proposed the formation of a Royal Academy of Arts in Canada; this was founded in 1880, and of it R. F. Gagen was elected an Associate. Soon after this the call of sea sounded loudly in Gagen's ears, and to the Maritime Provinces he bent his steps, taking en route what held him of the great Dominion river,—the St. Lawrence. He called his pictures by such names as these—"Grand Manan, N.B.," "Dark Harbor," "Dulce Gatherers," "Herring Fishers."

At the Grand Manan he stayed at Captain Pettie's, a fine specimen of an old salt, full of poetry and romance—and the following yarn he tells:—"The Marathon House was situated half-way up the bight of land overlooking the North Harbor, and Pettie's note paper was headed;

'The Mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the Sea.'

I was invited by a traveler for a firm in Pittsburg, who was staying at the hotel, to accompany him to Dark Harbor, some seven miles on the other side of the Island, to visit the dulce gatherers, as he wished to purchase this edible seaweed for his firm. I was rewarded by an unexpected encounter with a treasure-hunter. Just as at many other places the famous Captain Kidd was supposed to have buried his loot, so did he somewhere on this lonely shore—there is a small inlet not far from Dark Harbor called Treasure Cove. Whilst

my commercial friend was negotiating with a group of natives I wandered about sketch-book in hand; but, presently one of their number—a thin, sandy man, I should say of Celtic extraction—followed me, and asked me what I was doing. I did not reply directly, but asked him if Captain Kidd had ever visited this spot. His answer was, 'Yes, and no one knows more than me about it. Besides I am just on discovering his treasure as I have found marks cut on rocks and stumps of trees which only want to be spelled out to show the very spot. If you, Mister, are after the same business you'd better know it belongs to me.' I saw the man was enthused with determination to yield to none the pride and profit of discovery so I made no reply. The 'Celt' followed me and asked what I wanted with my books and pencils. I replied that I had recently read an illustrated article in a magazine and I was greatly interested in the matter. 'Well,' he said, 'if you know

anything about it different, then we'd better strike a bargain on the spot. What say ye? But I warn ye you've a tough customer to reckon with in me!' The other men now drew near, and, noting the man's excitement, they drew me aside and warned me not to pursue the subject then, or I might imperil my life. Nothing more was said, we returned to our boats and to Pettie's. I have never found that treasure, nor has the 'Celt' so far as I know!"

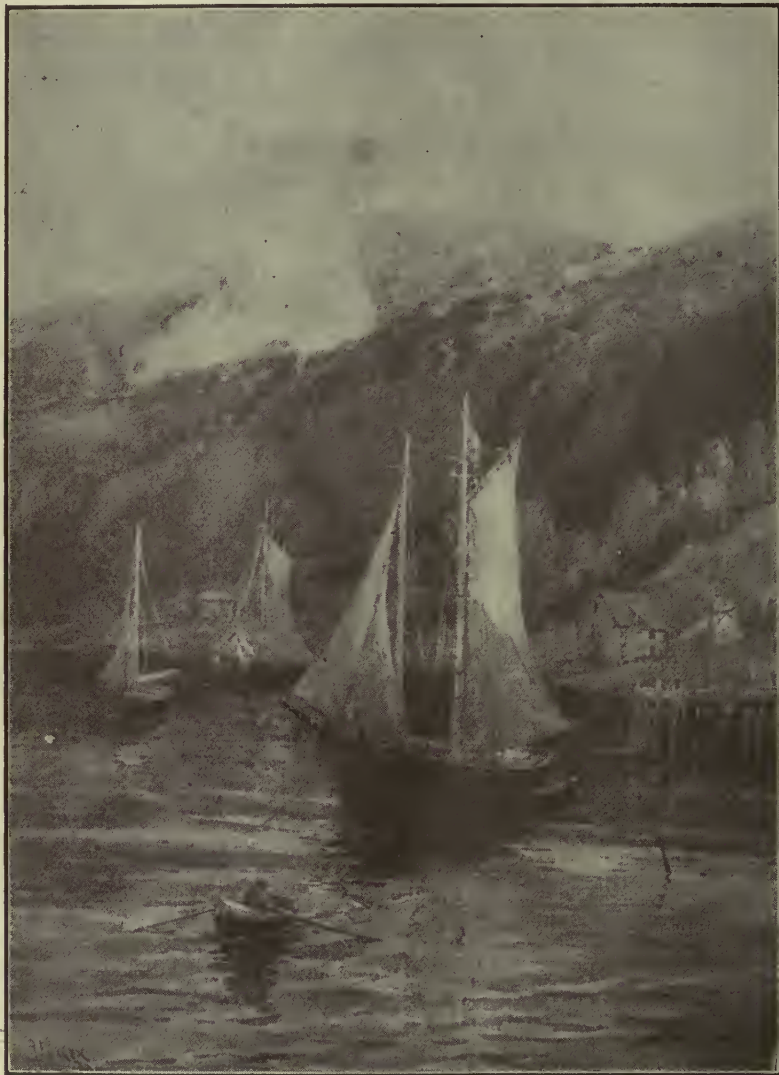
"Another episode, I remember, which arose whilst I was on the New Brunswick coast. One day an ancient mariner, who stood by watching me at work near the "Seven Days' Work," Whale Cove, exclaimed: — 'You wouldn't think a man could climb that Head, would ye, now?' The Seven Days' Work, I may say, is a long cliff, about 150 feet high, showing seven distinct strata of rock in courses, similar to a stone wall. 'Well, a man did,' he went on, 'and in the teeth of a winter storm. It was this way. Many years



The Restless Sea.

ago, I don't mind how many, there was a wild snow gale raging, such as is very seldom seen, even in these parts. It was I think in January, and early in the morning a man went to

basin floated dead bodies and wreckage. The bodies were terribly mutilated: many of their throats were cut, as if by knives, but it was done by the sharp rocks in the basin. People did



Fishing Boats on the St. Lawrence.

the point to have a look at things. He found in an exhausted state a sailor, who, when he had come round, told him there had been a wreck, and that he had climbed up that Head. Sure there had been a wreck, for within the

not believe the man ever climbed that rock, but a fisherman, that was, himself, something of a climber, went down and found a sailor's heavy glove about half-way up, and the man said he had lost it there.' The shipwreck-

ed sailor, now an old man, is yet alive and lives over by Pettie's Cove. He repairs boots and shoes—for to this prosaic end had come the only survivor of the wreck of the 'Ashburton.'"

Gagen's sketching trip was abruptly ended by the receipt of bad news from home and he hurried back. Death was at the door and took away the one whom he could least well spare—it is ever so when the "Black Buffaloes" are out upon their "Triumph"—a sad widower, he buried his dear wife. Pencil and brush were laid aside for he could only work intermittently, and then, after a while, he went off for change of scene and thought to Nassau, in the Bahamas. The genial climate cheered the mourner amazingly, but the dulcet tones of Nature there failed to appeal to the lover of the staccato music of the tossing waves and echoing headlands. Some sketches certainly he made of people and things West Indian, and then back he turned his steps to Canada. The wild seas and jagged shores of Maine attracted him—they hold him still. Off Gloucester, Mass., he has found much in his own way—flotsam and jetsam both. Thence came in pigment in 1904, "Deep Sea Fishers"—purchased by the Ontario Government, "A Chance to Exchange News," and "Late Return" in 1905, and "The Fog Bell" in 1906—this near Manana, Maine.

The year, 1890, had seen Gagen's eyes fixed upon the Rockies and the Selkirks. Mightily impressed was he by the wonderful phenomena of mass and space and atmosphere in that sublime scenery. At first his brush refused to color what his pencil had tentatively outlined, but gradually he was able to pick up precious "bits" here and there, like the fevered prospector in a gold quartz canyon. To work in the open was impossible—the experience of all mountain scenic-painters—but sketch books and pads soon became a pile of treasure-trove for elaboration in his studio. Titles of his canvases came out as, "Rain and Storm on Mount Sir Donald," "Evening in the

Valley of the Grand Glacier,"—purchased, by the way, for the City Fathers of Toronto — "Morning in the Selkirks," and such like. They were indeed no mere titles, for he had captured something tangible out of the grandeur. Certainly the topographical value of his work is subordinate to its artistic effect—this is where it makes his appeal.

Mountain scenery, indeed, for quite a considerable period, took first place in Gagen's painting categories. Scotland, in 1906, and Switzerland—where he roamed at will—gave the Canadian artist generously of their fascinations. In the Bernese Oberland he was forever comparing, peak, glacier, lake and forest, and the clouded horizon with the wonders of his great adopted country. His conclusions were as follows:—"Like the country, which contains them, they have greater beauty of form, whilst the human interest, imparted by the picturesque chalets and quaint old towns, gives a civilized effect quite beyond anything in less populous and less historic Canada."

The Highlands of Scotland, in 1906, moved the pilgrim of the palette greatly. The delicacy of that misty sunshine—the beauty veil of earth—was a delicious vision; and Gagen unhesitatingly declares that—"the land of Bruce and Burns is an ideal painter's pitch, for, if one country only might be allowed for the study of mountain and water, it was Scotland, and none other." His sketching was done chiefly around Oban and in the Grampians. When he returned to Toronto he stretched a series of Scottish canvases, which he called by such names as "A Soft Day in the Grampians," "A Highland Trout Stream," and, the chief of all, "In the Grampians."

But what of the mighty St. Lawrence? Ah, that is Gagen's tenderest pageant scene, where the sweet pathos of the river arrests the stern drama of the ocean. Quebec to Chicoutimi is the finest river-trip in Canada; this waterway is history too—the storied shores and floods of the precursors. For thirty

miles the Laurentians climb sheer out to the river breast. Most picturesque villages gem the banks—Tadousac, the quaintest of the quaint, and full of memories sad and gay. From Cape Eternity to Tadousac the river winds incessantly round great heads of rock streaked and marked grey, tan, and yellow, white, blue and black. One of the loveliest scenes ever painted by man, Gagen has made his own, and, in his "Late Afternoon at Tadousac," 1910, he has given us an ideal canvas, bedight with all the colors of the rainbow. Away across the stream stand up the mystic blue Laurentian Mountains, fronted by stupendous indigo-purple precipices, sheer sixteen hundred feet or more—crowned with emerald-green and grey-yellow pastures, and fringed with russet pines; the turquoise-tinted stream—streaked with carmine; rocks in the foreground—glacier-streaked and lichen-painted—rising out of red gold aqueous sand—where once the river ran—"desert" they call it; the glorious sunshine illuminating everything; and above all the cobalt cerulean span of sky—the sky of Canada! It is a bit of Fairyland seen through the thinnest veil of Nature's spinning—the shimmer of the westering sun. This is the superlative degree of Gagen's pigment comparison—the comparison of the panorama of the St. Lawrence. His suite of river studies are jewels like the enamelled leaves of autumn, which he regards with fond affection.

Gagen's love of flowers has been a pleasant feature in his life's history, for he is a skilful botanist and gardener. In person he is of medium stature, but of sturdy build, a well-preserved man, with hair but slightly touched with grey. His dark eye has a keen thrust which betokens humor—few men more enjoy a joke—his laughter is hearty and good-natured. Strange, perhaps, to say, he loves to go alone when he paints from the face of Nature. Companionship would distract his attention which he rivets upon his outlook. He looks, and looks again, at rock and sea and sky until he has quite taken in all their

expressions, and captured the slyness and mystery of them all.

In Gagen's studio are many excellent studies in water colors of sea and land, made under every possible condition of light and shade upon the spot. They are fully rendered, so far as colors and values are concerned, together with the suggestions of wave-curl, surf-flight and shadow-flicker. From these—and this is his method—he rapidly makes copies in oils, to which he imparts the atmospheric effects he has registered in the open. In less serious mood he shows you a sketch of a lone stone-pine, rooted precariously upon a wind-swept rock by the wild sea's splash. It bears a title of femininity, and has been many a painter's sweetheart. Bereft of almost all her clothing and weirdly distorted, she wears upon her head a huge green umbrella hat—and there she dances to and fro in the frolics of the elements—"the Merry Widow" of Creihaven.

Always keenly interested in the doings of the R.C.A. and O.S.A. none of their exhibitions have been without his pictures. For more than fifteen years he has been the secretary of the O.S.A. and due in a great measure to his enterprise has been the success of the society. In 1893 Gagen was appointed one of the Canadian Fine Arts Commissioners to the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago. He acted in the same capacity at the Universal Exposition, St. Louis, 1904, and at the Pan-American Exposition, Buffalo, 1901, where he was awarded honorable mention. As a member of the Board of the Central Ontario School of Art and Design, Gagen has given of his best to foster the art education of the province. He has lately been appointed a member of the council of the new Ontario College of Art. His efforts in connection with the Canadian National Exhibition are widely known and appreciated.

The portrait in this article has been taken specially—it shows the worthy secretary hard at work in his studio, 28 College Street, painting his picture "Rollers"—in this season's Royal Academy at Ottawa.

A Bird of Bagdad

There is always a sharp turn in the O. Henry story. The action moves along faultlessly, the interest of the reader is carried to the highest pitch, the climax is reached—then the unexpected happens. It was a characteristic trait of genius with Sydney Porter, and it leant a wealth of zest and interest to his work. In "A Bird of Bagdad" the pivotal point turns on a conundrum and its solution.

By O. Henry

WITHOUT DOUBT much of the spirit and genius of the Caliph Harun Al Rashid descended to the Margrave August Michael von Paulsen Quigg.

Quigg's restaurant is in Fourth Avenue—that street that the city seems to have forgotten in its growth. Fourth Avenue—born and bred in the Bowery—staggers north full of good resolutions.

Where it crosses Fourteenth Street it struts for a brief moment proudly in the glare of the museums and cheap theatres. It may yet become a fit mate for its high-born sister boulevard to the west, or its roaring, polyglot, broad-waisted cousin to the east. It passes Union Square; and here the hoofs of the dray horses seem to thunder in unison, recalling the tread of marching hosts—Hooray! But now come the silent and terrible mountains—buildings square as forts, high as the clouds, shutting out the sky, where thousands of slaves bend over desks all day. On the ground floors are only little fruit shops and laundries and book shops, where you see copies of "Littell's Living Age" and G. W. M. Reynolds' novels in the windows. And next—poor Fourth Avenue!—the street glides into a mediaeval solitude. On each side are the shops devoted to "Antiques."

Let us say it is night. Men in rusty armor stand in the windows and menace the hurrying cars with raised, rusty iron gauntlets. Hauberks and helmets, blunder-busses, Cromwellian breast-

plates, matchlocks, creeses, and the swords and daggers of an army of dead-and-gone gallants gleam dully in the ghostly light. Here and there from a corner saloon (lit with Jack-o'-lanterns or phosphorus), stagger forth shuddering, home-bound citizens, nerved by the tankards within to their fearsome journey adown that eldrich avenue lined with the blood-stained weapons of the fighting dead. What street could live inclosed by these mortuary relics, and trod by these spectral citizens in whose sunken hearts scarce one good whoop or tra-la-la remained?

Not Fourth Avenue. Not after the tinsel but enlivening glories of the Little Rialto—not after the echoing drum-beats of Union Square. There need be no tears, ladies and gentlemen; 'tis but the suicide of a street. With a shriek and a crash Fourth Avenue dives headlong into the tunnel at Thirty-fourth and is never seen again.

Near the sad scene of the thoroughfare's dissolution stood the modest restaurant of Quigg. It stands there yet if you care to view its crumbling red-brick front, its show window heaped with oranges, tomatoes, layer cakes, pies, canned asparagus—its papier maché lobster and two Maltese kittens asleep on a bunch of lettuce—if you care to sit at one of the little tables upon whose cloth has been traced in the yellowest of coffee stains the trail of the Japanese advance—to sit there with one eye on your umbrella and the other upon the bogus bottle from which you drop the

counterfeit sauce foisted upon us by the cursed charlatan who assumes to be our dear old lord and friend, the "Nobleman in India."

Quigg's title came through his mother. One of her ancestors was a Margravine of Saxony. His father was a Tammany brave. On account of the dilution of his heredity he found that he could neither become a reigning potentate nor get a job in the City Hall. So he opened a restaurant. He was a man full of thought and reading. The business gave him a living, though he gave it little attention. One side of his house bequeathed to him a poetic and romantic nature. The other gave him the restless spirit that made him seek adventure. By day he was Quigg, the restaurateur. By night he was the Margrave—the Caliph—the Prince of Bohemia — going about the city in search of the odd, the mysterious, the inexplicable, the recondite.

One night at 9, at which hour the restaurant closed, Quigg set forth upon his quest. There was a mingling of the foreign, the military and the artistic in his appearance as he buttoned his coat high up under his short-trimmed brown and gray beard and turned westward toward the more central life conduits of the city. In his pocket he had stored an assortment of cards, written upon, without which he never stirred out of doors. Each of those cards was good at his own restaurant for its face value. Some called simply for a bowl of soup or sandwiches and coffee; others entitled their bearer to one, two, three or more days of full meals; a few were for single regular meals; a very few were, in effect, meal tickets good for a week.

Of riches and power Margrave Quigg had none; but he had a Caliph's heart—it may be forgiven him if his head fell short of the measure of Harun Al Rashid's. Perhaps some of the gold pieces in Bagdad had put less warmth and hope into the complainants among the bazaars than had Quigg's beef stew among the fishermen and one-eyed calenders of Manhattan.

Continuing his progress in search of

romance to divert him, or of distress that he might aid, Quigg became aware of a fast-gathering crowd that whooped and fought and eddied at a corner of Broadway and the crosstown street that he was traversing. Hurrying to the spot he beheld a young man of an exceedingly melancholy and preoccupied demeanor engaged in the pastime of casting silver money from his pockets to the middle of the street. With each motion of the generous one's hand the crowd huddled upon the falling largesse with yells of joy. Traffic was suspended. A policeman in the centre of the mob stooped often to the ground as he urged the blockaders to move on.

The Margrave saw at a glance that here was food for his hunger after knowledge concerning abnormal workings of the human heart. He made his way swiftly to the young man's side and took his arm. "Come with me at once," he said, in the low but commanding voice that his waiters had learned to fear.

"Pinched," remarked the young man, looking up at him with expressionless eyes. "Pinched by a painless dentist. Take me away, flatty, and give me gas. Some lay eggs and some lay none. When is a hen?"

Still deeply seized by some inward grief, but tractable, he allowed Quigg to lead him away and down the street to a little park.

"I was doing the Monte Cristo act as adapted by Pompton, N.J., wasn't I?" asked the young man.

"You were throwing small coins into the street for the people to scramble after," said the Margrave.

"That's it. You buy all the beer you can hold, and then you throw chicken feed to — Oh, curse that word chicken, and hens, feathers, roosters, eggs, and everything connected with it!"

"Young sir," said the Margrave kindly, but with dignity, "though I do not ask your confidence, I invite it. I know the world and I know humanity. Man is my study, though I do not eye him as the scientist eyes a beetle or as the philanthropist gazes at the objects of

his bounty—through a veil of theory and ignorance. It is my pleasure and distraction to interest myself in the peculiar and complicated misfortunes that life in a great city visits upon my fellow-men. You may be familiar with the history of that glorious and immortal ruler, the Caliph Harun Al Rashid, whose wise and beneficent excursions among his people in the city of Bagdad secured him the privilege of relieving so much of their distress. In my humble way I walk in his footsteps. I seek for romance and adventure in city streets—not in ruined castles or in crumbling palaces. To me the greatest marvels of magic are those that take place in men's hearts when acted upon by the furious and diverse forces of a crowded population. In your strange behavior this evening I fancy a story lurks. I read in your act something deeper than the wanton wastefulness of a spendthrift. I observe in your countenance the certain traces of consuming grief or despair. I repeat—I invite your confidence. I am not without some power to alleviate and advise. Will you not trust me?"

"Gee, how you talk," exclaimed the young man, a gleam of admiration supplanting for a moment the dull sadness of his eyes. "You've got the Astor Library skinned to a synopsis of preceding chapters. I mind that old Turk you speak of. I read 'The Arabian Nights' when I was a kid. He was a kind of Bill Devery and Charlie Schwab rolled into one. But say, you might wave enchanted dishrags and make copper bottles smoke up coon giants all night without ever touching me. My case won't yield to that kind of treatment."

"If I could hear your story," said the Margrave, with his lofty, serious smile.

"I'll spiel it in about nine words," said the young man, with a deep sigh, "but I don't think you can help me any. Unless you're a peach at guessing it's back to the Bosphorus for you on your magic linoleum."

"I work in Hildebrant's saddle and harness shop down in Grand Street. I've worked there five years. I get \$18 a week. That's enough to marry on.

ain't it? Well, I'm not going to get married. Old Hildebrant is one of those funny Dutchmen—you know the kind—always getting off bum jokes. He's got about a million riddles and things that he faked from Rogers Brothers' great-grandfather. Bill Watson works there, too. Me and Bill have to stand for them chestnuts day after day. Why do we do it? Well, jobs ain't to be picked off every Anheuser bush—And then there's Laura.

"What? The old man's daughter. Comes in the shop every day. About nineteen, and the picture of the blonde that sits on the palisades of the Rhine and charms the clam-diggers into the surf. Hair the color of Straw matting, and eyes as black and shiny as the best harness blacking—think of that!

"Me? Well, it's either me or Bill Watson. She treats us both equal. Bill is all to the psychopathic about her; and me?—well, you saw me plating the road-bed of the Great Maroon Way with silver to-night. That was on account of Laura. I was spificated, Your Highness, and I wot not of what I wouldst.

"How? Why, old Hildebrant says to me and Bill this afternoon; 'Boys, one riddle have I for you gehabt haben. A young man who cannot riddles antworten, he is not so good by business for ein family to provide—is not that—hein?' And he hands us a riddle—a conundrum, some calls it—and he chuckles interiorly and gives both of us till to-morrow morning to work out the answer to it. And he says whichever of us guesses the repartee end of it goes to his house o' Wednesday night to his daughter's birthday party. And it means Laura for whichever of us goes, for she's naturally aching for a husband, and it's either me or Bill Watson, for old Hildebrant likes us both, and wants her to marry somebody that'll carry on the business after he's stitched his last pair of traces.

"The riddle? Why, it was this: 'What kind of a hen lays the longest?' Think of that! What kind of a hen lays the longest? Ain't it like a Dutchman to risk a man's happiness on a fool proposition like that? Now, what's the use?

What I don't know about hens would fill several incubators. You say you're giving imitations of the old Arab guy that gave away—libraries in Bagdad. Well, now, can you whistle up a fairy that'll solve this hen query, or not?"

"I must confess, sir, that during the eight years that I have spent in search of adventure and in relieving distress I have never encountered a more interesting or a more perplexing case. I fear that I have overlooked hens in my researches and observations. As to their habits, their times and manner of laying, their many varieties and cross-breeds, their span of life, their——"

"Oh, don't make an Ibsen drama of it!" interrupted the young man, flippanantly. "Riddles—especially old Hildebrant's riddles—don't have to be worked out seriously. They are light themes such as Sim Ford and Harry Thurston Peck like to handle. But, somehow, I can't strike just the answer. Bill Watson may; and he may not. Tomorrow will tell. Well, Your Majesty, I'm glad anyhow that you butted in and whiled the time away. I guess Mr. Al Rashid himself would have bounced back if one of his constituents had conducted him up against this riddle. I'll say good night. Peace fo' yours, and what-you-may-call-its of Allah."

"I cannot express my regret," he said, sadly. "Never before have I found myself unable to assist in some way. 'What kind of a hen lays the longest?' It is a baffling problem. There is a hen, I believe, called the Plymouth Rock that——"

"Cut it out," said the young man. "The Caliph trade is a mighty serious one. I don't suppose you'd even see anything funny in a preacher's defence of John D. Rockefeller. Well, good night, Your Nibs."

From habit the Margrave began to fumble in his pockets. He drew forth a card and handed it to the young man.

"Do me the favor to accept this, anyhow," he said. "The time may come when it might be of use to you."

"Thanks!" said the young man, pocketing it carelessly. "My name is Simmons."

Shame to him who would hint that the reader's interest shall altogether pursue the Margrave August Michael von Paulsen Quigg. I am indeed astray if my hand fail in keeping the way where my pursuer's heart would follow. Then let us, on the morrow, peep quickly in at the door of Hildebrant, harness maker.

Hildebrant's 200 pounds reposed on a bench, silver-buckling a raw leather martingale.

Bill Watson came in first.

"Vell," said Hildebrant, shaking all over with the vile conceit of the joke-maker, "haf you guessed him? 'Vat kind of a hen lays der longest?'"

"Er—why, I think so," said Bill, rubbing a servile chin. "I think so, Mr. Hildebrant—the one that lives the longest—Is that right?"

"Nein!" said Hildebrant, shaking his head violently. "You haf not guessed der answer."

Bill passed on and donned a bed-tick apron and bachelorhood.

In came the young man of the Arabian Night's fiasco—pale, melancholy, hopeless.

"Vell," said Hildebrant. "haf you guessed him? 'Vat kind of a hen lays der longest?'"

Simmons regarded him with dull savagery in his eye. Should he curse this mountain of pernicious humor—curse him and die? Why should—But there was Laura.

Dogged, speechless, he thrust his hands into his coat pockets and stood. His hand encountered the strange touch of the Margrave's card. He drew it out and looked at it, as men about to be hanged look at a crawling fly. There was written on it in Quigg's bold, round hand: "Good for one roast chicken to bearer."

Simmons looked up with a flashing eye.

"A dead one!" said he.

"Goot!" roared Hildebrant, rocking the table with giant glee. "Dot is right! You come at mine house at 8 o'clock to der barty."

The New Inspector-General

The appointment of Brigadier-General W. H. Cotton to be Inspector-General of the Canadian forces brings well deserved promotion to a veteran officer, who has served in the Militia since 1865. Born in Montreal in 1848, he received his first-class certificate in the Royal Military School, Quebec, and was immediately gazetted lieutenant in the Quebec Garrison Artillery. Since then he has served as lieutenant in the Ottawa Garrison Artillery, and as captain in "A" Battery. He passed through various stages of promotion and held important posts in the permanent force, being in turn, D.O.C. of Military Districts Nos. 3 and 4. In 1897 he became Adjutant-General for artillery at headquarters, and thereafter successively, officer commanding Western Ontario and officer commanding the second division. The fact that he was once one of Canada's crack rifle shots is recalled by the following timely reminiscences by the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario.

By Colonel Sir John Gibson, K.C.M.G.

MY recollection of General Cotton dates back to 1871, when he became a member of the Ontario team sent over to Wimbledon. That was before the time that any Dominion team had been organized to compete in these matches. The team was got up by the late Colonel Skinner, of Hamilton, who raised a fund to defray the expenses of twenty men and the members of the team were selected at a competition held in Hamilton.

On this old team there were some of the best shots that have ever been sent out of the country. Three men in particular, General Cotton, the late Oronhyatheka, the Indian, and Lieut. Little, of the 13th Regiment, an old Grand Trunk officer, were excellent shoulder shots. As this was the way the two hundred yard range had to be shot at Wimbledon, they did extremely well. General Cotton stood high in the 1871 matches, especially in shoulder shooting, which was a grand test of steadiness and muscle, as well as good eyesight and judgment.

In 1875 he went as adjutant of the Dominion Wimbledon team, of which I was one of the members. That year in the Kolapore Cup match, the British team failed to show up at the appointed hour in the forenoon. The Canadian team fired through the match and were awarded the cup, but mainly at the instance of General Cotton, they refused to accept an honor won in this way and



GENERAL W. H. COTTON,

insisted on shooting the match over again. This was done in the afternoon. Fortunately, after a keen contest, Canada won the cup in the afternoon by downright good shooting, and

distance than 600 yards, match rifles such as the Metford, the Rigby, the Whitworth and afterwards the Remington, were used at the 800, 900 and 1,000 yard ranges. When in 1876, on



General W. H. Cotton, Inspector-General of the Canadian Forces.

General Cotton and the other members of the '75 team have ever since boasted that they won the Kolapore Cup twice in one year.

In the old days, when the regular military rifle was no use at a greater

the occasion of the United States Centennial Celebration, an international rifle match took place at Creedmore, L.I., a team was sent from Canada, in which after a preliminary competition, General Cotton, then Colonel Cotton,

was selected as one of the eight members. The other members were Captain Mason, Disher of St. Catharines, Murison, Captain Adam, A. Bell, W. Cruik, Joseph Mason and myself. The match was shot at 800, 900 and 1,000 yards,

they had contended that a British team should represent England, Scotland and Ireland, and not teams for each of the three.

At the end of the first day's shooting, Scotland led, but on the second day the



Col. Sir John Gibson, on the left, and General Cotton, on the right, as the central figures in a church parade.

the teams going over the ranges on two successive days, the aggregate determining the result. The competing teams represented Scotland, Ireland, Australia, the United States and Canada. England was not represented, because

Americans overtook the lead and won the contest. As has been usual in international contests, the Americans for months beforehand had selected and re-selected their best men and given them many weeks of systematic practice.

Moreover, they had the advantage of being familiar with the ranges on which the match was shot.

As one result of this contest, and largely through the efforts of General Cotton, the Canadian militia, who had been armed with the Snider rifle, were equipped soon after with the Martini-Henry, a pretty accurate rifle, which could be used for longer ranges, but it never was a very popular rifle or at all

to be compared with the Lee-Enfield or Ross Rifles.

Of General Cotton I can say that he stands high in the public estimation. He is a man of good sense, tact and ability. Everyone who knows him likes and respects him. Of fine character and straight as they make them, he possesses good soldierly instincts. Militiamen generally in Canada view his promotion to the supreme command of the force with a great deal of pleasure.

The Future of the Skyscraper

THIRTY-EIGHT years ago an English poet, James Thomson, wrote a poem which he called "The City of Dreadful Night." It attracted much attention. Long afterwards a bright newspaperman, with Thomson's poem in mind, dubbed New York the "City of Dreadful Height."

It's a good title for a place where architecture is more latitudinal than longitudinal. It fits a city where a giant might walk from roof to roof 300 feet above the earth's surface and not stretch his legs very much farther apart than a six footer does now in striding on Mother Earth's bosom.

Now comes Cass Gilbert, designer of the 750 foot Woolworth building, loftiest of inhabited structures, and tells us that the end is not in sight, that before the present generation sees the limit of height reached it will have to learn to stretch its dorsal vertebrae as well as its cervical bones.

"There isn't any last word in skyscrapers," says Mr. Gilbert. "The only question is one of economic success. Provided with sufficient base there is no reason why a hundred storey building should not be erected, as far as safety is concerned. But the question is whether it would be a paying investment. It is a matter of economic limit in which the elevator service plays an important part. In order to provide elevator service we estimate that one elevator can serve about 18,000 square feet of floor area. By computing the area of the floor space we arrive at the number

of elevators required. This has proved a reasonably good service. Consequently the higher the building the greater the space taken up by the elevators, and hence, from an economic standpoint, the height of buildings must be limited, owing to the excessive amount of rentable space used by the lifts."

In connection with skyscrapers it is interesting to note that one may stand at a certain point in lower Manhattan, New York city, near the entrance to the Brooklyn bridge, and see no fewer than six high buildings, each in its time the "last word" in skyscrapers. Possibly one of the most interesting sights in the metropolis is the contrast afforded by the Woolworth building and the Park Row building. In its time, a decade or so ago, the Park Row building was one of the wonders of the universe. With its twin towers, rearing themselves aloft to the height of 382 feet above the sidewalk, it would be impressive and dignified standing by itself on a plain or in the midst of lower edifices. But near by rises—serene, majestic, beautiful—the elongated bulk of the Woolworth building, almost twice as high. In your mind's eye place beside the latter structure another 250 feet higher—1,000 feet of perpendicular building. Will the denizen of the top floor have to keep near him a tank of oxygen to revive him if overcome by the rarefied atmosphere, or will doctors send their ailing patients to inhale mountain air on the top of a skyscraper?

The Best Selling Book of the Month

In each issue of MacLean's we are telling the story of the most popular book of the month. For this purpose we have called to our aid the editor of "The Book-seller and Stationer," the newspaper of the book trade in Canada. At the end of every month the leading booksellers from the Atlantic to the Pacific send a report to that paper, giving the list of the six best sellers. This will be most valuable information for our readers who want a popular book, but who, until now, have had no really reliable information to guide them. In addition to telling what the book is about, the sketch will be made doubly interesting by timely references to the career of the author. In no other way can our readers so readily, with so little expense of time and money, obtain an up-to-date education in current literature.

By The Editors

CANADIAN BEST SELLERS.

1. The Net, by Rex Beach; 2. Their Yesterdays, by Harold Bell Wright; 3. Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town, by Stephen Leacock; 4. The Hollow of Her Hand, by George Barr McCutcheon; 5. The Master of the Oaks, by Caroline Abbot Stanley; 6. Between Two Thieves, by Richard Dehan,

AMERICAN BEST SELLERS.

1. Their Yesterdays; 2. The Arm Chair at the Inn; 3. The Street Called Straight; 4. Where There's a Will; 5. The Harvester; 6. The Melting of Molly.

TO suddenly leap into literary prominence while carrying a valise full of fire brick about Chicago—such was the fame and fortune of Rex Beach, author of "best sellers."

That was eight years ago, after he had been buffeted about—promoting, prospecting, speculating—in various parts of the States and Alaska. He was "sometimes poor and then again broke," he tells us in one of his personal sketches, and "struck Chicago to spar for wind," for he was always a fighting man and understood the fine points of the game.

But why not let Beach himself tell the story of his spectacular rise. "I was game for any financial enterprise,"

he writes, "from pitch and toss to manslaughter. No matter how evil my fortunes I knew they were certain to get worse. So I was quite willing to take a chance on the brick industry, although I knew nothing about fire brick. About the time I got so that I could tell a brick from a nosegay of pink nasturtiums, I took on an interest in a contracting business. We built furnaces, erected chimneys, and installed power plants. I knew less about this than I did about fire brick, but being a director of the several companies nobody dared to tell me so. I was doing very well, thank you, when a friend of mine put me wise to a perfect mint of money that was going to waste in the author business. He proudly displayed to me samples of his own handicraft as a fiction writer. These samples were printed in a harvester company's trade journal.

"Do they pay money for that stuff?" I asked in alarm.

"They do," said the proud friend. "I got \$10 apiece for each story.

"It looked easy and appealed to me strangely, for an author doesn't have to carry anything, not even a suitcase full of brick samples. Why should I sell fire brick for a living after that? I asked myself. So I sat down, and handled a piece about Alaska. I sent it to one of the big New York magazines, thinking to start it at the top

and let it work down to the Poultryman's Review by the natural law of gravitation. But the big magazine took it; and the big magazine editor came out to Chicago to see me. He introduced me to a lot of nice-looking literary people who, it seems, aid him in his nefarious job of publishing a magazine every 30 days. 'This is Beach,' he said to them. I carefully lapped one foot over the other and looked bashful. 'Beach Beach!' they echoed. They knew me. The evil was done.

"I went back to the office and threw bricks around the room until there wasn't a sample left. I became an author. I went to Chicago, rented a blank office in the Fine Arts building (I chose the name purposely), locked myself in, and wrote 'The Looting of Alaska'—20,000 words. Just like that. Then I started 'The Spoilers,' also a nice batch of short stories.

"My appearance in New York with all this material; my plunge into the 'literary world,' there—ah, it is like a dream, a bewildering dream. I sold the stuff right and left. I pulled in \$5,000 to start with. Then I went out with a club after anybody that had money—editors, theatrical managers, everybody. My slogan was 'How dare you have money? Gimme that!'—with a brusque, ungentlemanly gesture—and I got it.

Well, he has simply been gathering in the money ever since, and his latest work, "The Net," which has also taken its place among the "best sellers," promises to eclipse previous records in point of sales.

"The Net," treats of a man's long conflict with the Mafia, and terminates in the uprising of a law-abiding people against lawlessness. At times its reading may bore one, for in parts it is heavy and in yet other parts it is somewhat too flippantly light, but it contains also some fine passages, and it is worth while to skip the feebler parts to enjoy the cream of the work.

Norvin Blake, the central figure, meets in Paris, a Sicilian nobleman of about his own age—Martel Savigno. Norvin goes, eventually, to Sicily to witness his friend's marriage, and

through the American traveler's eyes the reader gets a vivid impression of the little-known island, its picturesque scenes and quaint native types. All this, however, is secondary to the interest which centres round Martel's determination to prove his independence of the Mafia. Despite threatening messages, the headstrong young Count resolves to celebrate his wedding with memorable festivities. Vain efforts are made, with the help of the Italian soldiery, to capture the senders of threatening letters signed uniformly "Belisario Cardi"—a name behind which is concealed a mysterious personality almost superstitiously feared by the peasants. Meanwhile, Blake, in spite of every restraint of conscience and loyalty, has fallen hopelessly in love with Martel's bride to be—Margherita Ginini, Countess of Terranova, a magnificent golden-haired, radiant girl of ardent temperament, and obviously of the Saracen strain. On the evening of the *festa* preceding the day of the wedding, Blake, Martel, and the Count's confidential overseer are waylaid by a band of armed men; Norvin succumbs to a sickening, overwhelming fear; Martel and his overseer are killed, and the American hears the voice of Belisario Cardi bidding him go free. Crushed under the shame of his cowardice, Norvin remains in Sicily as long as circumstances will permit, hoping to comfort and advise the Countess, who has sworn to hunt down the murderers of her lover. At last his mother's illness calls him back to America, and when, ten months later, he returns to Sicily, he can find no trace of the Countess Margherita.

After a lapse of three years the scene shifts to New Orleans, and for a space one loses the sense of the mysterious, brooding fatefulness which Mr. Beach works so well into his handling of Sicilian crime, and the thing becomes rather a sordid affair of American back streets, where flippant detectives run down their quarry, jesting grimly the while. Norvin Blake has become president of the Cotton Exchange, a man of note and authority. Since his final departure from Sicily he has deliberately put himself through a "course in cour-

age." Nevertheless, his nerves still quiver at the mere thought of danger, and his constitutional physical cowardice seems beyond remedy. Here in New Orleans we meet a number of people such as we rarely meet in books, and are glad to greet either in books or in life; Bernie Dreux, the fastidious elderly beau of aristocratic descent, and Myra Nell Warren, his half-sister—piquant,

plays altogether hardly so important a part as she merits. It is a hard thing to write a detective tale and a love story with the same pen, and it is hardly to Mr. Beach's discredit that he has not quite succeeded. If one remembers rightly, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was careful not to allow Holmes to yield to the tender passion. The closing passages of the story lead through a series of scenes, portraying vigorous action, as



REX BEACH
Author of *The Net*

girlish, extravagant, and warm-hearted—in these two there is much to call forth laughter and affection. And their relation to the plot is close, for, among other things, Myra Nell is half in love with Norvin. A chain of exciting events brings the Countess Margherita and Belisario Cardi back into the story and the "golden girl" gratifies our expectations by marrying the hero, although it must be admitted that she

only Beach can portray it, to the crisis—the mobbing of the prison and a lynching scene which, whether one likes its details or not, is certainly one of the most powerful pieces of writing that have been vouchsafed to us for some time.

On the whole, however, "The Net," is a story that is calculated to absorb one's attention, and there is no regret mingled with the subjection to the spell.

Review of Reviews

In this department MacLean's is running each month a synopsis of the best articles appearing in the leading current magazines of the world. An effort is made to cover as wide a range of subjects as possible in the space available, and to this end the reviews are carefully summarized. In brief, readable reference is made to the leading magazine articles of the day—a review of the best current literature.

Science as a Help to Wealth

Edison, Bell, Marconi and others have become millionaires through inventive genius—All inventors are not impractical

ONE of the familiar and pathetic pictures of human-interest narrative is that of the unpractical inventor who sells his mechanical birthright for a song, or who sacrifices his years and his substance upon the ungrateful altar of scientific research. Unhappily enough, this touching spectacle has been seen in many actual cases, and it has helped to create a wide-spread impression that genius needs a guardian or a business manager.

Thus writes Isaac Marcossan in Munsey's. Most successful inventors, he holds, on the other hand, have a fairly keen sense of commercial values. It has simply been a part of their larger equipment. They have generally, however, been too busy to combat the theory that because a man happens to be gifted with the genius of creation he must of necessity forswear all pretense to practicality. That the creative and commercial faculties go hand in hand the writer shows by reference to examples.

Thomas A. Edison, for instance, is one. Perhaps no American name is better known all over the world. The average citizen who uses his incandescent light, hears his phonograph, sees his moving pictures, rides on his electric cars, or is affected in some way by the extraordinary activities which have emanated from his marvelous brain, concludes that Mr. Edison's revenues must be nothing short of fabulous. As a matter of fact, while he is a rich man, he is not the multi-millionaire that he might have been had he been a mere money-maker. He has made money in spite of himself, and by the

aid of the brilliant and watchful coterie known as "the staff."

Edison did not begin by being a practical man. That was shown when he got his first stake, a check for forty thousand dollars paid him by General Lefferts for his stock-ticker. He had never received a check before, and when he shoved it through the teller's window at the bank it was handed back to him.

In dismay he rushed back to General Lefferts, and said he was afraid the check was no good. The general discovered that Edison had failed to indorse it. Of course, the paying-teller might have told him this, but it seems he realized that he was dealing with a green hand, and wanted to have some fun with him.

When Edison went into business for himself, he had an amusing experience. He kept no books. He had two hooks in the shop. On one he jabbed all bills and accounts that he owed; on the other he kept his memoranda of items owing to him. When bills came due, he gave notes. When these in turn matured, he hustled around and got cash advances on orders.

One day he hired a bookkeeper, who reported that the shop was three thousand dollars ahead of the game. Edison was so much delighted that he gave a supper to some men to celebrate the event. But two days later, going over the accounts again, he found out that instead of being to the good, he was really five hundred dollars in debt.

Yet out of such absurdly amusing episodes grew the colossal business which

bears the name of the wizard, and which represents, in all its world-wide branches and ramified activities, an investment of nearly seven billions of dollars and a gross annual income of more than one billion dollars.

Mr. Edison has not directed any of these enterprises financially. He has always been content to be free to pursue his investigations. He has said, too, that he never made a cent out of his patents in electric light and power—two branches, by the way, in which others have made many millions. But he has had the gift of picking the right men to handle his affairs; and this, according to the richest of all steelmasters, represents the instinct indispensable to successful business.

Nor must you get the impression that Edison is lacking in practical sense. His ability in this direction is best summed up by one of his closest associates:

"Mr. Edison's commercial strength manifests itself in the outlining of matters relating to organization and broad policy with a sagacity arising from a shrewd perception and from an appreciation of general business requirements and conditions; to which should be added his intensely comprehensive grasp of manufacturing possibilities and details, and an unceasing vigilance in devising means of improving the quality of products and increasing the economy of their manufacture."

Thus he is possessed of those qualities on which the whole great science of modern business is reared, for we have come to the era of standardization and organization. These, combined with economy of output, are the things that make the formula of manufacturing success.

The case of Alexander Graham Bell is akin to that of Mr. Edison. He is generally regarded as a wealthier man than the wizard of Llewellyn Park. This is possibly due to the fact that he has concentrated upon one great invention of universal service, which he has practically controlled.

In business matters, Professor Bell has been shrewder than Edison. At the age of twenty-nine, when he received that far-famed patent No. 174465, the most valuable single patent ever issued in any country, he followed the example of Sir Henry Bessemer by copper-riveting it with every possible buttress. This is why it stood such a terrific broadside of attacks, and proved invulnerable even to the assault of the powerful Western Union Telegraph Company.

Like Professor Agassiz, the inventor of the telephone kept his fortune in his family, and it was done in a very tender and sentimental way. While he was wrestling with those inarticulate sounds which were soon to burst forth as the voice of the telephone, he was wooing the beautiful Mabel Hubbard, daughter of Gardner Hubbard, his first and devoted patron. On the day of their marriage, he presented his bride with his share of the original Bell stock—a princely dowry that has reaped a harvest of millions.

While not blind to the practicalities of life, Professor Bell has always been frank enough to admit that the integrity of the Bell fortune has been largely conserved by the loyalty of his associates. That masterful group of men included Hubbard, who introduced the telephone; Thomas Sanders, who financed it; James Storrow and Channey Smith, who fought its legal battles; and, last, but not least, the brilliant Theodore Vail, who unified it into a vast and world-wide commercial proposition that added fresh distinction to the achievement of American business.

Reference is also made to Marconi who is securely entrenched behind the great corporations that exploit his device. It must be remembered that he never felt the stern pinch of necessity. Had he mounted the tortuous path of the self-made, he might have had a still keener appreciation of the value of pound and dollar.

Getting Ready for War in the Sky

Air-craft has entered war game and nations of the world are preparing to utilize new forces in event of conflict

AIR-CRAFT has entered the old game of war in a manner that makes it as imperative to all phases of modern fighting, as soldiers themselves. Germany, France, England, Italy, and America to-day would

consider their armies absolutely incomplete and unprepared for war if it were not for the up-to-date aviation corps which they are keeping constantly at work, writes John Walters in *Railroadman's Magazine*.

No doubt the news that thrills the world whenever some gallant soldier gives his life while trying to perfect the aeronautic tactics of war may seem to some an unholy matter, but—a soldier is a soldier.

In the United States little attention has been paid to the air-ship, but the corps operating with aeroplanes is, perhaps, second to none in the world. While aviation has had something of a set-back in private circles, owing to the accidents in which nearly every eminent man engaged in the sport was killed, nothing can now retard its progress as an adjunct of the army.

Claude Grahame-White, the British aviator, recently made this statement regarding the hydroplane: "France and Germany have quickly jumped to the value of these machines for naval warfare. England, too, is making a series of tests to demonstrate this type of machine. The performance of the machine during recent naval reviews will, without doubt, result in its general adoption by the naval authorities."

England is apparently just awakening to the importance of the war aeroplane. In the past she has merely dallied with the subject, as she has also with the military dirigible; but the vast progress made by Germany and other European nations in aerial affairs seems to have punctured her lethargy to an appreciable extent.

A program has now been designed which will eventually give Great Britain approximately 400 military and naval airmen. By the end of the year she will possess, say, sixty properly trained units, which is a very poor showing in comparison with the many hundreds that are already available in France and Germany.

Nevertheless, England is well off for licensed aviators who have passed a rigid examination conducted by trained experts. England has 207, France nearly 700, Germany 124, Russia 99, Italy 72. These men are all civilians who, in case of a national crisis, can be called upon to man war aeroplanes and air-ships.

Last year an aerial league was started in Great Britain the end of which is to develop both men and machines. The hydroplane plays an important part in the present and future of Great Britain.

In the army estimates for this year, Great Britain proposes to expend \$1,540,000 for aerial purposes and to purchase 131 aeroplanes. It has organized a flying corps, including soldiers, sailors, and civilians. The military wing is to consist of seven aeroplane squadrons, each containing twelve

aeroplanes and a suitable number of officers to fly them.

In 1909 France expended \$50,000 for aerial purposes; in 1910, \$400,000; in 1911, \$1,024,000. She proposes to spend, during the present year, \$2,400,000 for aeroplanes and \$1,000,000 for dirigibles, which means that by the spring of 1913 she will have twenty-seven aerial squadrons of eight aeroplanes each, with a total of 216 aeroplanes and 344 trained officers.

In 1915 France will have 900 machines and 1,500 trained pilots. France is aviation mad. The people, rich and poor, young and old, of all beliefs and factions, are uniting to give France a huge aerial fleet and make it supreme in aerial armament. The public subscriptions to this end reach many millions of francs, and the plans include the equipping of the army with no less than 2,000 aeroplanes for its twenty corps. At present, each corps has a section of artillery, cavalry, and infantry. In the future, it will, in addition, have its own complement of aeroplanes. This means that the entire army will have to be reorganized, but the French are grimly in earnest about the matter.

An additional plan which is being considered by the authorities includes the establishment of aerial patrols of aeroplanes and dirigibles at the frontiers.

The attitude of the French is due to the act of Prince Henry of Prussia, who proposed the construction of a fleet of aeroplanes that should carry loads of 100 pounds over and above the pilot and fuel, and also to the Kaiser offering a prize of 50,000 marks for the best aeroplane motor of German material and design. A second prize of 30,000 marks is offered by the imperial chancellor; a third prize of 20,000 marks by the minister of war, and a fourth prize by the minister of marine.

As a further evidence of the earnestness of the Germans, a proclamation has been posted in banks and business houses throughout the empire announcing that subscriptions are being taken for a national aeroplane fund.

Early last spring fifty aeroplanes of the German type were ordered by the government. The foregoing fact, taken into consideration with the advance in the art of manufacturing and navigating dirigibles that has been manifested in Germany, caused a sudden shock of alarm in France. M. Millerand, the new French minister of war, has demanded an appropriation of 23,000,000 francs for military aviation.

Germany's supremacy in the matter of dirigibles is well recognized. She owes this to the efforts of Count von Zeppelin and Major August von Parseval. Germany is not much given to modern publicity, and, consequently, the outside world knows little of the progress that has been made within its borders.

There are three military aviation schools in Russia, the most important being at Sebastopol. The number of students enrolled who are qualifying for a pilot's certificate is 302, including 102 commissioned officers and 200 non-commissioned and petty officers and privates. The club school has fifty-five aeroplanes of home and foreign construction. Long flights are a daily occurrence when the weather permits, and

the naval aviators are credited with thirty-mile flights over the sea.

So far, only Italy has had an opportunity of testing aviation in actual warfare, and that the experiment was more or less of a success is shown by the fact that the government has ordered more dirigibles to be built. Italy now divides its military air-ships into three classes: first, or piccolo type, having a capacity of 5,000 cubic meters; the second, or N class, having 11,000 cubic meters; while the third, or G class, has a capacity of 40,000 cubic meters.

It is to be noted that the larger of the new dirigibles are to be equipped with two quick-firing guns and two torpedo-tubes for dropping bombs on the enemy.

Making a Million in Stock Gambling

Thomas W. Lawson relates some of his most thrilling experiences with the ticker in beating the stock market

THOMAS W. LAWSON, writing in *Everybody's*, declares the people of the United States, whether they play stocks or not, certainly pay. They are paying, he calculates, over 2,000 millions of dollars a year—Stock Exchange Gambling Tolls—in the increased price of necessities.

Lawson knows the game pretty well himself. In the course of his December article he gives a vivid description of some of his own operations, telling how he cleared up a cool million in a half hour. He writes:

The ticker in my private office in "Young's" may go on for hours with a monotony that never interrupts my writing "The Remedy," or my sonnets to my honey-bees and my butterflies, when suddenly it gives a peculiar purr, a tick, tick-a-tick, tickety-whirring hiss, and I am along-side in my reachingest strides.

U. S. 700—59; 1600—58 $\frac{7}{8}$; 1000— $\frac{3}{4}$; 4000— $\frac{1}{2}$; 200— $\frac{1}{2}$; 6000— $\frac{1}{4}$; 400— $\frac{1}{8}$; 9000—58; 2000—57 $\frac{7}{8}$; 5000— $\frac{7}{8}$; 2500— $\frac{1}{2}$; 2000—Z; 5000—57; 2000—57; 1000—57;—57; 1900—57.

Nothing in between; no other transactions; all Steel, and a violent break of two points and a halt and then activity.

I examine the yard or two of tape. I finger it back and forth, dwelling on this amount, lingering over that price, all the

time mentally rushing through all the American events of the past few days, the past few weeks—business affairs, crops, legislation, banking institutions; and then I make a quick jump all over Europe—war situations, diplomatic situations, strikes, throne overturns; and then I seven-league boot it back to Yankeealand—and all the time the ticker is ticking away Steel at 57. Some one is throwing Steel over in big lots, but some one is buying it in equally big lots.

What does it mean? The man who can guess first will get the biggest slice of the easy money which is being chucked about in big hunks; for, if Steel has dropped in four minutes from 59 to 57 and is going to drop from 57 to 55 in four minutes more, he who can sell 50,000 shares "short" at 57 will be able to "take" it back in another four minutes at 55, "bagging" by the operation \$100,000—real dollars.

On the other hand, if it is going to halt at 57 and turn and in the next four minutes jump back to 59, he who buys 50,000 shares at 57 will be able to sell it at 59 and "net" \$100,000—real dollars.

But, if this two-point drop means that the big head of Steel has fallen dead with heart disease, or been killed in his automobile, and this drop of two points is the

selling by some one who has advance information, it means that the man who sells 50,000 Steel at 57 may inside of another half-hour be able to buy it back at 37, and thereby make, in thirty minutes, a whole million dollars of very easy money.

But, then, too, if one's diagnosis of the cause of this two-point drop is wrong, one can as quickly and as easily be parted from as much of one's own real money as one can take from the other fellow by diagnosing it right.

After a few minutes' mad mental gallop through all the fields where lies the information necessary to the proper diagnosis, I have, on eight or ten different wires, eight or ten of the best-informed Stock Exchange members, whose business it is to tell me what they know. But after they have told me all they know, I still have not the solution, for they, too, are guessing.

That string of sales quotations on the tape can have come only from a limited number of sources. My experience, my lifetime of sleeping, eating, drinking, and playing with the ticker, tells me that—and tells me that if something real has happened, the orders must have come from one of a few particular "houses." I know them all, as a good kennelman knows the dams and sires of fifty or sixty mixed-color pups that look alike to the dog amateur who has had no kennel experience.

If it is only manipulation, that is, merely "a deal" incubating, the stocks obviously must have been "thrown" on to the market by one or another of the very few master manipulators.

So I lay out an elimination test to get at the true diagnosis of that two yards of tape. I take up telephone number one:—"Sell 4,000 Steel at the market"—the market is still 57. That order goes to one of the most active brokers on the floor, a man who knows his business.

On telephone number two:—"Sell 3,000 Steel at the market." This to a conservative commission house which hates to be classed in with floor manipulators.

Telephone number three:—"Buy 5,000 Steel at the market." This to a two-dollar "floor operator" who can get the best prices going with two crooks of his finger.

On telephone number four:—"Buy 2,000 Steel at the market"—and so on up and down my line of wires.

Then I finger the tape and watch it perform, and listen to the ticker coo for the next minute or so. The figures come stringing out, up, down, down, up. Every

amount, every price, every fraction, every click means something. One by one I eliminate the various possibilities, and in another two or three minutes the ticker's voice sounds very loving to me. I pat the tape fondly and say: "You're a dear old lovey-dove to tell me all you know."

Then I pinch it. Every time we drop the tape we pinch—crease—it, at the last-recorded trade, that we may know upon our return where we were when we left off. So far have we brought the science of the game that it might pay to give a \$10,000 or \$20,000 tip to a big manipulator's office-boy for a diagram of the tape "pinches" on a busy day—they might show how this "up" or that "down" drove him to his telephone.

I have the situation: So-and-So, one of my competitors, an old-timer, has just been employed by the "Steel crowd" to rush Steel up for a three months' campaign. So-and-so always starts in—doesn't know any other way to do the business—by "working them down a few points," that he may get a load or two of "cheap stock" before "the deal" strikes its up-swing.

My testing orders have shown me the situation almost as truly as if I had been at his desk when he was laying out his campaign. It has cost me—for I have sold only the same number of thousands of shares through one set of brokers that I have bought through another—a paltry ten to fifteen thousand dollars in commissions (paltry compared with the profits to come) and I am ready for "business."

I order one broker to buy five thousand Steel, another ten, another ten, another five, another three, and so on, until I have, say, 40,000 shares on hand, and they have cost me, say, 58 on an average. I began to buy at 57. It is now 59, and going up.

My competitor, in his den in New York, is going through the same operation. He is calling over his various wires to his brokers to find out who, besides himself, is in the market, who is butting in on his deals; and presently the tape tells him, as it told me, and he mutters, "Damn him." But he has little time for damning any one, for I have got my 40,000 shares, and have diagnosed his operation thus:

The Steel directors have been secretly "loading up" for the past two months with Steel for their own private account, and with three or four or five hundred thousand and low-priced shares on hand, they are now starting a campaign to buy for the treasury of the Steel Trust, with the stock-

holders' money, any amount necessary to lift the price to a desired point, say 95—the point at which these same Steel directors will unload the low-bought stock on to the fool public. This means to me that the Steel directors are going to let out “good news” about increased dividends and other “bull points” which will “send Steel soaring”—news which, after Steel is at the top of its soaringest high place, they will deny ever existed.

And the denial will bring Steel crashing back to its starting-point—59.

My diagnosis is published on the “news sheets;” the public rushes in to buy, as it always does in a bull market, and Steel jumps from 59 to 79; and I have on paper \$800,000 of some one's money, which I proceed to make real money by selling my 40,000 shares, although I might get another \$800,000 by holding on a while longer. It might go up another twenty points.

But experience has shown me that the nights are too long and too uncertain for an outsider to carry 40,000 shares of Steel through to the point where he might get a

full profit—that is, as much profit as an insider—so I take my half and get up on the fence and wait until months afterward, when my old friend the ticker again starts in her sputtering.

This time my diagnosis shows that the Steel philanthropists have been unloading for weeks on a frantically buying public that has been stimulated to believe Steel is going up to 150. They are now selling Steel “short,” preparatory to breaking the market with “bad news.” I, therefore, sell 40,000 shares of Steel that I don't own, and I complete my deal later—when the world has been flooded with “bad news” to shake out the public, and prices have dropped—by buying Steel at twenty points below my selling price.

It's a sweet, pretty game, isn't it? I ask you—you American people. If I, the outsider, from “reading” the tape can make \$1,600,000, what do you think of the chance of insiders, the ones who “make” the tape, to “make” easy money out of your hard-earned wages and incomes?

New Miracles of Health

The day of positive miracles is near—Loss of hand or foot will not be more than a temporary inconvenience very soon

DID you know that of all the arts and sciences, electrical science alone has kept pace with surgery during the last half-century? Such is the fact, and it should give pause to the critics who accuse the men of the operating-room of being too willing to use the knife—who say that the knife should be a last resort. It shouldn't; it should often be the first step, as it is the only one promising a ray of hope. Time was when Death was one of those at the operating table; now the anesthetic may be taken unafraid, although the knife is to search the very seat of life itself, for if there is any healing possible modern surgery will find it.

So runs the opening paragraph of an article in the *Cosmopolitan* on “New Miracles of Health.” It was edited by one of the world's leading surgeons and, as might be expected, is an authoritative revelation of some of the modern surgical wonders. As a matter of fact the writer asserts that

“the day of positive miracles is not far off.” And he proceeds to give examples of what he means. “The day is almost at hand,” the article continues, “when the loss of a hand or a foot, an arm or a leg, by any of the accidents that become more common as society becomes more complex, will not be more than a temporary inconvenience. The effects of accidents and diseases that completely destroy the bones, the skin, muscles and tendons, blood-vessels and nerves, the glands, and even many of the so-called vital organs, are already being offset by surgery. So miraculous, indeed, viewed in the light of the knowledge of yesterday, are the surgical achievements of to-day that no one can put his finger upon any given point and say: ‘Here human skill ends. From this point on the knife may not dare to venture.’”

“There are no apparent limits to the possibilities of the surgical transformation of the human body. There is hardly a part of

the body that cannot be used for repair work upon other bodies. Even the lifeless hulks of the dead can and do furnish material with which to strengthen and preserve the bodies of the living.

"The suggestion that such material, available for such use, should not be discarded by burial or destroyed by cremation, but preserved for use in restoring to health and activity those who are still alive, is seriously urged by eminent surgeons, foremost among whom is Dr. Roswell Park, LL.D., who is professor of surgery in the University of Buffalo, founder of the New York State Pathological Laboratory, and the author of standard textbooks on surgery. Throughout the profession any suggestion coming from him is listened to with the greatest respect. His forceful exposition of the possibilities that already lie open to the sufficiently skilled operator in transplantations from the dead to the living opens the widest range of possibilities to the imagination.

" 'Let a healthy young woman meet accidental and instantaneous death,' said Dr. Park, in a recent address on 'Thanatology' which has attracted the attention of the medical profession in all parts of the country. 'It would be possible to use no inconsiderable portion of her body for grafting or other justifiable surgical procedures.

The arteries and nerves could be used, both in the fresh state, and the former even after preservation, for suitable transplantation or repair work on the vascular and nervous systems of a considerable number of other people. So, also, could the thyroid, the cornea, and especially the bones. All the teeth, if healthy, could be reimplanted. With the thin bones, ribs especially, plastic operations—particularly on the noses—of fifty people could be made. And then the exterior of the body could be made to supply any amount of normal integument with which to do heterologous dermatoplastic operations, or would furnish an almost inexhaustible supply of epidermis for Thiersch grafts, which latter material need not be used in the fresh state, but could be preserved and made available some days and even weeks later. A portion of the muscles might possibly be made available, and possibly some other portion of the remains might be utilized for some unusual purpose. Then, what extracts or extractives might be prepared from other parts of the body—pituitary, adrenals, bone-marrow, etc.' "

This is, after all, not a fantastic dream, nor such an extreme picture as would at first appear, since every organ or tissue above mentioned and more has been used as indicated, and with success.

Competency or Penury ?

Statistics show that at sixty-five only three men out of every hundred own property—Remainder depend on earnings and assistance

IN THE Christmas Number of The Prudential Bulletin the statement is made based on the Mercantile Agency reports, that only three men out of every hundred in the United States and Canada own any property at sixty-five years of age.

"Man's average life is like a hill—the upward journey is usually one of production, and on the other side it is either competency or penury. The upward part of this hill is the profitable period of a man's life. It is a period in which he either makes his money or gets well launched into doing so. It is a period in which his finest powers are developed. Mercantile Agency reports show that at age 45, 83 per cent. of the business men in the country are

successful. As a rule, if he does not get a start by this time he never gets it; but as I say, it is shown that 83 per cent. do get a start. During these years the healthy man has nothing to fear about present comforts.

"Now take a glance at the other side. From 45 to 65 the man is going down. This is, in a sense, the age of losses. Statistics show that at age 65, 97 per cent. of the men in this country are dependent on their daily earnings or on their children for support. It hardly seems possible, does it? But it is an actual fact.

There are two reasons for this. One is that we are a "happy-go-lucky" nation, thinking more of pleasures and luxuries

to-day than of necessities to-morrow. We do not seem to be able to get it into our consciousness that it is possible for us to be in penury 20 or 25 years from now. We do not make big mistakes. We do not make fool investments, and, of course, we never will. We, of course, intend to make an estate some day; just now we cannot begin because we get too much enjoyment out of living up to our income, or nearly up to it. This, as you know, is the National American spirit.

"The other reason so few men (only 3 in 100) have property at age 65 is because of the mental transition they go through, usually between the ages of 55 and 65. Between these years a man goes through a mental transition that upsets his judgment. He makes business deals and goes

into ventures that he would not have dreamed of doing before. Hard-headed, shrewd men, with the keenest of judgment—men who would never dream of speculating, have their judgment warped during this period, thus causing the large number of failures you see recounted daily in the *Dun* and the *Bradstreet* news items. Are not these facts pregnant with meaning, and do they not point a warning to each of us?

"Does it not become imperative in the face of facts of this kind that we change our 'happy-go-lucky' methods of living and at least lay by a sum that will provide for our old age? Luxuries may not be needed then, but comfort is, and the thought of dependence on others should make us shudder."

Norman Angell and His Gospel of Peace

"The Great Illusion" which fell flat at outset is being translated into seventeen languages—Sketch of writer and book

A FEW years ago there appeared a thin octavo volume of about a hundred pages entitled "Europe's Optical Illusion." The book was a study in international politics, and its author was Mr. Norman Angell, "then quite an unknown personality in the greater world of letters." The work, destined later to be regarded as epoch-making, "fell absolutely flat; it was ignored both by the press and the public alike; and now at the present moment it is being translated into seventeen languages!" Well may Mr. Robert Birkmyre, writing in the *London Bookman*, say: "Mr. Norman Angell has every reason to feel grateful to whatever gods may preside over the fates of authors for the fortunate turn of events that has placed him almost at a bound as it were in the forefront of European authors." Under its present title, "The Great Illusion," Mr. Angell's book has influenced the enlightened leaders of thought and opinion in two hemispheres. "Men like Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Winston Churchill have allowed the tenets of 'The Great Illusion' to shape their thoughts and to mold their policy; and the work has been honored by complimentary reference in the *French Chamber*—an unusual experience for a book."

Of Mr. Angell, personally, the writer says:—

The career of the author of "The Great Illusion" was not always passed in the study poring over the problems of peace and war. Indeed, to anyone who knows Mr. Angell personally, and the facts of his life, it is a matter for wonder that he could have found the time necessary to devote to the study even of his own particular subject and the strenuous work of putting his ideas into book form. For unlike so many beautiful and artificial creations in literature "The Great Illusion" was not the work of a night; it did not "arrive" by accident; the author did not dream it as the poets both great and small dream poems; he built it steadily bit by bit in his brain, as the builder builds a monument and the work took years of patient and laborious study.

Mr. Angell's volume has been subject to so much misconception and misrepresentation that the *Bookman* writer deems it advisable to state what the propositions laid down by the author really are. He tells us:—

The whole idea of "The Great Illusion" is simply that war is an unprofitable undertaking in the twentieth century, both to

the nation and to the individual who is part of that nation owing to the delicate interdependence of trade and finance. We are blinded by traditions that have passed away; haunted by shibboleths and have never really paused to think the matter out in a clear and logical manner. Mr. Angell preaches the gospel of peace but objectively; that is to say, if he had felt that any real profit, moral or material, could arise from the art of war as it is conceived and practised at the present day there would have been no need for his book and the slow, patient years in which he devoted himself to the problems of international warfare would have been given to more profitable things; but feeling and having expounded in "The Great Illusion" the folly and fallacy of war he advocates peace: it is the only alternative. He does not say, remember that war is impossible, which is a favorite misinterpretation; it is more than possible; it is even likely; and it is because it is so probable that "The Great Illusion" has become such an important factor on all questions touching on international policy. Mr. Angell endeavors in "The Great Illusion" to put the clock

right for us; we are slow by several centuries; and while we are so advanced and have made such gigantic strides in other things in the domain of international politics we are absolutely stationary and remain rooted where we were at the beginning of history when plunder was the price of war, and the rough and ready methods of the Huns and the Vandals will not work in the twentieth century. Mankind has developed materially and morally since then (whether they know it or not) and at the present moment when the nations are more than ever bound by economic interdependence and considerations of trade; when the division of labor is a tie between State and State and man and man, war and the benefits that war is supposed to bring is an individual and national "illusion." It is not war we want, but co-operation, not strife but federation. That is the real and only possible interpretation of "The Great Illusion," if read with the usual modicum of light and understanding.

Mr. Angell, whose full name, we believe, is Ralph Norman Angell Lane, was born in 1874 in England.

New Books of the Year Put in the Balance

By common consent two leaders are named—Output of books absurdly in excess of demand, say authorities.

CRITICAL eyes are already beginning to scan the year's output of new books with a view to discovering the best amongst the enormously large bunch. By common consent, "The Letters of George Meredith," and H. G. Wells' "Marriage," are the two works which have aroused the most interest. One literary authority, A. St. John Adcock, acting editor of the Bookman, thinks the year's publishing does not so much reveal any definite tendency in English literature, as an eager groping and fumbling in a good many directions. "If it shows any actual tendency," he says, "it is towards a larger, freer handling of the facts of existence, a recognition that what is natural is not necessarily shameful." On the other hand, Robert Hugh Benson is of opinion that the tendency of English taste this year shows a continuation of interest in character analysis. "I do not think this a very hopeful sign," he de-

clares. "It is more important to care about the formation of character than about its analysis. An age of criticism is never an age of the highest art." Horace Annesley Vachell sounds a pessimistic note. "My conviction is fortified by the year's publishing that the output of all books is absurdly in excess of the demand."

In regard to this question of over-publication, which Mr. Vachell deplores, a prominent London publisher puts his finger on one cause of it when he says, "What leading publishers do complain about is the inclusion of a novel which lacks any distinction at all, and which is only published to enable the publisher taking it to form some kind of a list." Such novels are paid for by the authors, and are distinctly damaging to the sales of both the established author and the new author with promising talent.

New York Under the Microscope

Arnold Bennett places the Metropolis under the lens—description of the city as seen from "The Elevated":—

IF Mr. Wells uses a telescope, then Mr. Arnold Bennett is master of the microscope, and in Harper's he places New York under the lens. Mr. Bennett's attempt to portray the United States with anything like his usual accuracy would necessitate his writing a novel every twenty-four hours for the next twenty years, and we must be satisfied with the present glimpse as we look out upon New York from "the Elevated":—

What sharpened and stimulated the vision more than anything else was the innumerable flashing glimpses of immense torn clouds of clean linen, or linen almost clean, fluttering and shaking in withdrawn courtyards between rows and rows of humanized windows. This domestic detail, repugnant possibly to some, was particularly impressive to me; it was the visible index of what life really is on a costly rock ruled in all material essentials by trusts, corporations, and the grand principle of tipping.

I would have liked to live this life, for a space, in any one of half a million restricted flats, with not quite enough space, not quite enough air, not quite enough dollars, and a vast deal too much continual strain on the nerves. I would have liked to come to close quarters with it, and get its subtle and sinister toxin incurably into my system. Could I have done so, could I have participated in the least of the unaccountable daily dramas of which the externals are exposed to the gaze of any starrer in an Elevated, I should have known what New York truly meant to New-Yorkers, and what was the real immediate effect of average education reacting on average character in average circumstances; and the knowledge would have been precious and exciting beyond all knowledge of the staggering "wonders" of the capital. But of course I could not approach so close to reality; the visiting stranger seldom can; he must be content with his imaginative visions.

Mr. Bennett may have his visions, but he remembers the limitations of his readers, and accordingly gives them facts rather than mere impressions. Of the east side of New York he says:—

The supreme sensation of the East Side is the sensation of its astounding populousness. The most populous street in the world—Rivington Street—is a sight not to be forgotten. Compared to this, an uptown thoroughfare of crowded middle-class flats in the open country—is an uninhabited desert! The architecture seemed to sweat humanity at every window and door. The roadways were often impassable. The thought of the hidden interiors was terrifying. Indeed, the hidden interiors would not bear thinking about. The fancy shunned them—a problem not to be settled by sudden municipal edicts, but only by the efflux of generations. Confronted by this spectacle of sickly faced immortal creatures, who lie closer than any other wild animals would lie; who live picturesque, feverish and appalling existences; who amuse themselves, enrich themselves, who very often lift themselves out of the swarming warren and leave it for ever, but whose daily experience in the warren is merely and simply horrible—confronted by this incomparable and overwhelming phantasmagoria (for such it seems), one is foolishly apt to protest, to inveigh, to accuse. The answer to futile animadversions was in my particular friend's query: "Well, what are you going to do about it?"

At the conclusion of this, the first instalment, Mr. Bennett takes refuge in a sweeping disclaimer:—

As for these brief articles, I hereby announce that I am not prepared ultimately to stand by any single view which they put forward. There is naught in them which is not liable to be recanted.

Mr. Bennett's public will never insist on such a self-denying ordinance.

The Business Man of the Future in Politics

George W. Perkins sees a great opportunity for useful service on part of
business men in handling national problems

"THE Business Man of the Future" is the title of an article by George W. Perkins in "Business" in which he urges business men to get into politics.

For the man who already has a competency there is something far more worth while in life than making money. I firmly believe that every citizen should, in some way, perform some public service, and somewhere between the work in your neighborhood and that of the nation, if you will but think about it and look for it, you will find a service that you can perform. Especially if you have an independent income, you can do it fearlessly.

Think what a tremendous effect even one hundred clear-eyed, straight-forward, fearless young men, who knew, in advance, that their living was assured, could have on the destinies of their country in the next quarter of a century, if each would take up his work in that spirit. Very few of the men who left college forty years ago could look at the future in such a way. Their first thought had of necessity to be the making of a living. Think of the difference—think what a difference it can make in the future of the country if proper advantage is taken of it. More has been done by the brain in the last twenty-five years, than in any preceding one hundred years, and the young men of to-day are the descendants of such brains. What an inspiration for the future. To believe in their country—in its institutions—in its business—and in its men is the biggest thing before us to-day.

In the great evolution that has been going on throughout the world our business leaders have been keenly alive to the fact that it is just as important to save waste motion in business, as to save and utilize waste product; that it is just as important to conserve ideas, to conserve methods, as it is to conserve coal and timber. Indeed, the last quarter of a century has been pre-eminently the age of the brain worker—the inventor not only of machines, but of methods; and whatever may be said for or against the profits men have made in recent years, we must not overlook the

fact that we have been passing through an era when extraordinary ability was necessary to safely guide the business ship. We could easily have taken a back seat in the commercial development of the world, whereas we have actually taken a front seat; and this has been possible because of the resourcefulness and masterly leadership of our industrial captains.

The time has come for the business men of the country to take a hand in public questions, to think them out wisely, to decide judiciously as to the best course for the country to take, then openly champion that course to the full measure of their ability. If this is done in each community—done honestly and fearlessly, we can trust to the good sense of our people to render a sane verdict.

Next to being dead right it is of value to be dead wrong, for if very wrong you provoke discussion, and enough discussion will bring right to the surface and make it prevail. A business age needs business men. The question is fairly launched. We have been so busy—opportunities for great achievements have crowded so hard upon one another, that we have said, "Oh, do not bother us about politics; there are plenty of others who will attend to that"; and the result is that plenty of others have attended to it.

Business questions need business men, just as medical questions need medical men. We should have a system by which a pre-eminently successful business man could become a public servant, his ripe, mature judgment being utilized for the advantage of all the people. If the criticism is made that this would be turning governmental affairs over to business interests the answer is that such a suggestion is a base reflection on the patriotism of business men and is not justified by such experience as we have had. Our men of affairs have pushed business because in that direction they have found great opportunities for achievement and success.

I do not know of a more legitimate or worth while cause to-day, into which a man can put money and energy, than furthering

decent political principles and methods. There are thousands and thousands of men in this country keenly alive to existing conditions and thoroughly in earnest in their

desire to bring about changes that will represent sane, progressive principles, and the least that a man who has means can do is to lend a hand in so worthy a cause.

Stead's Plea for Church's Picture Galleries

Instead of closing up picture shows on Sunday the great Publicist urged that they be operated under church auspices

THE British Review of Reviews prints an article by the late W. T. Stead in which he advocates Sunday Cinema shows under the auspices of the churches. In these he saw a possibility of enormously enlarging the sphere of religious activity and an educational and moral development of the very highest importance.

Taken at its worst, says Mr. Stead, the Cinema provides millions of men, women and children with a means of spending their leisure hours more pleasantly than they used to do ten years ago, with less incitement to extravagance and to vice than either the public-house or the music-hall. The Cinema may be, and often is, a temptation to spend time pleasantly which ought to be devoted to study or to social service; but, as all police authorities attest, it has diminished drunkenness and immensely facilitated maintenance of law and order in the streets. The chief fault that can be found with the Cinema is that it is too stimulating. The rapid and constant succession of moving pictures leaves no time for reflection. You see life as from the window of an express train. You have not even opportunity to recollect the impressions of the scene. The Cinema public is like a child whose only literature is picture books; it is apt to be satisfied with looking at the pictures and never learns to read. The approach to the mind is solely through Eye-gate; the approach by Ear-gate is entirely neglected. The Cinema challenges, but does not fix attention. It excites wonder; it does not allow time for reflection. "It is an eye-pleasing, mind-tickling, time-wasting thing," say its critics. To which I reply: Maybe so, maybe not; but it draws. Is it not possible to utilize what there is good in it, and to leave out what there is bad in it, so as to make the Cinema useful for instructing, inspiring and saving the people?

Instead of shutting up the Cinemas on Sunday, let them enter in and take possession of the vast field which the Cinema public offers them. In brief, what I propose is that there should be instituted at once a National Cinema Sunday Mission for the utilization of the closed Cinema palaces for ethical, educational and evangelical purposes. What scheme of Church Extension can for a moment be compared with this opportunity of suddenly exploiting in the service of religion 4,000 buildings, situated in the very heart of our densest population, which are the favorite assembling places of four millions of our people? It is not a case where we have to hunt for sites. Cleverer and smarter men than we have selected them already. The buildings are already erected. Their weekday congregations amount to millions. We have only to open the Cinemas on Sunday with the right kind of pictures presented as parts of an ethical, educational and evangelical service to reach millions who at present never "darken the doors of the house of the Lord."

Is it not an almost inconceivable scandal that an opportunity so great should be offered for our acceptance, and that no one from Land's End to John o' Groat's seems to realize what might be done if the Churches ran the Cinemas on Sunday as part of their regular machinery for reaching and rousing the people?

There are one or two indispensable conditions to be borne in mind before we consider the practical possibilities of a Cinema Sunday Mission. The Cinema should be used, not for the desecration of Sunday, but for its preservation. That entails two things—first, that the Cinema Sunday Services should never be permitted for purposes of commercial or financial gain. Whatever balance, if any, resulting from Sunday Cinema shows should be handed

over to some recognized local public, religious or charitable use; secondly, while it may be as necessary and as unobjectionable to hire an operator as it is now to hire an organist, no operator already employed for six days a week should be allowed to work on the seventh day; and thirdly, instead of charging so much for admission, as is done on week-days, admission should be given only to those who had bought the Cinema Sunday Programme, which would contain, for the information of the folks at home and the refreshment of the memory of the spectator, a popularly written description of the pictures on show. By this means there would be secured the regular distribution of interesting reading matter to a wider public than is reached to-day by any Religious Tract Society or Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

The Sunday Mission being thus financially possible, it is easy to see that a strong and vigorous Church might find it possible to relieve the financial strain upon its poor fund by a subsidy from the Cinema takings. The next question is, whether it would be possible for the Sunday Mission

to run as popular, as drawing, as fetching a show as that provided on the week-day for the Cinema crowd. Let us admit at once that there are many of those who go to Cinema shows whom we could not hope to attract by anything we could serve up in the proposed Mission. Comic tomfoolery attracts many, and pictures of crime or of conjugal discord would be ruled out. Those who go to Cinemas solely as they buy a penny dreadful would not attend the Mission. But then, if we allow that they compose the Cinema crowd, there would still remain the other half who would enjoy any show that had plenty of pictures, even if the merely fantastic and sensational films were excluded. There is also, be it remembered, a very large public which at present goes regularly neither to church nor to Cinema shows. It is not anti-Christian or irreligious. It would enjoy a good hearty religious service devoid of churchiness—we see this in the Wesleyan mission halls—and it would relish pictures which were seen to be remembered, instead of being shown only to kill the time.

The Great Essentials of Business Success

Among the outstanding factors are: imagination, accuracy, action and executive ability—The combination brings rich rewards

THERE comes in the life of every young man a time when numerous questions arise in his mind regarding his future success. Many of these questions are answered by older friends with more experience, but many of them are never satisfactorily answered until experience gives the solution. Glenn C. Webster discusses the problem in System.

One of these questions almost invariably is, "What are the qualifications necessary for success?" Men realize that there is something which goes to make up a man other than pure technical or academic training. There are some necessary qualities or characteristics in the man himself.

There are four qualities necessary to success in any large degree:

- (1) Imagination built upon logical conclusions.
- (2) Accuracy built upon facts.
- (3) Action built upon a desire to serve.

(4) Executive Ability built upon a desire to see things accomplished.

In the minds of a great many people imagination is very closely akin to dreaming and, therefore, as much thought and attention is not given to this very desirable quality as should be.

Electricity, for instance, is doing almost every kind of work conceivable, thus replacing with natural energy much of the physical energy used a few years ago. This is all the result of the work of man's mind in seeing something which did not exist. With faith in imagination, based upon logical conclusions, these problems have been solved.

Accuracy is the making of many men. Inaccuracy is the undoing of many others. We all know how a mistake in a decimal point in a factor of safety sent to destruction a steel structure casting hundreds of thousands of dollars and snuffed out a

score of lives. Every man establishes himself early in life as one being safe and accurate or unreliable and inaccurate. This characteristic is potent in its scope.

Action built upon a desire to serve will be one of the biggest assets of the future. How many of our large corporations give the very best of service until competition drives them to it? How many of our large business houses give the service they might give until some other house, seeking a foothold, gives better service than they have ever thought of? Every large business concern, whether it has serious competition or not, should build up an imaginary competitor and carry on its business policy based upon the severest competition. This would tend not only to satisfy the public and save the waste created by needless competition—which otherwise will follow—but would intrench it in the minds of the people so strongly that real competition would be impossible.

The man who can accurately figure out the very best possible service a company

can give and then insist upon action, based purely upon the desire to serve, will be in great demand in the future. He will not only be doing the community at large a service, but all things will come in the future to this man because he is of economic value to the community he serves.

Action, however, needs the cool, calculating head of executive ability to keep it upon the track.

If a man has the ability to execute the plans of others, he can become a power in the world. However, if this man has sufficient imagination to see things to be developed, he is a stronger and better man. If he is accurate, he is even more valuable. But the man who has ability to see what the world needs, accurately plans to supply that need with plans based upon the desire to serve and is then able to execute these plans and bring them to a successful conclusion, can go as far as he likes and accomplish things heretofore unthought. The world will bestow upon him her richest gifts.

The Lure of the Colonies

Sir Gilbert Parker heads movement for reaction against the depletion of Agricultural England—Protests against unrestricted emigration

AT last we see signs of a sane reaction against the depletion of agricultural England. And a Canadian by birth, Sir Gilbert Parker, is a leader of the movement. In the Nineteenth Century he is moved to protest against the enfeeblement of Britain by unrestricted emigration of her best men and women, whose presence in the land of their birth has been regarded for a generation as a modified blessing. Sir Gilbert points out that:—

There are three parties to the great process of organized migration—the colony which receives the migrants, the Mother Country which provides them, and the migrants themselves. For two out of the three the arrangement is admirable. The colony is enriched by the advent of sturdy citizens, energetic, capable, vigorous; taking good care to admit none but those with respectable credentials and the attributes which make for success, in every boatload of immigrants it receives the elements essential to national progress. The migrants,

endowed with these qualities, have before them a career, rough perhaps, and hard, but a career with great possibilities. They have exchanged a monotonous round of unrewarded drudgery for a path which may be rugged, but which leads to better things. Behind them lies hopelessness, before them there is, at least, the chance of success, an opportunity.

Observers have for years pointed the moral that this country by encouraging the emigration of the fit, automatically increases the burden of maintaining a population of town-dwellers, and handicaps Britain in her competitive struggle with other nations. France has never been faced with this problem, but Germany has long since taken steps to check the outflow of her peasantry, and we are glad to find Sir Gilbert is not blind to the root cause of the trouble. He says:—

Surely the lesson is obvious. By full, unfettered ownership and the chance of ownership new countries are drawing away

our people. By full ownership Germany has checked a rural exodus which excited her alarm. In full ownership Ireland is finding security, and her people are finding a bond that keeps them to the land. In Great Britain alone do we find legislation avowedly framed to place obstacles in the way of the peasant to freehold tenure—a deliberate antagonism to natural instinct. And from Great Britain we see a ceaseless flow of her most essential citizens—a flow unceasing and increasing. The offices of the High Commissioners and Agents-Gen-

eral are besieged by applicants for passenger accommodation.

Such is the prospect, happy for the Colonies, cheerful for the emigrants, fraught with peril for the Motherland. Is it not high time that we took measures to avert the evil that threatens the physical superiority of our race, that will complete the destruction of the balance between the field and the workshop, that will make us wholly dependent for our food upon the stranger?

Advertising is Worth Doing Well

Even the smallest ad. should be gone over with microscopic care in order that valuable "white space" may be made effective

IN THE Business Philosopher, J. P. Fleisman makes a strong point that even the little things in advertising are worth doing well.

Edward J. Locke, author of "The Case of Becky," says that the reason for David Belasco's great success as a producer of plays is his skill in theatrical surgery. Belasco dissects every manuscript word for word, speech for speech, until its anatomy is in perfect theatrical proportion.

Says Mr. Locke: "From ten in the morning frequently till the next morning we went through the play with microscopic care. Often we spent hours on a few lines, on a single speech." And Thomas Dreier, commenting on this, writes: "How many business men give a fraction of this attention to the language and the message in their advertisements—advertisements that go into space costing thousands of dollars?"

There's a thought worth while here. I

have often wondered why folks will waste even the small amount that a Want Ad. costs by dashing off any kind of "copy," running it in a newspaper, and serenely expecting the newspaper to dump the contents of an advertising Horn of Plenty at their feet.

Newspaper space is valuable in proportion to the efficiency of the written word that is set up into type and goes into that space. Even a Want Ad. can be given "pulling power" by the kind of careful, painstaking preparation that is necessary to make any kind of advertising worthy of the name.

So don't dash off that Want Ad. pell mell. Take a little time and trouble to convey your message just the way it should be conveyed. The newspaper can sell you white space. It is up to you to make that white space effective.

We can't all be Belascos, but we can learn something from Belasco's methods.

Arnold Bennett on "How to Make a Fortune"

Industry and ideas are set forth by leading writer as the two principal sources of wealth

THE two principal sources of wealth, declares Arnold Bennett, in Cassell's Magazine, are Industry and Ideas. He points out that both these words commerce with an "I," a fact which is not without a secret significance for the perspicacious. Mr. Bennett continues:

You doubtless imagined that in my preliminary paragraph about the half-crown I was somewhat sarcastic, or ironic, at the expense of industry as a source of wealth.

That is so. I was. But I was then talking of one's own industry. The industry to which I direct your notice as a modern

source of wealth is other people's industry. Look around at the makers of vast fortunes who dine every night at the Carlton or the Savoy and have a different motor-car and a new hat for every day in the week, and you will see that without exception they are men who have the supreme gift of finding other men who are willing to be industrious for them. Try to get a situation in any establishment of which the proprietor is amassing a vast fortune, and the first thing you are told will assuredly be: "Got to work here, you know; no shuffling!" Naturally! Otherwise the proprietor's fortune wouldn't be vast; it, perhaps wouldn't exist at all. Rich and successful men are scarcely ever industrious. They pretend that they are, in illustrated interviews in magazines. They sometimes honestly believe that they are. But in reality they are not. They spend their time in seeing that other people work hard and in an appearance of being tremendously busy themselves. They have a telephone at their bedside—granted!—so that they may start issuing orders before they arise from the dreamy couch, and—they drop off to sleep giving orders. But no working-man in his senses would call giving orders work. Still, it is essential that the illusion of industry should be maintained. And one prime fact in this illusion, which no fortune-maker should on any account omit, is to make yourself very difficult of access. Always refuse to be seen at less than twenty-four hours' notice. When a request for an appointment comes along, consult a diary and reply that you are free between 12.3 and 12.13 on the next day but one, and that you will see the suppliant provided he does not object to your doing your Sandow exercises the while. By these tactics your doors will be besieged by the elite of the land; Influential persons will tumble over each other to have speech with you, and your reputation for success will be assured.

Then, as to ideas—ideas are without doubt the very foundation of half the fortunes amassed within the last fifty years. So sure as a rich man dies and the death duties on his estate bring in a few hundred

thousand pounds to a needy Chancellor of the Exchequer, so sure is it that that rich man, in quite five cases out of ten, has owed his wealth to some mere idea—some simple invention, the exploitation of some dodge which has appealed to the public. Therefore the man bent on acquiring a fortune must acquire first of all such an idea. It ought not to be his own idea. If it is his own idea the chances are that he will make nothing out of it whatever. Inventors proverbially die poor. The man with an ambition to roll in millions, if he shows the least propensity to invent, or to hit on ideas, should curb the propensity with a firm and ruthless hand. That way poverty lies. Let others invent, let others produce good ideas for making money. And when others have exhausted their brains over the invention, or in the production of the idea, then the future millionaire should come along and get hold of the invention or the idea. It may cost him a song, or a fiver, or possibly even a little more. But it will not cost him much. Having acquired it, he must pretend to be very busy indeed; he must spend sixteen or seventeen hours a day in watching the rest of the world work; he must endow himself with a reputation for insomnia and indifferent health. He must be pale, and furnish another illustration of the truism that wealth does not mean happiness. And finally he must launch the idea—the invention—on the world. If he has played his cards correctly, it will succeed, and in a short time, instead of living on borrowed money he will live by lending money, which is much less trying for the nervous system. Such is the procedure which has lately been followed by many prominent architects of their own fortunes, and as a recipe it is well-nigh infallible.

I would not go so far as to say that one's own industry, one's own perseverance, one's own brains, coupled with honesty and frugality and the less fashionable virtues, may not even now lead to astounding wealth. I will not overstate my case, and I freely admit that they occasionally and, indeed, frequently do.



Avalon Bay, Santa Catalina Island

OUR EGYPT & : OUR ALPS :

By Edward Angus

TO rest their weary eyes, worn out by the glare of the eternal sunshine, Californians should come up into Canada. True, the sun shines in Canada, but occasionally a cloud drifts overhead, a feather-storm veils the sky and carpets the earth.

To break the monotony of a long winter, Canadians should go to California. The North American Continent is the show-place of the world. What we want to keep us healthy and make us happy is travel. The more we travel the

more we want to travel. Travel is the best possible educator, it enlarges our outlook, broadens our horizon, makes us more companionable, likeable, it teaches the child to appreciate the land in which we live, the Provincial-minded man that there are other Provinces, states and territories beside his own; it makes the patriotic more patriotic, the jingle less jingling. The people of this prize Continent of the universe are especially fortunate. We have our Arctic and our Orient; our Egypt and our



A Fallen Monarch—Mariposa Big Tree Grove

Alps, and we can journey from one to the other without wetting our feet, and nearly all the way by rail.

And talking of traveling by rail! Where under the sun can one travel so comfortably, not to say luxuriously, for so little money as in America?

Suppose you take a seat in the "International Limited" at Montreal at 9.00 a.m.! At 4.30 p.m. you are in Toronto. You dine that evening doing Dundas Hill, with Dundas Valley, "The Beautiful," below your window, the myriads of electric lights showing Hamilton holding Burlington Bay as a mother holds a child in the hollow of her arm. You go to sleep just after passing under the River St. Clair by the newly electrified tunnel—clear, clean and as light as day.

You wake in Chicago, step across the platform and enter a fresh Pullman, and breakfast as you begin your journey to the "Sundown Sea."

En route you stop at the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, at Denver and Salt Lake City, or if you take a more northerly route, at Yellowstone Park.

If you take the Grand Canyon trail—the Southern route, you will begin to lay aside some of your wraps. The second day out from Chicago, crossing the desert, you will take off your flannels; and when you reach Southern California you will want your summer suit.

Once in the far West you will find plenty of places to visit—Santa Barbara, where the mountains meet the sea, and sunny Santa Catalena, the beautiful island resting like a jewel on the breast of the deep. There are many things interesting to see, Old Mission with crumbling walls, Mexicans with sun-tanned skins, six-horse teams traveling along the trunks of fallen trees, flying machines flying over the tops of trees that have not fallen; and en route, all



In Sunny Southern California

the way from the Rocky Mountains to Monterey, you will see Southern Indians, dried bits of "Jerkie," doing the most wonderful work with their hard hands.

If you want to come back to the Northland by easy steps and stops you can travel up the Coast to "Frisco town," then on up the Shore Line to Vancouver, or, at "Seattle, where it's wet," you can take the good ship "Prince Rupert" or the "Prince

George" and take that wonderfully interesting sail up the Sound, the grandest, wildest salt-water sail on any ocean.

In a couple of years more the tourist will have another route for the return journey—the New National Transcontinental, the Grand Trunk Pacific—up the Skeena, through Central British Columbia, by the banks of the Fraser," passing at the foot of wonderful Mount Robson (13,700 feet) the highest mountain in the Canadian Rockies.



At Santa Barbara

MacLean's Magazine

Vol. xxv

Toronto, February 1913

No. 4

Read "Between Two Thieves," the
Remarkable Serial Story by Clotilde
Graves, author of "The Dop Doctor,"
which opens in this issue. ∴ ∴

The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd.

Montreal

Toronto

Winnipeg



MISS CLOTILDE GRAVES.

Author of "Between Two Thieves."

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXV

Toronto February 1913

No. 4

The Biggest Serial of the Times

Miss Clotilde Graves' Great Story, "Between Two Thieves" opens in this issue of MacLean's—A Prose Epic Which is Pronounced a Masterpiece by Critics.

A GREAT serial novel "Between Two Thieves" opens in this issue of MacLean's Magazine.

The publication of this story as a serial marks a new epoch in magazine enterprize in Canada.

Undoubtedly "Between Two Thieves" is the most expensive novel on which any Canadian magazine has ever secured first Canadian serial rights.

The action of MacLean's in so great an undertaking is but a further evidence of its determination to provide the best that is offering in the field of fiction regardless of cost.

THE "BEST SELLER" POLICY.

In fact the step has been determined upon only after the most careful consideration on the part of the publisher.

A great number of serials were read and examined. On the best, options were secured. The field was thoroughly covered. A story of the highest order was assured.

Then in the course of elimination a new policy was evolved. It was this: To purchase serial rights of a book which had achieved the biggest success as a best seller.

Now, this is a bold and novel stroke in magazine publishing, but we believe

we will be supported in making it, for it has much to commend it to Canadian readers, particularly when considered in conjunction with the selection which we have made.

By it readers are at once assured of one of the big books of the day, written by one of the outstanding novelists who is in the public eye for the time being, and purchased for serial use at a period when it is most talked of—in brief, the best fiction offering of the moment.

There can be no doubt as to the quality of the book chosen by such a method, for the reading public by voting it into the best selling class will already have put its stamp of approval on it; moreover, secured, as in the present instance, at a time when the sales are still heavily sustained, the book proves itself to be still timely.

Altogether, to the great bulk of readers who delight in reading only those books which attain the heights of popularity, this new "best seller" policy gives promise of being most satisfactory.

HAS HAD WONDERFUL RUN.

The novel "Between Two Thieves," written by Miss Clotilde Graves, under

the pseudonym "Richard Dehan," has had a remarkable reception at the hands of the reading public since its appearance during 1912.

"Between Two Thieves" in turn has been a "best seller" in England, where it was first published, in the United States, and in Canada. The critics of the world are agreed that it is a literary masterpiece.

The book field in Canada is comparatively limited. Thus while the sales in England and the States have been enormous, in comparison, few copies of the book have been sold in this country, although, as we have said, it has been a leader.

So, when the great field which MacLean's covers is considered, it must be clear that comparatively few of our readers will have had an opportunity of reading the book, and will thus welcome the story in serial form in this magazine.

Where in Canada the book may have thus far touched scores of readers we hope through the widely circulated medium of MacLean's, to place it in the hands of thousands, adding new triumphs to those already achieved, and, indeed, enlisting new friends.

A GREAT PROSE EPIC OF WAR.

"Between Two Thieves" is no ordinary novel. It is a great prose epic of war—a broad portrayal of a stupendous conflict between the great powers, and the emotions pictured are not only love, but hate, ambition, fear, remorse.

It is a dramatic representation of tragic situations, through which a human soul, under stress, struggles to the light—of the fight of a man against tremendous temptation before and during the Crimean War.

The background is of heroic size, and the book is big in every way. The heroine is Ada Merling (Florence Nightingale), while one of the "thieves" is Napoleon III. and the other an army contractor.

There are three strands which the author weaves together. One is the life-story of a French officer employed

by Napoleon III. This gives one some wonderfully vivid pictures of the Second Republic, the Second Empire, and the Crimean War. The second strand concerns a rascally War-Office contractor, a very Dickensian figure, who brings in a stuffy mid-Victorian atmosphere of hypocrisy, inefficiency, and pretence. Thirdly, one follows the fortunes of a poor trooper who serves in the Crimean and suffers through the contractor's villainy.

The title is taken from a phrase which the author puts into the mouth of the Czar: "As for England, between Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and her army contractor she will yet climb her Calvary with her cross upon her shoulders—we shall see her crucified between two thieves!"

It is difficult to recall any literary work of more stupendous energy, and it is impossible in justice to withhold a dazed and almost breathless reverence for its power and knowledge, its burning enthusiasm and fierce onrushing vigor, for its bitter indignation and white-hot scorn, for its courage, its sense of righteousness and its ecstatic religious fervor.

CAREER OF THE AUTHOR.

Miss Clotilde Graves is another of the stellar successes of fiction, achieved all in a moment.

Before she wrote "The Dop Doctor" two years ago she was an unknown girl in Old London. Indeed, comparatively little is recorded of her earlier life, except that she was not well off, and that she earned a somewhat precarious livelihood by contributing to the magazines and attempting the writing of plays.

But the merit was there as "The Dop Doctor" speedily proved. This remarkable work had a continuous run on the presses for eight months. The result was fame and wealth for the author.

Miss Graves is well qualified to pen a prose epic of war, such as she has given us in "Between Two Thieves," for she has been a close student of history,

particularly of war periods, a fact which she abundantly makes clear in her thrilling and vivid descriptions, both in this work as also in "The Dop Doctor."

PRONOUNCED A MASTERPIECE.

The critics are agreed that "Between Two Thieves" is a masterpiece.

Beside the current fiction of the hour its note is as that of a cathedral organ against penny whistles.—*London Daily Mail*.

One of the strongest books I have been privileged to read during the past decade.—*Frederic Taber Cooper*.

It contains all the sincere realism of "The Dop Doctor," and something more, for it suggests with considerable historical accuracy the dimensions of Europe preceding the Crimean War, and paints in arresting colors the crowded events and horrors of that terrible, if victorious, page of our country's history.—*London Globe*.

An extraordinary story. It arrests and commands the attention not less by the human and elemental bigness of its subject than by the daring and the mastery of its treatment.—*Boston Globe*.

A singular, strong and noble story.—*Chicago Tribune*.

A remarkably interesting novel.—*New York Herald*.

"Between Two Thieves" resembles

nothing else in all creative art so much as it does a mighty symphony.—*The Bookman*.

Abounds in strong situations. . . . a remarkable work.—*The Spectator*.

A remarkable and brilliant piece of fiction, certain to attract wide attention.—*Springfield Republican*.

There are chapters which in their volcanic and fiery strength a Carlyle could not have bettered, and there are character sketches and fierce diatribes against personal and social wrong which a Dickens might have been proud to pen. It is a book of marvellous color, of astounding light and shade. The story ends in the limitless, stainless fields of Heaven, but on the way to its mystical close a reader following the course of the narrative has splashed through blood and has groped through the mirk of infamy and shame.—*The Catholic Times*.

The book is really an amazing piece of work. Its abounding energy, its grip on our attention, its multitude of persons, its biting humor, its strong, if sometimes lurid word-painting, have an effect of richness and fulness, of teeming life, that sweeps one with it.—*London Daily News*.

It is a story not only conceived on a great scale but carried out with a lavish expenditure of real feeling.—*London Morning Post*.



Does Canada Want Skyscrapers ?

The question "Does Canada Want Skyscrapers" will soon be to the front in many of our cities where tall buildings are already making their appearance. New York is probably the great skyscraper centre of the world. Accordingly we have pictured some of the best known buildings of that metropolis in our illustrations and have discussed the skyscraper question from a Canadian viewpoint, detailing the advantages and disadvantages which have accrued from big buildings in the United States and also citing some features of the laws governing their erection in Europe.

By Main Johnson

"RANK and reedy growth," "modern towers of Babel erected by greedy corporations," "monstrosities and nuisances"—these are a few of the epithets hurled against skyscrapers in the recent report of the Commission of Conservation of Canada. From this it may be seen that the lofty building, the most modern design for houses of business, is not welcomed with acclaim unanimously, but is spurned with satire and invective by valiant opponents.

The controversy, however, is by no means one-sided. The skyscraper in Canada has its supporters as well as its detractors, and if you include the general public in the debate, it is safe to say that thousands of votes would be cast in its favor by people who like the new buildings as being a definite proof that the city containing them is an up-to-date place with all the symptoms of progress.

America is the great fighting ground on this subject. In Europe, everybody apparently belongs to the "antis," for the high building is practically unknown. Great Britain, France, Belgium, Germany and Austria all have low buildings like we in Canada used to have before the American tendency began to exert its influence. In all the European countries, there is established a fixed relation between the width of the street and the height of the building. In London, for example, on a street 60 feet wide, the buildings must not be more than 60 feet high. As the

streets become wider greater proportionate height is allowed. On an 80-foot street, there is an altitude limit of 90 feet; on a 100-foot thoroughfare, builders can go 125 feet in the air. Even these concessions, however, are very conservative, and effectually prevent the erection of skyscrapers in the American sense of that term. Berlin's regulations are even more stringent; the front wall of the building can only be equal to the width of the street, and the maximum is fixed at 72 feet. Compare these paltry figures with some of the heights in New York city and the fundamental difference will be apparent at once. The Woolworth Building is 750 feet high, the Metropolitan 700 and the Singer 612. Chicago also has its giddy heights, and the smaller cities are coming along as fast as they can run.

Canada has also made a good or a bad start, according to the point of view. Toronto has its new C. P. R. Building at 240 feet, and its Traders Bank of fifteen stories, only three less than the former. Plans are out for an hotel that will be higher than either of the other two buildings, and several more skyscrapers are under projection. The general average in height has increased rapidly in the Ontario capital. Montreal is holding back a bit, and is showing European tendencies. The present by-law there places the limit at 130 feet. In the West, the young cities are proud of the development of

the high building, and among several there is a keen rivalry for first place in the altitude contest. A citizen of Calgary within the last few weeks has written a letter to the press protesting against the statement made by a well-known Government official that Toronto was going ahead faster than any other city in Canada. In rebuttal of this claim, the Calgary citizen, in addition to enumerating many proofs of growth, declared that the Albertan city

For example, the writer interviewed two of the best known architects in Canada; one was an ardent exponent of the skyscraper if properly designed and executed; the other had not one good word to say for it.

From the economic and social viewpoint, it is claimed that the skyscraper leads to conditions of overcrowding. It prevents the business section of a city spreading out, and huddles it all together. One of the bad effects is on



Skyscrapers surrounding Union Square Park, New York.

was building structures just as high as the average in Toronto, and that there were only two in the latter place that were not being duplicated in the former. This was evidently considered to be a criterion of progressiveness.

There are two aspects of the skyscraper dispute, in the first place, economic and social, and, in the second place, artistic. A search into the question will quickly reveal a wide divergence of opinion on both these points.

the transportation problem, which, always a difficult question, is said to be rendered almost insoluble by the congestion of hundreds of people in high office buildings. In the morning and at night, these people are all struggling to go the one way, and the flood of humanity surging in the narrow streets around the skyscrapers causes hopeless confusion. High buildings also darken the streets and cause annoying currents of air. These objections have been

emphasized in Toronto, which is getting a taste of the trouble at the corner of King and Yonge Streets. The boards of trade from these and other causes have been carrying on a campaign to limit the height of future

tion Commission's report. "They are a menace," it says, "to the health of those who are compelled to work in them as well as to those who, unfortunately, fall within their overpowering and sepulchral shadow. There is



Broad Street, New York, looking toward Wall Street.

buildings to 125 feet. One of the arguments it advances for its course is the difficulty experienced in fighting fires on upper stories of high buildings.

Health is also affected by skyscrapers, if we are to believe the Conserva-

no more reason why this unsanitary condition should continue than that we should revert to the old style of factory buildings which have been supplanted by those of the most modern sanitary construction." The argument here is

debated by those who favor the skyscraper. They say that it is the high steel building that is sanitary, and not the old-fashioned type. The modern skyscrapers are almost without exception constructed on the basis of sim-

jects, sticking up in the air like rude boxes. They say that the sky line is spoiled, and that the resulting jaggedness is most unpleasant to the sight. The ideal condition in the mind of these critics is a fairly regular line

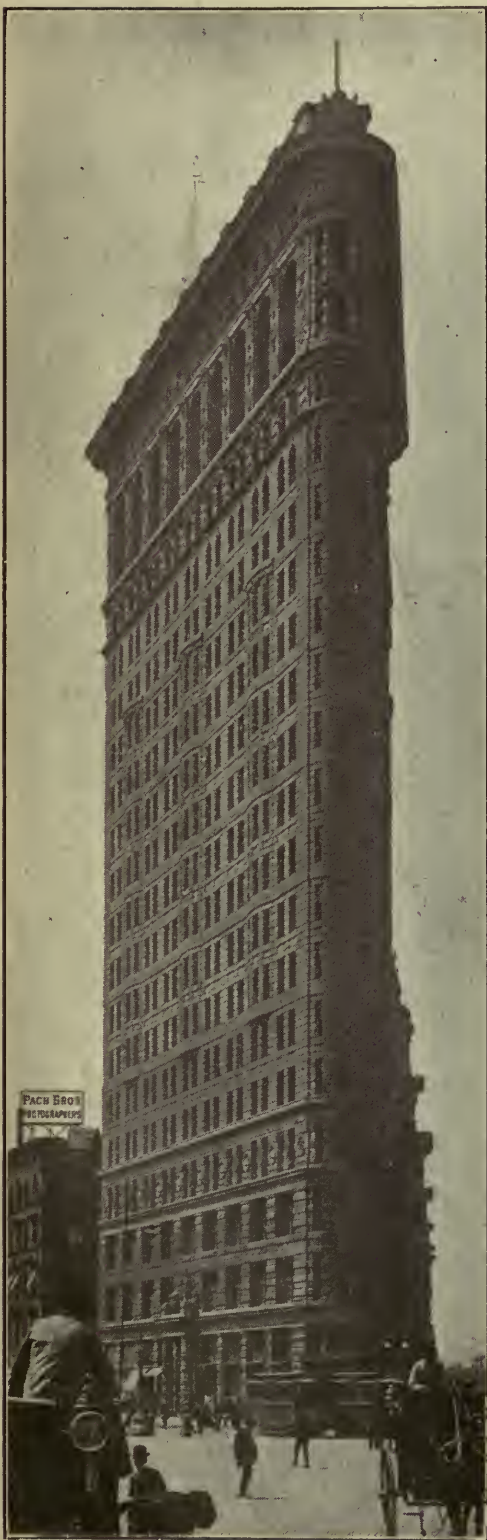


Looking down toward end of Manhattan Island along Broadway, showing tall New York buildings.

plicity and cleanliness, and should be encouraged on the very grounds on which they are attacked.

From the artistic standpoint, the battle rages just as fiercely. Some declare that skyscrapers are hideous ob-

jected by open spaces containing parks and statues. On the other hand, there are artists and architects who rave over the glories of the "canyons" created by a long line of high buildings. To them, the deeper the canyon, the bet-



The famous Flatiron Building at New York.

ter, and they would support the proposal of Ernest Flagg who, before the National City Planning Conference in Philadelphia, advocated the extension of the skyscraper plan to include public buildings, and who suggested still greater heights.

"Should public buildings," he asked, "be low and massive, of a different type and of a different kind of architecture from the surrounding structures, or should they out-Herod Herod and dominate them in height and extravagance of design? I predict that public buildings in the United States will be carried to such amazing heights that the tallest commercial building will be dwarfed by them. I have no doubt that heights approximating 2,000 feet will be reached within the next twenty-five years, for I see no reason why such heights should not be practicable." This statement is worth quoting, for it proves conclusively that there are extravagant praisers as well as extravagant dispraisers.

As objects of beauty, however, much real praise can be given to the skyscraper. Certain it is that the new building in Toronto is a distinct addition to the beauty spots of the city. The play of light and shade on its bold and yet charming outline is a source of delight even to men who do not analyze their feelings, but who know that the sight of such a building is at once an inspiration and a rest from daily care.

Whether skyscrapers are to be encouraged or not, it is nice to be told that those already built in Canada compare very favorably from an architectural standard with those erected across the border. "Yes, our architects have done well," was the opinion of an authority, when asked his opinion, "in spite of the fact that it is a difficult type to work with. It is no easy task to erect a twenty-storey building in perfect proportions. There have been some failures, but many successes, and considerable credit is due to those Canadian architects who either in conjunction with Americans or by themselves have adapted this modern style of construction to our Canadian cities."

Just in passing, it may be remarked

that the skyscraper has been prominently before the public eye recently in connection with the widespread movement for reform in taxation, with a reduction in the assessments on improvements. Opponents of the change point to the high building as a case where fair taxation would be escaped by the owner. But we must not get into an argument on this point.

The most interesting additions to the literature of the skyscraper are the observations made by Arnold Bennett in his new book, "Your United States." Bennett is one of the leading literary men of present-day England, who has recently made a hurried visit to the States, and who has compiled his impressions in book form. His views on the skyscraper reveal his usual original and striking outlook.

"I regret for my own sake," he says, "that I could not be more sympathetic towards the existing skyscraper as an architectural entity, because I had assuredly no European prejudice against the skyscraper as such. The objection of most people to the skyscraper is merely that it is unusual—the instinctive objection of most people to every thing that is original enough to violate

tradition. I, on the contrary, as a convinced modernist, would applaud the unusualness of the skyscraper. Nevertheless I cannot possibly share the feelings of patriotic New Yorkers who discover architectural grandeur in, say, the Flat Iron Building or the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building. To me they confuse the poetical idea of these buildings with the buildings themselves. I eagerly admit that the bold, prow-like notion of the Flat Iron cutting its way northward is a splendid notion, an inspiring notion; it thrills. But the building itself is ugly—nay, it is adverbially ugly; and no reading of poetry into it will make it otherwise."

Just one observation—Bennett refers to the "European prejudice against the skyscraper." This prejudice doubtless exists, but in America, particularly in the United States and more and more so in Canada also, the prejudice is rather in favor of the new style, and it is this state of popular feeling which makes it appear probable that the skyscraper here has come to stay, and that its vogue will increase rather than diminish. There is almost sure, however, to be a continuous difference of opinion as to the merits of this modern child of architecture.

Are You Right or Left Eared?

WHICH is your telephone ear? That, according to a "hello girl," says the *Chicago News*, is a question which, if propounded to the thousands of people who gossip over the wires every day, would result in a far better understanding between them. "Every one has one ear that is better than the other," she theorized. "And yet if you will notice, you will see that in 999 cases out of a thousand, the person at the phone places the receiver to the left ear. It is because the receiver is hung on that side of the instrument. The wire is always long enough so that the

receiver can be held to the right ear, but this never seems to occur to the 'party.' He may be half deaf in his left ear and may be perfectly sound of hearing with the right, but this makes no difference. There he sits and fumes and struggles and perspires, trying to find out what the person on the other end of the line is trying to say, and all the time he is merely delaying the game by making his 'tin ear' do the work. I'm thinking of putting up a sign here over the booths, 'Are you right or left eared? Find out before calling your number.'"

The Dodds-Sinders Abroad

This is the second of the series of three stories recording the experiences of the Dodds-Sinders family in its efforts to attain a social standing in a Canadian city following sudden acquisition of wealth. In the January issue the Dodds-Sinders were pictured "At Home." This month we view them "Abroad," where they have gone "for culture." In March "Their Return" will be featured.

By Ed. Cahn

THE Dodds-Sinders had, after many adventures, much seasickness and several fierce arguments, finally arrived in London; been conveyed through a fog the consistency of veal broth and now, at last, were installed in their apartments at the Cecil.

Dodds-Sinders had frantically begged to be allowed to hunt up a nice comfortable boarding-house where a body did not have to dress for every meal and in between.

Birdie wanted to go to the Savoy because she had read once in a book about the lovely supper parties people gave there.

Nora was for the Ritz because once, at the Imperial Opera, she had not been able to enjoy the performance because the girl behind her had so much that was fascinating to tell her companions about her stay in "deah ol' Lunnon," at the Ritz.

But Mrs. Dodds-Sinders declared that everybody who was anybody, both in books, magazines, plays and real life, always put up at the Cecil, and Cecil it must be.

Though the clerks in the office had been politeness itself, still, not one of the family but felt in his secret soul that they had been sized up for just what they were, newly rich, timid, and horribly afraid of blundering. There had been a wee little sneer in the booking clerk's eye, Nora thought, when he assured her imperative mother that they had been given the best suite in the house, and added, "Of course, you

know, our guests usually book in advance."

Now, Dodds-Sinders was wandering restlessly about, poking his nose into every nook and corner, examining the curious combined transmitter and receiver perched so jauntily upon the telephone hook, and pointing out in positive tones the great superiority of Canadian arrangements over the obsolete English ones.

Nora suggested tea.

"Why it's nine o'clock at night!"

"I know it, but it's never too late for tea in England, I'm sure of that. Let's begin ordering so they know we have money."

"Well, but have it coffee, little black ones; they always do have coffee sent up after dinner in England."

"Tell 'em to make mine two cups with lots of cream and sugar," said pa brightening.

"Caffay nory never has cream or sugar in it, Samuel!"

"Don't doubt it, but what I want is coffee."

"Pa! Café noir is coffee, in small cups. People drink it black after dinner."

"Let 'em, and you have it if you want it, but I want the other kind and I can pay for both."

"The big kind is not fashionable this time of night and you can't have it," snapped Mrs. Dodds-Sinders for her impossible husband had committed one horrible breach after another all the way over and her secret conviction that

what he failed to do she herself or her impulsive daughters attended to, helped not a whit.

While Birdie was giving the order and wrestling with her frank Canadian in an endeavor to turn it into the best Londonese, Nora stepped into the adjoining room and Mrs. Dodds-Sinders took a long preparatory breath. Then she let it go, for, after all, what use was there in scolding Samuel Dodds-Sinders?

Dimly she was realizing that snobs are born, not made, and that try as she would to make him one, and try as he might to be one, Samuel Dodds-Sinders would always remain the man forty-seven years of hard knocks and hard work in the mining camps of Canada and the Yukon had made him.

She could not forget how rarely he laughed now, how apologetic he was and how miserable he had looked from the moment they had torn him away from his beloved haunts at home and carried him off Londonward to acquire a polish. She could sympathize, for she felt miserable herself and forebore to scold. But since it would never do for discipline's sake to let him off unscathed, she turned her back squarely upon him and fell to gently massaging her cheeks, taking care to maintain a strictly rotary motion and push the sagging flesh upward.

Left to himself, Dodds-Sinders sank into a chair which was fitted with queer distended ears, and softly removed his shoes. Then he as softly elevated his feet to the marble mantel shelf and settled down upon the extreme back of his hair neck for a comfortable nap.

London servants are nothing if not dilatory, and by the time the coffee arrived Mrs. Dodds-Sinders was nodding and Dodds-Sinders was gently snoring.

The servant knocked. "Come in!" called Nora and Birdie from the other room, and come in he did to startle Mrs. Dodds-Sinders almost into a spasm and discover the Canadian millionaire in a position not at all becoming his millions.

There was a family quarrel after that and Ma's final shot at Pa was, "Now that walking poker will go downstairs and tell everyone how awful we are."

"Well Sally—"

"What?"

"Sarah, m'dear; you ought to be glad if he does. We got to do something to get known. Why that hotel clerk didn't know our name even! He's never heard of us."

"Don't you think so?"

"Know so. No, nobody'd know us from a custard pie. We are a long ways from home."

"Good!" cried Nora. "We will all keep our wits about us and learn all we can. Pa, you'd better buy a lot of mouldy old paintings and I'll send home some notes to the papers saying we are over here collecting for our gallery of art. It's the very latest thing. We will get a lot of new clothes and tomorrow me and Ma and Birdie will hunt up one of those poor ladyships who know everybody and are so poor that they have to make a living introducing strangers like us.

"After we get a few introductions—"

"Yes, and go to a house-party in the country."

"A shoot they call them."

"No they don't, they call 'em week ends, and——"

"No—"

"Girls! Don't quarrel. You are both right, so keep still. I can see that your father is going to be taken with one of his ideas very shortly."

"You may be old Sal, but you're not blind. I was just after rememberin' what that Count, what's his name now, was telling me on the boat about getting in right."

"Pa! You don't mean to say that you met a real Count and you never told us until he got away!"

"Oh Sam!"

"A Count!"

The voices were all fairly anguished. Dodds-Sinders settled back into his chair and enjoyed their woe for a full moment, then he carelessly announced that in exchange for complete absolu-

tion in the matter of the feet, as well as all other committed sins, he would tell them a piece of news.

It was the work of but an instant to wipe the soiled slate clean and then Pa told them that Count Victor de Vere, of London, Paris, St. Petersburg, the world in fact, was coming to lunch with them on the morrow and that he had asked if he might not bring along his bosom friend Baron Heim, of Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg and the world.

"I told 'em," said Dodds-Sinders, "that I was shy on culture and all the trimmin's but long on the cash to pay for 'em."

"But how did you meet them Pa?"

"Well, some fellers had a little game of poker going and they asked me to set in. I sat, these two were already setting, and after the game we sort of got to talking."

"I didn't know until afterward that one was a Count and the other a Baron, but it didn't matter, they knew poker."

So, it came about that the Misses Dodds-Sinders, dressed in their best and accompanied by their beaming mother in her best, to say nothing of Pa in his best which was 'some swell' but in which he looked no different from what he always did, met Count de Vere and Baron Heim.

All went well until Pa lost himself in the jungle of the menu and ordered dessert for the first course. Ma crimsoned, Nora tittered hysterically, Birdie looked imploringly at the Count and that gentleman hastened to the rescue.

He did the ordering, so swiftly, and skillfully and thoroughly that they were all ready to fall upon their knees and call him blessed, especially Heim, for he was both hungry and thirsty. But, the size of the bill made Pa open his eyes, wide, and Pa was no piker either.

The Count enquired if this was not their first visit abroad and in the same breath suggested that the Dodds-Sinders allow them to be their guides, counselors and friends.

Their talk was full of references to

'my lord' this and 'my lady' that and long before the meal was over Nora and Birdie, to say nothing of their Mother, had absolutely determined not to let these fascinating foreign noblemen escape, particularly, as thanks to their perfect command of the English language, the Dodds-Sinders' were not called upon to essay any of their extremely doubtful French.

After the luncheon, at the suggestion of the Count, they all went for a spin in Hyde Park. Pa had become silent shortly after settling the bill for the luncheon and he remained as mum as an oyster except for an abrupt question now and then all through the ride which to Mrs. Dodds-Sinders and the girls was little short of Heaven itself.

A Count and a Baron! Hyde Park! London! Joy, Joy!

The Baron and the Count were continually doffing their hats and bowing to the occupants of other motors and carriages and it was quite evident that they knew everyone, even though judging from some of the puzzled and almost imperceptible nods, everyone was not quite able to place them.

The ladies themselves were inspected curiously. Enviously the girls thought, derisively, Dodds-Sinders would have sworn.

At last, after making an appointment for dinner at the Ritz the next evening with their new found friends the Dodds-Sinders ladies reluctantly allowed them to depart and once again in the privacy of their own suite Dodds-Sinders delivered himself thus; "Girls, I never go back on my word, once I've passed it, and I don't want you to. You promised to go with them fellers to-morrow night and so you got to go, but that's going to be the end of it."

"Why?"

"Samuel, are you crazy?"

"Maybe. But I don't like them. They speak English too well; they're too good at poker; they order too much when another feller is paying the bill; and they are laughing at us I bet a hundred dollars, this instant. They may be Counts and Barons all right,

but they look like grafters to me. We'd better look out for them."

"Silly!" said Nora impolitely, and Birdie tossed her head and left her paternal ancestor to her capable Mother.

Thereafter, Dodds-Sinders contented himself with scowling darkly at the mention of Counts and Barons and maintained a non-committal silence when in their company.

The titled ones were most attentive. They rushed the fluttering Dodds-Sinders ladies from hotel to hotel, from restaurant to theatre, and from theatre to opera. They drove and motored and inspected miles and miles of canvases, the happy Canadians cheerfully paying all the bills.

They introduced them to several gaily bedecked ladies and a few rather oily men, but, somehow or other, the friends of the Baron and the Count did not seem to be half as pleasant as themselves and the Dodds-Sinders' were content to let the acquaintanceships cease.

The Count devoted himself to Nora and the Baron was Birdie's special cavalier. Dreams filled their Mother's hours. With Nora Mrs. Countess Victor de Vere and Birdie Mrs. Baron Heim, what could she not do to the proud dames of Canadian society?

By all means let the distractions of general English society wait awhile, by all means encourage love's young dream.

Dodds-Sinders himself was the only stumbling block and when he at last perceived that his wife fully meant to give him Count Victor de Vere and Baron Heim for sons-in-law, and that the girls were determined to waive love in favor of titles, the hitherto meek and amenable worm fairly raved.

Mrs. Dodds-Sinders simply let him rave until he was tired and then demanded the reason for his dislike. He could not give a really good one and until he could, he knew that words were worse than useless, so he therefore hired a cab, bought a clay pipe and a package of strong tobacco, and had himself driven all over London whilst he did some thinking.

At last, he drove to the office of a well-known Canadian and after telling his story, frankly asked advice. It was freely given and he departed for the Cecil wearing a grin such as had not graced his features since he had left the land of the Maple Leaf.

The next time the titled suitors called, Dodds-Sinders was affability itself. He insisted upon monopolizing the conversation and talked about everything from Old Masters to stocks and bonds.

To the surprise of the ladies, their guests seemed really interested in Pa's chatter and prolonged their after dinner cigars to an unheard of length, whilst they cooled their impatient heels in the Ladies Lounge and fumed at the delay.

Left with the men, Pa explained in great detail how he meant to surprise the good lady and the girls, insisted upon secrecy and begged the help of the Baron and the Count.

"You know, me lads," said Pa, refilling their glasses, "An old miner like me don't know much about these deals. Now I feel that I can trust your judgment, and you wouldn't see me get in bad on a thing like this. Can I rely on you?"

Could he? Well rather! They assured him so emphatically that nothing but his interest engrossed their thoughts that after a little skirmishing Pa finally gave the whole enterprise into their hands. Then, after another glass he once more commanded silence and they rejoined the ladies.

The next day Pa summoned the Count on the telephone.

"Well, news travels fast," he said, "I met a feller this morning and he said he heard I was looking for something mighty fine, and he believed he had it. So, Count, I told him that he would have to talk to you because I was now in your hands. He's coming up to see you to-day. I hope you don't object? His name's Sentous. I took him for a Porchygee but it don't matter anyway, long's we get the goods. Oh say, Count, could you hurry it all up a bit? I'm so tickled over the sur-

prise for the girls that I can hardly wait."

At first the Count had frowned heavily but at the name Sentous he smiled, and when somewhat later that gentleman called upon him and he recognized in him an old friend, he felt considerably better.

A week after this conversation, upon the eve of Mrs. Dodds-Sinders' birthday, the Count and the Baron entered their parlor upon the heels of lackeys bearing two rather large rectangular packages, carefully done up in many wrappings.

The servants set their burdens down very carefully and withdrew.

Dodds-Sinders prayed the Count and his friend to be seated and then with a great air of mystery took up a commanding position upon the hearth-rug and began.

"Sarah, m'dear, an' Nory an' Birdie—phew! but it's hot! I'll just open the hall door here so's to have air."

"As I was saying, seeing as it's your birthday Sally an' Nory's next week, I says to myself it's time you was getting busy Sandy Sindere—Dodds-Sinders, I should say. Now says I to myself, says I, it's up to you to dig up something new for the good lady. Since she's knowing barons and counts and living in London, something extra ain't any too fancy for her. I know I'm nothing but an old retired miner and I know what's what when I see it in minerals and such, but hang me if I can tell a old master from a hydraulic hose. I'll get our friends the Count and the Baron to do my shopping for me. They done it and——"

"Oh Pa! Pictures!" cried Nora and Birdie falling upon the packages in high glee.

Dodds-Sinders held up a restraining hand. "Don't interrupt me. I only got to say that I done my best. I ain't old enough to get into the Canadian Senate yet, and won't be for forty years, but I got you something here unless I am fooled, what you won't stop thanking me for to your dying day."

"Open them up, gents."

The Baron and the Count smilingly proceeded to unfasten the parcels with the most painstaking care, volubly assuring Dodds-Sinders meanwhile of his wisdom in trusting them, the girls and their mother hovering near, all smiles.

Pa took out a check-book and fountain pen, clearing his throat loudly the while.

"Guess I may as well settle for these here now. Fifty thousand is the price for the two, ain't it?"

"Yes, and a marvelous, unheard of bargain at that price," said the Baron and the Count in concert.

Then they lifted two dingy brown canvasses from the wrappings and held them reverently aloft.

"Ladies! Behold! Both genuine Rembrandts!"

"Guaranteed?" asked Pa, making his best flourish on the check.

"Absolutely genuine!"

Pa handed the check to the Count and the pictures were placed in the outstretched hands of Mrs. Dodds-Sinders and Nora.

At that precise instant the door was flung wide open and four men from Scotland Yard came in. Pa seemed to be expecting them, for he greeted them cheerfully. "Just in time, me lads, just in time. These are them. Take 'em along!"

The Baron and the Count turned pale, swallowed hard and the Count turned and dashed for the inner room.

Birdie screamed and Mrs. Dodds-Sinders sank into a chair gasping. "What does this mean in heaven's name? Let go the Count this instant! Baron! Can't you explain?"

The Baron's face had turned pale with fright. The officers snapped handcuffs upon their captives and Dodds-Sinders, highly pleased, signed to the captain to explain.

"Madam, this 'Count' here is known as Slippery Dick; he is a noted confidence crook and no Count at all. The 'Baron' is known to The Yard as Mike the Dutchman. They simply bought those chromos from a dealer and

charged you a fortune for them. They are impostors. Thank you. Good-day."

The Count and the Baron were marched away and the Dodds-Sinders family were left in peace. After Pa had explained how he had hired the thief Sentous to help him catch the thieves, and how payment upon the check at that moment reposing in the pocket of the Count had already been stopped and had enjoyed his triumph to the full, Ma, utterly crushed, suddenly broke down and sobbed, "Oh, what a birthday party, Sam; I'm much

obliged for it, I suppose, but oh dear, I never want such another."

"I never did really *like* the Baron," said Birdie. "Pa, I am cured of titles."

"So'm I," said Nora fervently.

"How about you, Sally?"

"I am too, Sam, I'm cured, but," added Mrs. Dodds-Sinders brightening, "it's the first time you ever were right in your life!"

And then Dodds-Sinders added to his triumphs the greatest of all, for he had the last word as he observed significantly, "No, Sally, it's only the first time I've ever been able to prove it."

The Third Story in the Dodds-Sinders Series will appear in the March Issue of MacLean's, in which "The Return" of the Family will be featured.



Don't Be a Habit Man

"DO you know what a habit man is?" asks the Business Philosopher. He is a man who does a thing to-day because he did the same thing yesterday. Repeating is easier than thinking—so Mr. Habit Man repeats.

His name is legion. We find him everywhere.

There he is now—that bookkeeper. He has been holding the same job for the last ten years. He has been putting the same figures in the same books all that time. His horizon ends at the top of the page. That is the reason the other fellow who is five years his junior and has been with the firm only two years is now secretary at twice the bookkeeper's pay. The younger man thought. He grew. He found better ways of doing things. He became worth

more to the firm and they paid him more. Just a simple commercial transaction, that's all.

A Habit Man is a machine. A machine, you know, does not improve with age. It usually wears out. So does the Habit Man. Repetition is rust. Doing the same thing in the same way day after day wears a rut that finally penetrates down to the very depths of stagnation.

Cudgel that brain of yours or it will surely lapse into a life time sleep.

Think! Dig! Make every day a day of improvement. No man is doomed save the Habit Man. And No chains of habit can bind tight enough to hold the man who would break them by red blooded thinking effort.

Don't be a Habit Man.

The Power of the Home Joy

The following contribution by Dr. Marden is a companion article to "Home Joy Killers" which was published in MacLean's in January. The "Power of the Home Joy" makes a pleasing contrast to the former. Both articles constitute chapters of a new book which Dr. Marden is to issue shortly on "The Joy of Living."

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

SOME of the happiest homes I have ever known, ideal homes, where intelligence, peace and harmony dwell, have been homes of poor people. No rich carpets covered the floors; there were no costly paintings on the walls, no piano, no library, no works of art. But there were contented minds, devoted and unselfish lives, each contributing as much as possible to the happiness of all, and endeavoring to compensate by intelligence and kindness for the poverty of their surroundings.

What a pitiable sight to see a man struggling with all his might to pile up a big fortune, and yet utterly neglecting the very thing for which he was born—self-enlargement and happiness shared with wife and children.

The majority of men do not realize how little it takes to make a woman happy. She will put up with most everything, poverty and all sorts of hardships and make a cosy, comfortable home out of any kind of a hearth if her affections are satisfied. But if her heart is not fed, she will wither, and the best thing will die out of her, even though she live in a palace and be surrounded with regal luxuries. No amount of money will compensate a true woman for the lack of affection and appreciation expressed by her husband in a multitude of little attentions and considerations.

Gold can buy and furnish houses but no money ever yet bought or made a home; yet what wealth of tenderness, of self-sacrifice, of kindliness, of peace

have transformed the humblest dwellings into treasure-houses of the heart?

The young husband should remember that a girl sacrifices infinitely more for the man she loves than he does for her, and he should study to prevent early disappointments. If both husband and wife could do this for each other, the divorce courts would be without business.

It should be the great aim of young married people to keep the commonplace out of their lives and maintain not only love, but the expression of it in a hundred delicate, winning ways. In happiness at home lies the strength of both.

Not sentiment alone but practical adjustments will count for harmony and satisfaction. A level-headed husband should try to avoid every possible means of friction, and there is no better way of avoiding a large part of it, than by forming an actual partnership in which the wife runs the household in her own way, just the same as he runs his business without the wife's interference. The home should be regarded as the wife's, and she should manage it to suit herself. If she wishes to ask her husband's advice, all well and good, but there should be an understanding that the home is absolutely the wife's domain, that it is under her exclusive control, and she should be made to feel as independent in her realm, as the husband is in his. A great deal of the friction in the average home centres around financial matters,

and could be avoided by a simple, definite understanding, and a business arrangement about household finances.

As a rule, it is a very rare man who can spend money for the home so wisely and with as good taste as can the wife.

Fortunately it is becoming more and more customary for men to allow their wives a certain proportion of the income every week or month, and to let them run the household as they see fit, and pay all expenses without any question being asked as to where the money went to. The wife pays the provision bills, the servants' salaries, buys the clothing for the family and pays her own personal expenses. She will delight in her independence. Disputes are not as liable to arise as when money is doled out to the wife by piecemeal.

When freedom and joy are the wife's share, they become the children's heritage. A happy childhood is an imperative preparation for a happy maturity.

We have all seen children who have had no childhood. The fun-loving element has been crushed out of them. They have been repressed with "don'ts" and forbidden to do this and that so long that they have lost the faculty of having a good time. We see these little old men and women everywhere.

Children should be kept children just as long as possible.

The little ones should be kept strangers to anxious care, reflective thoughts and subjective moods. Their lives should be kept light, bright, buoyant, cheerful, full of sunshine, joy and gladness. They should be encouraged to laugh and to play and to romp to their heart's content. The serious side of life will come only too quickly, do what we may to prolong childhood.

The child that has been trained to be happy, that has been allowed free expression to his fun-loving nature, will not have a sad or gloomy disposition. Much of the morbid mentality which we see everywhere is due to stifled childhood.

The home ought to be a sort of theatre for fun and all sorts of sports—a

place where the children should take the active parts, although the parents should come in for a share too. You will find that a little fun in the evening, romping and playing with the children, will make you sleep better. It will clear the physical cobwebs and brain-ash from your mind. You will be fresher and brighter for it the next day. You will be surprised to see how much more work you can do, and how much more readily you can do it, if you try to have all the innocent fun you can.

We have all felt the wonderful balm, the great uplift, the refreshment, the rejuvenation, which have come from a jolly good time at home or with friends, when we have come home after a hard, exacting day's work, when our bodies were jaded and we were brain-weary and exhausted. What magic a single hour's fun will often work in a tired soul!

Have music in the home.

Music tends to restore and preserve the mental harmony. Nervous diseases are wonderfully helped by good music. It keeps one's mind off his troubles, and gives nature a chance to heal all sorts of mental discords.

"Music gives a soul to the universe, wings to the mind, flight to the imagination, a charm to sadness, gayety and life to everything. It is the essence of order, and leads to all that is good, just and beautiful."—PLATO.

"The man that hath no music in himself

Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds

Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils."

Happiness should begin in the home. The family gathering around the table for the evening meal should be full of chat and cheerfulness. The children should bring to the table their happiest moods, the best manners.

Swallow a lot of fun with your meals. The practice is splendid. It is the best thing in the world for your health. It is better than swallowing dyspepsia

with every mouthful of food. The meal time ought to be looked forward to by every member of the family as an occasion for a good time, for hearty laughter, and for bright, entertaining conversation. The children should be trained to bring their best moods and say their brightest and best things at the table. If this practice were put in force *it would revolutionize American homes and drive the doctors to despair.*

Who could estimate what civilization owes to man's dream of a happy home of his own! What an incentive to man in all ages has been this vision of a home of his own! It is this picture which holds the youth to his task, buoys him up in times of hardship and discouragement. This picture of a home, this vision of a little cottage and some fair maiden waiting at the door—this home vision has ever been the great incentive of his struggles, the greatest incentive of all mankind.

To multitudes of people home is the only oasis in their desert life.

What will men not do for the sake of the home? They cross oceans, they explore continents. They endure the heat of the Tropics and the cold of the Arctics, they explore mines in the wilderness, cut themselves off from civilization for years for the sake of the home.

Home is the sweetest word in the language. It has ever been the favorite theme of the poet, the author and the artist. History is packed with the achievements of men for the sake of the home. The inventor, the discoverer, in all ages has been sacrificed for the home.

Take this vision of home out of a young life, and how empty, meaningless, incentiveless, it would become. It is this vision of home that enheartens the poor struggler and enables him to bear up under his daily dry, dreary drudgery. It is this dream of a home that holds up the heart of the worker and gives him the courage to bear all sorts of inconveniences and to perform most menial and disagreeable tasks. That vision of the home that he has, or the far-off one that he is to found, makes all the difference between despair and hope. It is this vision of a home that makes multitudes of earth's toilers endure all sorts of hardships amid want and woe. It is the dream of "a home of my own" that has lifted multitudes of youths out of obscurity. There is no spur on earth which has had anything like the influence over man that this home vision has. The thought of his home and wife and children, dearer to him than life, keeps vast multitudes of men grinding away at their dreary tasks, when they see no other light in the distance.

If there is anything in this world that requires the spirit of joy, it is marriage and home making.

Half the misery in the world would be avoided if people would make a business of having all the joy they can at home.

"Now for Rest and Happiness."
"No Business Troubles Allowed Here."
These are good home-building mottoes. The home joy is the greatest power for good in the world.



The Stronger Factor

When Mr. Pabke wrote "The Stronger Factor" he exemplified the power of the press in a new light. Every newspaper man knows that oftentimes the best stories are never used. Yet the fact that they may be serves as a check on wrong-doers who figure in them. In this story the power of what might be termed "possible publicity" is shown to advantage.

By William Hugo Pabke

THERE had been a suicide in Donohue's joint the previous week and the customers had shied off at first as rats leave a sinking ship. They were too devoted worshippers of the goddess Chance, however, to remain away from her temple for long, and, on the night of which I write, a fair proportion of them had returned. Four or five young sports were bucking the roulette wheel with poor success; three race-track men and a couple of house players were keeping the dealer busy at the crescent-shaped stud table; and the crowd around the faro layout was almost normal.

Billy Mayhew, Pinky Rogers and I had been the only newspaper men present at the time of the tragedy, and, loyal to Donohue, we had sinned grievously against our news sense by turning in mere details and killing a stunning story. He had been a good friend to all of us, and, in the hour of his trouble, we did for him the only thing in our power. Despite our suppression of the sensational features of the shooting, the reform party had nosed out the story and was raising its voice in protest against the protection of vice in the city—its voice that this year was loud and strong.

The political machine that was back of Donohue had its hands full without the extra load of explaining away suicides of bank clerks, ruined by the dens that paid it tribute.

Donohue stood near the stud table, moodily watching the play. He turned to us suddenly, saying:

"B'ys, somethin's goin' to drop soon. I know it."

"We did what we could for you," said Pinky.

"Ye sure did," replied Donohue; "an' I'm grateful. I'll not fergit ye. 'Tis well I know ye newspaper min, an' 'tis well I know how har-rd it was fer ye to kill yer story. Say, b'ys," he continued with an unwonted eagerness, "how w'u'd ye like to see me in some other business?"

We looked at each other with wondering eyes, leaving the question unanswered. Somehow, we couldn't imagine Donohue as anything else except the successful proprietor of a gaming house. We liked the man; we had affection for him; and as for respect, we had that too; a long acquaintance with the seamy side of life having turned our ethics topsy-turvy.

Donohue returned to the subject. "W'u'd ye b'ys think just as much of me if I was in the—the far-rmin' business?" he queried with a strange, pleading inflection.

"What's got into you?" snapped Billy Mayhew. "Of course we'd like you, even if you took to peddling tracts. But what makes you ask? Do you think they're going to close you up?"

"Close me up? Not by a dom sight!" said Donohue tensely.

Even as he spoke, the doorkeeper came to him and whispered: "There's a tall guy in a plug hat an' weddin' clo'es askin' for you in front."

"The ball spins," remarked Donohue under his breath.

He paced up and down for a moment, deep in thought, then: "Show him into my room in about five minutes," he ordered.

"I want ye b'ys to hear this little talk," he said, when the man had gone. "It will be inter-estin'! Come wid me."

We followed him down a long corridor which ran the length of the old building, past the suite of rooms that held the gambling paraphernalia. At its end was a small room furnished as a bed-chamber for the use of the proprietor when too weary to go home. He held the door open for us, and, when we had passed him, carefully locked it.

"'Tis Bixby," he said, advancing toward us, "Boss Bixby; an' there's goin' to be throuble fer some wan."

We raised eager eyes to his; this promised to be a story worth telling. He sensed the expectancy in our glances, and dashed our hopes by his next remark.

"'Tis not fer publication," he said crisply.

He opened a door that apparently led into a closet, and motioned us to enter. As we crossed the threshold, Pinky Rogers struck a match. By its light we saw that we were in a small storeroom whose floor-space was crowded with a miscellaneous lot of worn-out gambling house furniture.

"This wall," said Donohue, "is nothin' but lath an' paper. Ye b'ys sit on that faro layout and keep yer ears open. Ye can see t'rough thim pin-holes," he added, pointing to a row of perforations through which the light streamed from the bed-chamber.

A heavy step sounded far down the corridor and Donohue stepped quickly

into his room, closing and locking the door behind him. He crossed the room, unlocked the door leading to the hall, and then sat down at a small table to await his visitor. Presently a knock sounded loud and ominous.

"Come in," cried Donohue.

We three felt a thrill of excitement.

The door opened slowly and in walked Bixby, the boss of the city; the man who dealt in men, buying and selling them like merchandise. He was a large, powerful individual with piercing gray eyes and a thin-lipped cruel mouth that suggested a steel trap in its hardness. His was a forceful personality; his huge frame, unsmiling eyes and mask-like face forming a combination that held his associates in mortal fear.

"Good evening, Donohue," he said in a harsh, rasping voice, throwing off his overcoat and seating himself opposite the proprietor.

"Th' same to ye, Misther Bixby," said Donohue easily. "An' now, what can I do fer ye?"

Bixby leaned back in his chair and asked casually, "I suppose there is no possibility of any one overhearing our conversation?"

"No wan ixcipt a bunch of newspaper reporters in me closet beyant," said Donohue with a whimsical air.

Bixby disdained to smile at the humor of the remark.

"That occurrence, last week, was most unfortunate," he began abruptly. "I'm afraid it will be necessary to close you up. The reformers are after us hot foot this year."

The dramatic quality of the situation gripped us, and we unconsciously hoped that Donohue would resist. We glued our eyes to the tiny holes and waited breathlessly.

Donohue started as though in surprise. "Close me up!" he gasped. "Why, now—I don't want to be closed up."

"Undoubtedly," said Bixby dryly.

"We've always got along together first rate, Misther Bixby," pleaded the proprietor.

"We have, so far," conceded the politician. "But look here," he said suddenly, raising his voice, "you must have known that the bottom would drop out after that scrape last week!"

"I was worried," admitted Donohue; "but I had faith in ye. Now, if we could raise the price at it—" He hesitated, and glanced across the table.

We saw a flicker of interest in Bixby's eyes.

Donohue slowly. "Now, if I made it an even t'ousand?" he asked insinuatingly.

Bixby tipped back in his chair and seemed to consider. His lips were pressed into a straight, hard line, and his eyes held a fixed expression. He stroked his clean-shaven chin with his enormous hand. His hesitation was pure bluff; his mind had been made up at once.



"Even as he spoke the doorkeeper came to him and whispered."

"It's not that," he disclaimed hastily. "It's too dangerous to let the place run at any price."

"Let me see," began Donohue pensively. "I've been payin' ye sivin hundred an' fifty per mont', hov'n't I?"

Bixby nodded.

We gasped. What a story! And our hands were tied!

"Sivin hundred an' fifty," repeated

"All right! I'll try it for one month!" he exclaimed at last, throwing his huge body forward and meeting the proprietor's gaze.

Donohue drew a roll from his pocket, and, peeling off ten bills with deliberate slowness, laid them on the table. Bixby stood up, put on his overcoat and advanced to pick up the money. As he did so, Donohue sprang to his feet and confronted him.

"L'ave that be!" he ordered sharply. "That's mine!"

The boss' eyes narrowed. He was too furious for speech, but stood staring wildly at the man who dared to defy him. Donohue backed away, holding him with his gaze. He groped behind him until his hand found the key in the door of the storeroom. Without taking his eyes from the other's face he turned it and swung the door inward.

"B'ys!" he called. "B'ys, I want ye to meet me fri'nd!"

Dazed and bewildered, we stumbled into the light.

"Gintlemin," said Donohue, "let me inthroduce Misther Bixby, Boss Bixby. Misther Bixby, th' riprisintatives of th' priss!"

The room was very still. The boss stood rigid, like a man paralyzed. His eyes held an unbelieving look as though his mind refused to credit the reality of the scene; it was the first time that any one had ever dared to trick him. Suddenly, came complete realization of what the disclosure meant. A vision of the penitentiary flashed into his consciousness. He knew us all by sight, and he knew that we were friends of Donohue. Little beads of moisture glistened on his forehead, and he slowly retreated from us until his broad back pressed the wall.

"An' now, Bixby," jeered Donohue, his obsequiousness changing to contempt in a flash, "I'm t'rough wid ye fer good. Ye can go. But first ye might till me fri'nds here that ye won't

thry th' game of closin' me up." He took a step toward the boss. "'Tw'u'd-n't do, w'u'd it?" he asked, his every word a threat.

Bixby remained motionless a long moment, then slowly shook his head, an evil light gleaming in his eyes.

"Now, go!" thundered the proprietor.

As the door slammed behind the boss, Donohue turned to us exultantly. "They didn't close me up!" he cried, a tremor of excitement in his voice.

"Congratulations," said Billy Mayhew.

"I guess you're good for as long as Bixby's in power. He daren't touch you," remarked Pinky.

"B'ys!" exclaimed Donohue, his face aglow, "they didn't close me up, but—I'm goin' to quit!"

We gazed at him uncomprehendingly.

"Yis, I'm goin' to quit," he continued, a light in his eyes such as we had never seen before. "'Tis a dir-ty business, an' ye hov' to deal wid dir-ty min. I hov' a little gur-rl growin' up to womanhood—th' swatest little gur-rl in th' wur-rld, an' I want her father to be a pride in her eyes an' not a shame.

"A gamblin' man!" he mocked bitterly. "No, b'ys, 'tis th' last night that Donohue's j'int will run; an' it wasn't forced out o' business, nayther!"

A sudden feeling of pride in our friendship for him surged over us. The handclasps that we gave him meant more than any that had gone before. Donohue had righted our ethics for us, and, incidentally, for himself.



The Success of the Allans in Shipping Industry

The article which follows is one of a series of Family Sketches which will be published in MacLean's from time to time. The main idea running through the series is to tell the story of the notable success achieved by some prominent families in the professions, and in business enterprises in Canada, and to present the underlying factors and elements which have contributed to their success. In this article the story of the Master Navigators of the St. Lawrence is told, detailing how the Allans came to Canada and built up a great steamship business.

By Linton Eccles

FORGET the traditional closeness of the Scot—which is well within the range of controversial topics—and try to associate with him as a race a more abiding, a more distinctive quality. Wouldn't you say, after a brief moment's consideration, that it is his tenacity of purpose? Well, Canada, not to say the world, ought to know about that.

Somebody—it doesn't matter much who—once illustrated the national trait by a little story.

"And is that your grandfather, Sandy?" asked the inquisitive visitor. He had picked out an old photograph—you know those quaint relics of early developing days printed on sensitized glass.

"Aye," said Sandy, "it is."

"What was your grandfather, Sandy?"

"A stonemason."

"And this"—coming to another photograph, not on glass this one—"this is your father, eh? What was he?"

"He was a stonemason," said Sandy's father's son.

"And what are you, Sandy?"

"I'm a stonemason, too," was the answer.

Sandy's eldest was busy in a corner of the room over his home lessons, and

the visitor noted him with quiet approval.

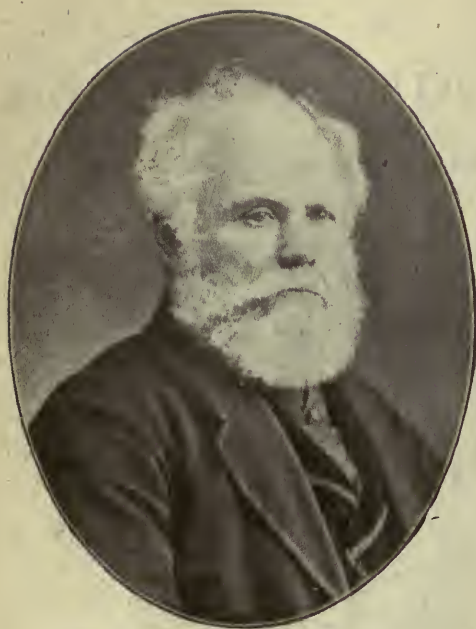
"And what's Jamie going to be, Sandy?" he asked.

"Jamie!" said Jamie's father. "Oh, I think we'll mak' a stonemason o' him as weel."

Put the family name down as Allan, and change the business from one of handling stones to one of handling ships, and you have the history in little of the Allans.

Sir Hugh Allan, the father of the Canadian branch of the family, was still new to his knighthood, bestowed on him by Queen Victoria, when he had passed his three score of years and could well leave much of the handling of his ships to the next generation of Allans. This noted among many Clydeside families that have successfully transferred their fortunes and their affections to Canada always, by the way, was prolific in producing masculine members to carry on the old ship-handling traditions. And, almost to a boy, they were started in their apprenticeship whilst they were young enough to begin at the bottom. That is one practical side to the Scot's tenacity that most of us well might copy.

I should have enjoyed sharpening my cub-reportorial wits in what I am sure would have been a one-sided con-



Sir Hugh Allan

test in getting old Sir Hugh to talk, as we call it in the newspaper offices. Imagine pumping him for his opinion upon the Montreal harbor of to-day, or just yesterday, with his mind's eye on the Montreal harbor that wasn't when he landed at the national port on that spring Sunday morning in 1826! But I had to get my pen-picture of Sir Hugh at second hand.

"Oh, he was just a typical dour, practical Scot, with a single eye to business and getting it by direct, matter-of-fact methods." Thus declared the old Montreal journalist whom I button-holed on the subject.

His summing-up was not very promising, but, grubbing after the facts in one hiding-place and another, I began to get a glimpse and then a clearer vision of a more romantic figure than that. A man who had been sent out into the world at the age of fifteen by his hard-headed father, and sent to the Canada of eighty-six years ago, to become the founder of the real navigation of the St. Lawrence—such a man must have been a personality indeed. And when you go into his career—though

you will be handicapped, as I was, because for the want of a master biographer that career still awaits literary justice—you will find the right stuff of which romance is made. Adventures? Well, listen to this outline of his settling in Canada.

Captain Alexander Allan, who piloted playthings of ships across the Atlantic a century or so ago, knew what he was doing when he turned young Hugh adrift on April 12, 1826. On that day the boy sailed from Greenock to make his fortune. The ship, the brig *Favorite*, was in command of his father, and his eldest brother was second officer. She reached Quebec on May 15, and was towed up the river by the steamboat *Hercules*—these shipbuilders always have had a fancy for pretentious names—then the only towboat on the St. Lawrence. They reached the foot of St. Mary current, but against the stream and the strong breeze the little steamer could do no more. There was nothing new in that to the captain of those days, for it was as much as a steam-propelled boat could do to puff itself along an inland waterway. A hawser was passed ashore from the brig, and the rest of the towing of the *Favorite* was done by a team of twelve pairs of oxen. By this means Hugh was able to land at Montreal early on Sunday, May 21, 1826. At that time the port of Montreal was something of a joke—it must have been even to the stalwarts of those early days. There was no such thing as a wharf, and ships making Montreal had to edge in as near to the beach as they could get. Then the seamen waited for a favorable moment, rigged a long plank on spars, and, if they were lucky, the passengers and crew got ashore dry.

Here, in the Montreal of then, Hugh Allan was left by his father and brother to find the road to fortune. His first job was that of junior clerk in the dry goods house of William Kerr & Co., in St. Paul Street, and he stuck at it for three years. At that period there was not much doing or done in the city during the winter months. Hugh,

helped by his pocket money and the friendship of his father's acquaintances, spent them generally at Ste. Rose and Ste. Thérèse, and if he did nothing else useful he learned to speak French well enough to make capital of it afterwards.

At the age of nineteen we read of him starting out to learn a little more of the North American continent than he could pick up in and around Montreal. In August of 1830 he turned his face towards New York—before, mind you, there was such a thing as a railway. He spent some time in the Mecca Americana, and then boarded a boat for Albany. From Albany he went by boat again up the Erie Canal as far as Rochester, where he commenced a series of coach stages, to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, Hamilton (then a sleepy village with a mere handful of homes), and to Toronto (a little bigger and rather less sleepy village), and so to Kingston. At Kingston he boarded another boat to Prescott, where, as there was no running the rapids in those days, he landed and finished his way to Montreal by stage coach again. The trip to New York and back filled a little more than two months.

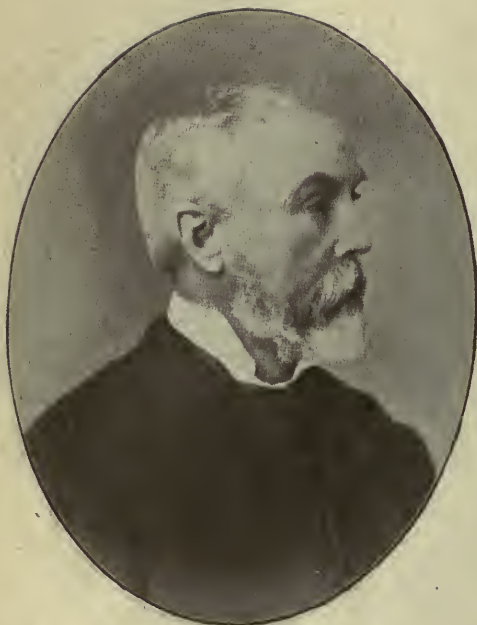
After this strenuous enough jaunt you would have thought that young Hugh was ready for a rest. But in less than a week he was off to Quebec to join his father's ship. As it happened, the *Favorite*, along with a number of other vessels, was delayed for a month by contrary weather, and it was not until November 21 that the fleet could sail. The *Favorite* was deeply laden with wheat—a pioneer ship down to her cargo, you see—from the farms of Ontario and Quebec, and the boisterous trip to Greenock occupied five weeks, the four Allans on board, Captain Alexander and three of his sons, arriving home appropriately in time for New Year's Eve.

Hugh Allan stayed at home for three months, and then was off sight-seeing again, his objective this time being Liverpool and London. It is interesting to recall that he travelled from



Sir H. Montagu Allan

the Mersey port to Cottonopolis over one of the earliest railway lines, the Manchester and Liverpool, then recently opened. Hugh, anyway, by that time was used to taking his life in his hands, so that one additional risk, and this on land, would hardly cause him much anxiety. From Manchester to London was a lengthy stage coach journey. Young Allan doubtless saw as much of the capital as he could in a short time, and was ready on April 1, 1831, to leave again for Canada. He sailed in the ship *Canada*, which was making her maiden trip. He landed in Montreal, and this time he had come prepared to settle down to the serious business of life. He entered the shipping house of James Millar & Co., and at the end of 1835 he was taken into partnership with Mr. Millar and Mr. Edmonstone, the members of the firm. Mr. Millar died three years later, and the two junior partners carried on the business. Hugh, just before this, had managed to cram in a few more adventures off the humdrum line of business, serving as a volunteer in the two rebellions of 1837 and 1838, in the lat-



Andrew Allan

ter of which he was given the rank of captain. In 1839 he was joined in Montreal by his brother Andrew, twelve years younger than Hugh and then in his seventeenth year.

That same year Hugh Allan had the most adventurous of his frequent voyages across the Atlantic. In company with the Hon. Joseph Masson, Mr. G. B. Symes, of Quebec, and other Canadians, he embarked at New York on December 14 in the steamship *Liverpool*, bound for Liverpool. This was in the early days of transatlantic steam navigation, and before the foundation of the Cunard line. The *Liverpool* ran into heavy gales, and on the 28th of the month, when little more than half-way across, the chief engineer reported that they had not sufficient coal to carry them to Liverpool, and the steward added the information that, anyway, the provisions would not last out. It was determined, therefore, to run to the Azores, and on the last few shovelful of coal they reached the island of Fayal on New Year's Eve. The *Liverpool* was the first steamship the people of the islands had seen, and the sensa-

tion can be imagined. The fourteen passengers were landed, and the Portuguese governor, with the American and British consuls, got up a ball for the occasion. During their stay of four days at the islands Hugh Allan and Mr. Symes took a day off to climb the highest mountain, Caldeira, an extinct volcano seven thousand feet above sea level, in the Azores. Thirty days after leaving New York Allan turned up at Liverpool to explain to his friends that he had not been drowned.

The following spring he was again in Montreal with plans for the extension of the firm's business. The then Governor-General, Lord Sydenham, ordered from them a steam frigate, which was called after him. Edmonstone and Allan also built for the government the small steamer *Union*. Following this they launched the *Alliance*, which remained for years one of the most powerful tugs on the St. Lawrence. With the era of the screw steamer about 1851, Hugh Allan, his partner, and his associates, who were prominent business men of Montreal, Quebec and Kingston, besides Scottish members of the Allan family, opened negotiations with the government for establishing a regular steamship service between Britain and the St. Lawrence. But the government preferred to give the contract to a firm in Britain. The handicaps against keeping the service going on a paying basis undoubtedly were great, and after a year and a half the British firm gave up the job in despair. Hugh and Andrew Allan, however, were still convinced of its practicability, and, through the influence of the Hon. John Ross, Hon. George Etienne Cartier, Hon. L. T. Drummond, and others, they were told to go ahead and see what they could make of it.

Andrew Allan by this time was an active member of the firm, which then was known as the Montreal Ocean Steamship Company. Already they had had built the steamers *Canadian* and *Indian*. These vessels, built by William Denny, of Dumbarton, were

not quite as big as the Cunarders of that day, but they were a little faster, the Allan boats steaming eleven knots against the Cunarders ten and a half. They were built of iron and had screw propellers. But they were not entirely dependent upon their steam, being rigged to sail under canvas as capably as any regular wind-jammer. The service by the Canadian and Indian was interrupted at the outbreak of the Crimean War, when they were chartered by the British government to convey troops to the Black Sea.

As soon as the matter of the Canadian government contract was settled Hugh Allan crossed to England and made arrangements for the building of two more steamers, the North American and the Anglo-Saxon, and in the spring of 1856 was commenced a regular fortnightly service to and from the St. Lawrence during open navigation, and monthly to and from Portland during the winter months. The Grand Trunk Railway about that time had extended its line to the Maine port. In 1857 the Allans agreed with the Canadian government to maintain a weekly service the whole year through, the subsidy being increased accordingly. This involved the building of four further and larger steamers, which were put in commission in May, 1859.

Samuel Cunard, founder of the Cunard Line, and sharer with Hugh and Andrew Allan of the distinction of being pioneer steam navigators of the St. Lawrence, was, by the way, a Canadian by birth. The Cunard concern was a few years ahead of the Allans with its steamers, but the Allan connection with Montreal shipping goes back farther by reason of their earlier activities with sailing vessels.

There is in the possession of the Mr. Andrew Allan of this generation, I believe, or at any rate in the possession of the Allan family, an original painting of the brig Jean, the first Allan ship to cross the Atlantic. A model of the Jean is also to be seen in the Windsor Hotel, Montreal. She was a leviathan of one hundred and seventy-nine



Bryce J. Allan

tons register, and made her maiden trip from Glasgow in May, 1819. She was commanded and owned by Capt. Alexander Allan, and his sons Bryce and James were respectively first and second mate of her. The family belonged to Ardrossan, a seaport on the Clyde about forty miles from Glasgow. Within eight years after the starting of the Jean on the St. Lawrence route the Allans had four clipper packets running to Canada—a fine instance of that tenacity of purpose of which mention was made at the beginning of this article. The old captain stuck to his bridge until 1831, when he gave up active command to look after the growing business of the shipping office in Glasgow.

In September, 1839, twenty years after the coming of the old Jean, appeared an advertisement in a Montreal newspaper which informed the public of the sailing "For Greenock, the well-known coppered ship Canada, 329 tons register, commanded by Capt. Bryce Allan. For passage, apply to Capt. Allan on board." Capt. Bryce Allan kept up the tradition established by his



Hugh A. Allan

father of commanding his own deck, and it was not for twenty years after, when he became managing owner of the line at Liverpool, that he gave up this practical side of ownership. He died in 1883, and was succeeded in charge at Liverpool by his two nephews, Robert and James. When Captain Alexander Allan left the bridge in 1831 the Allan fleet consisted of the Canada, Favorite, Brilliant, Blonde, Pericles, Gipsy, and one or two smaller sailing ships. At the time his son, Bryce retired from active command, about 1850, the fleet not only consisted of much larger ships, but the era of steam had come.

As Captain Alexander Allan and his eldest son Bryce will be always associated with the establishment and perfecting of the sailing packet service between Britain and the St. Lawrence, so the second and fourth sons, Hugh and Andrew, of the old seadog, will be famed among Canadian pioneers because of what they did in developing steam navigation. With Bryce in Liverpool, and their two younger brothers, James and Alexander, in Glasgow,

Hugh and Andrew built up the shipping business of the firm and kept it apace with the times. It was the same tenacity of the old man, you see, coming out in his five boys. And the quality lasted with the five for forty years, when death began to make breaks in their ranks. Andrew, the last of the five, died within the past twelve years at Montreal. On the death of Sir Hugh, in 1882, Andrew Allan had become president of the Allan Line as well as of the Merchants' Bank, the Montreal Telegraph Company, and other concerns. For some years also he had been chairman of the Board of Harbor Commissioners.

And still the tenacity of the Allans lasted. The sons of those sons had been brought up to the shipping trade, and they continued the business at the old stand, or stands, for there were by this time numerous ends to the Allan interests. So far as Canada was concerned, the Allan line consisted of Hugh and Andrew, sons of Andrew, and Hugh Montagu and Bryce J., sons of Sir Hugh. Mr. Andrew Allan is now the manager of the line at Mont-



Andrew A. Allan

real, and there is also a great-grandson of Captain Alexander Allan in the offices there. Mr. Hugh Allan is manager of the line in London, and Mr. Bryce J. Allan, for some years has acted for the firm at Boston. Sir Hugh Montagu Allan, as newspaper readers recently learnt, has retired from the shipping concern to look after the interests of the Merchants' Bank—which his father, Sir Hugh, and his uncle Andrew, founded—along with his numerous other financial undertakings.

It has been stated, with some show of authority, that the retirement of Sir Montagu Allan from the firm of H. and A. Allan synchronized with its practical absorption by that amazing,

tentacle-extending corporation the Canadian Pacific Railway. Whether that is or is not so is outside the scope of this article to publish or to discuss. But whilst undoubtedly the Allan line is not to-day—perhaps hardly could have remained—the family affair it was twenty, even ten years ago, for the present at least the old name remains to remind us of the ground broken, the rough seas ploughed, by the hardy introducer of the Allan name to Canada. Captain Alexander Allan's work of nearly a century ago, continued so well by the sons he brought up to his trade, will live as a Canadian monument to the national tenacity of the Scot.

The Kaiser in the World of Politics

ACCORDING to Arthur E. Bestor, who writes in *The Chautauquan*, the most striking figure in the modern political world is William II, with his frank self-assurance, his strenuous energy, his political genius, his indomitable will, one of that great family of rulers who have made Prussia the strongest Power on the continent of Europe, and have now made Germany one of the great nations of the world. He is commander-in-chief, and he has used every means to bind the army to himself. It is said that he knows personally one-half of the 25,000 military officers. No one has a greater knowledge of the German navy, indeed of the navies of the world. But, after all, the real source of his strength is to be found in the belief which the people have in him. Personally he is the embodiment of all the driving forces of German life to-day. He fires the imagination, he sounds the keynote for advance along all lines. It is this ability to make himself the leader of the German nation that enables him to impose his will upon the Empire. He is one of the most versatile of men. It is true that the Emperor has been accused of being a kingly dabbler in everything and master in nothing. Bismarck characterized the Emperor in this language in 1891: "I pity the young man; he is like a young foxhound that barks at everything, that touches everything, and that ends by causing complete disorder in the room in which he is, no matter how large it may be."

Nothing is too large for his investigation, nothing too small for his attention. Every scientific discovery, every new invention, every change in educational theory, every new development in art or literature receives his attention. He is everywhere seeking new ways of doing things which may become useful for the development of German influence or culture.

The writer describes William II as distinctly a modern man, who makes use of all the machinery of modern civilization. But with all his modern ideas the Emperor is more than any other man of his time a mediaevalist in his ideas of the kingship. One would have to go back to Charles I of England to find a man who believed so strongly in the divine right of kings. On the naval question the writer observes:—

It is perfectly evident that the only Power against which the new navy is likely to be used is Great Britain. To this danger Englishmen have recently become thoroughly aroused, for it is not merely that England would lose prestige in an unsuccessful naval war, but that her whole Imperial policy, and even her very existence, is dependent upon her mastery of the sea. It is surprising how many men in Europe testify to their belief that war between the two countries is inevitable and near at hand. The subject is discussed not with bitterness, but with a sort of finality which is far more significant.



Journey's End

by

Helen Williams

If readers are looking for stories that are "out of the ordinary," they will find one to their liking in "Journey's End." To be sure it is quite unusual and yet it may all be possible. The general field of action is typical of any small Canadian Town, and the author, a Canadian, takes advantage of the combination of circumstances, evolving a very interesting tale of adventure and romance.

NORA TRENCH had been exhibiting the latest "novelties" among Violet Crosby's glittering array of wedding presents to such chance happeners-in as still lingered "talking over" past details and future probabilities of the Crosby-Blaylock match, when she received a rather urgent summons to her friend's room. She found that pretty but diminutive little person raging up and down among her billowy lingeries in a state of excitement which she at first attributed to a belated nervousness over the now imminent ceremony. She was soon enlightened.

The most awful, the most appalling thing had happened. Inasmuch as "awful" and "appalling" things had not been infrequent throughout Violet's checkered college years and subsequent flirtatious career, Nora's solicitation took the form of a really curious demand to know what she had done now. Curtailed, and shorn of Violet's verbose imagery it resolved itself into what even Nora was forced to admit was an unusual, not to say embarrassing, "fix."

Mr. Brassworth, who, rumor averred, had married Jenny Spears out of hand, because she, Violet, wouldn't have him, had so far recovered from his pique as to send not only a specimen of Birks' very finest cut glass but also a letter which he should never have penned, much less have sent. Absorb-

ed in her own approaching happiness she had neglected to destroy it at once, and left it in her desk. It had gone completely out of her mind until just now when she had come across her own note of thanks to Mrs. Brassworth for the butterknife, purporting to come from both of them, in Mr. Brassworth's envelope. In her hurry to get as many as possible of her notes "off" she must have got the sheets mixed and put them into the wrong envelopes! Whatever was she to do about it! Couldn't Nora think of something? Fancy Mrs. Brassworth opening that letter and learning that "Charlie," in whose devotion she so implicitly believed, entertained reprehensible, and as he very distinctly stated "undying" sentiments for another! The two girls shuddered at the mere thought of the cataclysmic rupture which would ensue. To avert it, possible and impossible manoeuvres for the recovery of the letter (which, they reasoned, must still be unread, as the Brassworths had been away and were just coming back to-night in time to take in the wedding, at nine o'clock) were discussed, only to be pronounced impracticable.

"Rather a lark just to go to the Bank and swipe it." Nora had broken a discouraged silence, jestingly, and stared when her friend jumped up crying out, "The very thing! Oh, Nora, won't you?"

Once conceived, the plausibility of the idea grew. As everyone knew, the Brassworth's personal mail was dropped with that of the Bank's into the slit in the door opening directly into the outer office. While the latter would have been taken daily from the box, anything addressed to Mrs. Brassworth, in view of her expected return, would likely be left and not forwarded. Nothing would be easier than to climb through the back pantry window, which Mrs. Brassworth was always saying she must get mended, in case of burglars, and never did. While, once inside, Nora knew the geography of the house well enough for her purpose. And the probability of encountering anyone was infinitesimal, because to-night the clerks would not work long after hours on account of the wedding, and with the manager coming back so soon no one else would have been installed. Were it not for what was involved, and the fear of being detained and so missing Gordon Wilmot, to meet whom she had virtually come to the wedding, she rather wished there were some complications to make it more "interesting," Nora confided to her friend, as, disguised in a long ulster belonging to one of the Crosby boys, she started forth upon her quest.

Twilight was already obliterating landmarks, and few people were out in the Eastern Canadian town, for, as she had anticipated, everyone was "getting ready for" the wedding, which had been the one topic of conversation in that suburban centre for the last six weeks. Consequently, she entered the Bank premises and accomplished her window feat without witnesses. Tiptoeing through the ell of the house, she unlatched and pushed open a heavy oak door, and found herself in the Bank proper. Yes, there was the box on the wall, and as she had expected letters in it. She was about to take them out to carry to the window—with the curtains down it was much too dark to decipher writing here—when she had a feeling that there was someone else in the room. With her hand outstretched she re-

mained just as she was, straining her ears to catch the faintest sound. Yes. She could hear breathing.

A man's. She stood rigid, hoping that in that dim light she might pass unobserved. All at once there was a quick movement behind her. Something passed over her head and drew her arms to her sides, not gently. The rope tightened till her arms ached. Strong fingers knotted it securely. Hands in whose hold she struggled silently, impotently, impelled her forward, while a deep voice said grimly, "And now, my fine fellow, let's have a look at you." There was a moment in which the switch was obviously being fumbled after, and then electric lights blazed out above them, and she found herself confronting a young man who stared with almost comic dismay when he saw that it was a girl—a very pretty girl—he was gripping thus unceremoniously by the shoulder with one hand, while he pointed a revolver at her with the other.

"Oh, I say!" he murmured in confusion.

"Take this off," Nora cried, stamping her foot. "Take this off at once!"

"Of course," he assented, reddening, laying the revolver on the counter and feeling in his pocket for a knife. "I had no idea," he apologized, when the offending cord had been severed. "I hope I didn't hurt you," he added, as Nora slipped off the ulster and began rolling up her sleeve with the air of an injured goddess.

"Of course you hurt me. You hurt me dreadfully!"

"I'm awfully sorry! I thought you were someone trying to rob the Bank. Mr. Brassworth got wind that there was a gang about, and asked me to take an earlier train out and stay till he could come. Hearing you I naturally inferred—"

He broke off. His scrutinizing gray eyes went from her to the box and came back with a questioning doubt in them. Other exigencies beside maltreated arms occurred to Nora.

"I must be going," she exclaimed hastily. "The mistake, I suppose, *was* natural enough. This is the door out, I think. Will you unlock it, please?"

She tried to speak easily, exerting herself to put all her charm into the laughing little upward glance, which said, "I forgive you, and it's all rather ridiculous anyway, isn't it?" But no responsive gleam came into the other's eyes, and he made no move to open the door.

"I think this is the door," she repeated, a little more urgently.

"Oh, yes, that's the door, all right. You didn't come in it, by the way."

She looked at him silently. "You came in through the back pantry window."

"Well, and what if I did?" she flashed back at him.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It's my business to find out *why* you came in that way."

"Oh, you are insufferable! Do you think I came in to—— to——"

Suddenly she remembered why she had come, and stopped. She couldn't go away even if he would let her without first getting that letter.

"I see you do think that, and I could not go away mistrusted. I can't explain how I come to be here, and I don't just see how I am going to make you believe it is all right. We'll have to talk it over."

She smiled at him with engaging frankness. Really, for one of those substituting emergency clerks he was tremendously good-looking, if you came to that, for anyone. But now surprise, uncertainty, and what was evidently unwilling attraction, clouded his gaze.

"If it's as you say," he began doubtfully, "you can have no objection to my calling up someone to identify you. It may be unnecessary—probably is—but you see my viewpoint. I am a stranger, left in charge, and can't afford to take any chances. I'll get someone in, and make the whole thing as right as——"

"Oh, no! Don't! You mustn't! There are reasons why—Let me think. Oh, I am in a scrape!"

"What made you come?" he blurted out. That's what beats me. If you are not here for any reason that you can tell, why are you here at all? I can't make you out."

"Am I so different from the girls of your acquaintance?" She parried to gain time, looking at him sideways.

"Yes," he said, and nothing more.

"How?"

"You couldn't be what you are without having been told a thousand times."

"I don't understand."

"No. I don't believe you do. That is the amazing thing about you. If you did, you would hardly be here."

"I suppose not," Nora agreed, absently, her mind reverting to what was responsible for her being here. Decidedly she was not getting on. But how was she to get rid of him, and how was she to do anything unless she did? She weighed the feasibility of going casually up to the box and just taking the letter and walking away with it, and looked at him speculatively, wondering if she dared. He was pretty big, she reflected, and hardly the sort of man you would care to challenge.

"A regular deadlock, isn't it?" she smiled. "Do you in the least know what you are going to do with me? I can't stay here all night, you know."

He looked startled.

"Nor I," he frowned, turning to look at the clock. "Jove! it's nearly eight! I ought to be—I'll tell you what. I'm going to get someone in and put this business on the square. The thing is impossible as it is."

"Just as you say," meekly replied Nora, to whom a sudden thought had occurred.

"It's the only sane thing to do. It's putting you in a false position to keep you here, and yet I can't let you go on my own authority."

"No, I can quite understand that."

"And you don't blame me?" He spoke earnestly, almost appealingly, in his eyes the look that was apt to come into men's eyes when they looked at Nora Trench. "You see how it is? Just at first I'll admit I was suspicious. The

thing looked fishy. But I've eyes. You—you know I don't doubt you?"

"I—know."

"Then that's settled," drawing a deep breath. "I won't be two minutes," he called over his shoulder, crossing to the telephone.

The instant his back was turned Nora flew to the box, and began rapidly running through the letters. At the farther end of the room she could hear the other's pleasant voice asking for Jack Crosby, and illumination, belated but complete, flashed over her, explaining many things. More than ever anxious not to be caught in the act, the letters fairly twinkled through her fingers. Would she never—A-ah! At last! She had just drawn forth the little white envelope bearing her friend's dashing superscription, when there came a sharp exclamation from across the room, followed immediately by a voice at her elbow saying hoarsely; "Give that to me."

Wheeling, she nearly cried out, so unrecognizable was the face glowering down at her.

"Give that to me," he repeated, and held out his hand peremptorily.

"I will not give it to you. It belongs to—to—I have a right to it."

"Do you expect me to believe that—as I believed you two minutes ago? Give me that letter, I say."

Nora's fingers closed more tightly upon it, and she put her hands behind her back.

He came a step nearer.

"I am not in a humor for any more fooling. I don't like to use force with a girl, but—Come. The letter. Hand it over."

"I won't. I mean I can't. Others are concerned. You must let me keep it. You must let me go. Oh," she wailed, half crying, half laughing, as with a tightening of the lips he advanced

upon her, "are you utterly devoid of intuition? Are you quite quite stupid that you can't see?"

"I can see that you are a mighty clever little actress, all right. You took me in famously just now. But you won't do it again. For the last time, are you going to give me that letter, or shall I have to—"

Nora looked at him strangely.

"Take care," she said, very white. "Of course you can make me give it up. You are stronger than I. You are a man. And now I wouldn't prevent you even if I could. If you are *that* sort of man I am glad to know it," she added, scorn and a something that sounded curiously like disappointment in her voice.

"More acting? Really you have missed your vocation."

He paused, and stood looking at her with eyes that changed as they looked. Then he spoke slowly, as if the words were forced, were tortured out of him.

"Oh, but you are beautiful—beautiful. Your eyes—they bewitch me, I think—I don't know who you are—or what you are. It may get me into all sorts of trouble, but—keep the letter. I can't—doubt—you."

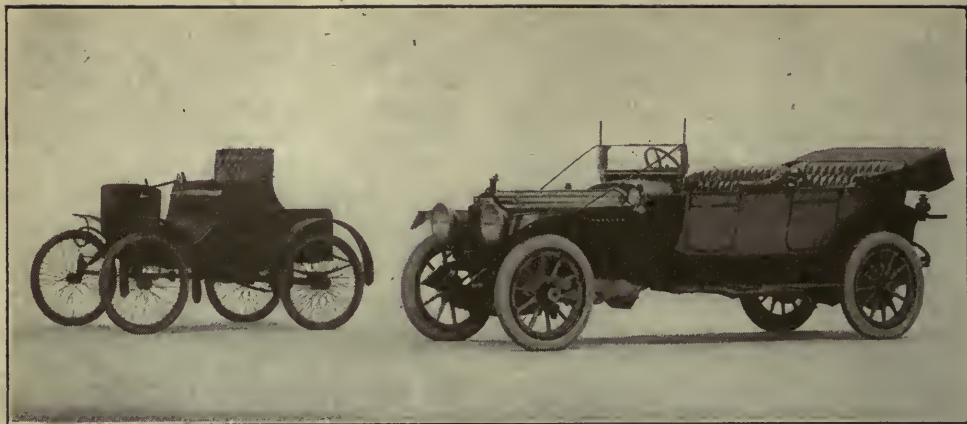
Nora drew a deep breath, but before she could speak, a train whistled faintly in the distance.

"The Brassworths!" she exclaimed, starting. "They will be here directly. I must go. And you ought to be dressing for that wedding now."

"You are a witch! How did you know I was going to a wedding? Who do you think I am, anyway?"

"Why, said Nora, slipping the obnoxious letter into her pocket and retreating toward the door, "it just happened to occur to me a little while ago that you might be—Gordon Wilmot."





The above illustration sets forth thirteen years of automobile development. At the left is one of the primitive cars of 1899, while at the right is a six cylinder car of the 1913 type.

New Ideas in Autos

What's new in automobiles? The keynote of the year seems to be "no radical changes." It is a case of refinement in detail rather than any fundamental difference. The latest ideas, as featured in the new models at the big exhibitions, are presented in this article, written by one of the foremost automobile writers in Canada.

By Don Hunt

EACH country has its national pastime—in England they play with "Home Rule for Ireland," in the United States they make a sport of baiting the trusts, in France they abuse the clericals, in Canada they talk about warships. All these nations, however, and the others that make up the civilized world have one pastime in common, the great international winter amusement—the automobile show. The fun starts in November with the chief British exhibition, the Olympia Exhibition; gathers momentum in December with the Paris Salon, and works up to a regular Saturnalia in January and February, with the New York, Chicago, Montreal and Toronto gaieties, besides innumerable other important fixtures at Ottawa and several more Canadian cities, and at tens of American centres. Victoria, B.C., has one of the early dates—in December. Barcelona in Spain is one

of the late events; its exhibition is not scheduled until April.

Automobile shows, in their modern development, are not designed merely or even primarily for the trade, not even exclusively for the owners or prospective buyers of automobiles. They have entered the same class as the circus, the theatre and the Horse Show as gigantic amusement enterprises and society functions. The Olympia show in London, although not housed in a particularly artistic building, is attended by all the aristocracy of the land. In order that these distinguished visitors may not be rudely jostled about, a special day is set aside when the entrance fee, usually only one shilling, is raised to five shillings. In Paris, the Salon is held in the Grand Palais, one of the architectural achievements of the French capital. In December last, the exhibition was opened by President

Fallières, and attended by his Minister of War and other members of the Cabinet. In New York, the show was so extensive that it required two of the largest buildings in the city, Madison Square Garden and Grand Central Palace, to hold the exhibits and the throngs of visitors. The affair was one of the chief society events of the month, and the decorations of the buildings were lavish in the extreme. The Grand

attractive as ever, in its new quarters at the Exhibition Grounds.

Without an exception, in all the exhibitions, both European and American, there have been more firms desiring to exhibit than room to accommodate them. One of the very real problems is to find enough space to satisfy the insatiable demand. This is a good proof that motor car manufacturers believe in the value of the exhibitions,



The Limousine, as shown here in its latest type, is a distinctly Canadian innovation which is very popular among the wealthy class in this country, where it is well equipped for service in all seasons.

Central was transformed into a bower of color and beauty, with a profusion of flowers, a general out-of-doors effect aided by paintings of scenes on Long Island, the Berkshires, Florida, The Rockies and California. Madison Square Garden was a blaze of light, reflected by thousands of square feet of mirrors. The pillars were hidden by allegorical statues. In Montreal, both buildings used were decorated elaborately, and Toronto's show in February will be made as

and if crowds of keenly interested spectators count for anything, the shows are a huge success.

What were the leading features of the automobiles that all this multitude of people saw? In other words, What's new in automobiles? Let us take the New York show as a sample of the American situation. The same remarks will apply with a few modifications, to the Montreal exhibition.

The key-note of this year is—no radi-

cal changes. It is a case of refinement in detail rather than any fundamental difference. Distinct development in the design and furnishings of the cars is perhaps the most conspicuous feature. Previous innovations, such as the self-starter and the electric system of lighting, have become almost universal. The habit of making all accessories standard with the car and given for the purchase price has spread rapidly and is now customary. The long-stroke motor shows increased popularity, and the six-cylinder engine is making still more converts, although the four is retained on a large number of models. Prices show a tendency both to go up and down. Several developments are noticed in the electric.

Now to look at these points a little more closely. It is evident that much care has been taken to increase the gracefulness and symmetry of the motor car, and in many cases the efforts have been signally effective. Even yet, however, there is room for improvement. One American critic is frank enough to compare the French body-designs with the American, to the disadvantage of the latter. "Not a few of our American builders," he says, "announce with apparent pride that they do not need to make body changes, and content themselves. If they are sufficiently fortunate to keep the buyer satisfied with the present, it is an excellent commendation of their selling ability, but the fact still stands that the average body of to-day is a two part affair—a hood or a bonnet and a body part. The same hood serves for a runabout, a touring model, a town cab or limousine. There has not been any attempt to develop a design that begins with the radiator and ends in the baggage rack. France is striving for this ideal—a body that is a unit design, a body intended to be most pleasing to the eye, the most comfortable to the tourist and the lightest."

There is one other point of contrast between the American bodies and the European, especially the French. Although we are accustomed to look upon

European taste as conservative, and although in the automobile it is so in many departments, yet as far as the body is concerned, the people across the sea are much more radical than we. The number of freak bodies at the New York and other American shows was almost negligible: in Europe, however, they were almost startlingly frequent. Some of the designs were grotesque; others were undoubtedly beautiful, but none would be popular in America. They would be "too much" for anyone who was not deliberately seeking notoriety. New York saw a few of them in the Importers' Salon, held in the Hotel Astor early in January.

Luxury in the furnishings of cars is the most picturesque feature of the new American models. Never before was there so much attention paid to the cushions and minor equipment. One of the most "played-up" features in the recent advertising has been the eleven and twelve inch upholstery, the cushions "soft as down," and the most subtly imaginative delights of comfort. This tendency reaches its height, of course, in the closed cars, which in many cases are genuinely sybaritic reception parlors. The most delicate shades are used in the upholstery; there are cut glass flower holders, silver card cases, glove boxes, ash trays, clocks, looking glasses, coat hooks, umbrella holders, speaking tubes, and exquisite electric chandeliers.

Among the mechanical devices prominent in this year's styles, the self starter is the chief. It had already made much progress last season, but now it is practically essential on all the cars. A large number of firms still leave the cranking handle in the front, not, they say, because they haven't confidence in the self-starter, but because their clients for a little while will feel safer with the old crank in its traditional place. Several companies, however, have already put the handle where it is scheduled to be in the future—in the tool box. One of the most interesting features in the automobile world at present is the manner in which Great

Britain and Europe are holding back from the self-starter. Usually developments of this sort come from Europe, but this time it is America that is leading the way. Paper after paper in England has urged the necessity of action in this regard unless it is the wish that America should gain a long head start, but the Olympia Show was another proof that the innovation was making very slow progress. The same phenomenon was witnessed at the Paris Salon.

Some critics rather fear this reticence of Europe, and give warnings that perhaps after all the self-starter will not "make good" eventually, and that the American makers will have a rude awakening. While it is true that there are real difficulties in the problem of self-starting, and while there are some styles on the market that will probably lead to disappointment, there seem to be no sufficient grounds for pessimism. In Europe, it seems largely to be a case of apathy. One opinion advanced is that, since such a large proportion of cars are driven by paid drivers, the owners are not vitally interested in lessening their employees' trouble; if they themselves had to get out of the car to crank it, the reform would come on with a rush.

American prices this winter afford an interesting study. In nearly every case there has been a change, either in the actual amount of money asked for, or in the value given for the money. Several well-known makes are a little higher in price, both because they are offering more luxuries and because they are including equipment which used to be counted as extras. Other firms are giv-

ing these accessories and yet are keeping their original price. Still others are claiming to give the additions at the same time they are actually reducing the retail cost. The increase in output is given as the explanation of each reduction. At least one of the low-priced cars has been reduced considerably again, with the result that the low-water mark in the purchase price of an automobile has now been reached. If the figure comes down much further, it will be positively expensive not to own a car.

The Montreal show afforded an opportunity to see the Canadian-made cars as well as the best American types. In many cases it is no flattery to say that they held their ground well and looked just as modern, just as efficient as the automobiles made across the border. There are two classes of Canadian motor cars, those manufactured by exclusively Canadian companies, and the ones made by American firms who have established plants in this country. The good Canadian cars of the first class were equal in every respect to the good cars of the second class. As a matter of fact, however, these distinctions are beginning to disappear, for if a car is made in Canada by Canadian workmen and mechanics, it is Canadian, wherever the capital comes from.

As the net result of this study of the new models, it can readily be inferred that the gradual development of the automobile towards perfection has been well-sustained this year, and that the refining process which is more apparent than ever before is the fundamentally sound course to be followed in the onward movement.



OUR NEW SERIAL

Between Two Thieves

Elsewhere we have given our readers some facts concerning Miss Clotilde Graves and her great novel "Between Two Thieves." The critics are agreed that the work is a masterpiece; the public of Europe and America has received it with the greatest enthusiasm. MacLean's has purchased the first Canadian serial rights at a high price and we trust readers who delight in a really remarkable piece of fiction will follow this thrilling story from its opening chapters in this issue. A liberal installment will be published monthly.

By Richard Dehan

AN OLD paralytic man, whose snow-white hair fell in long silken waves from under the rim of the black velvet skullcap he invariably wore, sat in a light invalid chair-carriage at the higher end of the wide, steep street that is the village of Zeiden, in the Canton of Alpenzell, looking at the sunset.

Slowly the rose-red flush was fading behind the glittering green, snow-capped pinnacle of distant Riedi. A segment of the sun's huge flaming disc remained in view above a shoulder of her colossal neighbor Donatus; molten gold and silver, boiling together as in a crucible, were spilled upon his vast, desolate, icy sides; his towering, snow-crested helmet trailed a *panache* of dazzling glory, snatched from the sinking forehead of the vanquished Lord of Day, and even the cap of the Kreinenberg, dwarf esquire in attendance on the giant, boasted a golden plume.

The old man blinked a little, oppressed by excess of splendor, and the attendant Sister of Charity, who sometimes relieved the white-capped, blue-cloaked, cotton-gowned German nurse customarily in charge of the patient, observing this, turned the invalid-chair so that its occupant looked down upon the Blau See, the shape of which suggests a sumptuous glove encrusted with tur-

quoises, as, bordered with old-world, walled towns, it lies in the rich green lap of a fertile country, deep girdled with forests of larch and pine and chestnut, enshrining stately ruins of mediæval castles, and the picturesque garden-villas built by wealthy peasants, in their stately shadow; and sheltered by the towering granite ranges of the Paarlberg from raging easterly gales.

The brilliant black eyes that shone almost with the brilliancy of youth in the wasted ivory face of the old man in the wheeled chair, sparkled appreciatively now as they looked out over the Lake. For to the whirring of its working dynamos, and the droning song of its propeller, a monoplane of the Blériot type emerged from its wooden shelter, pitched upon a steep green incline near to the water's edge; and moving on its three widely placed cycle-wheels with the gait of a leggy winged beetle or a flurried sheldrake, suddenly rose with its rider into the thin, clear atmosphere, losing all its awkwardness as the insect or the bird would have done, in the launch upon its natural element, and the instinctive act of flight. The old man watched the bird of steel and canvas, soaring and dipping, circling and turning, over the blue liquid plain with the sure ease

and swift daring of the swallow, and slowly nodded his head. When the monoplane had completed a series of practice-evolutions, it steered away northwards, the steady tuff-tuff of its Gnome engine thinning away to a mere thread of sound as the machine diminished to the sight. Then said the watcher, breaking his long silence:

"That is a good thing! . . . A capital—a useful thing! . . . An invention, see you, my Sister, that will one day prove invaluable in War."

The Sister, with a shade of hesitation, responded that Monsieur was undoubtedly right. For carrying despatches, and for the more dreadful purpose of dropping bombs upon an enemy, the aeroplane, guided by a skilful pilot, would no doubt—

"Ah, tschah! . . . Bah! . . . br'rh! . . ." The old man hunched his thin, broad shoulders impatiently, and wrinkled up his mobile ivory face into a hundred puckers of comical disgust as he exploded these verbal rockets, and his bright black eyes snapped and sparkled angrily. "For dropping shell upon the decks of armored cruisers, or into camps, or upon columns of marching men, this marvellous machine that the Twentieth Century has given us might be utilized beyond doubt. But for the preservation of life, rather than its destruction, its supreme use will be in War. For the swift and easy removal of wounded from the field of battle, a fleet of Army Hospital Service Aeroplanes will one day be built and equipped and organized by every civilized Government, under the Rules of the Crimson Cross. Beautiful, beautiful!" The old man was quite excited, nodding his black velvet-capped, white-locked head as though he would have nodded it off, and blinking his bright eyes. "*Sapristi!*—I see them!" he cried. "They will hover over the Field of Action like huge hawks, from time to time swooping upon the fallen and carrying them off in their talons. Superb! magnificent! colossal! If we had air-men and air-machines at Balaklava in '54, or at Magenta, or Solfer-

ino, or Gravelotte, or in Paris during the Siege! . . . Have the kindness, my Sister, to give me a pinch of snuff!"

The Sister fumbled in the pocket of the white flannel jacket—winter and summer, year in and year out, the old man went clothed from head to foot in white—and fed the thin, handsome old eagle-beak with pungent cheap mixture, out of a box that bore the portrait, set in blazing brilliants, of the Imperial Crowned Head whose gift it had been; as was recorded by the elaborate inscription engraved in the Russian character within its golden lid. The old man was particular that no dust of his favorite brown powder should soil the snowy silken moustache, waxed to fine points, that jutted above his long, mobile upper-lip, or the little imperial that was called by a much less elegant name when the birch-broom-bearded Reds heckled the President of the Third Republic for wearing the distinctive chin-tuft. After the pinch of snuff the old man became more placid. He had his chair slewed round to afford him a fresh point of view, and sat absorbed in the contemplation of which he never seemed to weary.

The sweet spring day was dying. Vast brooding pinions of sombre purple cloud already made twilight on the north horizon, where glooming ramparts topped by pallid peaks, and jagged sierras spiring up into slender minarets and aiguilles, shone ghostly against the gloom. The horn of the herdsman sounded from the lower Alps, and neck-bells tinkled as the long lines of placid cows moved from the upper pastures in obedience to the call, breathing perfume of scented vetch and honeyed crimson clover, leaving froth of milk from trickling udders on the leaves and grasses as they went.

The sunset-hour being supper-time, the single street of Zeiden seemed deserted. You saw it as a hilly thoroughfare, bordered with detached timber-built houses, solid and quaintly shaped and gaily painted, their feet planted in gardens full of lilac and syringa and laburnum, daffodils and narcissi, vio-

lets and anemones and tulips; their walls and balconies tapestried with the sweet May rose and the pink and white clematis; the high-pitched roofs of the most ancient structures, green to the ridge-poles with mosses and gilded by lichens, rosetted with houseleek, and tufted with sweet yellow wallflower and flaunting dandelion. And you had just begun to wonder at the silence and apparent emptiness of the place, when, presto! it suddenly sprang into life. Doors opened and shut; footsteps crackled on gravel; gates clicked, releasing avalanches of barking dogs and laughing, racing children; the adult natives and visitors of Zeiden (Swiss for the most part, leavened with Germans and sprinkled with English and French) appeared upon the Promenade. . . . And the band of the Kursaal, magnificent in their green, white-faced, silver-tagged uniform, marched down the street to the Catholic Church, and being admitted by the verger—a magnificent official carrying a wand, and attired in a scarlet frock-coat, gilt chain, and lace trimmed cocked hat—presently appeared upon the platform of the tower, and—it being the Feast of the Ascension—played a chorale, and were tremendously applauded when it was over.

"They play well, finely, to-night!" said the old man, nodding and twinkling in his bright pleased way. "Kindly clap my hands for me, my Sister. M. Pédelaborde may take it amiss if I do not join in the applause." So the *chef d'orchestre* was gratified by the approval of the paralytic M. Dunoisse, which indeed he would have been sorely chagrined to miss.

"I think that white-haired old man in the black velvet cap has the most noble, spiritual face I ever saw," said a little English lady to her husband—a tall, lean, prematurely bald and careworn man, arrayed in a leather cap with goggles, a knicker suit of baggily cut, loud-patterned tweeds, a shirt of rheumatism-defying Jaeger material, golfing hose, and such prodigiously clouded nailed boots, with sockets for

the insertion of climbing-irons, as London West End and city firms are apt to impose upon customers who do their Swiss mountain climbing per the zig-zag carriage-road, or the cog-wheel railway.

"Ah, yes! quite so!" absently rejoined the husband, who was Liberal Member for a North London Borough, and an Under-Secretary of State; and was mentally engaged in debating whether the six o'clock supper recently partaken of, and consisting of grilled lake trout with cucumber, followed by curd-fritters crowned with dabs of whortleberry preserve, did not constitute a flagrant breach of the rules of dietary drawn up by the London specialist under whose advice he was trying the Zeiden whey-cure for a dyspepsia induced by Suffragist Demonstrations and the Revised Budget Estimate. "Quite so, yes!"

"You are trying to be cynical," said the little lady, who was serious and high-minded, and Member of half-a-dozen Committees of Societies for the moral and physical improvement of a world that would infinitely prefer to remain as it is. "Sceptics may sneer," she continued with energy, "and the irreverent scoff, but a holy life does stamp itself upon the countenance in lines there is no mistaking."

"I did not sneer," retorted her husband, whose internal system the unfortuitous combination of cucumber with curds was rapidly upsetting. "Nor am I aware that I scoffed. Your saintly faced old gentleman is certainly a very interesting and remarkable personage. His name is M. Hector Dunoisse." He added, with an inflection the direct result of the cucumber-curd-whortleberry combination: "He was a natural son of the First Napoleon's favorite *aide-de-camp*, a certain Colonel—afterwards Field-Marshal Dunoisse (who did tremendous things at Aboukir and Austerlitz and Borodino)—by—ah!—by a Bavarian lady of exalted rank,—a professed nun, in fact,—who ran away with Dunoisse, or was run away with. M. Pédelaborde, the man who told me

the story, doesn't profess to be quite certain."

"I dare say not! And who is M. Pédelaborde, if I may be allowed to know?"

Infinite contempt and unbounded incredulity were conveyed in the little English lady's utterance of the foregoing words.

"Pédelaborde," explained her husband, sucking a soda-mint lozenge, and avoiding the wifely eye, "is the fat, tremendously moustached personage who conducts the Kursaal Band."

"Indeed!"

"He has known M. Hector Dunoisse all his life—Pédelaborde's life, I mean, of course. His father was a fellow-cadet of your old gentleman's at a Military Training Institute in Paris, where Dunoisse fought a duel with another boy, and killed him, I am given to understand, by an unfair thrust. The French are fond of tricks in fencing, and some of 'em are the very dev—Ahem!"

"I decline to credit such a monstrous statement," said the little lady, holding her head very high. "Nothing shall convince me that that dear, sweet, placid old man—who is certainly not to blame for the accident of his birth—could ever have been guilty of a dishonorable action, much less a wicked murderous deed, such as you describe! Do you know him? I mean in the sense of having spoken to him, because everybody bows to M. Dunoisse on the Promenade. You have! . . . Next time you happen to meet, you might say that if he would allow you to introduce him to your wife, I should be pleased—so very pleased to make his acquaintance—"

"Ah, yes. Quite so! We have had a little chat or two, certainly," the dyspeptic gentleman of affairs admitted. "And I don't doubt he would be highly gratified." The speaker finished his lozenge, and added, with mild malignity: "That you would find him interesting I feel perfectly sure. For he certainly has seen a good deal of life, according to Pédelaborde. . . He held a

commission in a crack regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, and ran through a great fortune, I am told, with the assistance of his commanding officer's wife—uncommonly attractive woman, too, Pédelaborde tells me. And he was on the Prince-President's Staff at the time of the *coup d'Etat*, and after the Restoration—Pédelaborde positively takes his oath that this is true!—was shut up in a French frontier fortress for an attempt on the life of the Emperor. But he escaped, or was released, when the Allies were pounding away at Sevastopol, in 1854, and Ada Merling—dead now, I believe, like nearly everybody else one has ever heard named in connection with the War in the Crimea—was nursing the wounded English soldiers at Scutari." The dyspeptic politician added acidly:

"Here comes M. Dunoisse trundling down the Promenade, saintly smile and all the rest of it. . . . Shall I give him your message now?"

But the speaker's better-half, at last convinced, indignantly withdrew her previous tender of cordiality, and as the invalid chair, impelled by the white-capped, blue-cloaked nurse, who had now replaced the nun, rolled slowly down the wide garden-bordered, orchard-backed *Place* of ancient timber houses that is Zeiden, the white-haired wearer of the black velvet cap, nodding and beaming in acknowledgment of the elaborately respectful salutations of the male visitors and the smiling bows of the ladies, received from one little British matron a stare so freezing in its quality that his jaw dropped, and his bright black eyes became circular with astonishment and dismay.

That an old man at whom everybody smiled kindly—an old man who had little else to live upon or for but love should meet a look so cold. . . . His underlip drooped like a snubbed child's. Why was it? Did not the little English lady know—surely she must know!—how much, how very much old Hector Dunoisse had done, and given, sacrificed and endured and suffered, to earn the love and gratitude of women and of men? He did not wish to boast—but she might have remembered it!

... A tear dropped on the wrinkled ivory hands that lay helplessly upon the rug that covered the sharp bony knees.

"You have been guilty of a piece of confoundedly bad taste, let me tell you!" said the irritated Englishman, addressing his still vibrating wife. "To cut an old man like that! It was brutal!" He added, "And idiotic into the bargain!"

"I simply couldn't help it," said his wife, her stiffened facial muscles relaxing into the flabbiness that heralds tears. "When I saw that horrible old creature coming, looking so dreadfully innocent and kind; and remembered how often I have seen the little French and German and Swiss children crowding round his chair listening to a story, or being lifted up to kiss him,"—she gulped—"or toddling to his knee to slip their little bunches of violets into those helpless hands of his—I could not help it! I simply had to!"

"Then you simply had to commit a social blunder of a very grave kind," pronounced her lord, assuming that air of detachment from the person addressed which creates a painful sense of isolation. "For permit me to inform you that M. Hector Dunoisse is not a person, but a Personage—whom the President of the Swiss Confederation and about half the Crowned Heads of Europe congratulate upon his birthday. And who—if he had chosen to accept the crown they offered him half a lifetime back—would have been to-day the ruling Hereditary Prince of an important Bavarian State. As it is——"

"As it is, he would forgive me the hideous thing I have done," the little lady cried, flushing indignant scarlet to the roots of her hair; "could he know that it was my own husband who deceived me... Who humbugged me," she gulped hysterically. "Spoofed me, as our boy Herbert would hideously say,—with a whole string of ridiculous, trumped-up stories——" She hurriedly sought for and applied her handkerchief, and the final syllable was lost in the dolorous blowing of an injured woman's nose. Her husband entreated pusillanimously:

"For Heaven's sake, don't cry!—at least, here on the Promenade, with scores of people staring. What I told you is the simple truth... Don't Roman Catholics say that the regular ribs make the most thorough-going, out-and-out saints when they *do* take to religion and good works and all the rest of it? Besides... good Lord!—it's Ancient History — happened years and years before our parents saw each other—and the old chap is ninety—or nearly! And—even supposing Dunoisse did what people say he did, only think what Dunoisse has done!"

Curiosity prevailed over injured dignity. The wounded wife emerged from behind a damp wad of cambric to ask: "What *has* he done?"

"What has he... why—he has received all sorts of Votes of Thanks from Public Societies, and he has been decorated with heaps of Orders... the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, and the Orders of the Annunziata of Savoy, and the Black Eagle; and he is a Commander of the Legion of Honour and a Knight of the Papal Order of St. Gregory, and Hereditary Prince of Widinitz if he liked, but he doesn't like.... goodness me! Haven't I told you all that already?" The M.P. for the North London borough flapped his hands and lapsed into incoherency.

"But surely you can tell me why these honors were bestowed upon M. Dunoisse?" asked his wife. "I am waiting for the answer to my question—what has he done to deserve them?"

The clear, incisive English voice asking the question, cut like a knife through the consonantal, sibilant French, and the guttural be-vowelled German. And a stranger standing near—recognizable as a French priest of the Catholic Church less by the evidence of his well-worn cloth, and Roman collar, and wide-brimmed, round-crowned silk beaver, with the shabby silk band and black enamelled buckle, than by a certain distinctive manner and expression—said upon a sudden impulse, courteously raising his hat:

"Madame will graciously pardon an old man for presuming to answer a

question not addressed to him. She asks, if I comprehend aright, what M. Dunoisse has done to deserve the numberless marks of respect and esteem that have been showered on him? I will have the honour of explaining to Madame if Monsieur kindly consents?"

"Pleasure, I'm sure," babbled the dyspeptic victim of the Suffragists and the Budget, yawning as only the liverish can. The priest went on, addressing the little lady:

"Madame, the invalid gentleman whose paralyzed hands rest upon his knees as inertly and immovably as the hands of some granite statue of an Egyptian deity, has given with both those helpless hands—gives to this hour!—will give when we have long been dust, and these pretty infants playing round us are old men and aged women—a colossal gift to suffering Humanity. He has expended wealth, health, all that men hold dear, in founding, endowing, and organizing a vast international, undenominational, neutral Society of Mercy, formed of brave and skilled and noble men and women,—ah!—may Heaven bless those women!—who, being of all nations, creeds, and politics, are bound by one vow; united in one purpose; bent to one end—that end the alleviation of the frightful sufferings of soldiers wounded in War. Madame must have heard of the Convention of Helvetia? . . . But see there, Madame! . . . Observe, by a strange coincidence—the Symbol in the sky!"

The hand of the speaker, with a graceful, supple gesture of indication, waved westward, and the little lady's eyes, following it, were led to the upper end of the wide, irregular chalet-bordered Promenade of Zeiden, where the wheel-chair of the invalid had again come to a standstill; possibly in obedience to its occupant's desire to look once more upon the sunset, whose flaming splendors had all vanished now, save where against a gleaming background of milky-pale vapor glowed transverse bars of ardent hue, rich and glowing as pigeon's blood ruby, or an Emperor's ancient Burgundy, or that other crim-

son liquor that courses in the veins of Adam's sons, and was first spilled upon the shrinking earth by the guilty hand of Cain.

"It is the sign," the priest repeated earnestly; "the badge of the great international League of love and pity which owes its institution to M. Hector Dunoisse." He added: "The face of Madame tells me that no further explanation is needed. With other countries that have drunk of War, and its agonies and horrors, Protestant England renders homage to the Crimson Cross."

II

Old Hector Dunoisse could not sleep that night. Sharp pains racked his worn bones; his paralyzed muscles were as though transfixed by surgical needles of finely-tempered steel. He would not permit the nurse to sit up, despite the physician's orders, therefore the medical Head of the Institution suffered the patient to have his way. So he lay alone in the large, light, airy room, furnished with all the appliances that modern surgical skill can devise for the aid of helplessness, and the alleviation of suffering, and yet a place of pain . . .

He would not suffer the nurse to lower the green Venetian blinds of the high, clear windows that fronted to the south-east and south-west; the moonbeams could not do him any harm, he declared. On the contrary! The mild, bright planet shining above the lonely *kulms* and *terrible crevasses*, shedding her radiant light upon the peasant's Alpine hut and the shepherd's hillside cave, as upon the huge hotel-caravanserais, glittering with windows and crowded with wealthy tourists, and the stately mediæval castles, ruined and inhabited by owls and bats and foxes, or lovingly preserved and dwelt in by the descendants of the great robber knights who reared their Cyclopean towers—was she not his well-loved friend?

So, as one waits for a friend, old Hector lay waiting for the moonrise; the white-haired, handsome, vivacious old face, with the bright black eyes, prop-

ped high upon the pillow, the wasted, half-dead body of him barely raising the light warm bed-coverings, the helpless arms and stiff white hands stretched rigidly along its sides.

And not only the man waited; the heavens seemed also waiting. The ghostly white ice-peaks and snowy mountain-ranges, crowded on the horizon as thought they waited too. Corvus burned bright, low down on the south horizon; Spica blazed at the maidenly-pure feet of Virgo. Bootes looked down from the zenith, a pale emerald radiance, dimmed by the fierce red fires of the Dog Star. . . The purple-dark spaces beyond these splendors were full of the palely-glimmering presences of other stars. But the old man wanted none of these. He had forgotten to look at the almanac. He began to fear there would be no moon that night.

Old, sick and helpless as he was, this was a great grief to him. Useless the presence of others when we lack the one we need. And a little crack in a dam-wall is enough to liberate the pent-up waters; the thin, bright trickle is soon followed by the roaring turbid flood. Then, look and see what fetid slime, what ugly writhing creatures bred of it, the shining placid surface masked and covered. . . . The purest women, the noblest men, no less than we who know ourselves inwardly corrupt and evil, have such depths, where things like these are hidden from the light of day

The pain was intolerable to-night—almost too bad to bear without shrieking. Dunoisse set his old face into an ivory mask of stern resistance, and his white moustache and arched and still jet-black eyebrows bristled fiercely, and the cold drops of anguish gathered upon the sunken purple-veined temples upon which the silky silver hair was growing sparse and thin. Ouf! . . . what unutterable relief it would have been to clench his fists, even! . . . But the poor hands, helpless as a wax doll's or a wooden puppet's, refused to obey his will.

He lay rigid and silent, but his brain

worked with vivid, feverish activity, and his glance roved restlessly round the white-papered walls of the airy, cleanly room. Shabby frames containing spotted daguerrotypes and faded old *cartes-de-visite* of friends long dead; some water-colour portraits and engravings of battle-scenes, hung there; with some illuminated addresses, a few more modern photographs, a glazed case of Orders and Crosses, a cheap carved rack of well-smoked pipes, and—drawn up against the painted wainscot—an imposing array of boots of all nationalities, kinds and descriptions, in various stages of wear. His small library of classics filled a hanging shelf, while a pair of plain deal bookcases were stuffed with publications in half-a-dozen European languages, chiefly well-known reference-works upon Anatomy and Physiology, Surgery and Medicine; Surgery and Medicine; whilst a row of paper-bound officially-stamped Government publications—one or two of these from his own painstaking, laborious pen—dealt with the organization, equipment and sanitation of Military Field Hospitals, Hospital Ships and Hospital Trains, the clothing, diet and care of sick and wounded, and, in relation to these, the Laws and Customs of grim and ghastly War. And a traveling chest of drawers, a bath, and a portable secretary, battered and ink-stained by half a century of honorable use; with the scanty stock of antique garments hanging in the white-pine press; a meagre store of fine, exquisitely darned and mended old-world linen; an assortment of neckties, wonderfully out of date; some old felt wideawakes, and three black velvet caps, with a camel's-hair *bournous*, that had served for many years as a dressing-gown; and the bust of a woman, in marble, supported on a slender ebony pedestal set between the windows, completed the inventory of the worldly possessions of old Hector Dunoisse.

All that he owned on earth, these few shabby chattels, these dimmed insignia, with their faded ribbons—this man who had once been greatly rich, and prodigally generous, subsisted now in his helpless age upon a small annu-

ity, purchased when he had been awarded the Nobel Prize. What bitter tears had been wrung from the bright black eyes when he was compelled to accept this charity! But it had to be; the burden of his great humanitarian labors had exhausted his last energies and his remaining funds; and Want had risen up beside his bed of sickness, and laid upon him, who had cheered away her spectre from so many pallets, her chill and meagre hand.

Ah, how he loved the glaring daguerreotypes, the spotty photographs, the old cheap prints! Far, far more dearly than the Rembrandts and Raphaels, the Watteaus and the three superb portraits by Velasquez that he had sold to the Council of the Louvre, and the Austrian Government and the Trustees of the National Gallery. The cabinets of rare and antique medals, the collection of Oriental porcelain and Royal Sèvres that had been bequeathed to him with the immense private fortune of Luitpold, the long-deceased Prince-Regent of Widinitz, that had also been disposed of under the hammer to supply his needs for funds—always more funds—had never possessed one-tenth of the preciousness of these poor trifles. For everything was a memento or token of something done or borne, given or achieved towards the fulfilment of the one great end.

The *Chibuk* with the bowl of gilded red clay, the cherry-stick stem and the fine amber mouthpiece, an officer of the English Guards had forced upon Dunoisse at Balaklava. The inkstand, a weighty sphere of metal mounted on three grape-shot, with a detached fourth for the lid—that was a nine-pound shell from the Sandbag Battery. And the helmet-plate with a silver-plated Austrian Eagle and the brass device like a bomb, with a tuft of green metal oak-leaves growing out of the top, that was a souvenir of the bloody field of Magenta. It had been pressed upon Dunoisse by a flaxen-haired, blue-eyed Ensign of Austrian Infantry, whom he had rescued from under a hecatomb of dead men and horses, still living, but blackened from asphyxia, the colors of

his regiment yet clutched in his cramped and blackened hands.

Even the *bourous*, the voluminous long-sleeved, hooded garment of gray-white camel's hair, bordered with delicate embroideries of silver and orange-red floss silk—that had its touching history; that had been also the legacy of one who had nothing else to give.

"He was an Arab of pure blood, a pious Moslem, Sergeant-Major in the First Regiment of Spahis, a chief in his own right. He fell in the assault upon the Hill of Cypres. Towards the end of the day, when the sun had set upon Solferino's field of carnage, and the pale moon was reflected in the ponds of blood that had accumulated in every depression of the ravaged ground, we found him, riddled with bullets, pierced with wounds, leaning with his back against a little tree, his bleeding Arab stallion standing by him as he prayed in the words of the Prophet: '*Lord, grant me pardon, and join me to the companionship on high!* . . . ' He died two nights later upon a heap of bloody straw in the Church of Santa Rosalia at Castiglione. This had been strapped in the roll behind his saddle—his young bride had embroidered the gold and silken ornaments; in the field it had served him as a covering, and until the dead-cart came to remove the corpse—as a pall."

More relics yet. The broken lock of a Garibaldian musket from Calatiformi. The guard of a Papal soldier's sabre from Castel Fidardo, brown with Sardinian blood.

More still. . . . The gilded ornament from the staff-top of a Prussian Eagle—a souvenir of Liebenau, or was it Huhnerwasser? A Uhlan lance-head from Hochhausen. An exploded cart-ridge gathered on the field of Alcolea, where the Spanish Royalists were beaten in 1868. And a French *chassepot* and a Prussian needle-gun, recalling the grim tragedy of 1870 and the unspeakable disaster of Sedan. While a fantastically chased cross of Abyssinian gold, and a Bersagliere's plume of cocks' feathers, their glossy dark green marred

with dried blood, were eloquent of the massacre of the Italian troops at Dagoli, in '87.

What memories were this old man's!

III.

OLD Hector could have told you that such crowded, thronging memories aggravate the dull, throbbing ache of loneliness to torment. To re-read letters written in faded ink by beloved hands that lie mouldering underground, or are very far removed from us; or to brood upon the soulless image of a soulful face that, dead or living, we may never see with our earthly eyes again, does but exquisitely intensify the agony of loss. We who are old and wise should know better than to seek to quench the heart's thirst at such bitter Desert wells. Nevertheless, our eyes turn to the faded portrait, our hands touch the spring of the tarnished locket half a hundred times a day.

Upon the pillow beside the worn white head there invariably lay a stained and shabby Russia-leather letter-case, white at the edges with wear. It was fastened by a little lock of dainty mechanism, and the fine thin chain of bright steel links that was attached to it went round the old man's neck. He turned his head that his cheek might rest against the letter-case, and a slow tear overbrimmed an underlid, and fell and sparkled on the dull brownish leather that had once been bright and red. A silver plate, very worn and thin, bore an engraved date and a brief direction:

"Bury This With Me."

It would be done by-and-by, he knew; for who would rob a dead old man of his dearest treasure? Moreover, the contents of the leather case were valueless in ordinary eyes.

Just a package of letters penned in a fine, delicate, pointed, old-fashioned gentlewoman's handwriting to the address of M. Hector Dunoisse in half-a-dozen European capitals, and several cities and posting-towns of Turkey and Asiatic Russia; their condition rang-

ing from the yellowed antiquity of more than fifty years back, to the comparative newness of the envelope that bore the London postmark of the previous 22nd of December, and the Zeiden stamp of three days later. For once a year, at Christmas-tide, was celebrated old Hector Dunoisse's joy-festival—when such a letter came to add its bulk to the number in the leather case.

He would be fastidiously particular about his toilet upon that day of days, he who was always so scrupulously neat. His silken white hair would be arranged after the most becoming fashion, his cheeks and chin would be shaved to polished marble smoothness, his venerable moustache waxed with elaborate care. He would be attired in his best white flannel suit, crowned with his newest velvet cap, and adorned with all his Orders; while pastilles would be set burning about the room, fresh flowers would be placed, not only on the tiny altar with its twinkling waxlights and colored plaster presentment of the Stable at Bethlehem, but before a photograph in a tortoise-shell-and-silver frame that always stood upon a little table, beside his chair or bed. About the ebony pedestal of the marble bust that stood in the shallow bay of the south-east window a garland would be twined of red-berried holly and black-berried ivy, and delicately tinted sweet-scented hyacinths, grown under glass And then the hands of a nursing Sister or of a mere hireling would open the letter, and hold the feebly-written sheet before Dunoisse's burning eyes, and they would weep as they read, until their bright black flame was quenched in scalding tears.

Do you laugh at the old lover with his heart of youthful fire, burning in the body that is all but dead? You will if you who read are young. Should you be at your full-orbed, splendid prime of womanhood or manhood, you will smile as you pity. But those who have passed the meridian of life will sigh; for they are beginning to understand; and those who are very old will smile and sigh together, and look wise

—so wise! Because they have found out that Love is eternally young.

Oh, foolish Youth!—that deems the divine passion to be a matter of red lips meeting red lips, bright eyes beaming into bright eyes, young heart beating against young heart. Intolerant, splendid Prime, that leaps to the imperious call of passion and revels in the delirious pleasures of the senses. For you love is the plucking of the ripe, fragrant, juicy fruit; the rose-tinted foam upon the sparkling wine that brims the crystal goblet; the crown of rapture; the night of jewelled stars and burning kisses that crowns the fierce day of Desire.

And ah! wise Age, experienced and deep, where Youth is all untaught, and Prime but a little more scholar-wise, and Middle Age but a beginner at the book. . . . For you Love is the jewel in the matrix of the stone; the sacred lamp that burns unquenched within the sealed-up sepulchre; the flame that glows in the heart's core the more hotly that snows of years lie on the head, and the icy blood creeps sluggishly through the clogged arteries; the sustenance and provender and nourishment of Life no less than the hope that smiles dauntlessly in the face of Death. For to die is to follow whither she has gone—to meet with him again. Can those who seek to disprove the Being of their Creator with the subtle brain He forged be in the truest sense of the word—lovers? I say No! For Love is an attribute of the Divine.

Those written sheets in the locked case of dulled crimson leather, attached to the fine steel chain, told no tale of love. . . .

Ah! the womanly, gracious letters, breathing warm friendship and kindly interest in the long-unseen, how diligently the old man had tried to read between their fine clear lines the one thing that he never found for all his searching. How devoutly they had been kept and cherished, how delicately and reverently handled—that is to say, when Hector Dunoisse had had hands. . . . But for seven long

years now they had lain undisturbed in their receptacle, only seeing light when it was opened with the little key that hung upon the steel chain, so that the newest letter of all might be added to the treasured store.

Of late years, how brief they had become! From the three crowded sheets of more than fifty years back, to the single sheet of ten years—the quarter-sheet of five years ago—a mere message of kind remembrance, ending with the beloved name. It had been tragedy to Dunoisse, this slow, gradual shortening of his allowance of what was to him the bread of life. He could not understand it. Had he offended her in some way? He dared to write to her and ask, by aid of the paid secretary who typed from his painstaking dictation in a language which she did not understand. And the reply came in the caligraphy of a stranger. He realized then what he had never before dreamed possible, that his worshipped lady had grown old.

A photograph accompanied the letter. He recognized, with a joyful leap of the heart, that the sweet, placid, aged face with the delicate folds of a fine lace shawl framing it, was beautiful and gracious still. Thenceforward, in a frame of tortoiseshell-and-silver, it stood upon the little table beside the bed.

But in another year or two heavy news reached him. She had grown feeble, barely able to trace with the gently-guided pen the well-loved initials at the foot of the written page! The shock of this unlooked-for, appalling revelation made him very ill. He was not himself for months—never quite again what he had been. . . . A day was coming when . . . the letters might come no more. Her initials were so faintly traced upon the last one that—that—

No, no! God was too kind to let her die before him. He clenched his toothless gums as he would have liked to clench his paralysed hands, and clung desperately to his belief in the Divine Love.

IV.

To lie, helpless and lonely and old, and racked by pain, and to keep on believing in the Divine goodness, requires a calibre of mental strength proportionately equal to the weakness of the sufferer. But it was too late in the day for Dunoisse to doubt.

And here was his dear Moon swimming into view, rising from the translucent depths of a bottomless lagoon of sapphire ether, red Mars glowing at her pearly knee. A childlike content softened the lines that pain and bitterness had graven on the old ivy face. He nodded, well pleased.

"There you are! I see you! You have come as punctually as you always do, making my pain the easier to bear," he murmured brokenly to the planet. "You shine and look at me and understand; unlike men and women who talk, and talk, and comprehend nothing! And you are old, like my love; and changeless, like my love; while yet my love, unlike you, is eternal; it will endure when you have passed away with Time. Dear Moon! is she looking at you too? Does she ever think of me? But that is a great question you never answer. I can only lie and wait, and hope and long . . . in vain? Ah, God! If I could but know for certain that it has not been in vain! . . ."

Then, with a rush of furious crimson to the drawn cheeks and the knitted forehead, the barrier of his great and dauntless patience broke down before his pent-up passion's flood. His features were transfigured; the venerable saint became an aged, rebellious Lucifer. Words crowded from his writhing lips, despair and fury blazed in his great black eyes.

"How long, O God, implacable in Thy judgments," he cried, "must I lie here, a living soul immured in a dead body, and wait, and yearn, and long? 'Give thanks,' say the priests, 'that you have your Purgatory in this world.' Can there be any torture in Purgatory to vie with this I am enduring? Has Hell worse pains than these? None! for des-

pair and Desolation sit on either side of me. I rebel against the appointments of the Divine Will. I doubt the Love of God."

Rigor seized him, his racked nerves vibrated like smitten harp-strings, sweat streamed upon his clammy skin, the beating of his heart shook him and shook the bed, a crushing weight oppressed his panting lungs.

"It is so long, so very long!—sixteen years that I have lain here," he moaned. "I was content at first, or could seem so. 'Let me but live while she lives and die when she dies!—' had always been my prayer. I pray so still—yes, yes! but the long waiting is so terrible. When I had health and strength to labor incessantly, unresistingly, then I could bear my banishment. Through the din and shock of charging squadrons, the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery, the ceaseless roll of the ambulances and the shrieks of mangled men, one cannot hear the selfish crying of the heart that starves for love. Even in times of peace there was no pause, no slackening. To organize, administer, plan, devise, perfect—what work, what work was always to be done! Now the work goes on. I lie here. They defer to me, appeal to me, consult me—oh yes, they consult me! They are very considerate to the old man who is now upon the shelf!"

He laughed and the strange sound woke an echo that appalled him. It sounded so like the crazy laugh of a delirious fever-patient, or of some poor peasant wretch driven beyond his scanty wits by the horror and the hideousness of War. He shook with nervous terror now, and closed his eyes tightly that he might shut out all the familiar things that had suddenly grown strange.

"Let me die, my God! I cannot bear Life longer!" he said more calmly. "Let her find me crouching upon the threshold of Paradise like a faithful hound, when she comes, borne by Thy rejoicing Angels to claim her glorious award. I am not as courageous as I boasted myself; the silence and the emptiness appal me. Let me die!—but

what then of my letter that comes once a year?" he added in alarm. "No, no! I beseech Thee, do not listen to me, a sinful, rebellious old grumbler. I am content—or I would be if the time were not so long."

Something like a cool, light finger seemed as if drawn across his burning eyelids. He opened them and smiled. For a long broad ray of pure silvery moonshine, falling through the high south-east window upon the white marble bust that stood upon the ebony pedestal against its background of mountain-peaks and sky, reached to the foot of his bed, and rising higher still, had flowed in impalpable waves of brightness over the helpless feet, and covered the stiff white hands, and now reached his face.

This was the moment for which he nightly waited in secret fear, and breathless expectation and desire. Would the miracle happen, this night of all the nights? Would it visit him to bless or leave him uncomforted? He trembled with the desperate eagerness that might defeat its end.

The moon was full and rode high in the translucent heavens. To the lonely watcher the celestial orb suggested the likeness of a crystal Lamp, burning with a light of inconceivable brilliance in a woman's white uplifted hand. He knew whose hand. His black eyes softened into lustrous, dreamy tenderness, a smile of welcome curved about his lips, as the moon-rays illuminated the marble features of the bust that stood in the bay.

The face of the bust was the same as the old, beautiful face of the photographic portrait that stood in its tortoise-shell-and-silver frame upon the little table by his bed. You saw it as the sculptured presentment of a woman still young, yet past youth. Slenderly framed, yet not fragile, the slight shoulders broad, the long rounded throat a fitting pedestal for the high-domed, exquisitely proportioned head. Upon her rich, thick waving hair was set a little cap: close-fitting, sober, with a double-plaited border enclosing the clear, fine,

oval face, a little thin, a shade worn, as by anxiety and watching.

The face—her face!—was not turned towards the bed. It bent a little aside as though its owner pondered. And that the fruit of such reflection would be Action, swift, unflinching, prompt, direct—no one could doubt who observed the purpose in the wide arching brows; the salient, energetic jut of the rather prominent, slightly-aquiline nose, with its high-bred, finely-cut nostrils; the severity and sweetness that sat throned upon the lips; the rounded, decisive chin that completed the womanly-fair image. A little shawl or cape was pinned about her shoulders; to the base of the pure column of the throat she was virginally veiled and covered.

And if the chief impression she conveyed was Purity, the dominant note of her was Reflection. For the eyes beneath the thick white eyelids were observant; the brain behind the broad brows pondered, reviewed, decided, planned. . . . It seemed as though in another moment she must speak; and the utterance would solve a difficulty; reduce confusion into sanest order, throw light upon darkness; clear away some barrier; devise an expedient, formulate a rule. . . .

There was not a line of voluptuous tenderness, not one amorous dimple wherein Cupid might play at hiding, in all the stern, sweet face. She thought and dreamed, and planned. And yet, . . .

And yet the full-orbed eyes, grey-blue under their heavy, white, darkly-lashed eyelids as the waters of her own English Channel, could melt, could glow for he had seen! . . . The sensitive tenderness. The most cherished memory of this old man was that it had once kissed him.

Ah! if you are ignorant how the memory of one kiss can tinge and permeate life, as the single drop of priceless Ghazipur attar could impart its fragrance to the limpid waters in the huge crystal block skilled Eastern artificers hollowed out for Nur Mahal to

bathe in—you are fortunate; for such knowledge is the flower of sorrow, that has been reared in loneliness and watered with tears. This one red rose made summer amidst the snows of a nonagenarian's closing years. He felt it warm upon his mouth; he heard his own voice across the arid steppes of Time crying to her passionately:

"Oh, my beloved! when we meet again I shall have deserved so much of God, that when I ask Him for my wages He will give me even you!"

What had he not done since then, what had he not suffered, how much had he not sacrificed, to keep this great vow? Had he not earned his wages full forty years ago? Yet God made no sign, and she had gone her ways and forgotten.

It was only in pity—only in recognition of his being, like herself, the survivor of a vanished generation, almost the only human link remaining to bind this restless Twentieth Century with the strenuous, splendid days of the early Victorian era, that she had written to him once a year.

Only in pity, only in kindness was it, after all?

This one thing is certain, that at rare, irregular intervals, he reaped the fruit of his long devotion—his unswerving, fanatical fidelity—in the renewal of that lost, vanished, unforgettable moment of exquisite joy.

As he sat in his wheeled-chair upon the Promenade of Zeiden, as he lay upon his bed, he would feel, drawing nearer, nearer, the almost bodily presence of a Thought that came from afar. A delicate thrilling ecstasy would penetrate and vivify the paralysed nerves of his half-dead body, the blood would course in the frozen veins with the ardent vigour of his prime. He would see her, his beloved lady, in a halo of pale moonlight, bending to comfort—descending to bless. Once more he would kneel before her; yet again he would take the beloved hands in his, and draw them upwards to his heart. And their lips would meet, and their looks would mingle, and then . . .

Oh! then the waking to loneliness, and silence, and pain.

V.

HE was prone, when the visitations of her almost tangible Thought of him were interrupted by periods of unconsolated waiting, to doubt the actuality of his own experience. That was the worst agony of all, to which the sharpest physical torments were preferable, when in the long, dreary, miserable nights a mocking voice would whisper in his reluctant ear:

"You have been deceived. She never thinks of you. Drivelling old dotard! she has long forgotten that night at Scutari. Why in the name of Folly do you cling to your absurd conviction that she loved you then, that she loves you still? You have been deceived, I say. Curse her, blaspheme God, and die!"

"Be silent, be silent!" Dunoisse would say to the invisible owner of the mocking, jeering voice. "If I had the use of this dead right hand to make the sign of the Cross, you would soon be disposed of. For I know who and what you are, very well!"

And he would clamp his lean jaws sternly together, and look up to the carved walnut Crucifix with the Emblems of the Passion, that hung upon the wall beside his bed. And the thin, nagging voice would die away in a titter, and another Voice would whisper in the innermost shrine of his deep heart:

"My son, had I the use of My Arms when I hung upon the Cross of Calvary? Yet, nailed thereon beyond the possibility of human movement, did I not pluck the sting from Death, and rise victorious over the Grave, and tread down Satan under My wounded Feet? Answer, My little son?"

And Dunoisse would whisper, falteringly:

"Lord, it is true! But Thou wert the Son of God most High, and I am only a helpless, suffering, desolate old man, worn out and worthless and forgotten!"

The voice would answer:

"Thou art greater than a thousand Kings. Thou art more glorious than an Archangel, of more value than all the stars that shine in the firmament—being a man for whom Christ died! Be of good courage. This trial will not last long. Believe, endure, pray! . . . Has thou forgotten thy compact with Me?"

Dunoisse would cry out of the depths with a rending sob:

"No! but it is a sin of presumption to seek to make bargains with God. The compact was impious."

The Voice would say:

"Perhaps, yet thou didst make it: and thou has kept it. Shall I be less faithful than thou?"

Dunoisse would falter:

"I should have loved Thee for Thyself above any creature Thou hast made. To serve Thee for the love of even a perfect woman, was not this wrong?"

"It may be so!" the Voice would answer, "and therefore I have visited thee with My rods and scourgings. Yet, if I chose a woman for My Means of Grace, what is that to thee?"

Dunoisse would not be able to answer for weeping. The Voice would continue:

"Moreover, it may be that in loving this woman, My servant, thou hast loved Me. For she is pure, and I am the Fountain of Purity; she is charitable, and I am Charity itself. She is beautiful of soul, beloved and loving, and I am unspeakable Beauty, and boundless, measureless Love. Be courageous, little son of Mine! Believe, and hope, and pray! . . ."

Dunoisse would stammer with quivering lips:

"I believe! . . . I hope! . . . Lord, grant me strength to go on believing and hoping!"

Then he would fall peacefully asleep upon a pillow wet with tears. Or he would lie awake and let his memory range over the prairies of dead years that stretched away so far behind. . . .

Will you hear some of the things that this old man remembered? Listen, then, if it be only for an hour. That is

a little space of time, you say, and truly. Yet I gave my youth and most of the things that men and women cherish, to buy this hour, dear, unknown friend!—of you.

VI.

At sixteen years of age Hector-Marie-Aymont-von Widinitz Dunoisse fought his first duel, with a fellow-student of the Royal School of Technical Military Instruction, Rue de la Vallee Ste. Gabrielle.

The quarrel occurred after one of the weekly inspections by the General Commandant, when Hector, accoutred with the black shiny sword-belt and cartridge-belt; armed with the sword, bayonet, and the heavy little brass-mounted, muzzle-loading musket, commonly displayed when not in use, with two hundred and ninety-nine similar weapons in the long gallery running above the class-rooms—when Hector with his fellow-pupils of the First Division had performed a series of military evolutions in the presence of Miss Harriet Smithwick, admitted with other persons standing in the parental and protective relation to the young neophytes of the School, to the dusty patch of tree-shaded grass at the lower end of the smaller exercise-ground, where Messieurs the hundred-and-fifty pupils of the two companies of the Junior Corps—the great boys of the Senior possessing a parade-ground to themselves—commonly mustered for drill.

On other days, visitors and friends were received in a small entrance-yard, dank and moist in wet weather, baking and gritty in hot; inhospitable and uninviting at all times in which enclosure M. and Madame Cornu were permitted by the authorities to purvey fruit and sweets, and a greasy kind of *galette*, with ices of dubious complexion in June and July; and syrup of *groseille* and *grenadine*, served hot—and rendered, if possible, even stickier and more rapidly cloying beverages by being thus served—in the bitter winter months.

The good Smithwick would have en-

joyed herself better if permitted to ascend to the department on the floor above the Infirmary, where Madame Gaubert presided, in an atmosphere strongly flavored with soft-soap, over long rows of shelves divided into regulation pigeon-holes, containing within an officially-appointed space of one foot ten inches square the linen of young Hector and his companions. It would have satisfied a burning curiosity from which the poor little lady had long suffered, had she been permitted to observe for herself the process of lavation that deprived her ex-pupil's shirts of every button, while leaving the dirt untouched; and to gauge with her own eyes the holes of the rats and mice that ate such prodigious mouthfuls, not only in the garments named, but in the sheets and bolster-covers, towels and napkins, which, by the amiable dispensation of a paternal Government, the boy was permitted to bring from home.

Instead, the poor fluttered spinster occupied a small share of one of the green benches set beneath the shade of the semi-circle of lime-trees at the lower end of the exercise-ground; her neighbours on the right and left being the venerable Duchesse de Moulny of the Faubourg St.-Honore, and Mademoiselle Pasbas of the Grand Opera Ballet. Pedelaborde, inventor of an Elixir for the preservation of the teeth to extreme old age, who in fact enjoyed a Government contract for attending to the dental requirements of the young gentlemen of the School, weighed down the bench at its farther end; and M. Bougon, principal physician of the body to His Majesty King Louis-Philippe, balanced his meagre and wizened anatomy upon the other extremity. Nor was there the lack of sympathy between the occupants of the bench that might have been expected. The Duchesse had a grandson—Bougon a son—Pedelaborde a nephew—the opera-dancer a young *protege* (in whom, for the sake of an early friend, an officer of Cuirassiers, Mademoiselle took a tender interest)—little Miss Smithwick the adored offspring of a revered employer, to ob-

serve blandly, and discreetly manifest interest in, and secretly throb and glow and tremble for; so simple and common and ordinary is Nature beneath all the mass of pretences we pile upon her, so homespun are the cords of love, and sympathy, and interest, that move the human heart.

When the General-Commandant—for this was an ordinary informal inspection of young gentlemen in the School undress of belted blouse and brass-badged, numbered *kepi*, not the terrific bi-monthly review *en grande tenue* of the entire strength of the establishment, when General, Colonel, Captains, Adjutants, the four Sergeants-Major, the six drummers, and all the pupils of the Junior and Senior Corps, wearing the little cocked hat with the white plume and gold lace trimming; the black leather stock, the blue frocked coat faced with red, trimmed and adorned with gilt buttons and gold braid, must pass under the awful eye of a Field-Marshal, assisted by a Colonel of the Staff, a Major of Artillery, and a fearful array of Civil Professors—when the General, addressing Alain-Joseph-Henri-Jules de Moulny, briefly remarked:

"Pupil No. 127, you have the neck of a pig and the finger-nails of a gorilla! Another offence against that cleanliness which should adorn the person of a Soldier of France, and the *galon* of Corporal, which you disgrace, will be transferred to the sleeve of one more worthy to wear it."

You beheld the immense bonnet of the venerable aristocrat, its great circular sweep of frontage filled with quilings of costly lace and chastely tinted cambric blossoms, its crown adorned with nodding plumes, awful as those upon the helmet of the Statue of the Commendatore, condescendingly bending towards the flamboyant headgear of the Pasbas—as the Duchesse begged to be informed, her lamentable infirmity of deafness depriving her of the happiness of hearing the commendations bestowed by his Chief upon her young rel-

ative—what Monsieur the General had actually said?

"I myself, Madame, failed to catch the expressions of approval actually employed. But," explained Mademoiselle Pasbas, as she lowered her *lorgrnette* and turned a candid look of angelic sweetness upon the dignified old lady, "Madame may rely upon it that they were thoroughly merited by the young gentleman upon whom they were bestowed."

"I thank you, Mademoiselle." The bonnet of the Duchesse bent in gracious acknowledgment. "It is incumbent upon the members of my family to set an example. Nor do we fail of our duty, as a rule."

Perhaps the roguish dimples of Mademoiselle Pasbas were a trifle more in evidence; possibly the humorous creases of enjoyment deepened in the stout Pedelaborde's triple chin; it may be that the sardonic twinkle behind the narrow gold-rimmed spectacles of M. Bougon took on extra significance; but all three were as demure as pussy-cats, not even exchanging a glance behind the overwhelming patrician headgear with the stupendous feathers—to see one another over it would have been impossible without standing on the bench. This is the simple truth, without a particle of exaggeration. My Aunt Julietta at this date purchased from a fashionable milliner in the West End of London— But my Aunt Julietta has no business on the Calais side of the English Channel!—let her and her bonnets wait!

The General's salute closed the review. The pupils presented arms, a superb effect of a hundred and fifty muskets, not infrequently thrilling parents to the bestowal of five-franc pieces; the six drummers beat the disperse as one overgrown hobbledohoy; the orderly ranks broke up. Discipline gave place to disorder. Boys ran, chasing one another and yelling, boys skylarked, punching and wrestling, boys argued in gesticulatory groups, or whispered in knots of two or three together. . . . The spectators on the painted benches

behind the railing had risen. Now they filed out by a door in the high-spiked wall behind the dusty lime-trees, in whose yellow-green blossoms the brown bees had been humming and droning all through the hot, bright day of June. The bees were also dusty, and the spectators were liberally powdered with dust, for the clumping, wooden-heeled, iron toe-capped School regulation shoes of the young gentlemen had raised clouds which would have done credit to the evolutions of a battery of horse. And the yearning desires of Hector Dunoisse were turning in the direction of a cooling draught of Madame Cornu's *grenadine*, or of the thin, vinegary, red ration-wine; when to him says Alain-Joseph-Henri-Jules de Moul-ny:

"Tell me, Redskin, didst thou twig my respected grand-mamma perched in the front row between a variegated she-cockatoo and a moulting old female fowl, who held her head on one side, and cried into a clean starched pocket-handkerchief?"

"She did not cry!" warmly contradicted the young gentleman thus assailed. "It is her cold-in-the-head that never gets well until she goes back to England for her holiday once a year; and then she has *migraine* instead. All the Smithwick family are like that, Miss Smithwick says; it is an inherited delicacy of the constitution."

"Smizzique . . . Mees Smeez-veek.' . . . There's a name to go to bed with, . . ." pursued de Moulny, his thick lips, that were nearly always chapped, curling back and upwards in his good-natured schoolboy's grin. "And how old is she?—your Sm—. I cannot say it again! . . . And why does she wear a bonnet that was raked off the top of an ash-barrel, and a shawl that came off a hook at the morgue?"

Young Hector had been conscious of the antiquated silk bonnet, in hue the faded maroon of pickling-cabbage, sadly bent as to its supporting framework of stiffened gauze and whalebone, by the repeated tumbles of the bonnet-box containing it off the high top-corner of

the walnut wardrobe in Miss Smithwick's sleeping-apartment at home in the Rue de la Chaussee-d'Antin. It had been eating into him like a blister all through the General's inspection, that venerable wintry headgear, with its limp veil like a sooty cellar-cobweb, depending from its lopsided rim. To say nothing of the shawl, a venerable yellow cashmere atrocity, with long straggling white fringes, missing here and there, where the tooth of Time had nibbled them away. But though these articles of apparel made good Smithwick's ex-pupil feel sick and hot with shame, they were not to be held up to ridicule. That was perfectly clear. . . .

Hector could not have told you why the thing was so clear; even as he thrust a challenging elbow into the big de Moulny's fleshy ribs, turning pale under the red Egyptian granite tint of skin that had earned him his nickname from these boys, his comrades—who like other boys all the world over, had recently fallen under Fenimore Cooper's spell—and said, with a dangerous glitter in his black-diamond eyes:

"I do no know how old she is—it is not possible for a gentleman to ask a lady her age. But she is a lady!" he added, neatly intercepting the contradiction before it could be uttered. "*Une femme de bon ton, une femme comme il faut.* Also she dresses as a lady should . . . appropriately, gracefully, elegantly. . . ." He added grandiloquently, tapping the brass hilt of his little School hanger: "I will teach you with this, M. de Moulny, to admire that bonnet and that shawl!"

"*Nom d'un petit bonhomme!*" spluttered the astonished de Moulny. But there was no relenting in Hector's hard young face, though he was secretly sick at the pit of his stomach and cold at heart.

"I will fight you!" he repeated.

De Moulny, always slow to wrath; began to lose his temper. The outspoken compliments of Monsieur the General had stung, and here was a more insufferable smart. Also, it was a bosom friend who challenged. One

may be angry with an enemy; it is the friend become foe who drives us to frenzied rage.

He said, pouting his fleshy lips, sticking out his obstinate chin, staring at the changed unfriendly face, with eyes grown hard as blue stones:

"I do not know that I can oblige you by giving you the opportunity of learning how quickly boasters are cured of brag. For one thing, I have my stripe," he added, holding up his head and looking arrogantly down his nose.

"Since yesterday," agreed Hector, pointedly. "And after to-day you will not have it. The squad-paper will hang beside another fellow's bed—M. the Commandant will have reduced you to the ranks for uncleanness on parade. So we will fight to-morrow."

"Possibly!" acquiesced de Moulny, his heavy cheeks quivering with anger, his thick hands opening and shutting over the tucked-in thumbs. "Possibly!" he repeated. His sluggish temperament once fairly set alight, burned with the fierce roaring flame and the incandescent heat of a fire of cocoanut-shell. And it was in his power to be so well revenged! He went on, speaking through his nose:

"As it is only since yesterday that you became legitimately entitled to carry the name you bear, you may be admitted to know something of what happened yesterday." He added: "But of what will happen to-morrow, do not make too sure, for I may decline to do you the honor of correcting you. It is possible, that!" he added, as Hector stared at him aghast. "A gentleman may be a bastard—I have no objection to a bar-sinister. . . . But you are not only your father's son—you are also your mother's! We de Mounys are ultra-Catholic——" This was excellent from Alain-Joseph-Henri-Jules, whose chaplet of beads lay rolling in the dust at the bottom of the kit-locker at his bed-foot, and who was scourged to Communion by the family Chaplain at Christmas and Easter, and at the Fete Dieu. "Ultra-Catholic. And your mother a carmelite nun!"

"My mother assumed the Veil of Profession when I was eight years old. With my father's consent and the approval of her Director," said Hector, narrowing his eyelids and speaking between his small white teeth. "Therefore I may be pardoned for saying that the permission of the family of de Moulny was not indispensable, nor required."

Retorted de Moulny — and it was strange how the rough, uncultured intonations, the slipshod grammar, the slang of the exercise-yard and the schoolroom, had been instinctively replaced in the mouths of these boys by the phraseology of the outer world of men:

"You are accurate, M. Hector Dunois, in saying that your mother was received into the Carmel when you were eight years old. What you do not admit, or do not know, is that she was a professed Carmelite when you were born." He added, with a pout of disgust: "It is an infamy, a thing like that!"

"The infamy is yours who slander her!" cried out Hector in the quavering staccato squeak of fury. "You lie! — do you hear? — You lie!" And struck de Moulny in the face.

VII.

Followed upon the blow a spluttering oath from de Moulny, succeeded by a buzzing as of swarming hornets, as the various groups scattered over the exercise-ground broke up and consolidated into a crowd. Hector and de Moulny, as the nucleus of the said crowd, were deafened by interrogations, suffocated by the smell of red and blue dye, perspiration and pomatum, choked by the dense dust kicked up by thick, wooden-heeled, iron toe-capped shoes (each pupil blacked his own, not neglecting the soles—at cockcrow every morning)—jostled, squeezed, hustled and mobbed by immature personalities destined to be potential by-and-by in the remoulding of a New France—the said personalities being contained in baggy red breeches and coarse blue, black-belted blouses. All the eyes belonging to all the faces under the high-crowned,

shiny-peaked caps of undress wear, faces thin, faces fleshy, faces pimply, faces high-colored or pale—were round and staring with curiosity. The Red-skin had challenged de Moulny! But de Moulny was his superior officer! The quarrel was about a woman. Sacred name of a pipe! Where was the affair to come off? In the Salle de Danse?—empty save at the State-appointed periods of agility occurring on two days in the week. In the yard behind the Department of Chemistry? That was a good place!

Meanwhile a duologue took place between the challenged and the challenger, unheard in the general hubbub. Said de Moulny, blotchily pale excepting for the crimson patch upon one well-padded cheekbone, for his madness was dying out in him, and he was beginning to realize the thing that he had done:

"What I have said is true: upon my honour! I heard it from my father. Or, to be more correct, I heard my father tell the story to M. de Beyras, the Minister of Finance, and General d'Arville at the dinner-table only last night." He added: "My grandmother and the other ladies had withdrawn. I had dined with them—it being Wednesday. Perhaps they forgot me, or thought I was too deep in the dessert to care what they said. But if my mouth was stuffed with strawberries and cream, and peaches and bon-bons, my ears were empty, and I heard all I wanted to hear."

The crowd was listening now with all its ears. That image of de Moulny gormandising tickled its sense of fun. There was a general giggle, and the corners of the mouths went up as though pulled by one string. De Moulny, sickening more and more at his task of explanation, went on, fumbling at his belt:

"As to remembering, that is very easy. Read me a page of a book, or a column of a newspaper twice—I will recite it you without an error, as you are very well aware. I will repeat you this that I heard in private, if you prefer it?"

Hector, between his small square

teeth, said — the opposite of what he longed to say. . . . "There can be no privacy in a place like this. I prefer that you should speak out, openly, before all here!"

There was a silence about the boys, broken only by a horse-laugh or two, a whinnying giggle. The piled-up faces all about, save one or two, were grave and attentive, the hands, clean or dirty, generally dirty, by which the listeners upon the outer circle of the interested crowd supported themselves upon the shoulders of those who stood in front of them, unconsciously tightened their grip as de Moulny went on, slowly and laboriously, as though repeating an imposition, while the red mark upon his cheek deepened to blackish blue:

"How Marshal Dunoisse originally prevailed upon Sister T  r  se de Saint Francois, of the Carmelite Convent of Widinitz in Southern Bavaria, to break her vows for him, I have no idea. I am only repeating what I have heard, and I did not hear that. He went through a kind of ceremony with her before a Protestant pastor in Switzerland: and three years subsequently to the birth of their son, induced a French Catholic Priest, ignorant, of course, that the lady was a Religious—to administer the Sacrament of Marriage." De Moulny stopped to lick his dry lips, and pursued: "By that ceremony you were made legitimate, *per subsequens matrimonium*, according to Canon Law." He syllabled the Latin as conscientiously as a sacristan's parrot might have done. "There is no doubt of the truth of all this; my father said it to M. de Beyras and the General, and what my father says is so—he never speaks without being sure!"

Hector knew a pang of envy of this boy who owned a father capable of inspiring a confidence so immense. But he never took his eyes from those slowly moving lips of de Moulny's, as the words came dropping out.

"Having made Madame his wife, and legitimized her son by the marriage. Monsieur the Marshal instituted legal proceedings to recover the dowry paid by Madame's father, the Hereditary Prince of Widinitz, to the Mother Pri-

oress of the Carmelite Convent when his daughter took the Veil. Monsieur the Marshal did not think it necessary to tell Madame what he was doing Her determination some years later, to resume the habit of the Carmelite Order — provided the Church she had outraged would receive her—was violently opposed by him. 'But eventually' —de Moulny's eyes flickered between their thick eyelids, and he licked his lips again as though Hector's hot stare scorched them—"eventually he permitted it to be clearly understood; he stated in terms, the plainness of which there was no mistaking, that, if the Church would repay the dowry of the Princess Marie Bathilde von Widinitz to the husband of Madame Dunoisse. S  ur T  r  se de Saint Francois might return to the Carmel whenever she felt disposed."

Hector was sick at the pit of his stomach with loathing of the picture of a father evoked. He blinked his stiff eyelids, clenched and unclenched his hot hands, opened and shut his mouth without bringing any words out of it. The Catholics among the listeners understood why very well. The Free-thinkers yawned or smiled, the Atheists sneered or tittered, the Protestants wondered what all the rumpus was about? And de Moulny went on:

"Here M. de Beyras broke in: He said: 'The Swiss innkeeper spoke there!' I do not know what he meant by that. The General answered, sniffing the bouquet of the Burgundy in his glass: 'Rather than the Brigand of the Grand Army!' Of course, I understood that allusion perfectly well!"

The prolonged effort of memory had taxed de Moulny. He puffed. Hector made yet another effort, and got out in a strangling croak:

"The—the dowry. He did not succeed in —?"

De Moulny wrinkled his nose as though a nasty smell had offended the organ.

"Unfortunately he did, although the money had been expended by the Prioress in clearing off a building-debt and endowing a House of Mercy for

the incurable sick poor. I do not know how the Prioress managed to repay it. Probably some wealthy Catholic noblemen came to her aid. But what I do know is that the reply of the Reverend Mother to Monsieur the Marshal, conveyed to him through Madame Du-noisse's Director, ran like this: '*We concede to you this money, the price of a soul. Sister T  r  se de Saint Fran  ois will return to the Convent forthwith.*'"

Hector groaned:

"It was a great sum, this dowry?"

"My father says," answered de Moul-ny, "the amount in silver thalers of Germany, comes to one million, one hundred and twenty-five thousand of our francs. That will be forty-five thousand of your English sovereigns," he added with a side-thrust at Hector's weakness of claiming, on the strength of a bare month's holiday spent in the foggy island, an authoritative acquaintance with its coinage, customs, scenery, people and vernacular. "The money," he went on, "was bequeathed to the Princess Marie Bathilde von Widinitz by her mother, whose dowry it had been. My father did not say so; possibly that may not be true."

Hector's brows knitted. He mumbled, between burning anger and cold disgust:

"What can *he* have wanted with all that money? He had enough before!"

"Some men never have enough," said de Moulny, in his cold, heavy, contemptuous way. "What did he want it for? Perhaps to gamble away on the green cloth or on the Bourse! Perhaps to spend upon his mistresses! Perhaps to make provision for you. . . ."

"I will not have it!" snarled Hector.

"Nor would I in your place," said de Moulny with one of his slow nods. "I like money well enough, but money with that taint upon it! . . . Robbed from the dying poor, to—bah!" He spat upon the trodden dust. "Now have you heard enough?" He added with an inflection that plucked at Hector's heartstrings: "It did not give me pleasure listening to the story, I assure you."

Hector said:

"Thank you!"

The utterance was like a sob. De Moulny jumped at the sound, looked about him at the staring faces, back at the face of the boy who had been his friend, and to whom he had done an injury that could never be undone, and cried out wildly:

"Why did you challenge me just now for a *gaffe*—a mere piece of stupid joking—about the bonnet of an old woman who snivels in a pocket-handkerchief? Do you not know that when once I get angry I am as mad as all Bic  tre? I swear to you that when I listened to that story it was with the determination never to repeat it!—to bury it!—to compel myself to forget it! Yet in a few hours . . ." He choked and boggled, and the shamed blood that dyed his solid, ordinarily dough-colored countenance, obliterated that deepening bruise upon the cheekbone. "I apologise!" he at last managed to get out. "I have been guilty of an unpardonable meanness! I ask you, before all here, to forget it! I beg you to forgive me!"

Hector said, in pain for the pain that was written in de Moulny's face:

"De Moulny, I shall willingly accept your apology—after we have fought. You must understand that the lady of whose bonnet you spoke offensively is my old English governess, once my mother's *dame de compagnie*. . . . If she dried her eyes when she looked at me it must have been because she was thinking of my mother, whom she loved; and—I must have satisfaction for your contempt of those tears. . . . And—you have refused to fight me because of my birth, you have told me of my mother's sin, and of the sacrilege committed by my father. Do you not understand that this duel must take place? There can be no one who thinks otherwise here?"

Hector looked about him. There was a sudden buzz from the crowd that said "No one!"

De Moulny said, with his eyes upon the ground: "I understand that I have

been a brute and a savage. The meeting shall be where you please. I name my cousin Albert de Moulny for my second, unless he is ashamed to appear for one who has disgraced his name?"

It was so terrible, the bumptious, arrogant de Moulny's self-abasement, that Hector turned his eyes elsewhere, and even the most callous among the gazers winced at the sight. Albert de Moulny, red and lowering, butted his way to the side of his principal, savagely kicking the shins of those boys who would not move. Hector, catching the alert eye of Pédelaborde, a fat, vivacious, brown-skinned, button-eyed youth who had the School Code of Honor at his stumpy finger-ends, and was known as the best fencer of the Junior Corps, gave him a beckoning nod.

"*Sapristi!*" panted the nephew of the man of teeth, as he emerged, smiling but rather squeezed, from the press of bodies, "so you are going to give the fat one rhubarb for senna? Ten times I thought you on the point of falling into each other's arms! I held on to my ears from pure fright!—there has not been an affair of honor amongst the Juniors for three months; we were getting mouldy! By-the-way, which of us is to prig the skewers from the Fencing Theatre? De Moulny Younger or me? I suggest we toss up. As for de Moulny Elder—he is a bad swordsman—you are better than decent! I say so! . . . It rests with you to cut his claws and his tail. He is stronger than you. . . . *Saperlipopette!* he has the arms of a blacksmith, but there are certain ruses to be employed in such a case—I said ruses, not tricks!—to gain time and tire a long-winded opponent. For example — *saisissez-vous!* — you could stamp upon one of your opponent's feet during a *corps à corps*, thus creating a diversion—"

"I am no blackguard . . . whatever else I may be!" said his principal sulkily.

"—Or if you felt in need of a rest," pursued the enthusiast Pédelaborde, "you could catch your point against the edge of de Moulny's guard, so as to

bend it. Then a halt is called for straightening the steel, and meanwhile—you get your second wind. It is very simple! Or—you could permit your sword to fall when his blade beats yours. . . . De Moulny would never do a thing like that, you say? not so dishonorable! *Oh! que si!* And I said these devices might be practised in case of need—not that they were in good form. For example! You *could*, if he lunges—and de Moulny's lunge is a nasty thing!—you could slip and over-balance. Fall to the ground, I mean, point up, so that he gets hit in that big belly of his. It's an Italian mountebank-trick, I don't recommend it, French fencing keeps to the high lines. But—*tiens, mon œil!*—to skewer him like a cockchafer, that would be a lark!"

"Your idea of a lark makes me sick!" broke out Hector, so savagely that Pédelaborde's jaw dropped and his eyebrows shot towards his hair. Then:

"Messieurs The Pupils! RETURN TO YOUR STUDIES!" bellowed the most bull-voiced of the three Sergeants of the Line, appointed to assist the Captain-Commandant in the drilling and disciplining of the young gentlemen of the Junior Corps.

The deafening gallop of three hundred regulation shoes followed as Messieurs the Pupils surged across the parade-ground, mobbed a moment at the wide pillared entrance to the Hall of the Class-Rooms, then foamed, a roaring torrent of boyhood, up the iron-shod staircase into the gallery where the accoutrements were racked, the brass-mounted muskets piled with a clattering that woke the echoes in every stone-flagged passage and every high-ceilinged room of the big, raw, draughty building.

Hector had prophesied correctly. Before evening roll-call a further, deliberate, purposefully-flagrant breach of propriety on the part of de Moulny had caused him to be relieved of the responsibilities, with the *galon* of Corporal. The duel was fought before *reveille* of the following day.

Perhaps half-a-dozen cadets were present beside the principals and their seconds. Deft Pédelaborde had purchased a pair of foils from one of the wall-cases of the School of Fence. The combat took place according to the most approved conditions of etiquette, at the rear of the Department of Chemistry, whose thick-walled, high-windowed rows of laboratories harbored no possible observers at that hour. Everybody wore an expression of solemnity worthy of the occasion. . . . Pédelaborde was on his best behaviour. As he himself said afterwards, "As good as bread."

The buttons were ceremoniously broken off the foils. The opponents, stripped to their drawers, were placed: . . . Hector looked at the big fleshy white body of de Moulny, the deep chest and barrelled ribs heaving gently with the even breathing, and a shudder went through him. He was remembering something that Pédelaborde had said. And his blade, when measured against that of his antagonist, shook so that Pédelaborde could barely restrain a whistle of dismay.

"My man has got the *venette*!" he thought, as de Moulny Younger gave the word, and the duellists threw themselves on guard. Yet palpably the advantage was with his man. If not like Hamlet, fat and scant of breath, de Moulny Elder was too much addicted to the consumption of pastry, sweets and fruit to be in hard condition. The contrast between his sallow impassive bulk, its blonde whiteness intensified by the vivid green of a vine whose foliage richly clothed the wall that was his background, and the lithe slimness of Dunoisse, the slender boyish framework of bone covered with tough young muscle and lean flesh, the unblemished skin colored like the red Egyptian granite, was curious to see.

A cat glared and humped and spat upon the wall behind de Moulny, brandishing a hugely magnified tail. Another cat growled and cursed hideously, below upon the grass-fringed flagstones. The rankness of their hate tainted the cool clean air. De Moulny,

who loathed vile smells, and was qualmishly sensible of his empty stomach, sniffed and grimaced. . . . And a pale rose-and-golden sunrise illuminated the lower edges of long fleets of pearl-white, pearl-grey-mottled clouds, travelling north-westwards at the bidding of the morning breeze. The square tower of St. Etienne and the magnificent towering dome-crowned dome of the Pantheon beyond, shone out in vivid delicate aquarelle-tints of slate-blue and olive-green, of umber and warm brown. . . . The squat laboratory annexe, bristling with furnace-shafts, that made one side of the oblong, walled enclosure where the boys had met to fight; the big barrack-like buildings of the School, were touched to a certain beauty by the exquisite pure light, the clear freshness of the new day. And as the sparrows of Paris began to chirp and flutter, her cocks to crow, her pigeons to preen and coo-coo, and her milk-carts to clatter over her historic paving-stones—not yet replaced by the invention of Macadam—the horrible thing befell.

You cannot fence even with the buttoned foil, either for play or practice, without being conscious that the primitive murderer has his part in you. These boys, coming to encounter half-heartedly, yielded ere long to the fascination of the deadliest game of all. The strangeness of the unmasked face, and the bare body opposed to the point, wore off. Hector and de Moulny, at first secretly conscious of their immaturity, painfully anxious to comport themselves with dignity and coolness in the eyes of their fellows, mentally clinging with desperation to evasive Rules, forgot their inexperience, and rose above their youth, in the heat and strength and fury of that lust to slay. . . . And by-and-by de Moulny had a jagged bleeding scratch upon the forearm, and Hector a trickling scarlet prick above the collar-bone, and now they fought in earnest, as Man and other predatory animals will, each having tasted the other's blood.

De Moulny's wide, heavy parry, car-

ried out time after time with the same stiff, sweeping pump-handle movement of the arm, had warded off the other's sudden savage attack in quinte. He disengaged, dallied in a clumsy feint, made a blundering opening, delivered one of his famous long-armed lunges. Hector, in act to riposte, trod upon a slug in the act of promenading over the dew-wet flagstones, reducing the land-mollusc of the rudimentary shell to a mere streak of sliminess; slipped on the streak, made an effort to recover his balance, and fell, in the seated position sacred to the Clown in the knock-about scenes of a Pantomime, but with the right wrist at the wrong angle for the ducal house of de Moulny.

Your schoolboy is invariably entertained by the mishap of the sitter-down without premeditation. At Hector's farcical slide and bump the spectators roared; the seconds grinned despite their official gravity. De Moulny laughed too, they said afterwards; even as the broken point of the foil pierced the abdominal bulge above the tightly tied silk handkerchief that held up his thin, woollen drawers. A moment he hesitated, his heavy features flushed to crimson; then he said, with a queer kind of hiccup, staring down into Hector's horrified eyes:

"That spoils my breakfast!"

And with the scarlet flush dying out in livid deadly paleness, de Moulny collapsed and fell forwards on the blade of the sword.

VIII

The Penal Department of the Royal School of Technical Military Instruction, so soon to become an institution where the youth of the nation were taught to fight for Liberty, Equality and Fraternity under the banner of the Second Republic of France—the Penal Department was a central passage in the basement of the Instructors' Building, with an iron-grated gate at either end, and a row of seven cool stone cells on either side, apartments favorable to salutary reflection, con-

taining within a space of ten square feet a stool, and a window boarded to the upper panes.

In one of these Pupil 130, guilty of an offence of homicidal violence against the person of a schoolfellow, was subjected to cold storage, pending the Military Court Martial of Inquiry which would follow the sentence pronounced by the Civil Director-in-Chief of Studies. Pending both, the offender, deprived of his brass-handled hanger and the esteem of his instructors, nourished upon bread and water—Seine water in those unenlightened days, and Seine water but grudgingly dashed with the thin red vinegary ration-wine—had nothing to do but sit astraddle on the three-legged stool, gripping the wooden edge between his thighs, and remember—and remember. . . .

And see, painted on the semi-obscurity of the dimly lighted cell, de Moulny's plume of drab-colored fair hair crowning the high, knobbed, reflective forehead; the stony-blue eyes looking watchfully, intolerably, from their narrow eye-orbits; the heavy blockish nose; the pouting underlip; the long, obstinate, projecting chin; the ugly, powerful, attractive young face moving watchfully from side to side on the column of the muscular neck, in the hollow at the base of which the first light curly hairs began to grow and mass together, spreading downwards over the broad chest and fleshy pectorals in a luxuriance envied by other boys, for to them hirsuteness meant strength, and to be strong, for a man, meant everything. . . .

He would hear de Moulny grunt as he lunged. He would straighten his own arm for the riposte—tread on that thrice-accursed slug: feel the thing squelch under his foot and slip: land in the ridiculous sitting posture, bump! upon those inhospitable paving-stones, shaken, inclined to laugh, but horribly conscious that the point of the foil he still mechanically gripped had entered human flesh. . . .

That bulge of the big fallow body over the edge of the tightly tied white

silk handkerchief! Just there the steel had entered. . . . There was a little trickle of the dark red blood. . . .

"That spoils my breakfast," he would hear de Moulny say. . . . He would see him leaning forward with the forlorn schoolboy grin fixed upon his scarlet face. . . . And then—there would be the facial change, from painful red to ghastly bluish-yellow, and the limp heavy body would descend upon him, a crushing, overwhelming weight. The foil had broken under it. . . . Oh, God! And de Moulny would die. . . . And he, Hector Dunoisse, his friend, who loved him, as Jonathan, David, would be his murderer. . . .

He leaped up in franzy, oversetting the stool. . . . Came podgy Pédelaborde in the twenty-ninth hour of a confinement that seemed to the prisoner to have endured for weeks, in the character of one whose feet are beautiful upon the mountains. Undeterred by the fact that he possessed not the vestige of a voice, the dentist's nephew had recourse to the method of communicating intelligence to one in durance vile, traditionally hit upon by the Sieur Blondel. A free translation of the lay is appended:

*"You have not cooked his goose!
(Although at the first go-off it appeared
uncommonly like it!)
They've plugged him up with tow—(I
mean the surgeons)
If he does not inflame—(and the beg-
gar is as cool as a cucumber and as
—strong as a drayhorse!)
He may possibly get over it.
So keep up your pecker!"* sang Pédelaborde.

Upon the captive Cœur-de-Lion the song of the Troubadour could hardly have had a more tonic effect. Hector sang out joyfully in answer:

"A thousand thanks, old boy!" and a savage access of appetite following on the revulsion from black despair to immense relief, he promptly plumped down on his stiff knees, and began to rummage in the semi-obscurity for one

of the stale bread-rations previously pitched away in disgust. And had found the farinaceous brickbat, and got his sharp young teeth in it, even as Pédelaborde was collared by the curly-whiskered, red-faced, purple-nosed ex-Sergeant of the Municipal Guard in charge of the Penal Department, and handed over to the School Police, as one arrested in the act of clandestinely communicating with a prisoner in the cells.

The civil ordeal beneath the shining spectacles of the Director-in-Chief, assisted by the six Professors, the School Administrator, and the Treasurer, proved less awful than the culprit had reason to expect.

An imposition; Plutarch's "Life of Marcus Crassus" to be written out fairly without blots or erasures, three times, was inflicted. The address of the Director-in-Chief moved five out of the six Professors to tears, so stately was it, so paternal, so moving in its expressions. The sixth Professor would have wept also, had he not, with his chin wedged in his stock and his hands folded upon his ample waistcoat, been soundly, peacefully, sleeping in his chair.

Monseigneur le Duc had graciously entreated, said the Director-in-Chief, clemency for one whose young, revengeful hand had well-nigh deprived him of his second son, and plunged himself and his exalted family in anxiety of the most cruel. The future of the young sufferer, who, the Director-in-Chief was grateful to say, was pronounced by the surgeons to be progressing favorably—"Then he has not inflamed!" . . . thought Hector, with a rush of infinite relief.)—the future of M. Alain de Moulny must inevitably be changed by this deplorable occurrence—a profession less arduous than the military must now inevitably be his. Let him who had reft the crown of laurels from the temples of his comrade reflect upon the grave consequences of his act. The Director-in-Chief ended, rapping the table as a signal to the Professor who had not wept,

to wake up, "Pupil No. 130, you may now return to your studies, but, pending the decision of the Military Tribunal, you are Still Provisionally Under Arrest."

The verdict of the Military Tribunal was in favor of the prisoner. It was decided that Pupil No. 130, roused to choler by an expression injurious to his family honor, had challenged Pupil No. 127 with justification. Having already undergone three days' imprisonment, no further punishment than a reprimand for leaving the dormitory before beat of drum would be administered by the Court, which rose as M. the General gave the signal. And Hector was free.

But for many days after the completion of those three unblotted copies of "Marcus Crassus" he did not see de Moulny. . . . He hung about the Infirmary, waiting for scraps of intelligence as a hungry cat was wont to hang about the kitchen quarters, wistful-eyed, hollow-flanked, waiting for eleemosynary scraps. One of the two Sisters of Charity in charge took pity on him, perhaps both of them did. . . . A day came when he was admitted into the long bare sunshiny ward. . . . At the end nearest the high west window that commanded a view of the flowery garden-beds and neat green grass-plats surrounding the house of Monsieur the Director-in-Chief, upon a low iron bedstead from which the curtains had been stripped away, lay stretched a long body, to which an unpleasant effect of bloated corpulence was imparted by the wicker cage that held the bedclothes up. . . . The long face that topped the body was very white, a lock of ashen blonde hair drooped over the knobby forehead; the pouting underlip hung lax; the blue eyes, less stony than of old, looked out of hollowed orbits: a sparse and scattered growth of fluffy reddish hairs had started on the lank jaws and long, powerful chin. Hector, conscious of his own egg-smooth cheeks, knew a momentary pang of envy of that incipient beard. . . . And then as de Moulny

grinned in the old cheerful boyish way, holding out a long attenuated arm and bony hand in welcome, something strangling seemed to grip him by the throat.

Only de Moulny saw his tears. The Sister, considerably busy at the other end of a long avenue of tenantless beds with checked side-curtains, assiduously folded bandages at a little table, as the sobbing cry broke forth:

"Oh, Alain, I always loved you!—I would rather you had killed me than have lived to see you lie here! Oh! Alain!—Alain!"

"It does not matter," said de Moulny, but his long upper lip quivered and the water stood in his own eyes. "They will make a priest of me now, that is all. She"—he jerked his chin in the direction of the busy Sister—"would say the foil-thrust was a special grace. Tell me how Paris is looking? I have not seen the slut for—how long?" He began a laugh, and broke off in the middle, and gave a grimace of pain. *Dame!*—but that hurts!" he said before he could stop, and saw his smart reflected in the other's shamed, wet face, and winced at it.

"Pupil 127 must not excite himself or elevate his voice above a whisper in speaking. The orders of the Surgeon attending are stringent. It is my duty to see that they are obeyed."

Sister Edouard-Antoine had spoken. Hector rose up and saluted as the nun came gliding down the avenue of beds towards them, her beads clattering and swinging by her side, her black robes sweeping the well-scrubbed boards, her finger raised in admonition, solicitude on the mild face within the *coif* of starched white linen. . . .

"They shall be obeyed, my Sister," said de Moulny in an elaborate whisper. The Sister smiled and nodded, and went back to her work. Hector, on a rush-bottomed chair by the low bed, holding the hot, thin, bony hand, began to say:

"I went out yesterday—being Wednesday. Paris is looking as she always looks—always will look, until England

and Russia and Germany join forces to invade France, and batter down her forts and spike her batteries, and pound her churches and towers and palaces to powder with newly-invented projectiles, bigger than any shell the world has ever yet seen, filled with some fulminate of a thousand times the explosive power of gunpowder. . . ."

"Go it!" whispered de Moulny. Then a spark of fanatical enthusiasm kindled in his pale blue eyes. "An explosive of a thousand times the power of gunpowder, you say!" he repeated. "Remember that inspection, and the grimy neck and black hands that cost me my Corporal's *galon*! I had been working in the Department of Chemistry that morning. . . . I had got all that black on me through a blow-up in the laboratory. *Nom d'un petit bon-homme!* I thought I had discovered it—then!—that explosive that is to send gunpowder to the wall. Listen—"

"Do not excite yourself!" begged Hector, "or the Sister will turn me out."

De Moulny went on: "I shall pursue the thing no further, for how shall one who is to be a Catholic priest spend his time inventing explosives to destroy men? But—one day you may take up the thread of discovery where I left off."

"Or where the discovery went off!" suggested Hector.

De Moulny grinned, though his eyes were serious.

"Just so. But listen. I had been reading of the experiments made in 1832 by Braconnot of Nancy, who converted woody fibre into a highly-combustible body by treating it with nitric acid. And I dipped a piece of carded cotton-wool in nitric, and washed it. Then I dipped it in concentrated sulphuric. The sulphuric not only dehydrated the nitric—*saisissez?*—but took up the water. Then it occurred to me to test the expansive power of the substance in combustion by packing it into a paper cone and lighting it. Well, I was packing the stuff with the end of

an aluminum spatula, into the little paper case, when—but you must have heard?"

"Ps't! Br'rroum! Boum!" Hector nodded. "I heard, most certainly! But let me now tell you of Wednesday." He leaned forwards, gripping the seat of the rush-bottomed chair between his knees with his strong supple red hands as he had gripped the edge of the prison stool, and his bright black eyes were eager on de Moulny's.

"First I went and looked up at the outside of the great Carmelite Convent in the Rue Vaugirard—the place where I was taken when I was eight years old, to say good-bye to my mother before she went away. . . . Where she was going they would not tell me—nor, though I have always received a letter from her regularly twice a year, has there ever been any address or post-mark upon it by which I might be guided to find out her whereabouts. But of course she is at Widinitz, in the Priory Convent there. And it seems to me that she did right in returning. In her place I should have done the same. *He* says I say so because I have Carmel in my blood!"

A faint pink flush forced its way to the surface of de Moulny's thick sallow skin. He whispered, averting his eyes:

"You have spoken to him about . . . ?"

"When he heard of our—difference of opinion, he naturally inquired its cause."

Hector's small square white teeth showed in a silent mocking laugh that was not good to see. "He thought I fought in defence of my father's honor. He said so. He may say so again—but he will not think it now!"

The boyish face changed and hardened at the recollection of that interview. Terrible words must have been exchanged between the father and the son. De Moulny, cadet of a family whose strongest hereditary principle, next to piety towards the Church, was respect towards parents, shuddered under his wicker-basket and patchwork coverlet. There was a cautious tap at the black swing-

doors leading out upon the tile-paved passage. They parted, Madame Gaubert appeared looking for the Sister, caught her mild eye as she glanced round from her work, beckoned with an urgent finger and the whole of her vivacious face. . . . The Sister rose, the face vanished. As the doors closed behind the nun's noiseless black draperies, Hector took up his tale:

"I said to him that the terms upon which he had permitted my mother to return to the bosom of the Church were infamous. He laughed at first at what he called my pompous manner and fine choice of words. He was very witty about the recovery of the dowry—called it '*squeezing the Pope's nose*,' '*milking the black cow*,' and other things. All the while he pretended to laugh, but he gnashed his teeth through the laughter in that ugly way he has."

"I know!" de Moulny nodded.

"Then he reproached me for unfilial ingratitude. He said it was to endow his only son with riches that he demanded return of the dowry—the surrender of the three-hundred-thousand silver thalers. . . . 'You are a child now,' he told me, 'but when you are a man, when you need money for play, dress, amusements, pleasure, women, you will come to me hat in hand.' I said: 'Never in my life! . . . ' He told me: 'Wait until you are a man!'"

Hector pondered and rubbed his ear. De Moulny cackled faintly.

"He tweaked you well when he told you to wait, I see!"

Hector nodded, grimacing.

"To pull the hair, or tweak the ear, that was his Emperor's habit, when he was in a good temper. . . . My father copies the habit, just as he carries Spanish snuff loose in the pockets of his buff nankeen vests and wears his right hand in the bosom—so!" He imitated the historic pose and went on: "He kept it there as he pinched and wrung with the left finger and thumb"—the speaker gingerly touched the martyred ear—"laughing all the time. I thought my ear would have come off, but I set my teeth and held my tongue.

. . . Then he let go and chucked me under the chin—another trick of the Emperor's. 'A sprig of the blood-royal for Luitpold's blood-pudding! That is not a bad return! We shall have a fine Serene Highness presently for those good people of Widinitz.' And he went away laughing and scattering snuff all over his vest and knee-breeches; he calls pantaloons 'the pitiable refuge of legs without calves.' Now, what did he mean by a Serene Highness for those good people of Widinitz?"

"I—am—not quite sure." De Moulny pastured upon a well-gnawed fingernail, pulled at his jutting underlip, and looked wise. "What I think he meant I shall not tell you now—! What I want you to do now is to swear to me, solemnly, that you will never touch a franc of that money."

"I have promised."

"A promise is good, but an oath is better."

Hector began to laugh in a sheepish way, but de Moulny's knobby forehead was portentous. That mass of gold, reclaimed from the coffers of the Convent of Widinitz seemed to him the untouchable thing; the taking it unpardonable—an act of simony his orthodox Catholic gorge rose at. So, as Hector looked at him, hesitating, he gnawed and glowered and breathed until he lost patience and hit the basket that held up the bed-clothes with his fist, and whispered furiously:

"Swear, if you value my friendship! And I—I will swear, as you once asked me—remember, Redskin!—as you once asked me!—to be your friend through life—to the edge of Death—beyond Death if that be permitted!"

Ah me! It is never the lover who loves the more, never the friend whose friendship is the most ardent, who seeks the testing-proof of love or friendship, who demands the crowning sacrifice in return for the promise of a love that is never to grow cool, a loyalty that shall never fail or falter. . . .

Perhaps if the boy who was now to repeat the vow that the other boy dictated had known at this juncture all

that its keeping was to involve, he would have taken it all the same. Here before him lay his chosen friend, brought to verge of that grave of which he spoke, laid low in the flower of his youth, in the pride of his strength, by the hand of him who loved him; the bright wings of his ambition clipped, the prosiac, sedentary life of a theological student unrolled before him instead of the alluring, vari-colored career of soldierly adventure, his well-loved researches in War-chemistry *tabu* for ever by that pale, prohibitory reflection of the priestly tonsure. . . . Do you remember that his will was as wax in the moulding hands?

De Moulny's Rosary, disinterred at the commencement of his wound-sickness from among the cake-crumbs and bits of flue at the bottom of his dormitory kit-locker by Sister Edouard-Antoine when searching for nightcaps, hung upon one of the iron knobs at the head of his bed. . . . He reached up a long gaunt arm to get it; gave the blue string of lapis-lazuli beads, with the silver *Paternosters* and silver-rolled and figured Crucifix, into Hector's hands, . . . bade him, in a tone that already had something of the ecclesiastical authority, kiss the sacred Symbol and repeat the vow.

"I, Hector-Marie-Aymont-von Widinitz Dunoisse, solemnly swear and depose—where did de Moulny get all the big words he knew? . . . 'swear and depose that I will never profit by one penny of the dowry of three-hundred-thousand silver thalers paid to the Priorress of the Convent of Widinitz as the dowry of my mother, the Princess Marie-Bathilde von Widinitz, otherwise Dunoisse, in religion Sister *Térèse de Saint Francois*. So help me, Almighty God, and our Blessed Lady! Amen.'"

He kissed the Crucifix de Moulny put to his lips, and de Moulny took the oath in his return:

"And I, Alain-Joseph-Henri-Jules de Moulny, solemnly swear to be a faithful, true, and sincere friend to Hector-Marie-Aymont-von Widinitz Dunoisse, through Life to the edge of Death, and

beyond Death—if that be permitted? *In Nomine Paris et Filio et Spiritui Sancto. Amen.*"

IX.

THE Crucifix was duly saluted, the Rosary hung back upon the bed-knob.

"Embrace me now, my friend," said de Moulny, his blue eyes shining under a smooth forehead. Hector held out his hand.

"We will shake hands as English boys do. They ridicule our French way of kissing, Miss Smithwick says."

"And we die of laughter," said de Moulny, "when we see them hand a lady a cushion or a chair, or try to make a bow. If I had not this basket on my stomach I would get up and show you how my cousin Robert Bertham comports himself in a drawing-room. He is certainly handsome, but stiff! His backbone must be a billiard-cue, *nom d'un petit bonhomme!* Yet he can run and jump and row, for if he has not grace of an athlete he has the muscles of one. He was stroke of the Eton Eight last year; they rowed against the School of Westminster in a race from Windsor Bridge to Surly and back, and beat. They have beaten them again this year, Bertham tells me in his last letter. He writes French with a spade, as M. Magne would say."

The nerves of both boys were tingling still with the recollection of the double compact they had sealed with an oath. Now they could look at one another without consciousness, and were glad to talk of Bertham, his English awkwardness and his British French. For mere humanity cannot for long together endure to respire the thin crystal air of the Higher Emotions. It must come down, and breathe the common air of ordinary life, and talk of everyday things, or perish. So Hector listened while de Moulny held forth.

"Bertham will be Bertham of Wraye when he succeeds to the peerage of his father. It is of ancient creation and highly respectable. He is my cousin by virtue of an alliance between our houses

some eighteen years back, when my grandmother's youngest daughter—my Aunt Gabrielle—married Lord Bertham, then Ambassador for England here. You know the English Embassy in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré? My grandmother did not approve of the union at first, the Berthams are Protestants of the English Establishment. But an agreement was arrived at with regard to my aunt's faith and the faith of her daughters. The sons, Robert and the younger boy . . . but that's my grandmother's cross, she says, that she has heretics for grandsons. . . .

My Aunt Gabrielle is a charming person—I am very fond of her. She boasts of being English to the backbone . . . pleases her husband by wearing no costumes that are not from the *atelier* of a London *couturière*—that must be *her* cross, though she does not say so!" De Moulny grinned at his own joke.

"How you talk!" said Hector, flushed with admiration of his idol's powers of conversation.

"I like words," said the idol, lightly taking the incense as his due. "Terms, expressions, phrases, combinations of these, please me like combinations in Chemistry. I do not enjoy composition with the pen; the tongue is my preference. Perhaps I was meant for a diplomatic career." His face fell as his eyes rested upon the basket that humped the bedclothes. It cleared as he added, with an afterthought:

"Diplomacy is for priests as well as statesmen. Men of acumen and eloquence are wanted in the Church." De Moulny folded his lean arms behind his head, and perused the whitewashed ceiling.

"Tell me more about your cousin Bertham," Hector begged, to lure de Moulny from the subject that had pricks for both.

"You are more interested in him than I am," said de Moulny. "He writes to me, but I have not seen him since I spent an autumn month at their *chateau* of Wraye in Peakshire two years ago. Their feudal customs were interesting, but their society. . . .

Just Heaven, how dull! Even my Aunt Gabrielle could not enliven us. And he—my cousin Robert—who cannot fence, was scandalised because I do not box. Because I said: "If you fight with your fists, why not with the teeth and the feet?" That I should speak of the *savate*—it made him very nearly ill. . . . He implored: 'For God's sake, never say that in the hearing of any other Eton fellows; They'll make my life a hell if you do!' Say that in English, Redskin, you who have the tongue of John Bull at your fingertips."

Hector translated the words into the original English and repeated them for de Moulny's amusement.

"It must be a queer place, that Eton of theirs," went on de Moulny. "When they leave to enter their Universities they know nothing." Of Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, Arithmetic, they are in ignorance. Their rowing and other sports—considered by all infinitely more important than intellectual attainments—are ignored by the Directors of the School, and yet—to these their chief efforts are addressed; to excel in strength is the ambition above all. They are flogged for the most trifling offences, upon the naked person with a birch, by the Director-in-Chief of Studies, who is a clergyman of the Established Church. And the younger boys are servants to their elders."

"We make them so here," said Hector pointedly. "We subject them to the authority that others exercised over us, and that they in their turn will use over others."

"Subjects are not serfs. These younger boys of Eton are worse used than serfs. They call the system of torture 'fagging'; it is winked at by the Directors," explained de Moulny. "To be kicked and tormented and beaten—that is to be fagged. To carry coals to make your master's fire, to bring him buckets of water from the pump, to sweep and dust and black his boots, make his bed and sleep on the floor without even a blanket if he does not

choose that you shall enjoy that luxury—that is to be fagged, as Bertham knows it. They are infinitely worse off than we, these sons of the English nobles and great landed gentlemen. And yet one thing that we have not got, they have;" de Moulny thrust out his underlip and wagged his big head, "and it is worth all—or nearly all these things we have that they have not. They are loyal to each other. There is union among them. In Chemistry we know the value of cohesion. . . . Well! . . . There is cohesion among these Eton boys. How much of it is there here? Not as much as—that!" He measured off an infinitesimal space upon the bitten finger-nail, and showed it to Hector, who nodded confirmatively, saying:

"There is no currying favor with *pions* and tattling to masters, then? Or lending money at usury to other pupils—*hein?*"

"No!" said de Moulny, with a frown-ing shake of the head. "There is none of that sort of thing. Because—Bertham told me!—the boy who was proved to be guilty of it would have to leave Eton. Instantly. Or—it would come about that that boy would be found dead; and as to how he died"—he shrugged his shoulders expressively—"it would be as possible to gain an explanation from the corpse, Bertham says, as to wring one from the resolute silence of the School."

Hector knew a delicious thrill of mingled horror and admiration of those terrible young Britons, who could maintain honor among themselves by such stark laws, and avenge betrayal by sentence so grim.

"But there are other rules in the Code of Eton that are imbecile, absolutely, on my honor, idiotic!" said de Moulny. "Not to button the lower button of the waist-coat—that is one rule which must not be broken. Nor must Lower boys turn up their trousers in muddy weather, or wear greatcoats in cold, until their elders choose to set the example. And unless you are of high standing in the School, you dare not roll your umbrella up. It is a presumption the whole School would resent. For another example, you are invariably to say and maintain that things others can do and that you cannot, are bad form. Bertham saw me make a fire one day, camp-fashion, in five minutes, when he had been sweating like a porter for an hour without being able to kindle a dead stick. 'It's all very well,' he said, with his eyebrows climbing up into his curly hair, 'for a fellow to light fires; but to do servant's work well is bad form, our fellows would say.'"

"Why did you want a fire?" demanded Hector, balancing his rush-bottomed chair on one hind-leg.

"To boil some water," de Moulny answered, his eyes busy with the flowery, sunshiny parterres of the Director's garden. "Up on the Peakshire hills," he added, a second later, "to heat some water to bathe a dog's hurt leg. Oh! there's not much of a story. Bertham and I had been out riding; we had dismounted, tied our horses to a gate, and climbed Overmere Hill to look at a Roman camp that is on the top—very perfect: entrenchments, chariot-road, even sentry-shelters to be made out under the short nibbled grass. . . .

"Between Two Thieves" will be continued in the March issue of MacLean's Magazine.

Forster: Painter of Famous People

No series of articles on Canadian Painting would be complete without reference to Portrait Painting. In this article the work of Mr. J. W. L. Forster, the Painter of Famous People, is reviewed. Many of his paintings of prominent men adorn the legislative halls and business institutions of the Dominion. Only a few are reproduced in our illustrations as representative of the high standard of his work.

By J. E. Staley

"It was in Paris that my role as a portrait painter was established. I was a student at Julian's—the first Western Canadian who had crossed the ocean to study art in Europe. There it was that the archaic, not to say imbecile, methods of my former teachers were made evident. The rude jolt to my self-conceit as a prize-winner in Canadian Exhibitions convinced me, if I needed conviction, that there was something more to be learned. I honor the noted Master Boulanger, for it was he who set me drawing, evermore drawing, the simple but delicate forms in a group of casts scattered in a corner of the old atelier. Of course I swallowed down my humiliation. I knew that Boulanger meant quite well, because his own work, and still more Jules Lefebvre's had already opened my eyes. Their pictures had struck new notes in my range of human sympathies. I warmed to my work, and, after a while, I perceived that a crowd of fellow students had gathered behind me, and when I turned to them they patted me on the back and insisted on shaking my hand—'Why, Forster,' they said, 'this is splendid—Bravo! Bravo!'"

Forster thus refers to the decisive point of his career. "Afterwards," he goes on to say, "when working from the life, the same good-hearted student enthusiasm punctuated the noisy atmosphere of the atelier with demonstrations over my resemblances (likenesses). Just when I was feeling particularly jubilant Lefebvre came my way,

he passed many students and, peering over their heads, his gaze was fixed on my easel—'Mon ami,' he said, 'that is good. Portraiture is your metier. Vous êtes portraitist. Vous êtes portraitist' My earlier masters' encomiums were accentuated still more by what Fleury, my later teacher, said to me. It was just before the Spring Salon. 'Forster,' he said, 'you are evidently marked out for a portrait painter of quality, give reins to your imagination, and your work will be of value in characterization and action.'"

Born, December 31, 1850, at Norval, thirteen miles or so from the county seat of Halton, in Ontario, John Wycliffe Lowes was the second son of Thomas Forster, a Justice of the Peace, who hailed from Cumberland, that British county of vigorous men, and of Martha Wilkinson, a Canadian by birth. Mr. Forster was a hard-working prosperous farmer, and a man of fine physique and noble character. Mrs. Forster came, too, of a right good stock, and was withal gifted with good taste. Mr. Forster was a man of culture, a great reader, and he had gathered together the best library of books in the county. He kept himself abreast of the political and literary movements of the times—the Forster household was the home of refinement and serious study.

At the exceptionally early age of fifteen, young Forster gained a teacher's certificate. When the important question of deciding his career was reached his parents somewhat unwillingly allowed him to follow the

bent of his inclinations as an artist. At four he had begun to draw subjects of the life around him—these came out as "A man with a gun and a dog," and such like. His mother's sister noted the child's occupation, and exercised much influence

assume the appearance of oil paintings. The lad strove to give his master satisfaction, although, from the first, he disliked the limitations of this occupation.

At twenty, Forster broke away from the drudgery of the photographic



Portrait of J. W. L. Forster, painted by himself.

upon her nephew's early life. The work to which the young school prizewinner was first directed was as an assistant to a portrait painter in Toronto, who soon detected his pupil's abilities and put him to work to color the large photographs of notable persons, which were all the vogue, so that they should

studio. He took a small back room, procured lamps and a plaster cast or two, hired a table and some chairs, invited such of his companions, as cared to join him, to form a painting class for mutual instruction. They could not afford a teacher, but they looked to Forster as their leader. They

worked in the evenings after the day's work was over. Forster's first picture to be exhibited in public was hung at the Toronto Fair in 1872: it was a portrait, painted at night, of his master, Mr. Bridgeman.

George Theodore Berthon—an artist of talent—from Vienna, who had settled at Toronto in 1844, and painted portraits in oils and pastels. They talked over the proposed journey, and Berthon gave much useful information and



Thanksgiving service in Westminster Abbey in connection with Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria.

Forster's ambition to excel impelled him to paint night and day. The inevitable happened—his health gave way, and it was arranged for him to take a voyage to Europe. Before he left Canada he paid many visits to

advice. He directed Forster to make Paris his headquarters.

"I was heartily welcomed," he says, "by some Canadian students from Eastern Canada—Brymner, Harris, Pinhey and others. My first experience in

Paris was trying, for I had no more than fifteen dollars in my pocket. I had the good fortune, however, to meet with an English family settled in Paris, named Gibson, who had relatives in Canada and whose portraits I had paint-

most of my fellow students—I chose rather as my companion, a young Frenchman, a chemist, with whom I exchanged my English for his French."

With Jacques Bonhomme, Forster made many excursions in and about



Dr. Goldwin Smith.

ed. They favored me with commissions and paid me well for painting their portraits. This put a few francs into my pocket, and I was able to pay my way. I was never in the least attracted by the Bohemian life lived by

Fig. 4.

Paris—the Forest of Fontainebleau and Barbizon, and further away Picardy and Normandy. He noted new points in the scenery, the buildings, the peasantry and the general animation, and many charming studies found their

way into his portfolios. Some of these Forster retains in his Toronto studio—"The Gates of Charles Jacques Garden's Studio at Barbizon—" with the shadow of Millet's house opposite. "Gos-

it is a version of the old, old story!—a village maiden is seated on the handle of her wheel-barrow, over her bends a good-looking youth, who has just reached up and gathered a bunch of



Sir Isaac Brock.

sips"—two Barbizon peasant women drawing water at a well in the wall and exchanging through the wellhead the tittle-tattle of the day. "An Idyll"—

fresh apple blossoms, which he places in the girl's hands. These pictures indicate that Forster might have been a very capable painter of genre, had he so

wished, for the arrangement, drawing, color, and illumination are all admirable.

Forster met with many amusing experiences during his four years' sojourn in Paris and its environs. One day,

to take the none too shiny headgear and return it next day. Paying his account he jauntily boarded a passing omnibus and was whirled away to his studio. What happened at the restaurant a friend described as, "First a



Earl Roberts.

after breakfast at a café-restaurant, he missed his hat—a well-worn Christie. Nowhere could it be found, but, on the peg where he had placed it was a narrow-brimmed, straight French topper. Appealing to the host, he was advised

shout, a hubbub of voices and every man called to claim his hat, and the discovery of the pathetic Christie. This fitted ill the bullet head of the victim. Vociferous laughter kindled his rage. and a vehement appeal led on a rush

and hue and cry of waiters and loafers after passing busses: at their head, the portly, baldpated habitué—loudly denouncing the harmless perquisitor. "Thousand names of a dog" and expletives of every color entertained the whole neighborhood whilst the gibbet and division into unnameable elements awaited the return of the owner of the Christie!

women—some of these are reproduced with this article.

Perhaps to Canadians the portrait of General Sir Isaac Brock is the most interesting. Forster was commissioned to paint a picture of the National hero for the Legislative Buildings at Toronto. His first step was to cross the ocean to Guernsey — Brock's birthplace — to



John R. Booth.

In 1883 Forster returned to Canada, where news of his Paris successes had preceded him, and he was elected an Associate of the Royal Canadian Academy. He set to work without delay to open his life's gallery of portraiture—which has extended to thirty years, and wherein are the verisimilitudes of most of Canada's famous men and

search there the archives for memorials. He found a chalk drawing by a lady friend of the Brocks, done in 1806, in the possession of the family, the tunic worn at Queenston Heights, etc. While engaged upon the work he received a visit from the Lieutenant-Governor, who claimed the study he was making for the States House of the

Island. This could not be granted, but a replica was ordered, which Forster painted, and there it hangs to-day.

Another famous soldier, Earl Roberts—the peoples' idol "Bobs"—sat to Forster in 1902, at his house in Portland Place, London, for the portrait now in 'the Officers' mess-room of the Queen's Own Rifles, at the Armouries,

of his last sitting, a re-arrangement was required. After careful scrutiny, a brief, emphatic "Right!" was his soldiery compliment.

From Mars to Venus is no great declension: they were ever linked together, and Forster's lady sitters are quite as fascinating as his warriors are bold. Mrs. Timothy Eaton, Toronto, yields to



Earl Grey.

of which regiment he is Honorary Colonel. The South African War was just ended, and King Edward VII.'s Coronation drew on. "Bobs" was full of animation and chatted freely. He was particularly anxious that the medal-ribbons, he wore in undress, should be depicted in correct order, and, as he had received two new orders on the day

no woman as a worker—is she not the mother of the world-famed stores on Yonge Street? "A very clever and attractive woman," says Forster, "an excellent sitter and a keen critic." Her mouth displays strength of character, and her expression is a token of the lively interest she displays in all good works. This charming portrait was

painted in 1910. The portrait of Mrs. Wragge, née Miss Bébé Thompson, the eldest daughter of the late distinguished Premier of the Dominion, Sir John

of Sir William Mulock, is one of the many pretty, interesting children Forster has painted. Ethel is a fairy of the flower garden, as merry as a cricket and



Mrs. Timothy Eaton.

Thompson, is a delightful pose and full of sentiment. She is in the dress she wore as a débutante on her presentation to the Countess of Aberdeen at Rideau Hall. Could any one imagine a more comely, or a merrier maid? Little Ethel Kirkpatrick, the granddaughter

as light as a butterfly, and a sweetheart for us all.

From the winsomeness of childhood to the austere bearing of Goldwin Smith is the gamut of human life and life's emotions. His charm of manner, be it said, ever modified his serious moods.



A portrait of Mr. Forster's aged mother. The painting is not as yet completed, as from time to time Mr. Forster adds new details and makes changes in the features of the subject.

His one request to Forster was "Don't make me look sentimental!" On the contrary the pose is that most characteristic of the famous professor—he used so to sit, hand to head. The portrait was painted, in 1906, for the Governing Body of Cornell University, of which Goldwin Smith has been such a distinguished ornament. John R. Booth, known to men of commerce by the high-sounding title "The Lumber King," was born in 1826. He began life as a simple roadmaker but speedily amassed fame and fortune. His title, however, came not from his prowess in lumber-rolling, but from his gigantic monetary lumber operations. His name has become a household word where energy and industry are spoken of. This portrait was painted for Earl Grey in 1907. The portrait of Earl Grey himself is worthy alike of the administrator and the painter. It was painted in 1908.

"Queen Victoria attending the Thanksgiving Service at St. George's Chapel in Windsor Castle, on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee in 1897,"

is a subject which appeals to all lovers of a good woman and a great Queen. Dean Elliott—he is kneeling at the prie-dieu—gave Forster every facility for his sketch. Among the persons represented—left to right—are Princess Henry of Prussia, Prince Henry of Prussia, Duchess of Argyle, Grand Duchess Sergius of Russia, Grand Duke Sergius, Empress Frederick, Her Majesty, Duke of Connaught, Duchess of Connaught, Princess Christian, Prince Christian, Princess Henry of Battenberg. The little girl opposite is Princess Ena of Battenberg, now Queen of Spain.

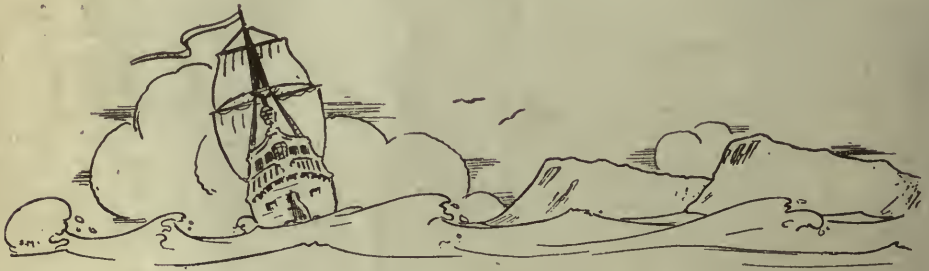
In Forster's studio is a very striking canvas: it bears the title "Eventide." It represents an aged woman resting in her chair, a book upon her lap, and she is looking out of the window at the serene sunset. This picture has been in the painting for many a year; it is unique and pathetic in character—a study though not a portrait of the painter's own dear mother, now a nonagenarian. The dress, and the cap, with the accessories of the dresser and

the kettle on the hearth, the table appointments, are all from studies in the North Country of England made in student days.

Few Canadian painters, if any, have attained to such excellence in portraiture as John Wycliffe Lowes Forster. Every one of his subjects is attractive, and he has contrived to impart to each a vivid sense of their best qualities. His portraits from life are absolutely true and realistic, and they proclaim character and action. They are remarkable for distinction. Forster's portraits are painted directly from living sitters, or from material furnished by relatives of deceased persons. In the first category his method is to make many studies, and to superimpose study on study, until he has got just what he wants to show. Then swiftly he conveys his impressions to canvas, and he keeps his sitters in happy conversation while he paints the living emotion of the moment without any trace of weariness. In the second category

he studies most carefully photographs, or other representations of the departed, notes the form, the features, the hands, the clothes, the dress, and all accessories. He seeks information from relatives and friends respecting the life's history of each subject, their joys and sorrows, dispositions, hereditary traits, personal habits, etc., etc. Then in his imagination he pictures how each part and feature would be likely to develop, as the years passed along. The result is ideal, and brings conviction to the beholder.

Forster lives simply in Farnham Avenue, Toronto, caring for his aged mother most tenderly. No meretricious bric-a-brac adorn the rooms, which are furnished substantially with a few good pictures on the walls. He has never married, his recreations are few—he most loves canoeing on the waters of the Northern lakes and rivers, where he has never had a spill—though very near it many times—this also succinctly marks the character of the man.



To Remember the Alamo

IT is planned to erect a tower building 800 feet high in San Antonio as a monument to the Texas heroes who lost their lives in the battle of the Alamo. Plans for the proposed building have been prepared and steps have been taken to raise by popular subscription in that State the sum of two million dollars for its erection. It will be located upon grounds belonging to the

Alamo property which is owned by the State and controlled by the Daughters of the Texas Republic. The building will be 65 stories high. The first seven stories will be used for office purposes. It will be 85 feet square at its base. Next to the Eiffel tower it will be the tallest structure in the world. It is a worthy monument to the brave men who fought for Texan liberty.

A Burglar's Tools

Readers of the Christmas number of MacLean's were greatly interested in a little story which appeared in that issue, "The Woman at the Door." It was so out-of-the-ordinary and different from the usual run of stories. Here is another one, "A Burglar's Tools," by the same author. This is one that is different again. It is a burglar story with a sharp turn in it.

By John Nicholas Beffell

"GNAT" Wicks had "made" the old Calvert house in Madison Ave., and the little five-ply safe was a shorn Sampson in his lap. This, after one hour and forty minutes of seduction. He was working on assignment, and here was supposed to be big game. He was never told how the office ascertained prospective jobs, but the fact remained that the office had sent him out on several good things in the past eighteen months. And good servant that he was, they did not send him on the long chances. He admired their work quite as much as they liked his. He could never have assembled and maintained the complicated system of observers, whisperers, maids, butlers, and money-noses generally — that served in his present and other night-quests. And the office took only half, for furnishing the time and the place and the box. Also, they disposed of jewelry—always a dangerous thing to do.

Gnat had built safes—knew the shop end. The surest way to become an effective destructive force is to be a master of construction. . . . Just a clean little mechanic he was, who had realized that he was on the wrong side, from a money stand-point, of his life activity. He loved his liberty, put his heart into it, but he could not have killed for it. The cracksman had thought much about this. Given a surprise and the chance of a getaway cut off—Gnat shook his head. He couldn't have shot his way out.

He was a small man with a mild blue eye and a clear complexion. He

had never been arrested, had never drank except in a boyish experimental way. He was unlettered, but a master-mechanic. Moreover, Gnat was happily married, to a young woman who had a greater influence over him than he suspected. She didn't know what his night work meant. To keep her from knowing had been the hard part.

He had what was likely the best set of small tools in the world. Years of collection in constructive work had netted this. He had worked at the shops for six months after he was in touch with the office. The latter furnished him with an "offer" from a Pittsburgh safe-company when he quit. Letter-head and all was in order. His foreman offered more money, but Gnat couldn't see it.

"They may show me some new angles of the game out there," he said. "If I don't like it, I'll come back."

"Come back here—when you're ready," the foreman said.

Gnat nodded gratefully.

So he was out of town to those who had known him. A man as expert as he, does not drop out of shop-life unwatched. . . . All of which brings him to the end of the hard work on the Calvert task. . . . Wicks had made little noise, and his work was directed upon the locking mechanism. He thought of the manganese vaults he had helped to build—latest and best answer to the most finished safe-breaker in the world—harder than a chrome-drill and so tough that a blow of the

sledge would not fracture. His work here had been comparatively easy.

All was done up to igniting the fuse, when Gnat once more assured himself that he was alone in the house. It was two-thirty-five, and he went from room to room with his finger of light. Everything appeared as he had found it—and his way out, clear at the back.

The old house rocked a little with the explosion—muffled as it was. His operations were entirely successful. A quick dart of light through the dusk and smoke assured this. Now Gnat sat tight for several minutes before cleaning up. . . . There was a nest of diamond and sapphire buttons tucked away in tissue paper in one of the small boxes, which required four minutes to open; also considerable money and jewelry. The first find was a constellation of suns under his point of light. It lit his whole nature with full joy. He pocketed the little nest and began to spread the rest of the loot upon the cloth. . . .

Suddenly a step, and the room filled with light.

It all came over Gnat like a stomach sickness. He was caught with the goods—the waiting woman—the lock-up—the end of all. The one white way which flashed that instant through his hard rudimentary head was to kill himself. He turned.

A small fat man in a smoking-jacket stood between the library portieres, with a gun in his hand. He was smiling, but looked hard—hard as hell to Gnat. He was bald, and his neck was fat and white. He wore an eye-shade. . . . Some upper room, Gnat thought. . . . Some upper room that he had missed. . . . there, all the time. . . .

"There's just one thing that you can do, young fellow,—to ease the screws on yourself," the man said, in a slow vicious way.

Gnat found himself watching the man's lips, because the eyes were shaded. A queer green light fell upon the fleshy crooked lips and the white teeth. Gnat was thinking coldly that he couldn't face the woman—nor the courts—nor the jug. It didn't strike

him that his thoughts were a bit yellow. To kill himself seemed to cover all that cleanly. He had never hated so pointedly—as he hated this man in the smoking-jacket and eye-shade.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked sullenly.

"Tell me who put you on this—that the Calverts were away?"

"Can't do that," Gnat replied briefly.

"The point is," the other said, smiling a little, "we were to be away. Somebody told. That's more important to me—than you—"

"I can't help you—"

"You're a stubborn little devil," the man remarked. "I've heard of you fellows being like that—but I didn't believe it. . . . Look at my side of the case, before I give you up. You come here and break my house and rob my safe—and I've got to change my whole staff of servants—butler, housemaids, cook, chauffeur—because I can't put my hand on the rotten place in the system. One of them helped you—"

Gnat saw it clearly, but had nothing to say—until a thought came: "You've got me. You've got the bulls coming—but they won't take me. I could have killed you. I heard your step before the lights."

"I saw your light in the rooms—and could have killed you," the man said uneasily.

Gnat was silent.

"So you could have killed me?" the stout man mused. "You're a queer little devil—and stubborn."

Gnat felt that he was being played with—until the police could arrive. He strangled at the thought. He felt all the bracing that he had built about his life, from what the world had given—a house, Sunday dinners and protection, the fine support of having a woman—the friendliness of butcher and grocer, even of the patrolman of his beat, the old friends in the shops—felt it all sink away, leaving him in a moral nakedness that shamed and broke him in pieces. He couldn't crawl—and he couldn't kill! He shivered.

Presently Gnat was again regarding the crooked mouth in the greenish

light that filtered through the celluloid shade. It wasn't so crooked; a queer smile had straightened it out.

"Did they tell you that Pickering Calvert—was a fool—when they put you on this job?" he asked after a moment.

"No," Gnat said thickly.

"You're a clean-cut little chap and workmanlike," his captor went on, regarding the job. "How much of that stuff in the safe have you taken out?"

"I haven't touched it. It's all there—except this."

He unearthed the nest of diamonds.

"What asses generally they are—who protect the interests of the people. They'd make an example of you, I suppose—just as if *they'd* caught you—and not me."

"They won't make an example of me," Gnat said savagely. There was the *honk* of a machine in the street. He shivered again, and felt the gun in his pocket—not with his hand, but with his mind.

"Haven't you ever been penned?"

"No."

"You won't tell me who put you next to this job?"

"No."

"And you won't be taken alive?"

"No."

"You're — but I've said that before. Do you know what gets me about you young fellow?"

Gnat shook his head. He was in hell mentally.

"You didn't whine — no starving wife and small children at home. . . . Put down that jewel contrivance — and get out of here. Leave your tools as a present to me, and let Pick Calvert alone after this."

Gnat shook himself. "Do you mean it?" he asked slowly.

"Yes. I don't love the foreigners who make the laws and preserve them in this town—any better than you do."

"God, I'm grateful to you!" Gnat said. For the first time his voice weakened.

"Don't think for a minute, young fellow—that us old families altogether miss that there's an unequal division of the World's goods—"

Gnat waited for him to nod, as a last signal to leave.

"Good-night," came from the smiling lips.

"Good-night, sir." . . . Gnat let himself out of the back way. He had never known the sweetness of night air, nor the love of home, as at this moment.

The following afternoon Gnat was reading a sporting sheet in his own hammock. He encountered this heading: "The Pickering Calvert House Robbed; Jewels and Money Aggregating Fifteen Thousand Dollars Taken." . . . The account went on to say that the house had been empty the night before, and the robbery had not been discovered until noon this day. The cracksmen had made a clean getaway. . . .

"And with my tools," Gnat finished slowly.

The little woman called him to supper. Something of the nausea of the night before had returned. . . . It was weeks before self-disgust abated enough for him to discern the art of the little fat man. Meanwhile, he was back in the shops.



Temptations of the Bank Clerk

Why is it so many bank clerks go wrong? Every few weeks the press records the case of some young banker who has stolen bank funds for pleasure, speculative or gambling purposes, and has been detected with the ultimate exposure and disgrace. What are the underlying causes of the practice? In this article we have endeavored to present something about the conditions surrounding bank clerks and the temptations which beset them.

By J. T. Stirrett

"I SEE," said the casual newspaper reader, "that another bank clerk has got into trouble."

"Why is it," asked the chronic moralist in reply, "that bank clerks seem to be always getting into trouble?"

The same question occurs to thousands of Canadians who learn too frequently from the newspapers of some unfortunate bank clerk who has ended his short but spectacular career in the cell of a condemned criminal or the grave of a suicide. The main question divides itself into three subsidiary questions:

Are bank clerks evilly gifted with an undue proportion of original sin? Is the banking business destructive to morals? Are bank clerks subjected to temptations of unusual and overpowering character?

In regard to the first, few will contradict the statement that the morals of the boys who enter banks, are, on the average, as good as those who enter other occupations. Entrance regulations demand that the applicant has a good business education, respectable parents, an unblemished character and the ability to furnish bonds—men who will give security for his good behavior. The great majority of boys begin their occupations with no such searching analysis of themselves or their history. On the above standards, bank clerks should be a hand-picked lot.

Discussing the second question can very easily degenerate into controversy.

There is no doubt that banking is a material business. Bankers have to measure by the dollar. In these days of keen competition they sometimes regulate the depth of their bows by the length of the depositors' accounts. They have to show dividends because the great humming top of credit must revolve smoothly on its narrow base of currency. The dew-drops of personal savings must be led to the reservoir.

THE REGULATIONS WHICH GOVERN HIM.

To understand the bank clerk one must be familiar with the conditions under which he works. Take the case of Ogglesby Jones, seventeen, the minimum age, an aspirant for the leather chair of captain of finance. He encircles his neck with a high white collar and walks through the imposing doors of the bank that has accepted his services at \$250 per annum in the country or \$350 per annum in the city. It is apparent that when Ogglesby Jones pays for his room, his breakfast, his lunch which must be brought into his office, his dinner, and his car fare, he will not have an undue amount to squander on riotous living. At the end of the year he will get an increase of \$100, which will be repeated annually if he saves himself from being dismissed. If he shows exceptional ability his advance may be more rapid. When he becomes a teller in cities like Toronto, Montreal or Ottawa he will get \$900 a year; in smaller cities and towns, \$700; and in

villages about \$450. When he rises to the position of accountant, large city banks will pay him \$1,650 per annum; small city and town banks, about \$1,100; and village banks about \$800. Consequently, if Ogglesby Jones, a man of ordinary ability, starts in Toronto at \$350 when he is seventeen years old he will labor for thirteen years before he receives \$1,650 per annum. During these thirteen years what has been his life? For the first place he has probably been a bachelor. Clerks cannot marry until they receive a certain salary, in the majority of cases, \$1,000 per annum, in a few cases, \$1,500 per annum.

THE PRIDE OF THE VILLAGE.

The bank clerk in the village is one of the few inhabitants who wear a white collar seven days in the week. He is the social stay of the community. In company with the minister, the lawyer, the doctor, the school master and the young man who works in the post office he graces the most select festive occasions. He is even suspected of owning a dress suit in which, it is rumored, he once attended a ball in a city. Though he does not always do so, he is apt to fall into one of two classes—"sports" or "fussers." The sporting bank clerk in a village plays with or follows most of the local teams. In many cases he is a clean, daring athlete, a lover of a good game and a worthy friend of true sport. In other cases he is merely a better who watches others and howls abuse at the officials and opposing players till the game is over when he seizes the first opportunity to become intoxicated. Between games he frequents the pool rooms behind the barber shops and gambles for small sums.

If he is a "fusser" he becomes a self sharpened arrow in the hearts of the susceptible feminine population of marriageable age. As a stamp fiend collects stamps he collects photographs for his art gallery. There lurks a subtle danger in the glance of his eye, in the tilt of his hat, in the knot of his tie, and in the bows of his shoe laces. As he

moves from village to village his passage is marked by the sickly odor of broken hearts, like that of falling rose leaves on a summer evening. And he must be a spending Adonis.

The young banker who chooses to be a "sport" finds to his cost that backing the wrong horses or the wrong teams or the wrong billiard balls costs a great deal of money. He is no match for the professionals who lie in wait for him with cobwebs spun out of the tough threads of his own vanity. Being a man of the world is an expensive amusement for a boy under twenty with an income under four hundred dollars a year. Before he realizes it he is in debt, and that black burden clings to his back like the Old Man of the Sea. When he has to get money the temptation to "borrow" from the bank without the knowledge of the bank is sometimes irresistible. He usually begins with small sums for short periods. His friends press and he takes larger sums, and falsifies the books. In time he is discovered and disgrace and disaster overwhelm him. Those who do not know village life are apt to exaggerate its innocence. Those who have lived in villages know that the wicked people of a village are very wicked. Many young bank clerks who have been born and brought up in a great city have escaped its temptations, only to go to ruin in a village where their parents believed the inhabitants did little else but make flower beds and read Bibles.

THE CITY BANK CLERK.

In the city there are more temptations for the bank clerk but they are only variations of the great basic temptations, dissipation and gambling, which flourish in city, town and village. Whiskey flows freely in all three places and the gaming instincts of humanity can always find outlet. Some years ago, when the Cobalt craze was at its height, a young clerk in a great city succumbed to the temptation to speculate. The experience of miners is that out of a hundred mines one is a mine and the others are holes in the ground. Speculators

who deal in mining stocks must purchase their certificates as the brokers will not accept margins. This clerk read the papers and watched mushroom fortunes grow until he was fascinated. He did not read of the money that went into the holes in the ground. Finally he began to speculate. Strange to say he struck a mine and made thousands. He paid back the money which he had "borrowed" and still was in affluence. But the itching did not die out of his fingers. He decided to become a millionaire, and plunged with all his surplus and another loan from the bank. This time he struck a hole in the ground and is now in the penitentiary.

THE DEADLY MARGIN.

Buying stocks in margin is a deadly siren for some bank clerks. The dangerous thing about marginal dealing is that it looks so easy and safe. You buy a hundred dollar share of stock from a broker and pay a margin of ten dollars. The broker has the stock and the ten dollars. If it goes up to a hundred and ten dollars you can tell him to sell. Your profit is ten dollars minus his commission for buying and selling. This seems simple. Unfortunately margined stocks go down more frequently than they go up. Suppose the share falls to ninety. The broker will call for margin, probably ten dollars more. He still has the stock but now he has twenty dollars. A further decline calls for another margin. There's the rub. Where is the bank clerk to get the margin? It is hard to sacrifice the profit, which is bound to come as soon as the stock changes its mind and goes up, and twenty dollars; so he "borrows" the margin from the bank. But the stock goes down again. The three margins disappear and the speculator has no money to repay the "loan" from the bank. Consequently he goes to jail for theft, although he had no intention of thieving when he began. The irony of this transaction is that the broker took his stock to the bank and raised money on it. When the stock fell the bank

pressed him just as he pressed the bank's clerk. Indirectly, the bank squeezed its own employee to the wall. Perhaps he is a pessimist and "sells short," in which case he makes money as the stock falls. If it rises he falls.

Plunging on the race track is another fruitful source of disaster to bank clerks who possess a speculative mania. In the old days of the book-maker, they never stopped to consider how these gentlemen become rich but continued to pit their amateur ignorance against the bookmakers' evil skill. Now, in the days of the pari-mutuel, they are fascinated by the science of the betting machine, quite oblivious to the facts that the winners take all, that there are few winners, and that there are few bank clerks among them.

Real estate gambling opens many pits for the feet of the bank clerk. Easy money again. He buys a lot which is bound to increase—but there is a slip somewhere, and the "borrowed" money cannot be repaid.

SOME OF THE REASONS.

Why does the bank clerk so frequently dissipate and gamble after making due allowances for human passion and weakness? The banks are partly to blame. They gamble themselves. They take money at three per cent. from depositors and pay their shareholders five, eight, ten, twelve and fifteen per cent. after padding the reserve funds. They pay their clerks salaries which are not commensurate with the position they expect them to fill in the world. They expect a clerk to dress well, to mix with rich people and to adorn their institutions, in short, to be men of the world, on salaries which scarcely provide living expenses. They din the craze of money-getting into a clerk's ears till his blood is on fire with it. When he yields to temptation they hunt him with blood-hounds till the court brands him as a criminal and a warning.

The bank clerk is no worse than the rest of us but most of the gates leading to the "primrose path" are unlocked for him.



Miss Nette

by
Mabel Burkholder.

The fact that we make frequent use of Miss Burkholder's stories is, in itself proof that we regard them highly. She has done some excellent work for MacLean's, both in the way of articles and short stories. In a recent extended tour of the Canadian West, Miss Burkholder gathered material for a great deal of manuscript. The story, "Miss Nette," is an outcome of the trip.

"THAD!" I called from the doorway of our shack; "Thad Balfour, here is a visitor to see you!"

The young giant, who had just finished taking his daily plunge in the gelid waters of the Northern British Columbia stream on which our prospectors' camp was located, sprang to his full height on the river bank and treated me to a scornfully incredulous laugh.

"A visitor for me? None of your joshing, Dicky!"

"Come all the way from Vermont," I finished teasingly, as I turned my back on him and re-entered the shack.

The last word changed his expression materially. The look of incredulity faded, giving place to a hope, almost too great, too joyous, to be trusted. Vermont was home to Thad. Was it possible that some of the long-lost home folks had hunted out his mountain fastness and come with greetings from friends?

I understood the reason for the critical scrutiny to which he was subjecting his features, as he rubbed and twisted at his hair before a tiny pocket mirror. Vermont was to him the home of all refinement and elegance. Whoever it was that had come all the way from the old state to visit him must not be too badly disappointed in the mountain scapegrace.

Thad's naive efforts at toilet-making on the river bank amused me. As if artificial aid were necessary to enhance

the beauty of that tall, well-knit figure, with its superabundant life, with its elastic step, with its forceful shoulders and fair head so proudly poised!

Presently he came swinging up the river path, whistling a little erratic tune under his breath, a trick that was characteristic of him when under feeling. At his back lay the tree-belted valley through which the rapid river swirled; above the bare mountain peaks stabbed the sky. Everywhere the hand of the Master-Artist had moved almightily in broad, forceful strokes. It spoke well for Thad's individuality that he was not dwarfed by his surroundings. He fitted into his setting like a picture into its frame.

Perhaps he had made a pretty shrewd guess at the identity of the visitor, for he went straight to an elderly gentleman seated near the window and gripped his hands joyfully.

"Dad!"

"Well, well, Thad," exclaimed the stranger, "is it really you?"

"Do not say I have changed past recollection," protested Thad.

To my surprise Thaddeus Balfour senior was looking his son up and down with keen disapproval.

"You have been living a rough life for the past six years, Thad."

"Yes?"

The word was put half interrogatively. The word "rough," as applied to a man has two meanings. While

Thad's hands were horny, his clothes coarse, and his fight with elemental nature stern and unyielding, he was conscious that he had kept his inner nature as tender as a girl's.

The old man got up and walked the length of the room, as if its limited dimensions cramped him. Obviously he was accustomed to more spacious halls with more elaborate furniture. In the course of his wanderings he kicked over a primitive stool, which Thad graciously picked up and restored to its usual corner.

"It's not as if such a life was necessary," said the visitor, a note of irritability creeping into the suave voice.

"No. I must say I adopted it by choice," admitted Thad, quite at a loss to see whither all these preliminaries were tending.

The old gentleman sat down again and locked his pudgy hands over his knee. It seemed as if every movement was designed to show how much of a gentleman he was. He never sat down without looking in disgust on the humble seat he was forced to use; and he never rose up without stepping gingerly about as if in fear of the floor going through with him. He never opened his coat without displaying his diamond shirt-stud; he never folded his hands without leaving his heavy seal ring on top.

"Did you say that all were well at home?" Thad inquired politely.

"Aunt Harriet is dead."

"Ha! The lady with the estate at Navarre—eh? She must have grown extremely wealthy by this time. And did she to the end refuse to adopt or select an heir? Well, Governor, I hope you are benefited by her will."

"You are Aunt Harriet's heir," announced Thaddaeus Balfour in weighty tones.

"I? The saints preserve us! You're joking, Dad"

"You are the sole heir to Aunt Harriet's money and estates, valued at four hundred thousand dollars. But there is a condition attached—one extremely easy of fulfilment, I must say."

"Reel it off, Governor," said Thad dizzily.

"It is that you consent to settle down at Navarre, and marry the young lady whose lands join on the south. She is a distant relative, and it was Aunt Harriet's dearest wish that the two estates should be joined, as they were in her great-grandfather's time. This condition your aunt believes easy of accomplishment, as in the old days, before your infatuation for the West, you lost no opportunity to make love to Miss Clarice Martin."

An expression bordering on a grimace crossed Thad's expressive features.

"Does Clarice still do wool-work? Have you any idea how many cushion-tops she has by now?" He was properly crushed by his father's look, but not before his tongue had formed the words: "I suppose she still has her cats."

"With her wealth joined to yours, you come into possession of about three-quarters of a million of money."

"Pfui!" whistled Thad; then suddenly, "Does the lady—does Clarice expect this of me?"

"She has many suitors of course," said the old man, unwilling to undervalue the girl who had been selected for his son's wife. "But no doubt she sees the expediency of the arrangement."

Suddenly into the clearing bounded a horse, a mettlesome little thing, which did considerable dancing on its hind feet and then took an unaccountable notion to stand on its nose and put its hind feet in the air. On the broncho's back sat a girl who kept her position with amazing ease.

From the moment of her appearance Thad never took his eyes off her.

The old gentleman followed his gaze uneasily. The girl had slipped lightly off the horse, which now stood rubbing his nose against her shoulder. Her bright, sun-kissed face was fully turned towards the house. Her skirts were short and her boots correspondingly high, while down her back hung two magnificent braids of dark hair.

The old man's face whitened at Thad's look.

"Don't tell me you have got tangled



"The girl had slipped lightly off the horse."

up with some dusty Siwash maiden," he muttered.

"I was not intending to tell you any such thing!"

Thad's fist had clinched angrily, but before he could say more the girl was at the door.

"Thad! Dicky!" she cried exultantly, "I have conquered the broncho! He is going to travel at a splendid gait."

Then she noticed the stranger standing in the window.

Thad advanced graciously. There were times, under stress of feeling, when the blue blood of a dozen generations of haughty ancestors drove him to most magnificent action. His lordly manner suggested the throne room of a monarch rather than a shack in the heart of the mountains.

"Father, this is Miss Nette, Boss McPhail's daughter."

"Ah—h!"

The old man eyed her suspiciously over his glasses, as if in strong doubt of the ancestry which had bequeathed on her that brown complexion and those dangling braids of dusky hair.

Miss Nette was courageous—no braver soul was ever clothed with woman's form. But she quailed and drew back a step under that piercing scrutiny. A shiver of fear, as if she saw some dire misfortune pending, chilled her blood and blanched her cheek under the tan. Thad moved toward her as if for protection.

"Dicky," she said inconsequentially, the quaver in her voice perceptible only to me, while the profile toward the stranger was cold and proud, "if my father is coming home to dinner you and I should be in the kitchen."

I went obediently. She knew she could count on me to the last limit of my powers. I was her relative. I had fought battles innumerable in her name. I loved her more than most relatives are supposed to love, and she knew that too, though I never pained her by putting it into words. It was all impossible. I was making a fight for health there in those vast, silent northern mountains, and sometimes it was Nette who soothed and petted me,

while at most times her strength on the river or on horseback was greater than mine.

No reference was made by either of us to the unexpected visitor. A subdued hum of conversation, now rising to the pitch of excitement, now falling to the depths of concentrated earnestness, was all allowed to go unnoticed.

Presently Thad merged and took a hasty course across the corral, saddled his swiftest horse, mounted and rode away. Nette watched him in fascination.

"Dicky, where can Thad be going?" she asked.

I had no idea.

Just then Thaddaeus Balfour senior stood in the doorway.

"What called Thad away so suddenly?" I made bold to enquire.

"I am sorry to have to inform you that a messenger has just made him acquainted with a serious accident down at the camp," was the reply.

The girl turned to him a scared face.

"My father!" her trembling lips uttered.

The human monster regarded her suffering with a remarkable degree of indifference.

"It is true, Miss—er, Miss Nette that your father's name was mentioned as among the injured."

Already, with the decision of the mountaineer, Nette had regained mastery of herself. She dropped her cooking utensils and flung off her apron.

"We will go by the river way, Dicky," she said, commanding me as usual. "It will carry our canoe down swiftly, no matter how long it takes us to get back. I will put the boat in to the water, while you find out exactly where the accident took place, and if we can carry anything down that will be of use to the wounded."

I was preparing to follow the flying figure, which was already almost to the river's edge, when a hand was laid heavily on my shoulder.

"Don't get excited, young man! There is no hurry."

Old man Balfour was close behind me, and when I turned to look into

his face I saw a very curious expression there.

"No hurry—with the boss injured so far away from home?"

"You will not find him seriously injured."

I faced the man sharply, the truth pressing home on me.

"Is he injured at all?"

"He is not," came the response with astounding coolness. "It was a story I invented myself to separate my son from his dusky enchantress," he laughed harshly, "and I must say I am pleased with the success of the experiment."

"But Thad?"

"I set him on an errand in an opposite direction. He has almost decided to go, and the girl shall not hang around with her soft ways."

My blood rose. When I looked down he was holding out a handful of bills—bills of such a high denomination that I had only seen the like once or twice in my life before. He was trading on my poverty and sickness. He was bribing me to carry out my part of the nefarious scheme.

I took the bills and flung them flat in his face. Probably I hurt him, for he rubbed an eye as if a sharp corner of paper struck the ball.

"If you want more," he was saying, "if you want more to give to the—the little native—you see I mean to treat her fairly—"

Then I found my speech, though my tongue was still thick with rage.

"I mean, sir, that you shall take back those insinuations concerning the young lady's ancestry. She shares with me the honor of belonging to one of the most respected families in this province."

"Oh, perhaps—perhaps. I was too hasty. But I feel deeply on the question—deeply. Can't you see what a monstrous mistake—what a mesalliance—for a girl of her education, her position—"

"I agree with you," I whipped in, as I turned on my heel, "that it would be a monstrous mistake to expose my cousin to the degradation of connecting herself with a family of your calibre.

I will join with you, sir, in preventing such a calamity."

Nette was waiting with what patience she could muster by the riverside.

"This way?" she asked. "Five miles down to Cory's Landing? And then strike out into the bush?"

Absently I answered, "Yes, yes, yes," to all her questions.

She looked at me sharply, but said never a word. Soon the canoe was racing past the trees at a dangerous speed. Nette knelt stiffly erect in front, with the paddle poised.

In the few moments of embarking I had weighed a score of arguments. The thought uppermost in my mind was to tell the girl the truth. And then came the desire to spare her, to shield her, not to allow the old dragon to gloat over her suffering. That consideration finally outbalanced all else. For I knew she loved Thad, and I knew the crushing effect the news would have on her intensely loyal nature. Thad should have known it, too. He had never actually declared his love, but he had won hers. He was quite free—hers be the grief. The shimmer of gold was in his eyes. Good fortune had shown him to be a crawling, invertebrate thing.

During that swift run we indulged in no conversation. In an incredibly short time we were pulling up at Cory's Landing.

"Which way now?" asked the girl, considering the trails which led off from the tiny wharf.

I took her hand gently.

"Nette, my little girl, sit down."

She sank obediently down on a huge boulder and looked at me with suddenly dilating pupils.

"Dicky, what is it? You know something. Is he dead?"

I don't know how I told her. After the first suspicion entered her mind she was quiet enough. She listened apathetically, her fingers lying listlessly in her lap, and her underlip caught between her teeth.

An early evening gloom was already purpling the hills. The customary sounds of the forest were lulled to

sleep for the afternoon was warm. I stumbled on with my story, my voice the only sound that broke the unnatural stillness. I dared not take her in my arms to comfort her. No one could do that but Thad, and he was throwing away what to me was the most priceless treasure on earth.

Presently she looked up into my face with dry, lustrous eyes.

"You shall not blame him, Dicky," she said, with a piteous quiver in her voice. "His father only brought him to a true realization of his position. And it is not hard to guess by his manner what was his former position by birth and education. And she" the brave voice faltered, "she can do those things too."

"What things?" I demanded hotly. "Embroider cushions and tend to cats? That is all the accomplishment she is said to have!"

Nette put her hand over my lips.

"He never realized before that I didn't know how to make or to wear pretty clothes, that I am just a little sun-browned mountain girl, with hair in braids—"

"If he had realized it sooner, and saved for you your peace of mind, and for himself the name of a gentleman—" I began hotly.

"Listen! What was that?"

Our attention was arrested by a noise on the mountain slope above us, a noise of loose falling stones, of hoofbeats on the trail.

"A horse," I said. "No, two!"

A stone loosened and clattered away into the abysmal depths. The two horses were coming down the trail at a tremendous rate. It was playing with death to ride at such a pace on the high ledges.

I had already made a fairly shrewd guess who the riders were. The Bal-fours, senior and junior, were making their way to the boat landing at the head of the lake ten miles away. They were racing the afternoon steamer, which only stopped a minute there on its southward journey. It was bold of them to double up on our tracks, but they were sorely pressed for time.

I knew the same surmise was shared

by Nette, for she stiffened, as a creature instinctively will when made aware of the presence of an enemy. She stood almost touching my shoulder, yet there was no suggestion of my supporting her. Her wide eyes had caught the amethystine gloom of the hills, and her lips were slightly parted.

"Ah!"

The horses had turned the curve of the road. One was a powerful gray, the other a little bay broncho with a dare-devillish look. The little broncho was riderless!

"It is Thad on his grey mare," I exclaimed; "and he is leading your broncho."

Nette spoke never a word, until the rider reined in close to us.

"I knew you would be here," Thad said briefly, looking quite past me to the girl who was meeting his ardent gaze with steady eyes. "I mean to take you with me over to the head of the lake."

"I mean not to go!" flashed Nette. "I mean to go home with Dicky. I hardly think my company would be appreciated at the head of the lake."

He looked down at her and laughed.

"So you heard, did you? I was almost hoping that some of the disgraceful details might be kept from you. But it is better that you should know how they tempted me with all the arts of Satan. Perhaps you don't know though that I was caused to ride ten miles away on a useless errand to keep me from talking it over with you, or from seeing your face. For a few awful minutes my father saw me weaken. He took the advantage and extracted from me a promise that I would meet him at the boat landing at five o'clock. God help me! I meant to keep my word."

"You must keep it," breathed Nette. I wondered how her voice could sound so cold when I knew the love in her heart.

But he only laughed and stooped from his saddle until his face was almost on a level with hers.

"Keep it? Certainly. But you are going with me, Nette."

"I am going home."

"You are not going away from me, Nette. That is fixed and settled for all time to come. The one hour that I tried to live without you was madness of the brain. It was a kaleidoscopic dance before my eyes of seven hundred and fifty thousand separate dollars."

"Dicky, what did I say about going home? You are not usually so slow."

How long would the little girl persist in her pride? Was it possible that she meant what she said? Though her heart break in the process, would she undertake to show him that her family pride was as great as his own? I was growing distinctly uneasy, and I fancied Thad's swarthy cheek was pale.

Then a sudden thing happened. Thad stooped and put his arm around her, lifting her from the ground. Then wheeling his horse abruptly, he set her down on the back of the broncho which had been browsing a few feet away. When he saw that she had grasped the

reins, as a good horseman instinctively does, he gave the broncho a gentle slap on the flank which caused it to bound up the hill.

At first I was frightened. Then I saw that Nette was laughing through the tangle of curls that fell around her face. Ah, it was right—right that she should go with him! So would they go to the end of life. While I would be alone, always alone to the end. Tut! I must not brood over it. It was the happiest misery I had ever experienced. I had never thought it was possible that I should be so satisfied to see anyone take Nette away from me.

"But why are you going to the head of the lake?" I called after them.

"Well, you see," said Thad in reply, "I made a solemn promise to be there. There's a certain good bishop lives across the lake whom I have long wished to see. Nette and I have no objection to accompanying the pater that far on his journey. I never told him I would go all the way!"

Model Concrete Farm Buildings

A SET of thirty models of all-cement farm buildings and miscellaneous structures for use upon the farm recently made a most interesting exhibit occupying about 400 square feet. The plan was to exhibit such concrete work as could be successfully constructed on the farm and to demonstrate it in the simplest manner possible to every one who might be interested.

The use of concrete blocks was shown in a wall $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, while the widely discussed concrete furniture, consisting of two tables and four chairs, a bench and two small milking stools were also exhibited.

All the models were built to the scale of one inch to the foot. A farm residence was displayed measuring 22

inches wide, 36 inches deep and 28 inches high.

To the rear of the residence were located the following models in the order named: cistern, well-house, and wind mill, a dog house, smoke-house, ice-house, garage, carriage and wagon shed, horse and hay barn with watering trough adjoining, dairy, cow barn, with silo, and elevated water tank, circular watering trough and masonry base adjoining the concrete approach to the second story of the barn, which was intended to be utilized as a root cellar. Following these was a corn crib and granary and lastly a chicken house which completed the equipment.

The exhibit was first shown at the Chicago Cement Show.



A view of threshing operations as carried on by electricity on a farm in Germany.

Electric Farming in Germany

Germany, in its struggle for industrial and commercial supremacy, is now showing the world how to farm—by electricity. Canada is particularly interested because of the electrical possibilities of this country. Ontario is already planning the application of electricity to farming, in which connection German methods have been studied by a special commission. Something of the scope of Electric Farming in Germany is given in this article, written by the Private Secretary to the Ontario Minister of Agriculture.

By J. C. Boylen

FARMING by electricity is now quite a matter-of-fact proceeding in Germany. This is especially so in Saxony. There intense cultivation is carried on with a minimum of labor and at a profit that would make the Canadian farmer stare. Electricity plows the fields, operates the harvesting machinery, threshes the grain, milks the cows, separates the cream from the milk, churns the cream into butter, kneads the butter, pumps the water, fills the silo, lights the stables and yards and conveys fertilizer to the land.

Electricity lights the farm home and the more well-to-do the farmer happens to be the more is electricity used to perform the house-work and cooking.

German experience has shown the use of

electricity to be both economical and convenient. The progress of invention has made the wide and varied application of such power possible. The discovery of the transmission of electricity at high potential paved the way for the progress that has taken place. Recently Canadian representatives made visits to Europe to study the uses to which electricity was put on the land and examine the systems in operation in France, Italy and Germany.

The systems in Germany were found to be more efficient and the use of electric power there was more widespread. Agricultural power stations dot portions of the country. At Lottin in Eastern Germany, for instance, they visited an agricultural power station which was erected by an associa-



Threshing on a German farm by electric motor.

tion of farmers for the purpose of supplying electricity to their farms. The transmission line from the station is 90 miles long and supplies current to a number of farms with an aggregate cultivated area of 25,000 acres. Another agricultural power station at Beeswitz transmits electrical energy over a line 100 miles long and supplies over 50,000 acres of cultivated land.

German invention and experience have overcome the obstacles that once stood in the way of the use of electricity on the

farm. Economic difficulties arising from the fact that the electrical energy must of necessity be distributed over a large area while the amount of energy consumed is comparatively small have been solved. In many instances farms are supplied from municipal plants. The energy demanded for a farm supply is, of course, greatest during the day. This makes the rural districts attractive markets for municipal lighting plants, as a combination lighting load and agricultural load means that a municipal supply for lighting which would be idle



Portable motors with reels to carry cables for use on the farm.



An agricultural power station by the roadside, Germany.

every day is sold to the farmers whose use for the power at night virtually amounts to nothing. This advantageous marketing of power makes possible a lower rate to the consumer.

Where the farmers secure their supply from a municipal plant they usually form themselves into an association and as such contract for a supply. The price these associations charge to rural consumers, generally members of the association, is made to include interest on the money invested for the construction of the distribution lines and for the supplying of customers with meters. It also includes a small charge to provide money for a sinking fund.

When the money invested has been recovered through the sinking fund the charge to the consumer for current is decreased. Where there are no power stations from which farmers may secure energy in this way rural communities organize and with county or provincial assistance, erect agricultural power stations to supply their demands. One such power station was erected at a cost of \$500,000, of which the government contributed \$50,000.

These co-operative organizations to provide for the establishment of agricultural power stations in communities have met with great favor in Germany. They are allowed to use the highways for their transmission lines, so there are virtually no right of way expenses.

German cost accounting has established that the cost of help and of draft cattle is from 62 to 74 per cent. of the total cost of agricultural production. The greatest saving is made in the reduction of these expenses.

The cost of agricultural production is estimated as follows: —

Kind of Work—	For 100 bushels		
	Without machine. hours.	With machine. hours.	With electrically operated machine. hours.
Grain cleaning	10	7.5	4
Grain grinding	33.3	12.5
Threshing	167	50	33.5
Turnip cutting	17	10	3.5

Until the advent of electricity the motive power chiefly available was that supplied by steam tractors. Power of this description can only be used on a large scale, is limited in application and can only be



Combination pole and lighting post on a German Transmission Line.



One type of agricultural power station; neat, substantial and beautiful.

used certain portions of the year. The small farmer can not afford the large investment required to be made to procure such power and those who use it are exposed to a fire risk which is not light.

With the coming of the small electric motor the uses to which power on the farm can be put are practically unlimited. The electric motor is especially adapted to intermittent work and makes individual drive possible even for the smallest machine. Farm operations are naturally scattered over a considerable area, but the electric motor is built in sizes to meet the requirements of the farmer on 100 acres as well as the farmer on 1,000 acres. It is portable and is so simple that once started it requires no attention. As starting and stopping merely means the opening or closing of a switch the fire hazard of mechanical drive is virtually wiped out.

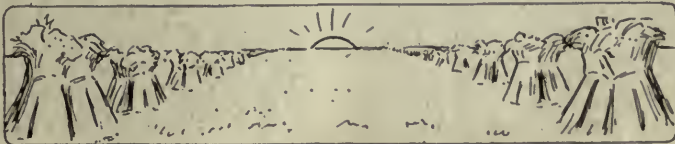
In Germany the problem of securing farm help is just as acute as it is in this coun-

try. This is largely responsible for the employment of electric power in such a widespread manner.

The following table will give some idea of the speed of operation and efficiency of electrically driven agricultural machinery as compared with such machines operated by other motive power and also compared with the time taken for the performance of the same work by manual labor:

	%
Rent of ground	12
Taxes	49.1
Upkeep of agricultural implements, interest and sinking fund charges	8.7
Seeds, fertilizer, etc.	13.1
Cost of draft cattle	14.4
Wages for hired help	49.1

This means in a general way a saving by the use of electricity instead of hired help of 47 per cent. in grain cleaning, 62½ per cent. in grain grinding, 32 per cent. in threshing and 65 per cent. in turnip cutting.



His Brother's Heritage

We are told by many readers that an occasional thriller is a proper thing in a magazine because it makes people sit up and take notice. Whatever may be our motive in presenting "His Brother's Heritage" it cannot be said that we are lacking in courage in thus following the advice which has been offered. The story is certainly a "thriller" and it may be that readers will appreciate an offering of this type—occasionally.

By Earle C. Wright

THE KID slouched low in the saddle rode through the streets of a north-western Canadian city. It was a nasty night for even an outlaw to be abroad; respectable people had long since sought their beds. Gust after gust of wind and rain, unbroken by hundreds of miles of flat desert where the tallest obstacle was a dwarfed mesquite, drove down upon him furiously. There was no creak to the sodden leather; the silver on his bridle did not jingle. As his horse pulled one foot after the other out of the quaking mud it sounded like the report of a small cannon.

At the corner of Main and Elm streets the solitary rider drew rein. On the right side of the intersecting street were barnlike dance halls and over gorgeous saloons. To the left it was quieter; a few shadows flitted in and out of the swinging doors. Above the ribald laughter from the dance halls he heard the sharp click of billiard balls.

"I'll play just one game and hike," said The Kid to himself.

He guided his horse to the long horizontal timber which served as a hitching post and throwing the reins over the animal's head permitted them to drag on the ground. In the lexicon of the predatory an inopportune tight knot might prove fatal. With a final pat on the pony's neck he pushed open the doors of the Palace Bar.

The west has had many "Kids." As a rule they are a scurvy lot. Wildness

in youth means vileness in old age. Let a young man shoot an officer of the law, steal a bunch of cattle or make his living by slick tricks with cards and instantly some well meaning fool will tag Kid to his name. There is something contaminating in the name. Once given it clings closer than a leech, insidiously draining its victim of the knowledge of right and wrong. He feels he must live up to it at whatever cost. To sink back to a plain Tom, Dick or Harry is to lose caste. It is worse than a case of smallpox and like it leaves the unfortunate being marked for life. And the way to tell them is by drunkenness, bravado, boasting and treachery.

So far the young man in the doorway had escaped the penalty. He was known throughout the western plains. Outside of purely local celebrities he was known as The Kid. He was young, scarcely twenty-three, with a slim, straight figure and unlined face. A phrenologist would have said his bump of adventure was larger than the one which stood for honesty.

After a keen scrutiny he hitched his gun around where it would be more handy and entered. The Palace bar was not much for comfort. Men took their drinks standing, yet there were two tables. The one in the rear was occupied by two punchers who on The Kid's entrance looked at each other and nodded before they went on drinking.

The other table was vacant. He

seated himself at this, having first taken the precaution of turning his chair so the back rested against the wall. He then put his feet on the remaining chair and hitched up his trousers. When his hand came away it held a business-like appearing revolver. The price of safety is eternal vigilance. No one understood this better than The Kid. True he ran fearful risks at times but never unless there was some special inducement. The barkeeper left off wiping his glasses and hurried over to the table. He was so long filling the order that The Kid looked around impatiently. When it finally came the barkeeper took a position between him and the cowboys. Beside the glass was a hastily scribbled note. The Kid nodded shortly making a mental memorandum to do the man a favor some time.

He drank the liquor slowly and then without moving read the warning.

"Yuh Kid, watch out. Them two ain't punchers like they look. One is a railroad detective, the other is Bud Johnson. Beat it."

But The Kid was in no humor to take advice. For three months he had hidden out, ever since the last train robbery, with no one to talk to but a child of twelve. Civilization as represented by his town meant men, amusements and man talk and he was tired of boyish prattle. His views had become so perverted that what he had done began to seem right. A great railway corporation had killed two people. It had escaped paying damages on a technicality; therefore the elder of the children levied on the railroad. To him it was a plain case of justice.

Opposite where he sat hung a placard with a picture at the top. Below was a table of measurements. Of the small print he could read 5 feet 8 inches, and the words "clean shaven, looks like a well-to-do ranchman's son." The picture was a good one. He remembered a hardy passenger who had leaned out of the window and taken a snap shot of him. This was before he

had graduated to wearing a mask and was still proud of his work.

Pride no longer kept him to it. There was a double reason; love for excitement and love for his brother. Some time Jim would be a great man, and he would have the satisfaction of knowing it was his money that had made him.

Out of the tail of his eye he saw the two men comparing his features with those on the placard. A tinge of red burned in his cheeks, the old time excitement was coursing through his veins like fire. Presently Bud Johnson, at least he took it to be him, rose and lounged over to the bar. He and the barkeeper held a whispered conversation consisting for the most part in Bud talking while the other shook his head. With one on either side of him The Kid grew more alert. It would be a feather in his cap to get the best of Bud who had only given up his own misdeeds to earn the railroad reward.

The conversation finished he came back stopping just in front of The Kid's table. He was a large man with a broad nose, wide mouth and low forehead. One of his yellow teeth had been broken off, leaving a great cavity when his stringy mustache lifted. The effect was to make him look like a snarling dog. There was a strawberry birthmark on his chin which he had often cursed. He hated it more than a joyrider his license. The bartender watching them smiled at the contrast and wished the slim one would win. In spite of his vocation he was by way of being romantic.

Bud broke the silence after they had stared at each other a full three minutes.

"Are yuh The Kid?" he asked roughly.

"I am, you half-baked traitor," replied The Kid whose contempt for the man was great.

The strawberry blemish flared out vividly. He appeared about to speak, thought better of it, and turning left an impression of yellow fangs framed

in a black curtain of hair and a gaping hole where the tooth should have been.

The crisis had come.

As Bud reached his table The Kid drawing both guns rose facing them. In the tenseness a glass dropped, shivering to pieces on the floor. An instant later from under cover of the table the detective took a pot shot. It went wild, sweeping down a row of bottles like a scythe cutting grass. The Kid shot once with his left gun and the detective slumped back into his chair. There were no longer any odds as to number but the fraction of a second it had taken to down the lesser man now cost dearly. It was now Bud's turn and he scored a neat bullseye low down in The Kid's shoulder. It was the first time he had ever been wounded and the thought came to him that his mistake was going to prove fatal.

Both began to shoot recklessly for neither remained in the same place longer than it took to fire and jump aside. Then the room was fast filling with smoke. Bud with a view of holding out until help arrived shattered the main light. This threw the room in such darkness that they had to guide their firing by the flashes from each other's guns.

Realizing the game The Kid knew he must hurry. He threw away the empty revolver, passing his second one to the right hand. It was a difficult operation with the pain from his shoulder making him sick and weak, yet grimly he held to his plan of working toward the door. That way lay his only salvation and already he could hear excited voices calling to each other outside.

By mistake he stumbled behind the bar, falling heavily over the crouching figure of the barkeeper. With a knowledge of customs he reached for and found the house gun lying beside the cash register. He emptied it point-blank at the door which fumbling fingers were trying to open. The reinforcements fell back under the fusillade. Then carefully he began feeling his way back for he was too weak to

climb over the wooden structure. All about him came falling glass from Bud's shots. A piece stung his cheek just as he was about to lose consciousness. He fired twice at the last flash and, stumbling around a corner, made for the door.

Bud anticipating the move was likewise working that way. He could hear his feet dragging over the rough floor. There was no sound but the heavy breathing of the men as they cautiously edged along. Each was waiting for the telltale flash which would give him his enemy's exact position. Unwounded and fresh Bud decided on heroic measures. He rushed and the two men met in the centre of the room. Stronger than the youth Bud seized his right hand and struck him over the head with the butt of his gun. It meant a thousand dollars more to capture him alive. Struggling desperately The Kid broke loose and fell heavily against the door. It flew open, showing him a crowd of onlookers. Bud's gun spoke again, causing a sharp pain in his side.

He steadied himself against the jamb waiting for he knew not what. Suddenly the night was illuminated with a flash of lightning. It came and went in a second but in that time the limp, swaying figure straightened up. He fired once, twice, from his hip and in answer came the soft thud of a falling body.

Of what followed The Kid never knew. He fought without reason, his actions dictated by instinct alone. A dozen pair of hands sought to seize him and a dozen drew hastily back. In the morning the one hospital the town could boast was fuller by two more patients. Stumbling, falling, half-blinded The Kid fought his way through the crowd until he reached his horse. Having had one harsh lesson the spectators kept away while he painfully made his way to the curb and throwing one leg over the saddle tumbled in. Still respectful they watched him fade away into the night. It was a fitting climax to a wild life. The pity

of it is that so much bravery should have been wilfully thrown away.

All that night and all the next day while the sun beat down unmercifully upon his bare head, a clinging figure rode a wiry pony westward. Sometimes it sang snatches of rollicking cowboy airs, sometimes it thrust torn hands to the brazen heavens and cursed. Twice it fell while the patient pony stood by as inch by inch, from stirrup to stirrup leather, from silver buckle to saddle tree it pulled itself up. On again it went, an Ancient Mariner through a troubled sea of sand.

Late in the afternoon they ran into a herd of range horses. The dormant instinct which tells a wounded deer to double on its trail caused the sorry remnant of The Kid to pull his horse into their trail. When they left it no eye could pick his pony's footprints from those of the hundred already beaten into the earth. So on his last ride the dying outlaw eluded pursuit.

He awoke two days later in his own room. Through one of the windows a warm sun streamed on the bare floor. He looked at it wistfully; his last sunshine. There was no pain only a great weakness. The Kid did not try to deceive himself. He had seen too many men travel the route he was going. Sitting beside him asleep on a chair was his brother Jim. He noticed with a feeling of pity the slender form so like his own; the finely chiseled face lacking only the fires of adventure to make it his. The boy's eyes were swollen with weeping and long vigils. He held a book tightly clenched in his white hands. Therein lay the difference. One loved life with its daily doubts, the other cared for it more at second hand; one was a man, restless, full of unknown cravings, the other a dreamer content with his fancies.

"Jim," called The Kid, "wake up." At least he tried to call and found his voice was no louder than a whisper, yet it reached anxious ears.

"Brother, you are better," cried the boy. "Tell me you are going to get well."

The Kid smiled sadly. "No, Jim, you know I can't. Where is your knowledge of medicine," he asked banteringly, "if you don't know a dying man?"

Jim burst into tears. "You mustn't die," he sobbed. "I won't let you."

"Steady," said The Kid, "tears won't help. I want to tell you how proud I am of the bandages." He glanced down at the rudely adjusted linen where a spot of blood was beginning to widen. "Some day, old boy, you will be a great surgeon, just as we always planned but now you must listen to me.

"We will not go into the question of whether I did right or wrong. I lived according to my best belief. If I took much it was still less than they took from us. You are provided for, Jim. Under the mattress are a hundred thousand dollars and you will be safe using them even in the treasury. There also you will find the name and address of a man in Montreal. I met him once and liked his face. He is honest. Go to him. Tell him everything and make him become your guardian. Then study your precious surgery."

He paused and Jim with the tears running down his face bent over him.

"A little advice," said The Kid weakly. "Don't go in for excitement. Our family can't stand it. I should have gotten free long ago but it overpowered me. Live quietly, don't drink, don't gamble and above all, keep clean of the adventurous sports. Do you promise?"

"I do," said Jim hoarsely.

"When I'm gone bury me outside the cabin and turn my horse loose. Ride your own back to town. Now give me a drink of water."

He barely sipped it and lay back. Such was the passing of The Kid.

Jim followed his brother's wishes in every respect. In the morning he buried him on the south side, covering the grave with mesquite and chaparral. The horse he turned loose, the money he put in his pocket. No one in town recognized the boy and in time he arrived in Montreal. As he grew older

he worshiped more and more the memory of The Kid. He had a picture cut from a placard; the same that had hung in the Palace saloon, framed in gold and hung over his desk. Whether it was a family trait or the physical working out of an ideal, he grew into the image of his dead brother. Visitors often thought it was a picture of himself and generally commented on the grey goatskin chaps, flapping hat and black guns.

He worked hard at his books, to such good in fact that at the age of sixteen he was ready for college. His guardian, who had grown to love the quiet boy, advised taking the academic course at Toronto. When this was finished he began at McGill the study of medicine, which had always fascinated him. While in his first work he had done well, now he did brilliantly. A great future was predicted for him. Before he graduated five hospitals offered him positions, three of them in the States.

He was not popular with his fellow students. Years of loneliness in the adobe cabin while The Kid was out waging war had left its indelible impression on him. He preferred solitude and dreaming. Although strong enough in bone his muscles were weak for he avoided athletics as he would the devil. He never drank or played poker and the few friends he had were those who saw beneath the surface, detecting the courage shielded by shyness, the loyalty under the diffidence. In this way he reached manhood.

Looking back he could remember only one incident out of the ordinary and that was far from pleasant. He was eating lunch one day when he became aware of somebody's scrutiny. Turning around he saw the guilty man, a stout old fellow wearing a low collar and flowing tie. He remembered the type as affected by the leading citizens of his old town. Confirming this he could see the bottom of the man's trousers were rolled up, disclosing a pair of high heeled boots. Aided by a mirror he saw the old gentleman beckon the head-waiter and order him to do

something. After a hasty glance around the waiter refused. The man threw back the lapel of his coat, speaking rapidly, at which the head-waiter bowed and hurried away.

Jim noticed this more out of idleness than anything else while waiting for his check. He was considerably startled when after an unusually long delay heavy hands were laid on his shoulders.

"I arrest you in the name of the law," said the stout man.

With a policeman on either side they marched him to the station house. The charge was train robbery. Of course Jim had no trouble disproving the accusation but it set him to thinking. He compared his own weak surrender to the indignities thrust upon him with how his brother would have acted. The stout man swore to his prisoner's identity yet The Kid would have been much older. It was simply a case of one man resembling another and the authorities let it go at that. Jim told the judge savagely "a mouse couldn't look like a lion." Luckily his honor was hard of hearing or they might have probed the matter deeper.

At thirty The Kid's prediction came true. Jim was a great man. He had his own sanatorium with its corps of trained nurses and doctors. His remarkable cures were heralded in the papers; foreign universities added to his degrees and royalty called him to its sick bed. In a way he was happy. A small testament reposed in his hip pocket, much of his wealth he gave to the poor. He was that rare thing—a good man.

During all these years the secret shrine of his heart was filled with his brother's image. Then one day it was ruthlessly entered and another took its place. As a normal man Jim always expected to fall in love, but scarcely with a passion that threatened to consume him. He prided himself on being well balanced until the little naked god made sport of his pretensions.

The girl was in every way worthy of him, beautiful and good but what was

far better she really loved him, only as with most young people there was in her makeup a wide vein of romance. In a more modern sense she wished some knight to come riding up and take her by storm as though she were a citadel. She candidly showed this to him the evening he proposed.

"I really care for you, Jim, a whole lot, if only——"

"What?" he prompted.

"It's hard to explain," she said with an embarrassed laugh, "but you seem such a prosaic creature. As a matter of fact I can hardly imagine you caring enough for me to do anything desperate or even silly."

"I love you," said Jim simply.

"I know it," said she, "and that your love is probably deeper than nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand, yet you seem so self-centred, so willing to go along in the same old rut day after day without any of the spice of life."

"You mean I'm an old stick-in-the-mud," he smiled.

"Don't laugh, Jim, can't you see how serious I am. It may be the making or marring of our lives."

"Really do you wish me to do the lady and the tiger act? I never knew love was like that."

"It isn't," she insisted, "if you were in danger I'd want to be there too. You are a good man and doing an immense work but you are covered with a hard shell just like one of those strange armadillos we saw in that Mexican place. I can't seem to get to the real you."

"You shall," said Jim and then and there he told her of The Kid and his own lonely life. He wove around it the wreaths of romance kept green in his own worship. He told it well even the last fight and that last long ride. Carefully he dwelt on the sacrifice, painting The Kid a martyr, glossing over the wrong until the girl's imagination took flame.

"He was splendid," she cried, forgetting the commandment, "Thou shalt not steal," and adorning the train

robber with the virtues of Sir Galahad. Jim began to see he had made a mistake. The girl he loved cared to talk about no one but his brother. It was useless for him to try to shift the subject. She always brought it back to The Kid.

As the weeks went by and he was no nearer his answer he almost grew disloyal to his brother's memory. It rose like a ghost between them. In her mind she was always weighing one against the other to Jim's disadvantage and he knew it. As though robbing trains and killing could compare with saving lives. They began to drift apart each a little bitter from the experience.

Then Jim's chance came. It was on one of those rare occasions when they were together. As they reached the lobby of the theatre after the performance, the cry of a mob came rolling up from the street. In the lead a heavy man with a gaping mouth, from which one front tooth was missing, ran slowly. There was a smoking gun in his hand which he used every time his pursuers came close. When just opposite where the man and girl stood his wind gave out and he backed up against a wall, hastily reloading the revolver.

"What has he done?" Jim asked one of the mob.

"Killed two men in a down town bank," was the reply. "The police say he is an old western crook."

Even as they talked a policeman raced across the open space surrounding the robber. The gun spoke venomously and he fell a huddled heap. Another tried it with no better success. Two of the policemen then opened fire from the fringe of the crowd but they were poor marksmen, the bullets spattering all over the wall. It angered the robber and he began shooting promiscuously into the crowd. Several fell, the rest breaking wildly for cover.

"If The Kid were only here," murmured the girl.

"He isn't," cried Jim stung at the reflection, "but his brother is. Watch me." He strode to the steps with a determined air.

"Don't," she begged, holding to his arm. "You have no weapons. He will kill you."

"Even that would be better than having you think me a coward," said Jim. "I worship his memory. Yet even that cannot come between us."

"Stay," she moaned. "I'll marry you."

"Marry a coward," he mocked, then more gently. "Can't you see this must not go on. The man is mad. He will fight like an animal as long as he is cornered but as soon as he sees an unarmed man coming toward him he will surrender. It was one of The Kid's pet theories that sheer bravery will often do more than a display of strength. At least it will definitely decide for you and me."

He thrust her gently behind a pillar and walked slowly out to the street. The desultory firing ceased as with hands hanging open by his side he left the sidewalk. With an offhand shot the man hit a policeman hiding behind a lamppost, watched him tumble down and then turned his attention toward Jim. Before he had taken ten steps the surgeon knew his theory was wrong. There was no insanity in the robber's eyes, only a thirst to get as many as he could before they got him. He found time to wonder at the accurate shooting for every time the gun spat some one dropped, and he felt a strong curiosity to know where he would be hit.

The robber let him get halfway across before he took aim. Jim knowing he was close to death felt rapidly for the testament in his tip pocket. Unknowingly he had used the old draw of the cow country. It caught the attention of the doomed man who in surprise raised his eyes from Jim's chest to his face. He paused with the hammer half cocked, his mouth gaped in astonishment. A small strawberry stain flashed out glowing on his chin.

"By G—" he swore. "It's him and after all these years." He now held

the gun down swinging on nerveless fingers.

From behind the pillar a pale-faced girl watched Jim's steady advance and held her breath. She breathed a little prayer while her soul was filled with worship. All this time she had been bowing to a false hero too blind to see the real one close by. Meanwhile Jim had walked straight up to the robber. As he reached him, a sinewy, powder-blackened hand grasped his.

"Kid," he heard the man cry, "I'm sure glad to see yuh. Lord what a time I've had of it and now to see an old friend."

"You'll have to give up your weapons," said Jim steadily.

"Don't be cross, Kid. Say yuh know me. I'm Bud Johnson and so help me I'm sorry I done yuh dirt that night in the Palace. It's the worst thing I ever done and many times I've regretted it. Tell me it's all right Kid and I die happy."

Jim understood now but the knowledge brought no bitterness. He felt strangely elated that he so resembled his brother. It brought the adobe cabin and the pale face very close.

"Sure," he said, "sure that's all forgotten."

"Thank the Lord," said the man. "It's been on my mind an awful long time. Say, they got me bad, ain't they? What would you do?"

"Give up," replied Jim promptly.

"Can't see it that way," said Bud, taking a crack at a head that had appeared over the wall. "No cells for mine. Good-by, old-timer, if yuh ever get back home tell 'em I died with my boots on and died game."

Before he could raise a hand Bud had sent his last bullet crashing into his brain. The girl never learned the truth regarding the suicide. It was enough that she married her hero. As for Jim the ghost of his brother was laid as securely as his body back there in the prairies, yet he still has two shrines in his heart. In the one is the girl; in the other The Kid.

Inefficiency—Why ?

The problem of inefficient help is one that confronts every employer, whether his staff be large or small. Some way or other it is almost impossible to secure efficient employes these days—absolutely efficient in every sense, in the small things as well as the big ones. Why is it? In this article the question is discussed by a writer who has talked with employers and business men, and studied the conditions from every standpoint.

By Morley J. Edwards

"CAN you do what you're told?" was the question put by the boss to a young man applying for a position in the office of a large factory in a provincial town the other day.

"I've read the 'Message to Garcia,' sir," was the reply, "And I believe I know how to use my brains."

"If you can make good on that recommendation you're a wonder," mumbled the head of the business to himself as he assigned the applicant to a desk in the general office, and being thoroughly interested he decided to institute a test.

The young man, a college graduate, by the way, who had previously had a couple of years' experience in another business, had come in to take the place of the head's assistant, who had just been promoted to a branch factory in the west.

The first week the new assistant was put at re-checking invoices, work which he suspected was usually handled by a junior clerk. For awhile it wasn't so bad for he picked up some knowledge, at least, of what the firm brought in as raw material. After a few days, however, the thing rather grated on him and once or twice he was tempted to suggest that he was wasting his time. Every once in a while, however, the proprietor would come around and look at him and, usually with a grin and say: "Get any irregularities?" or "Keep at it, Fellowes."

He kept on at the detail work till

well on in the second week and then one evening about 5.30 made a decision. Going into the proprietor's office first thing next morning he said:

"See here, Mr. Donald, I told you I could use my brains, but I'm not getting a chance to do it. If I saw any benefit to be gained by checking over those invoices again I'd keep at it till midsummer, but one of those boys at \$12 a week can do the work as well as I. I want something else to do."

"Right-O," said the manager with a laugh. "I wondered how soon you'd come to it. I wanted to find out whether you could do what you said you could. Bring your stuff into this desk in my room and we'll go over this new advertising scheme. I think you'll do."

That young man proved both that he could do what he was told and could use his common sense. He kept on doing these things and now manages another western branch factory and has a share in the business.

There's a great big need in the business world to-day for young men and women of just this class.

"The greatest difficulty I find in my business," said the head of a large Canadian company which employs several hundreds of people of all classes, from laborers up to department managers, the other day, "is to get efficient help. And whatever is the cause the problem seems to be getting harder from year to year. There seems to be something the matter with the young

men and women to-day. If I could find the kind of employes I want, who were unquestionably straightforward, who were thorough, and who were able to look a little ahead in their own interests, I could make this business pay forty per cent. per year."

"Most of my staff are alright, so far as the big things are concerned," said the head of another firm, "but in the little things they fall away seriously. And these little things often repeated mount up into big things. It is a big question."

"I get a good man or woman here and there," said the proprietor of a large publishing house, "but I have hard work hanging on to them for they are in large demand elsewhere. It's funny," he observed, looking at the matter in a humorous light, "that the ones you want to keep are the ones that want to go, because other people want them, while the ones you don't particularly care about are the people most anxious to be sure of their jobs and yet aren't willing to go to much effort to keep them."

Is it true that there is something wrong with the young men and women of to-day who offer their services in various capacities in business? The charge made by one of the foregoing employers is a serious one. Is it possible that with the rise in the standard of living and the change from hand to machine-made goods, from individual to standardized articles, with a consequent large departure from the old forms of almost-universal manual labor there has come a lowering of the standards of efficiency and honesty held by our grandfathers?

Interviews with employers of labor in a dozen or more establishments unfortunately do not lead one to make an immediate negative to these queries.

Take the matter of honesty, for instance. Stray into the office of almost any large business where the boss doesn't arrive till 10, any morning at 9.10 and see how many of the clerks are reading the morning paper. About three out of four, usually. Perhaps it

is only natural for the stenographers to follow suit. Anyway, in most offices seven out of ten sit around discussing the last evening's dance, or a new hat, till 9.30..

In a certain large tannery in one of Ontario's busiest towns the men complain chronically and bitterly of how hard they are "shoved." The writer made an independent tour of the plant for several days some little time ago, with a view to getting an honest idea of prevailing conditions and in one of the drying lofts where the foreman did not often visit, he found several men asleep. When questioned, they protested that they had dressed the 160 hides which constituted their day's work and were "putting in" the time till closing. It was rather funny, in the face of this, to see them jump up and start working like piece-hands when they heard footsteps.

One hears a good many things to-day about the improvement in morals of the members of the traveling fraternity, and yet how many drummers are there who do not take an easy opportunity to pad their expense accounts, at least enough to cover a couple of theatre tickets or a box of chocolates for the best girl? This is not a knock at the traveling man. As a class he is probably just as honest as any other. But no one of them who is honest (?) will deny this fact.

Here's another illustration: The other day the morning mail of a large financial corporation in Toronto contained, perhaps a not unusual thing, a letter returned for postage. In this case, however, the envelope was addressed in a feminine hand to a lady. One of the firm's members who regularly opened the mail, found in this envelope a letter written by one of the stenographers to a girl friend in a neighboring city. This young woman, unthinkingly, perhaps, had used the firm's stationery and time for her personal affairs. She had doubtless also intended to use their postage but added carelessness to her other transgressions and got herself into difficulty.

These examples are little things, it may be said, and yet they are the little things that mount into big things. And these same little things have a great deal to do with the net profits of a large business. In a good many offices and factories these things are regarded quite as a matter of fact. But when you get right down to it, are they not just as dishonest as pilfering from the cash box? No one will deny it. Yet for the former offence an employee gets off scot free with a light reprimand. For the latter he usually gets six months at stonebreaking.

Another reason for the employers' plaint as to inefficiency is the growing tendency to bluff, to take chances on doing work for which the applicant is not prepared.

"I haven't any idea of what an accountant has to do," said a bright young man who was answering a newspaper want ad. in which a large firm asked for a capable man, the other day, "but I can keep a set of books and if I get the place I'll make a bluff at it." He got the position largely by reason of some recommendations from influential friends but failed. He wasn't capable.

A certain amount of aggressiveness and daring in achieving positions may be permissible, but this must not be carried too far. Business houses today are not taking in men and women to well-paid positions to educate them. To get that knowledge they must start at the bottom.

And capability is not made up alone of knowledge of any particular department or business but by several other principles, one of which is thoroughness.

"You'd be alright, Smith, if you'd only clean up the loose ends," said an office manager to one of his department heads, recently. "Upon my word, when I have to keep after you about these measely little things that you don't finish up it makes me feel like getting rid of you. For any sake see that a thing's done when you undertake it. Do things so that I won't have to worry

over them myself. That's what you're paid for."

Mighty good advice that which can be taken to heart with advantage by men and women in every walk of life.

"A desire for rapid promotion and for frequent salary increases seems to me to be the prevailing characteristic of the young men and women who come into my business," said the head of another concern whose office alone employs over a hundred. "And yet," he continued, "while I must say they are pretty faithful as a whole, they don't seem to take hold as I'd like them to. Perhaps I expect too much. I don't know. But most of them are content with enough knowledge of the business to enable them to do their own little bit of work. They don't fit themselves to take any one else's place. That's the trouble with them. They won't take any more interest than they can help in any but their own affairs."

Hasn't this man come pretty near to striking the secret of the lack of advancement complained of by so many apparently-capable young men and women? A good many such talk of "wire-pulling" and of "old-fogeyism" in the management and do not hesitate to express themselves in business hours and out regarding it.

Six years ago a boy just out of a short term at business college took a place as office boy in what was at that time a comparatively small biscuit and confectionery manufactory in a western Ontario city. His salary then was \$2.50 per week and a good many of his boy friends who got into rather more lucrative positions, laughed at him. He kept on, though, minding his own affairs, working faithfully, and better than all else, learning all he could about other parts of the business when he had mastered his own share of its details. It wasn't long before he was promoted to the time-keeper's place and \$3.00 per week. Again the other boys laughed. Our young friend held on, worked, kept his own counsel and waited.

Pretty soon, under good management, the firm began to grow and its

factory was practically doubled. Our young man went up with the growth. He became successively assistant book-keeper, then book-keeper, then assistant to the accountant, then accountant, then assistant to the secretary. The boy's friends stopped laughing.

Year or so ago the firm's business warranted a spreading-out policy. It established a couple of warehouses in the West, and later bought a new factory in Winnipeg and another in Vancouver. In the manning of the new plants the secretary went West and, being ready, our friend stepped up again.

The firm now has four factories with representatives all over the eastern and western provinces as well as in Ontario and does, perhaps, as large a business in its line as any Canadian company. The former office boy was recently appointed secretary-treasurer and given a seat on the board of directors. How little he has talked outside about the business can be imagined from the fact that even the members of his own family do not know exactly what his salary is. It

is safe to presume, however, that he receives well over \$2,000.

This, in a young man of twenty-five is an example of what service—that is, honesty, capability, thoroughness, minding-one's-business and watchfulness will do. Hundreds of opportunities for similar success and advancement are open to Canadian young men, and women too, particularly in these days of rapid expansion of business.

The proprietor of an exceedingly popular hotel in one of the large United States cities has summed the matter up very succinctly in a booklet issued for the guidance of employees. He says: "Life is service. The one who progresses is the one who gives his boss and his fellow-beings a little more—a little better service."

This is what counts in business particularly, as well as in other lines of life. And this is what our young men and women must be prepared to give if they wish to achieve success. They must be prepared to do what they are told and to use their brains.

The Story of Advertising

IT is a most romantic story that Herbert N. Casson unfolds in Munsey, a story of brilliant enterprise, of great "scoops." As he says, what advertising has done for commerce and prosperity is a story that would fill volumes. It has created cities as well as trades. It has given us big sales with small profits, instead of small sales with big profits. It has helped the buyer and the seller alike. It has tensed the whole nation up to a finer sense of comfort and a higher conception of success.

Of the first-class advertisements it is laid down that the bait must be in the upper part of the advertisement, for the reason that the eye sees the top of a page first. And the hook, if you please, must be at the bottom of the page. Attention above; action below.

It is known, too, that an advertisement is effective in so far as it can represent

the reader's point of view. It is better to say "Cut down your soap bill" than to say "Buy your soap from me." It is better to converse with a man about his own needs than to shout at him about your own commodities. Talk to the people about what they want, and about what you will be well pleased to sell them at a fair price—that is the motif of the modern advertiser who succeeds.

In every series of advertisements there must also be the two elements of novelty and repetition. There must be novelty, to attract attention; and there must be repetition, so that the reader will not forget. That advertisement is best, perhaps, which can combine most happily the old and the new, so that it attracts and pleases everybody, like "Home, Sweet Home" with variations.

Mrs. Warren's Earring

The story which follows is written by an American author, one whose work commands the highest prices in the best mediums. It is quite unusual in conception and style. And yet it might easily be a true story. The dialogue is carried through to the conclusion in a manner both striking and exceptional.

By Harold Susman

MRS. WARREN had an uncle named John Rawson. Mr. Rawson was an eccentric person. He spent all his time and all his money in old curiosity shops.

He bought books and pictures, chairs and tables, odds and ends, and goodness knows what not. Most of these things he kept for himself. But some of them he gave away.

He gave some to his niece, Mrs. Warren. He gave her a French vase, a Spanish comb, and a Persian rug. And then, at Christmas, he came to see her, and he brought a present with him. It was the most peculiar present he had ever given her.

He put his hand in his pocket and took out a box. He opened the box and took out a package. He opened the package and took out—a trinket. A small, carved golden trinket.

"What is it?" said Mrs. Warren.

"What do you think it is?" said Mr. Rawson.

"I don't know," said Mrs. Warren.

"Guess!" said Mr. Rawson.

"A brooch?" said Mrs. Warren.

"No," said Mr. Rawson.

"A pendant," said Mrs. Warren.

"No," said Mr. Rawson.

"An—earring?" said Mrs. Warren.

"Yes!" said Mr. Rawson.

Mr. Rawson handed it to her. Mrs. Warren examined it.

It was an improbable ornament of an impossible design. It represented a gargoyle. An objectionable gargoyle. An indescribably objectionable gargoyle.

"It is an earring," said Mr. Rawson.

"A mediæval Italian earring. It is very

curious. And very valuable. There is not another like it. That is the trouble. The mate is missing. And this one could not be matched. A copy would never look the same. So you cannot wear it. You must keep it in a curio-cabinet."

Mrs. Warren didn't know what to say. She could not say, "How beautiful!" She could not say, "How charming!" She could not say anything but, "Thank you!"

Mr. Rawson departed. And Mrs. Warren fell to wondering. What should she do with it? What could she do with it?

It was not a thing that could be displayed. She must get rid of it. She must give it away. But to whom could she give it?

First she thought of this one. And then she thought of that one. Finally she thought of Mrs. Butler. Mrs. Butler's birthday was due. So Mrs. Warren went to see her.

"I have come to wish you many happy returns of the day!" said Mrs. Warren.

"How thoughtful of you!" said Mrs. Butler.

Mrs. Warren showed the trinket. And Mrs. Butler stared at it.

"I thought that you would be getting boxes of candy, and baskets of flowers, and all that sort of thing," said Mrs. Warren, "and I wanted to give you something different. Something entirely different. So I got you—this!"

"What—is—it?" said Mrs. Butler.

"It is an earring," said Mrs. Warren.

"A mediæval Italian earring. It is

very curious. And very valuable. There is not another like it. That is the trouble. The mate is missing. And this one could not be matched. A copy would never look the same. So you cannot wear it. You must keep it in a curio-cabinet."

Mrs. Butler looked at the trinket. And she looked shocked. Mrs. Warren departed.

Mrs. Butler looked at the ornament again. And she looked more shocked than ever. The gargoyle was certainly an odious thing.

Mrs. Butler didn't want it in her curio-cabinet. In fact, she didn't want it in her possession. So she set herself to scheming how to get rid of it.

She thought of Mrs. Holden. Mrs. Holden was going to get married again. Had Mrs. Holden been a young girl, and this her first marriage, the earring would not have seemed a suitable gift. But Mrs. Holden was a middle-aged woman, and this was her third marriage, so the earring appeared to be more appropriate. Mrs. Butler went to see Mrs. Holden.

"My dear," said Mrs. Butler, "I knew that people would be giving you asparagus-tongs, and clocks, and candlesticks.. So I wanted to be original. And I think I have been! I wanted my gift to be unique. And I think it is!"

She showed the ornament.

"Oh, you *are* original!" said Mrs. Holden. "And your gift is unique! But—what—is—it?"

"It is an earring," said Mrs. Butler. "A mediæval Italian earring. It is very curious. And very valuable. There is not another like it. That is the trouble. The mate is missing. And this one could not be matched. A copy would never look the same. So you cannot wear it. You must keep it in a curio-cabinet."

Mrs. Butler departed. And Mrs. Holden considered.

She had, as Mrs. Butler had surmised, received asparagus-tongs, clocks,

and candlesticks—in large quantities. She had also received a pair of earrings. But this gargoyle was the only single earring she had received. In her innocence, she believed that it was the only single earring anybody had ever received.

She was disgusted and dismayed. How could she dispose of it?

She had sent superfluous furniture to an auctioneer. She had sent superfluous silverware to the pawnbroker. But what to do with a superfluous earring?

She finally took it to a dealer in bric-à-brac, art objects, and antiques. She displayed the trinket. The dealer scrutinized it.

"It is an earring," said Mrs. Holden.

"Yes," said the dealer.

"How much will you give me for it?" said Mrs. Holden.

"Ten dollars," said the dealer.

"Very well," said Mrs. Holden.

So she took the ten dollars. And the dealer took the earring.

Mr. Rawson came to see Mrs. Warren.

"A most extraordinary thing has happened!" said Mr. Rawson. "A most remarkable coincidence has occurred. In my rounds of the old curiosity shops, I have been fortunate enough to discover a duplicate of the earring I gave you, an exact match, a perfect mate! It is undoubtedly the original companion. So I have secured it, and have brought it to you. Here it is!"

And he produced the earring.

Mr. Rawson beamed. Mrs. Warren gasped. The gargoyle seemed more atrocious than ever. It seemed, in fact, the most abominable thing in all the world.

"I want you to accept it," said Mr. Rawson. "And furthermore, you must no longer hide your light under a bushel. You must not keep these precious treasures in a curio-cabinet. You must wear them—in your ears!"

This time, Mrs. Warren could not even say, "Thank you!"

The National Political Situation

In this article the writer deals with a number of outstanding issues which are now before the Canadian Parliament—the tariff, civil service reform, railway matters, the navy. Mr. Thomson writes these political reviews monthly for MacLean's, after interviewing prominent men and studying public questions. The views are his own, formed only after careful investigation and consideration, and expressed in an independent and vigorous style. Incidentally Mr. Thomson remarks on the enormous amount of work devolving upon Cabinet Ministers. People who visit Ottawa on various missions should consider this fact in making demands on public men. Alexander Mackenzie once declared that he was obliged to spend more time in seeing people, particularly persons seeking positions, than in governing the country.

By Edward William Thomson

"DON'T never prophesy unless you know." Bearing in mind this saying of the Yankee sage, as well as the French maxim, "It is the incredible which happens," it might be injudicious to assert there is no possibility of events justifying those Opposition editors who have lately predicted extensive early changes in the tariff. Still, if one were sinful enough, he might securely wager about 99 to 1 that the aforesaid editors have either guessed wrong, or hazarded prophecy in order to draw contradiction from "posted" Ministerialist scribes. True, the steel and iron magnates, with sundry other Interests, ask for "more." But on what theory or principle dear to protectionists, could the Finance Minister make any notable change in customs-tax schedules under which all kinds of business flourish as never before while public revenue increases by leaps and bounds? That wise functionary has not even re-proposed such a Tariff Commission as he and his colleagues declared, last year, to be a proper or even necessary preliminary to tariff-revision. Surely Prudence counsels him against any and every course that might tend to disturb existing industrial conditions. If times were hard it might be reasonable, and a good political move, to set up the Commission as if by way of ascertaining

the causes of trouble, with means of remedy. But to do so when times appear only too good to last, would be to court blame for such lessening of general industrial activity as has often followed close upon flush years, times later termed "years of inflation." It appears true that some trifling tariff-changes, which the Opposition are bound to regard as harmful and the Ministerialists as consummately wise, will be made. Such temperate protectionism may disappoint devotees of the gentle expectation that Haman-high customs-taxes would be in the platform of the Borden Government—a platform on which, according to confirmed free-traders, the consumer would be gibbeted. But Mr. White's temperance will not tend to jeopardize the entire protective system, as might occur if free-traders and "tariff-for-revenue-only" men were afforded fresh ground for harking back to a policy which the Laurier Government extensively jettisoned soon after attaining power.

A GOOD TARIFF.

That the Fielding Tariff is a good one to leave alone seems evident from inspection of the latest Bulletin of the Census Bureau, relating to "Manufactures of Canada for the year 1910 as enumerated under date of first June, 1911." This Bulletin shows that what

the Census Bureau terms "Manufactures" produced to a value of \$1,165,975,639 in 1910, as against a value of \$481,053,375 in 1900—an increase of \$684,922,264 or 142.38 p. c., while "Establishments" increased from 14,650 to 19,218, "Employed Capital" from \$446,916,487 to \$1,247,583,609, "Employees" from 339,173 to 515,203, "Salaries and Wages" from \$113,249,350, "Raw and partly manufactured materials consumed" from \$266,527,858 to \$601,509,018. Citation of these official statistics should so happily our dear fellow-citizen protectionists that they will not grieve to have it remarked that inspection of the long list of so-called "Manufactures" reveals inclusion of "Log Products" and "Lumber Products to a value of over \$145,000,000, of "Butter and Cheese" over \$37,000,000, of "Bread, &c." over \$25,000,000, of "Brick, &c." over \$8,000,000, "Coke" nearly \$1,500,000, electric "Light and Power" and "Apparatus" almost \$28,000,000, "Cement" nearly \$5,700,000, "Car Repairs" over \$31,800,000, "Fish, preserved" over \$12,300,000, "Flour and grist products" almost \$82,500,000, "Foundry, &c., products" over \$45,600,000, "Fruit and vegetable Canning" almost \$6,000,000, "Harness and saddlery" over \$5,200,000, "Leather" almost \$20,000,000, "Monuments and tombstones" over \$1,300,000, "Paper" over \$14,100,000, "Oils" nearly \$7,700,000, "Plumbing and Tinsmithing" almost \$9,900,000, "Printing, &c.," over \$25,000,000, "Slaughtering, &c.," over \$48,500,000, "Smelting" nearly \$33,700,000, "Cut Stone" nearly \$3,000,000, "Wood Pulp" over \$9,000,000, "Men's and Women's custom (or tailor-made) Clothing" nearly \$15,000,000, with many other "Manufactures" equally natural, indigenous, or unforced by protection, to a total tune of about \$800,000,000. It is as possible for a free-trader to contend that every one of such "indigenous" manufactures would be facilitated and enlarged by the absence of customs-taxes on their various supplies, as it is for a protectionist to contend that

every one of them is benefited by neighborhood in Canada of the Industries which are alleged to flourish by reason of their protected liberation from the full force of foreign competition. However that may be, the Census shows all our "Manufactures" wonderfully increased in a decade. We all know them to be even more prosperous now than two years ago. Which is an excellent reason why the Hon. Finance Minister should beware of invitations to meddle just now, should "leave well enough alone," should await a possible appearance of decline in business before proceeding to any loud enquiries indicative of intent to change schedules which are part of the condition of general prosperity and contentment. Even the West is complaining little of the tariff. That complaint may speedily vanish if the Premier succeed in securing what the West clamors for—free admission for grains to the U. S. market. There are more ways of approaching that end than were included in the Taft-Fielding agreement.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

If caution is denoted by the attitude of Ministers respecting customs-taxation, so it is in their posture toward Sir George Murray's recommendations for reform and improvement of the Civil Service. Little if anything will be done in that important business this session. Why not? Everybody concerned agrees that his advice is good, particularly as to relieving Ministers of detail work by amending the Treasury-Board, by enabling Deputy-ministers to act more freely in matters of mere administration, and by establishing Under-secretaries empowered to assist and largely free Ministers as to parliamentary enquiries. The reason why these good reforms will not be urged this session is found in the existence of one of the evils Sir George proposes to abolish—i.e., overwork presently prevents Ministers tackling the reforms that would relieve them. Probably a very small proportion of the Canadian people have any true notion of the enormous labors of the more im-

portant Ministers at Ottawa. Yes, and on the Opposition chiefs, though they are free of Departmental duties. Consciousness of this has been so strong in the present writer, ever since he saw

then without a sense that it is almost inhumanely cruel to demand the least time and attention from men so beset by innumerable demands on their attention! "Uneasy lies the head that



E. W. THOMSON.

The well-known writer on Canadian Politics, who is contributing a series of articles in MacLean's on The National Political Situation.

that strain on even the tremendous working-powers of the late Hon. Edward Blake, that he can never seek interview with a Minister, or even write a brief note to one, except when his humble duties truly impel him, nor

wears a Crown," if it be but a Departmental one. As for the Premier of any time, he is as one racked on the Cross of Public Service. Even ordinary conscientious Members of Parliament work infinitely harder and longer

than they get credit for. A few loafers are not worth mention in the reckoning. We of the British and American Democracies almost thanklessly wear out many of our ablest and kindest fellow-men, those who sacrifice their time, their family-life, almost all amusements, their health, their fresh-heartedness, their chances of large fortune—all given up to public service. And for what reward, except the dear sense of having "scorned delights and lived laborious days"? For some adulation, mostly interested; for the fleeting applause of their expectant partizans; for incessant jeering, misrepresentation, tortuous suspicion by their opponents; for the more piercingly disgusting spoken and written flattery of fickle partizan friends. Many a man capable of high political service shuns the legislative arena, because the incidents to success therein are largely abominable. Responsibility for such loss to our Democracies lies directly on the devilry of Party Spirit, indirectly on the Democracy which fails to condemn and punish that Spirit's more atrocious manifestations. The Demon is alluring, infective—which of us has entirely escaped at election times? One may write the more feelingly from consciousness of having been a sinner at times against the Light! Insofar as Sir George Murray proposes to relieve Ministers of some portion of their arduous labors, he ought to be followed, and Ministers encouraged to aid his attempt to free themselves.

RAILWAY MATTERS.

A great deal of prophecying and surmising as to the intention of the Premier respecting the Grand Trunk Pacific or National Transcontinental Railway—more particularly the Eastern division, lying between Moncton and Winnipeg—was uttered and written before Parliament assembled. Harking back to Mr. Borden's speeches of 1903-4 it was shown that he might consistently take over that Division, for Government operation, if furnished with large reason for so doing by any default of the G. T. P. Company. This is a very delicate subject

with Ministers. Even a free writer is bound to abstain from aught that might have any sort of tendency to embarrass the credit of the Company. There is no good excuse for appearing to apprehend that the G. T. P. will make any sort of default. Recently a London movement of Grand Trunk securities afforded much reason to suppose that strong Capitalists incline to buy a majority interest therein, partly for the purpose of obtaining financial control of the G. T. P., which is subsidiary to and controlled by the Grand Trunk Co. Latest official reports from Government engineers on the G. T. P. show that it traverses regions sure to yield immense traffic. One commentator alleges from personal acquaintance with much of the territory of both roads, "the G. T. P. has three adjacent fertile acres for every one adjacent to the enormously profitable C. P. R." Much more valuable land lies along the Eastern Division than was supposed. This should tempt Capitalists to seek control of the Grand Trunk for G. T. P. sake. It also furnishes an excellent reason why the Premier, if he should feel impelled by future circumstances to relieve the G. T. P. of the Eastern Division, might reasonably count on public approval. Sir Wilfred's undertaking of that Division at public expense may turn out vastly more advantageous than his opponents predicted in 1903-4.

PROPOSED NAVY LOVE-FEAST.

One hears at Ottawa much private talk to the effect that the Ministry and Opposition might well make this session memorable, as that of 1909 was, by agreement and a grand "love-feast" on the "Navy" business. Why not? Sir Wilfrid's proposed amendment does not condemn, as to amount, Mr. Borden's proposed expenditure of \$35,000,000. Quite otherwise. Laurier proposes to expend more money, but to devote it differently, obtaining ultimately for the greater sum two instead of three super-dreadnoughts, and two squadrons or units of cruisers, destroyers, &c. But he proposes building and manning the whole armament in

Canada. Fervent devotees of the "built in Canada" plan may not be staggered by consideration that the price of one super-dreadnought, twelve million dollars, would be lost on the difference between construction in England and construction here. But what about the loss of time? There is for either the Ministerial or Opposition proposal not one hair of excuse, unless on Mr. Borden's contention (which to me seems sound) that there is urgent need for strengthening of the Crown's main fleet, not merely because war may be imminent, but because war is most likely to be staved off and ultimately escaped by such strengthening. This consideration surely warrants Mr. Borden's proposed haste. It is one sound objection against Sir Wilfrid's proposed delay. The truth seems to be that the Opposition Chief does not, while the Premier does, regard seriously the danger of war as imminent, a real danger to be dissipated by adequate preparation of naval force. Sir Wilfred is a very wise man. He may be right in his opinion that the Big Financial and Commercial Interests of Europe, agreeing on this matter with the Democracies of every nation, will not allow great War to arrive. That looks probable. But suppose the Emperors, Kings, Aristocracies, Diplomats, and Men of the Sword overrule the Commercial and Democratical interests again, as ten thousand times since the beginning of recorded time. Suppose the war does come soon.

The position of Canada somewhat resembles that of a family resident within unsafe distance of a great Ottawa lumber-yard. There conflagration would endanger the family house, furniture, and possibly life. The head of such household, if sensible, does not delay taking out insurance policies. He does not help to vote down a by-law for civic expense on fire-engines. He knows well that his wife may regard his premiums as wasted. She may roast him anew every year, while the possible fire does not occur. But does that bother him? No—what he gets for his premiums is the sense of being

insured. If the worst come he and she and the children will not be without something to fall back on. If he be uninsured, and the fire arrive, he, she, and they may all alike have to scratch hard in mean service to get slowly back to the situation lost by lack of prudential insurance. Analogously, Canadians can't afford to go uninsured against very possible early war. Hence the sooner they reinforce the Crown's insuring fleet the better. Sir Wilfrid, whom I reverence even while differing from his opinion, would have Canada do without naval armament until such time as her people can, gradually, supply an adequate one. This seems to some of us like resolution to rest unarmed in a burglarious neighborhood until one shall have learned how to construct his own revolver.

The sound objection against the Premier's policy would surely be—if his programme was wholly disclosed—that urged by Mr. Frank Oliver, in a most masterly speech, far the ablest in argument and phrasing of the debate, but only the careful, cautious, subtly-indicative speech of Mr. Borden himself. Mr. Oliver urged, as this "Maclean's" series has contended before, that the first duty of Canadians in respect of defence is to provide for that of their own Atlantic and Pacific Coast cities and coal-mines. These must be liable to possible raiding cruisers in any war serious enough to so test the Crown's North Sea fleet that the Borden reinforcement might be really needed. Immense damage might be done at Sydney, Halifax, St. John, Victoria, Nanaimo, Vancouver, &c., in a very short time by such raiders. The Admiralty has repeatedly warned Ottawa of this danger. It is most startlingly obvious to every visitor on our Pacific Coast. Surely it should be guarded against "first thing." Mr. Borden has not yet indicated that he does not intend speedy action in the matter. His programme has been fully disclosed in only one of its features—the earliest possible construction of three big ships in England, ships which Ottawa may recall whenever able to man them and supply them

with necessary auxiliaries. He indicated that cruisers for service off both Canadian Coasts will be sent there by the Admiralty—when? When the three big Canadian ships shall have been placed in the battleship fleet. Then the Crown's Old Country cruisers can be spared for our Atlantic and Pacific patrols. But will that be soon enough? Possibly Yea. Certainly Nay, if the postulate of imminent liability to a great war be reasonable. Here comes, some think, the chance for agreement and a love-feast of Ministry and Opposition.

BASIS FOR AGREEMENT.

Why not complete insurance of both Canadian Coasts with utmost possible speed, by voting, in addition to what the Premier's plan calls for, all that Sir Wilfrid's plan demands, buying coast-defence ships, &c., wherever they can be had, establishing floating-mine-service boats and stations, while hastening all such plant and ship-building yards in Canada as are contemplated by both our political Chieftans? In such agreement Mr. Borden would not appear to forego any armament that he designs, nor to undertake anything he does not intend. Similarly, Sir Wilfrid would not surrender aught of his plan save his proposed postponement of all armaments until all can be provided from Canadian workshops and ship-yards. He might well be expected to go so far toward harmony with the Premier, since Mr. Borden would be coming as far toward him. Canada's gain would be the speediest possible insurance of both our Coasts, synchronously with the swiftest possible reinforcement of the North Sea battle-fleet, which is to be justly regarded as Canada's high-seas defence, or part of her insurance against great possible injury by war. It would be gracious and therefore wise for the Premier to proceed in all this great business on the Laurier Navy Act, which is dear to Sir Wilfrid's heart. Repeal of that measure, instead of such slight amendment as might be required by the circumstances, would surely be in-

terpreted as evincing that Ministerial humility to Mr. Bourassa's threats which Mr. G. E. Foster's speech purported to disavow.

If the Canadian people cannot be granted the pleasure of seeing their two parties in such amity regarding the common Defence, what will happen? Important as is the whole "Navy" business, is it one on which the B. N. A. Act or Constitution of Canada should be ignored? Could the Premier, if his Navy Bill be opposed strenuously by the Opposition, instead of accepted as it might be if conciliatory tactics were employed—could he be justified in calling a general election on the existing distribution of provincial representation? The B. N. A. Act clearly requires Redistribution this session. Would it not be the Premier's duty to put the Naval Bill in abeyance, if the Opposition refuse to let it pass, bring in a Redistribution Bill, and decide, after this became an Act, whether to call a general election immediately, or, if delaying it, leave the Navy Bill a mere proposition until after the new electorate should have passed on it and the Ministry?

There is as yet no special reason to suppose that the Opposition will obstruct the new "Navy Bill" to the last extremity, as Mr. Borden obstructed the reciprocity "pact." Rather it seems, at time of this writing, that Sir Wilfrid Laurier will let the Bill pass the Commons. What of the Senate? Oh, that is "quite another pair of sleeves." Under the leadership of Sir George Ross, Presbyterian and unco Imperialistic, the Senate Opposition may do things that the great Catholic French Chief always inclines to abstain from, lest racial and creed feeling be aroused in tolerant Ontario. In short, it is, at present, thought rather likely that the Ross Senate majority will throw the Bill out, on the large and plausible if not perfectly sound plea that so important a departure from Canada's previous policy ought to be delayed until passed on by an electorate constituted according to that early Redistribution clearly demanded

by the Census of June, 1911. In case the Senate did thus act, what would happen?

Here I am irresistibly reminded of George Stephenson being asked, when he laid his first Railway,—“Suppose a Coo got in front of the Engine?”—“That,” said Geordie, “would be unco’ bad for the coo.” There is good reason to surmise that the Premier would

promptly take up and push the long-standing need for reformation of the constitution of the Senate, or total abolition of that fifth wheel to the Canadian coach. With his Navy programme published and a Senate-reform plank constructed, he might hasten Redistribution, and then get to the country with alacrity and fair chances of success.

Flash Lights for Railway Signals

NOT only the Swedish state railways, but also a number of the most important private railway lines in Sweden are considering earnestly the project of introducing on the main lines, for night service, interrupted or “flash” lights, instead of the usual steadily shining lamps familiar to all on railways throughout the world.

The impulse in this direction started in 1908, when one of the more enterprising private lines adopted it. Since then the system has been constantly in use to the satisfaction of all concerned. These flashing signals have proved eminently practical and reliable and have shown marked advantage over the old-fashioned steady lights.

This is proved by the fact that the engineers are lively advocates of their immediate and universal introduction.

Experience has shown that the engineer of a rapidly moving train can distinguish and judge a flashing signal more quickly and surely than a steady one.

The reason for this is that the eye takes cognizance of a sudden appearing light more promptly than of a steady one of the same intensity. It is not that the light is brighter, but that the eye is more attentive or expectant.

In the introduction of the system a most important factor to be considered was the interval of time between flashes. Too great a pause and too deliberate appearance of the light made the engineer restive and doubtful. He lost his sense of security. On the other

hand, too frequent intervals caused a certain amount of nervousness on his part.

Experiments show that fifty to eighty flashes a minute are the most desirable, the higher number being adapted for warning fast trains, where very naturally the interval between the perception of the signal and the attainment of the point at which it is given is very short.

The Swedish flash-light apparatus is a very simple and ingenious affair, the invention of Herr. Gustav Galen. The source of light is acetylene. The material is stored in a cylinder at the foot of the lantern post, one loading being sufficient to keep the light going day and night for several days; and during this time the apparatus requires no supervision.

The cost of the light is very slight—about two cents a day. This permits about 100,000 flashes.

The Swedish signals have been working since 1908 without the least accident or failure; some of the lanterns having given during this four-year period more than a million flashes.

As this kind of signaling is especially adapted for use at crossings and other points where several lights appear close together, the system facilitates the distinction between the various points on the part of engineers and other employes, and diminishes the strain on eye and mind; so that in the Swedish railway service the system is considered as making for increased safety.

Alan Sullivan's Literary Work

Have you ever noticed the emphasis which MacLean's places on personality in its features? We like articles about persons who are doing things—doing them successfully and differently. Our character sketches, Family achievement series, art series, and other features all present personality, methods, success. The article which follows is in this class, yet it is more in the nature of an appreciation. In short, it is descriptive of the literary work of Alan Sullivan, who is a great favorite with readers of MacLean's, and who has attained a prominent place among the Canadian writers of the day.

By J. E. Wetherell

"Blessings be with them, and eternal
praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler
cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us
heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heav-
enly lays."

tell—the voice of true song is al-
most hushed, and only here and there,
and at intervals too long, can the au-
thentic notes of genuine verse be dis-
tinguished amid the idle babble of
multitudinous rhymes.

One is diffident in approaching so
delicate a theme as the discussion of

SUPLIANT

Grant me, dear Lord, the alchemy of toil,
Clean days of labor, dreamless nights of rest,
And that which shall my weariness assail
The sanctuary of one beloved breast:

Laughter of children, hope and thankful tears,
Knowledge to yield with valour to defend,
A faith immutable and steadfast years
That move unvexed to their mysterious end.

—Alan Sullivan.

Since Wordsworth wrote thus over a hundred years have contributed to the splendid total of English song. Scott and Byron, Shelley and Keats, Tennyson and Browning, have written their names imperishably on fame's eternal bead-roll. Poetry has never quite departed from the world, although she has often hidden her glorious face. At present—mournful to

the poetic work of a writer who lives at the present time and in the present city. A just estimate would appear to demand a better perspective of time and place. A proper pride in the genius of a fellow townsman may lead to panegyric, and the customary inexactitude of contemporary criticism may mar the value of every comment; but if poetry is to live and thrive—to give to a self-

seeking and sordid age nobler loves and nobler cares—someone must now and then make at least a feeble attempt, if not to bless and praise, at least to solicit a wider recognition for conspicuous merit.

advantages. No author's work is entirely the creation of his own imagination. His subjects and his style are, to an extent not commonly realized, the offspring of countless forces and tendencies. Here speaks a progenitor



ALAN SULLIVAN.

It is customary to introduce a literary critique by a biographical notice of the author whose work is reviewed. This custom, sometimes reviled as a labor of supererogation, has obvious

more or less remote; here a beloved teacher; here the exhilaration of forgotten summers; here the stress of adversity; here the sound of a voice that is still. The discerning student of

biographical memorabilia reads not so much in the lines as between the lines in his quest for the subtle influences that make one man differ from another in creative power and technical skill.

Alan Sullivan was born at St. George's Rectory, Montreal, in 1868. He is the eldest son of the late Right Reverend Edward Sullivan, formerly Anglican Bishop of Algoma, a distinguished pulpit orator, whose life was a continuous record of devotion to duty. His mother was Frances Mary, second daughter of Edouard Renaud, of Neuchâtel. In 1869 his father left Canada for a time to take charge of Trinity Church, Chicago. In 1871 the boy of three years had the never-to-be-forgotten experience of witnessing the terrible conflagration which swept two thousand acres of that vast metropolis. In 1882, at the age of fourteen, he was sent to Loretto, in Musselburgh, Scotland, the noted school of H. H. Almond. After finishing his course at Loretto he attended the School of Practical Science, Toronto. He then went into the West and engaged in railway exploration work. Later he took up mining engineering. He was assistant engineer in the Clergue enterprises at the Sault before the period of the Consolidated Lake Superior Company. As a mining engineer he then spent several years at Rat Portage (Kenora). That was the time of the gold exploitation in the Lake of the Woods district. His western experiences made it necessary to learn the Ojibway language, of which he obtained a working knowledge. For the last nine years he has been mechanical superintendent of the Gutta Percha and Rubber Manufacturing Company of Toronto, and to the work of engineer has added that of architect, having planned more than one annex to the original factory. His inventive faculties have also led to many improvements in the equipment of the great establishment in which he spends his days. Mr. Sullivan is a member of the Toronto Club, the Toronto Golf Club, the Hunt Club, the Engineers' Club, and the Arts and Let-

ters Club (of the last Vice-President). In December, 1900, Mr. Sullivan married Bessie Salisbury, daughter of George H. Hees, of Toronto. Three children grace their happy home on Madison Avenue.

About a dozen years ago in "A Treasury of Canadian Verse" appeared two short poems, "Venice" and "The White Canoe," by Alan Sullivan. They displayed a pretty fancy and swing, but gave little promise of the sterling qualities of the poet's current work. The last three years, which have engrossed his business activities as never before, have been the most fruitful years of the poet's development. He declares that the contrast between the daily business routine and the charms of literary work is stimulating rather than depressing. Only the odd hours of the week can be spared for the muse, but she understands, and shows no disposition to be jealous. The poet admits his dual personality and warmly asserts that he respects that self more which is active during the minor portion of his hours.

Last winter before the Arts and Letters Club Mr. Sullivan read an interesting "Symposium" in which a Painter, a Critic, an Optimist, a Pessimist, a Mystic, and Sanesworth (the rational one), give their views on art. We cannot in a paragraph follow the diverse arguments, but some of the fine sentiments of Sanesworth demand quotation, as in them the poet gives his own views on the poet's art:

"I tell you this, that while the land is
young,
And all our days are born in lusty
strength,
This is the season to remember art;
And so infuse its beauty in our veins,
That as the State grows, art will flourish too,
And cleanse the nation from unworthiness."

"So with all of you
That write and carve and build up melodies,

To please high heaven you must be
divine,
To speak to earth you must be human
too."

"Art is the voice of beauty everywhere,
Of any beauty howsoever expressed;
And since we wander through a riotous
world,
It is a boon companion for the soul;
It springs from thoughts immeasur-
able to man,
And we must grasp them ere they van-
ish quite,
It has no bounds, but with great am-
plitudes
Will, when you seek it, round encom-
pass you.
Beauty breeds art, and art engenders
love,
Which is the link with that from
which we came;
For, if you will, you may go wandering
Dumb, blind, and all unblessed
through life,
Fast bound to circumstance and days
of fear;
Or, with that boon companion, Art,
beside,
Be one with all the wonders of the
world,
Attuned to beauty and her brother,
Truth,
Devoid of fruitless grief and bitterness,
And, walking thus, may keep your soul
alive."

Mr. Sullivan's best poems are to be found only within the covers of the monthly magazines of 1911 and 1912. The charm of his lucid and melodious verse has attracted wide and deep attention in Canada and the United States. A few of the titles are these:—"The Lover," "Respite," "To Sleep," "Suppliant," "When in the Speechless Night," "The Call," "Came those who saw and Loved Her." "The Call" (June, 1912) is a summons to the lovers of out-door life to abandon the glare, the tumult, and the stress of the city for the wonder and the mystery of the woods. A subtle sweetness of thought and feeling pervades the lyric. The poet's deep and cunning instinct for

the expression of beauty are strikingly exemplified in the third stanza:

"Mark how the tilted mountains lie
Mantled with moss and cloistered fir.
My brother, canst thou pass them by,
Art thou not too a worshipper?"

The use of the epithets 'tilted' and 'cloistered' is startlingly beautiful. "Came those who Saw and Loved Her" (May, 1912) is, perhaps, the poet's greatest achievement. It has already found its way into an anthology of present-day lyrics. If Mr. Sullivan can sustain the magnificent level which he has here reached he owes it to the world to drop his business concerns and to take his place in the van of the depleted and struggling hosts of literature. The third stanza of that poem is symbolic of the "rare devising" of the poem itself:

"For her most rare devising
Was mixed no common clay,
Nor earthly form, disguising
Its frailty for a day;
But sun and shadow blended,
And fire and love descended
In one creation splendid
Nor less superb than they."

A dozen poets, great and minor, have written sonnets "To Sleep;" has anyone of them since Petrarch surpassed these exquisite lines? The octave is rich and stately, but in the sestet the poet pierces the mysterious veil of night and ravishes her wondrous secret!

Out of what soundless ocean cometh this
tide

To blot out all the headlands of our
day?

It calls not, but it whispers, and we
stray

Into its ghostly arms, well satisfied
That gilded hope and tears and love
and pride

Should for a little season pass away:
The ivory gates unfold, till, faint
and gray,

The undiscovered country stretches
wide.

Our night is the soul's daytime, and
no care,

No languor doth oppress it, all its
 hours
 Are measured by our slumbers; it
 replies
 To mystic questionings from the outer
 air,
 Looks up to heaven to renew its pow-
 ers
 And flashes its quick answer to the
 skies.

The term "Prize Poem" is usually a misnomer: the production may win the prize but have none of the merits of a real poem.

"Madeleine Verchères," recently printed, which won a hundred dollar prize offered by a Toronto publication, does not, it is pleasing to say, deserve the sinister fame which attaches to most poetry written for glory or gold. It is a stirring narrative, in lyrical form, of one of the most romantic incidents in Canadian history. Mr. Sullivan is not the first of our poets to glorify the dauntless French maiden. Some twenty-five years ago appeared *Madeleine Verchères*, by John Reade, of Montreal. That earlier poem, although highly dramatic, ends too abruptly at the very call, "To arms!" and thus fails to take advantage of the dramatic possibilities of the seven days of the siege. Mr. Sullivan has avoided that mistake, as the latter half of his poem describes the siege of the little fortress:

"Hour by hour the watch was kept,
 Night by night the challenge leapt,
 For the sword of France was naked and
 the soul of France beat high,
 And the redmen shrank from battle
 as the days went drifting by;"

The apotheosis of honest toil is a golden thread running through much of Alan Sullivan's work. It is the dominant feature of his remarkable poem, "The City." The men with blackened faces and blue overalls receive his benediction: the other workers are stamped as "a lesser breed of men," or are disposed of in a comprehensive summary—"bankers and brokers and such as these." The hundred thousand toilers who break from forge

and factory at the close of the day, with bent shoulders and tired eyes are

"Laborers all—but everyone
 Made in the image of God's dear
 Son."

It is the same attitude towards brawn and sinew which we find in his prose sketches, "The House Invisible," "The Pilots of the Night," and "The Essence of a Man." It is not surprising that the ploughman poet's creed exalted the man of "hamely fare" and "hoddenn gray," but here we have a poet of refined susceptibilities and culture proclaiming the gospel of Burns: "The honest man though e'er sae poor, is king o' men for a' that." Alan Sullivan is always paying homage to the native and naked dignity of man. This reverence for the lowly constitutes the very web and woof of that remarkable sketch (as yet unpublished) "The House Invisible." The patrician visitor is confronted in the House of the Spirit by a Presence (which is simply the embodiment of whatever of the divine is harboured in himself). This presence reveals to him his pride, his selfishness, and his blindness. She also points through the casement to his old gardener at work amid the birds and the roses, and startles him with a strange philosophy. "What man shall judge another?"—"I would that his house were mine."—"His spirit has never wandered from home, and dwells not in one room."—"The great ones of the earth build spiritual hovels: but the labourer can build a palace for his soul."

One of the most beautiful short stories published in recent years is "The Turning Point." Hendrick of that tale, like its author, has a dual life. "One existence, ostensible and productive, mirrored the man to his friends, a progressive, active engineer: the other revealed a sensitive personality, subjective and imaginative, vibrating to the beauty and the mystery of life." With such unerring certainty did the author describe a woman's point of view in this story that an American writer of some distinction mistook the author's

sex and fell into an amusing blunder which need not be recounted here.

"Pilots of the Night" is a marvelously vivid sketch of a journey in the engineer's cab from New York to Buffalo. The reading of this narrative will change forever one's attitude towards a journey by rail. In all subsequent journeys the reader will give some thought to the fireman with his shovel and the driver at the throttle who commands the business end of the train. He will never again be unmindful of the men in the overalls whose long vigil and tense brains and tireless hands bring the sleeping travelers safe through the black watches of the dangerous night to their destination in the morning.

"The Essence of a Man," published last month in an American magazine, is a breathless narrative of big Tom Moore, a gigantic half-breed. Through the story runs the genuine spirit of our wonderful north country, more truly portrayed than one is accustomed to find in such literature. The faithful and grimly courageous hero of the story—the yellow-coated, black-muzzled dogs—the murderous lynx—the crystalline plains of crusted snow—the spruce forests—the raging blizzards—and, at the end, the Scotch factor of the Hudson Bay Company—all are of the very essence of the Canadian Northland.

"Life is real: life is earnest" is the creed of Alan Sullivan. While he is

not in the usual sense a didactic author, he exhibits in his prose work and occasionally in his poetry some characteristics of the social and moral philosopher. There has just seen the light in this city a little book of aphorisms, "I Believe That—" containing several hundred maxims and proverbs and other sententious observations. A half-dozen of the briefest are all that can be quoted here:—

The strongest friendships are those which leave something to the imagination.

Common sense is the sense of proportion.

Solitude is the hospital of the spirit.

Pride is the grave of progress.

A spark will consume a city, and a word will blast a reputation.

Repentance born of emotion generally has a short life.

Night is the daytime of the soul.

Memory is the scourge of the trickster, but the benison of the just.

It is greatly to the credit of Alan Sullivan, one of the busiest of our busy men, that he should find time to jot down these words of wisdom for the edification of his fellow-men. That he should find it amid the ill odors and the jostling incivilities and the vapid platitudes of Toronto street cars, as he did, makes his merit more admirable still. From one who can thus control his faculties, or rather can divert his faculties at will into this current or that, we may surely expect great things.



The Best Selling Book of the Month

In each issue of MacLean's we are telling the story of the most popular book of the month. For this purpose we have called to our aid the editor of "The Bookseller and Stationer," the newspaper of the book trade in Canada. At the end of every month the leading booksellers from the Atlantic to the Pacific send a report to that paper, giving the list of the six best sellers. This will be most valuable information for our readers who want a popular book, but who, until now, have had no really reliable information to guide them. In addition to telling what the book is about, the sketch will be made doubly interesting by timely references to the career of the author. In no other way can our readers so readily, with so little expense of time and money, obtain up-to-date education in current literature.

By Editor of "Bookseller and Stationer"

CANADIAN BEST SELLERS.

1. Corporal Cameron, by Ralph Connor; 2. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone, by Robert W. Service; 3. The Long Patrol, by H. A. Cody; 4. The Net, by Rex Beach; 5. Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town, by Stephen Leacock; 6. The Lady Married, by Frances Little.

AMERICAN BEST SELLERS.

1. The Lady and Sada San, by Frances Little; 2. Their Yesterdays, by Harold Bell Wright; 3. The Net, by Rex Beach; 4. A Cry in the Wilderness, by Mary E. Waller; 5. The Upas Tree, by Florence Barclay; 6. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill, by Alice Hegan Rice.

An interesting article might be written on the pseudonyms of well-known authors. In these days a reader must be up to the minute in the developments in the world of books to know who the writers actually are. They have almost as many different aliases as the professional crook. Why do they adopt pen names and how do they get them? Really a racy sketch could be penned on the subject.

"Ralph Connor," for instance, is a case in point. As most people now know "Connor" is none other than Rev. Charles W. Gordon, a Presbyterian

minister at Winnipeg. But why did he change his name to enter the field of fiction? That is almost a story in itself.

The fashion of Gordon's introduction to the public as a writer was not a little curious. After he had been called to a church in Winnipeg, after being a missionary to the miners, lumbermen and ranchmen of the Far West, he was asked to write an article for a Canadian paper on life in the North-West. In response he wrote the early chapters of Black Rock, signing them with the nom de plume "Can-nor," made up of the first syllables of the words Canadian North-West. The editor read this Connor, and to make it sound better prefixed Ralph; and so Ralph Connor had made for himself the pseudonym that is so widely known to-day.

That was some years ago and the output of Connor books has been considerable ever since. The early newspaper sketches immediately caught on and the writer was asked to continue them, till at last they grew into the tale as we know it. When published in book form, Black Rock was very popular, and went through numerous editions. Other books followed, among them, The Sky Pilot, Glengarry School Days, The Man From Glengarry, The Prospector, The Foreigner, and so on.

Born of Scottish parentage in Glengarry, Gordon was educated at the

University and Knox College, Toronto, afterwards taking some classes at New College, Edinburgh. His student days were not all devoted to book work. His

strong fascination for him. It was, perhaps, little surprise to his friends, therefore, that, after so elaborate a training at college he chivalrously of-



REV. CHARLES W. GORDON (RALPH CONNOR.)

first fame was gained as quarter-back in the champion rugby team of Western Ontario, and riding, driving, and open-air life generally have always had a

fered himself as a minister in the Far West, whither he went to follow the calling of his father, who had likewise been a minister in Glengarry.

But to deal with Ralph Connor's latest book: "Corporal Cameron," of the North-West Mounted Police, *A Tale of the MacLeod Trail*. The novel is divided into three parts, the scene of the first being laid in Edinburgh and the Highlands, the second in a farming district in Ontario, and the third in the foothills and mountains of the far west. Thus it will be seen that while the book pretends to be a story of the West as a matter of fact only the last part of it deals with Western life. Again, insofar as the title suggests that it is a story of the Mounted Police it is also somewhat misleading since Cameron's history as related deals almost entirely with his boyhood in Scotland and his experiences in Eastern Canada and Ontario. But these points may be passed over as minor considerations.

Allan Cameron, the hero of the novel, is an Edinburgh student who by indulgence in drink gets out of condition and causes the football eleven in which he plays half back to lose the international match. Immediately after this disaster the young man is accused of having forged a check during his spree and, although the charge is subsequently disproved, his friends think it best to ship him off to Canada. Cameron is a hot blooded Scot of strong personal magnetism as well as great physical strength and an adept performer on that instrument of torture known as the pipes. By attiring himself in kilts and marching up and down as he plays he can charm the Gaelic bird from the bush, and this accomplishment stands him in good stead when he arrives at his new home, where there are many Highlanders.

After a short but fiery experience in Montreal he finds work as a hired man on a farm, and "Mandy," the farmer's stupid but warm-hearted daughter, promptly falls in love with him. This brings him into conflict with the other hired man, whom he promptly knocks down; afterward he engages in a rough and tumble fight with the latter's friends, who break his leg. After a sojourn in the hospital he joins a surveyor's camp and his serious adventures be-

gin. While pursuing a deer he is overtaken by a blizzard, from which peril he is rescued by a man named Raven, who, with an Indian named Little Thunder and a dozen pack horses, is wandering through the forest trading bad whiskey with the Indians for their good furs, an illegal business and one sternly forbidden by the laws of the Dominion. Raven insists upon taking Cameron with him along the trail, and as a result he has experiences that remind one of those set forth in the old-fashioned dime novels, with which Beadle used to fire the juvenile heart. In all fairness it may be said that the Beadle school of fiction was never dull. Cameron is a brave man, or Ralph Connor would not have chosen him for a hero, but it seems that he is altogether too brave and that the author does not distinguish between courage and wanton recklessness. Indeed, it is a wonder that he escapes death at the hands of Raven and Little Thunder. These men flee when followed by the mounted police, but Cameron falls into their hands and is taken before the superintendent as a prisoner, charged with murder and whiskey dealing. He is released, however, and made a member of the force, thus earning the title of corporal, though not until nearly the end of the story.

In his new position he renders efficient service to the government in running down horse thieves, murderers and other delinquents, and fully sustains his Beadle reputation of the earlier chapters. In the end he comes across his old flame, "Mandy," now transformed by the process known only to writers of exuberant fiction into a lovable and good-looking trained nurse. From the moment his eye rests upon her his finish is obvious to the experienced reader.

Dr. Gordon has not learned the art of keeping his characters in the traces. One by one the various personages in whom the reader has become interested, drop out of sight, never to appear again. The Edinburgh folk, many of whom are convincingly drawn, the rival hired man and the others who fall before the hero's doughty Scotch fists vanish from

the pages of the book to be seen no more.

There has been considerable criticism in the Canadian press of this latest work of Ralph Connor. While some critics have praised it without reserve, most have been careful to qualify whatever praise they have been disposed to accord it by declaring that it was good of its kind, and not a few have been outspoken in the expression of their disappointment.

To be quite frank it must be said that Ralph Connor can do better work than this. One turns somewhat wistfully to each new book that he produces in the

hope that it may be a second "Black Rock." Again, this one, if judged by the former standard, must be a disappointment. While it may be very readable it is not above the level of Dr. Gordon's more recent stories.

Viewed in its most favorable light, it might be held that while the merit of the book is somewhat uneven, it is a realistic story of the Scottish emigrant to Canada. There is much true local color and it crystallizes the lives of many men who, strangers in a land of strange customs, came over and with strong arms and an honest heart made their way to success and distinction.

Cars Whirl Through Space on Cables

AERIAL railways, which have long been employed for industrial and military purposes, says *Railway and Engineering Review*, are now being utilized to transport passengers over precipitous places in the Swiss mountains. Several of these roads are now in operation, and the demands of tourists, who want comfort in the ascent and descent of mountains, and who may enjoy the novelty and sensations experienced in scaling the heights in cars carried through the air on cables, are encouraging the construction of aerial routes over some of the most difficult places in the Alps. The popularity of the Swiss mountain resorts and attractive scenery of the higher regions are also incentives for building railways over the great glaciers and granite walls leading up to them.

The first aerial railway projected in Switzerland was the work of a German

engineer who, in 1901, enlisted the co-operation of capitalists in Berne and of the community of Grindelwald in a plan to build an aerial line for the ascension of the Wetterhorn. The concession was secured in 1904, a company organized, and in 1908 a portion of the road was inaugurated. In the first section the two extremities of the line are separated by a horizontal distance of 1,000 feet, the average incline for the course being forty-five degrees. The cars are made of steel, each being propelled by two cables with a strength of seventeen times the power required to carry them up the incline.

No motive power is employed, the line being operated by the simple movement of ascent and descent. The cars are of the same weight and are regulated by automatic brakes of such force as to insure safety.

The Modern Office

It was once an axiom of business that discomfort bred efficiency. But that idea has been forgotten long since. The modern office is now equipped with those things which at once increase efficiency, bring to the mind a sense of harmony and promote the comfort of visitors, officers and employees. In "Office Appliances" an article appeared recently on Psychology of Office Furniture, from which we quote in part some features which go to constitute "The Modern Office."

By Charles D. Ward

TO-DAY, in every well-equipped office, the choice of furniture is as weighty a matter as air, or light, or space to stretch one's wits in. There are offices in which every nook and corner is fitted out with a view to charm the eye and placate the incoming check-book. Desks must shine. Cabinets must hint order and method, in design and shape and color. Rugs and walls are parts of a color scheme. There is sales-quality in the very pose of the easy chair for the expected customer. The pictures are not merely bought, but selected. It is the visitor who must struggle with environment, or smilingly succumb to it—not the host.

Out of this bright, alert home of hospitality go the salesmen, carrying with them its very atmosphere of charm and subtle persuasion. Such a house stamps upon every employe, from stenographer to office boy, something of its individuality. Desks, chairs, tables, Cabinets are endowed with something that seems almost a form of life—artistic association. Each is a silent salesman, for each is a delicate and intrinsic part of the Service which the company renders its friends.

With all the elegance of the modern merchandiser's environment, however, he shares one keen faculty with the stern old Puritan forefather. Not for one moment is luxury, or even comfort, made an end in itself. Both the old and the new Office Chief choose their furnishings with a definite, concrete

plan in mind—the one to conquer by brute force, the other by subtler psychology. Mere maudlin splendor is as fatal to the balance sheet of the amateur in business as to the art reputation of the *nouveau riche*. Indeed, the great value of the tastefully furnished office lies in its harmony—perhaps, in the very unconsciousness of the incoming customer that any influence from his surroundings can possibly sway his decisions. Meanwhile human psychology—which after all, is our old friend, human nature—never sleeps. Unconsciously, the tone and color of the office lend their aid to bind the bargain, even as David Harum's wit stabled the best horseflesh at half their price.

But if the effect of mind on body through harmonious and attractive surroundings is great, equally real is the reflex action of body on mind. The posture of back and limbs is a matter of profit and loss, and a hard, straight-backed chair has cut many a thousand dollars from many a contract. A certain well-known manufacturing institution in the middle west has applied this principle scientifically to the problem of getting the ultimate quantity of work from its employees. By experiment and comparison it discovered that a particular kind of chair back, adapted to the worker's back, necessitated the minimum of leaning exertion while working at his task. The old-fashioned factory stool was forthwith corded into fuel, and the new efficiency

type substituted. Results immediately justified the expenditure. Every worker's capacity was increased by a concrete and reckonable percentage of added output. The test of experience substantiated the modern business gospel of Comfort, and that by the irrefutable logic of the profit-sheet.

For many years now the brusque and discourteous employe has been a rarity in the modern business office. Those whom necessity has not reformed, commercial wisdom has sequestered. The rude, but otherwise efficient, worker may be worth retaining for the sake of his maimed efficiency, but he does not meet the public. But furniture also may be courteous or provocative. After a hard day's journey from another city, how many a customer has found the very refinement of hospitality in the easy chair of the wholesaler and the cordial welcome which his surroundings mutely spoke! Under this subtle stimulus—so superior to the obvious flattery of the decanter and the cigar-box—an added attractiveness lent itself to the proposition he had come to discuss. It was merely another triumph for the etiquette of business—of the brain that saw and planned each accessory as a part of the larger campaign of persuasion.

Competition in the modern trade arena is polishing its "tooth and claw." It is learning the art of being civilized. Mere mass of money even does not wield the power it once held, when confronted with the frailer but more potent might of the human spirit. The business house to-day which ignores the plain lessons of others' success, in considering the comfort of its patrons, is inviting defeat. And so it has come about that Office Furnishing is a science and an art—an asset rather than a deficit-charge.

And here, as in all else which concerns the power to please and persuade, no sure or universal rules can be drawn up to guide the purchaser. Experi-

ment begets experience. Taste is indefinable, but no less real for that. Because business in all its departments, in the last analysis, rests on Personality, the problem of each merchant's office equipment must be solved with specific reference to his own personality and that of his customers.

To assist him in that solution modern industry has taxed its heaviest resources and inspired its ablest artisans. But the problem of choice is still his, and the rewards of a right selection are the greater for the years' evolution in popular taste which have recreated the modern business office.

Who shall set a price mark upon unity and harmony? Not we! Beauty is a spirit—a complex blending—a proportion. It is what is suitable—what is pleasing—what is appropriate and at one with time, place and persons. The influence of a perfectly appointed room is more intangible than ether, for it goes beyond thought into that realm of feeling whence thought is projected. It is translated into impression and impression begets action.

What business can tell the money value of the perfectly appointed office or salesroom? How far does it go in influencing the mind of the customer? He does not know, nor can anyone tell, but the value is nevertheless as real as the goods upon the shelves. What lawyer does not value the effect of an harmonious, quiet, comfortable office upon the minds of nervous clients? And surely no physician of modern schooling would disregard the important influence of surroundings calculated to induce ease and peace of mind, relaxation rather than nervous resistance, in patients whose cases demand careful diagnosis.

The influence of the well-appointed office extends into every business and profession. The problem is worthy of very careful thought—painstaking study—by every man who has an office or who has that which belongs to offices.

Review of Reviews

In this department MacLean's is running each month a synopsis of the best articles appearing in the leading current magazines of the world. An effort is made to cover as wide a range of subjects as possible in the space available, and to this end the reviews are carefully summarized. In brief, readable reference is made to the leading magazine articles of the day—a review of the best current literature.

The Development of Thrift

IN Munsey's Magazine Hugh Thompson, writing on "The Development of Thrift," gives some valuable suggestions to "every man or woman who earns." In short he tells them how to save, and he does it in so practical a way that the operation actually seems a simple one. Anyone may succeed in it.

During the past twelve months, the writer tells us, he has traveled from the Atlantic to the Pacific, studying the financial captains of various typical American cities, and especially the sources of their wealth. One of the striking revelations of this experience was the fact that, almost without exception, an early appreciation of thrift was the principal equipment of most of the men who amassed millions. I suppose I have asked, he continues, more than two hundred millionaires the question:

"How did you begin?"

The well-nigh invariable response has been:

"I began to save early," or "I learned the value of thrift."

What is true of the millions is also true of the thousands and the hundreds. They all begin with the conservation of the pennies.

Thus there is nothing uncanny or mysterious about the beginnings of riches. Thrift, combined with vision and the realization and capitalization of opportunity, is the simple formula of vast estate.

Thrift lies at the very foundation of material success. It is the mate of saving, full brother of frugality, first aid to prudence and economy. The nations of the world that have prospered owe their progress to thrift, because the sum of small savings forms the unshakable fabric of national credit. The countries that neglect

it do so at the price of permanent prosperity.

Mr. Thompson gives his article a practical turn by getting right down to details. "Many men say," he asserts, "How can I save when I am barely making enough to live?"

The answer to this is that all saving may be reduced to a system. It is not the amount of money that you save, but the fact that you have begun to save, that invests the whole performance with a certain moral influence, which, properly encouraged, becomes stronger and stronger all the time.

The way to save lies through order. Apply the same intelligent effort to your money that you expend on the time, energy, or material with which you work.

When you take up the concrete helps to saving, or the means by which small sums may be laid aside, you are, perhaps, startled at the consequences. For example, everybody who works or earns money in some way can put aside five cents a day. This seems a very trivial and insignificant sum—a single car-fare, or the price of a glass of soda-water. Yet let us see what it can do. Five cents put aside every day will amount to \$182.50 in ten years. Placed in a savings-bank that pays four per cent. interest, it will earn \$40.06; thus the total sum represented at the end of ten years by the simple saving of five cents a day is \$222.56.

Take ten cents a day, and by the same process of saving, and investment it will amount to \$445.12 in ten years. Twenty-five cents a day will amount to the neat sum of \$1,113.75. If you put a dollar in the savings-bank every week for twenty years, it will mean \$1,612 at the end of that time.

The only way to save successfully, however, is to keep constantly at it. It is very much like exercise. A man who exercises violently one day, and then remains idle for two weeks, is at a disadvantage, rather than at an advantage, when he starts to exercise again.

You can very easily get the saving habit. Instinct is strong in the human race. All it needs is proper encouragement.

Compound interest is also a big factor in saving. There are two kinds and are best explained by concrete illustrations. A dollar deposited in a bank that pays four per cent. will amount to \$2.19 in twenty years. This is simple compound interest. A dollar deposited every year for twenty years in the same bank, and at the same rate of interest, will become \$39.97. This is progressive compound interest.

Since nothing is quite so impressive as a concrete illustration, let us now see what the systematic or progressive saving of one dollar a week can do.

In one year, the fifty-two dollars saved will earn, at four per cent., seventy-eight cents in interest, making a working principal of \$52.78 at the start of the second year.

At the close of the second year you will have \$107.67; at the end of the fifth year, \$285.86; at the close of the tenth year, \$633.65.

In fifteen years this steady saving of a dollar a week would show a total result of \$1,056.79. At four per cent. this alone would yield a return of \$42.27.

At the end of twenty years this kind of saving would total \$1,571.59, while the first quarter-century would find you worth \$2,197.92. This sum, if you then stopped saving, at four per cent. would earn \$87.91 a year.

If you kept up the saving of a dollar each week for fifty years, you would accumulate \$8,057.16.

Looking at the saving of a dollar a week from a different angle, you find that at the end of thirty years every one of the fifty-two dollars that you had at the end of the

first year had increased about fifty-eight times.

It has been figured out that a man who has deposited five dollars a week, every week, in a savings-bank that pays four per cent., can, at the end of twenty years, draw out six dollars a week and still leave his wife, at his death, all the money that he had originally deposited.

If a man or woman is able to save a dollar a day, the results are big. This amount put into a savings-bank that pays four per cent., will amount to \$1,967.98 in principal and interest at the end of five years, and \$4,455.74 at the end of ten years.

This whole fascinating subject of the working of compound interest lends itself to many practical applications. One of them is what might be called an automatic pension. It has been calculated that if a man whose income remains the same year after year will deposit one-third of that income each month in a savings-bank that pays four per cent., he will be able to retire at the end of thirty-five years, and thereafter he or his heirs will receive the full amount of his income. If he will steadily deposit a quarter of his income in the same way, he will be able to retire on full pay at the end of forty-one years. A fifth of his income, saved and deposited in this way, will enable him to stop work on full income saved at the end of forty-six years; while a deposit of one-tenth of his income will retire him at the end of sixty years.

To be able to retire on half income as a result of this kind of steady saving is easier. This can be achieved in twenty-four years by the deposit of one-third of the man's wages in a savings-bank each month; in twenty-eight years by the deposit of one-fourth of his wages; in thirty-two years by the deposit of one-fifth; and in forty-five years by the steady saving of one-tenth of the man's wages.

Behind the whole fruitful working out of simple and compound interest as shown by these illustrations is one big, fundamental fact—it impresses the value of small and steady saving.

The Kind of News That Makes Sales

BLATANTLY vulgar, indescribably coarse as it may seem, the fact remains that the best piece of news to sell newspapers is what an enthusiastic, but none the less

feelingness sub-editor would call "a good murder."

The men in the circulation department will bear me out, says a well informed

writer in the Circulation Manager, a British publication. Perhaps they will go further. Perhaps they will say that the more gruesome the facts, the more horrible the details, the better for sales.

During my own experience the above statement has been confirmed without any question of doubt. The Wood trial—when Robert Wood was found "Not Guilty" of the murder of Emily Dimmock at Camden Town, will be fresh in the memory of my readers, and I am certain that the case was the best seller of the year. Crippen again sent up circulation figures far above the average, and it has been the same with every other big murder case on record.

It is an undeniable fact that we Britishers dearly love the morbid. We revel in tragedy—so long as it is outside our own circle—and we "eat" every gruesome tit-bit with the avidity of a hungry man before a plate of duck and green peas.

Ever since reading was made possible for the masses it has been the same. Shakespeare's greatest successes were "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet"—two plays reeking with tragedy and blood.

I well remember, when associated with an evening paper, the editor saying to me, "We have the biggest thing of the century for to-morrow—get your men busy." And then in an excited voice he confined the fact that we had the terms of a secret treaty between certain European countries, before Paris, St. Petersburg, or Berlin. "We shall be hours in front of everyone else," he added.

The terms were published. London went about its business without caring twopence for the treaty. A stately old morning commented on it in a dull leader, but that was all that was heard of it. A few days after there was a startling murder case, and the sales book told which the public liked the best! And yet the details of that treaty were vastly important.

But let me give some figures to illustrate news value. They are the result of personal observation, and it is reasonable to assume that they agree with the experiences of others. Sales will, under ordinary circumstances, increase in the following percentages:—

A Mystery Murder (morning), (such as Crippen)	20%
A Mystery Murder (evening), (such as Crippen)	75%
The Verdict (evening), such as Crippen	125%
The Verdict (morning)	25%
Cabinet changes	15%
Important football or cricket result.	15%
Big fire (such as Fore Street).....	15%
Disaster at sea (such as ("Titanic"))	75%
Big divorce case	40%
Result of big Law case (such as Bottomley)	25%

Racing results are not taken into account in above figures. And so it will be seen that tragedy is the best friend to the circulation department. And as long as the world is as human as it is—things will be the same.

Getting Old and Staying Young

THE chief preventive of old age is continuous activity, physical and intellectual. In other words, keep going and you will stay young. This advice, which somehow does not sound altogether new, is given in an article in the Deutsche Revue (Berlin, October), by Dr. Hugo Ribbert, of Bonn, Germany, author of a recent book on "Death from Old Age," and a translation of it is given The Literary Digest.

Dr. Ribbert's conclusion is supported by popular empirical evidence, to the effect that the retirement of an elderly man from active business is apt to be followed by rapid "ging" or early death. The author arrives at it through a painstaking study of cell-growth and tissue-building. He

acknowledges, to start with, that the abolition of death is as undesirable as it is impossible, since it would result in a static condition of mankind, and he then proceeds to inquire whether the ills of the flesh to which old age is heir may be ameliorated, and organic decay modified and retarded. To consider the body as a machine which is gradually worn out in the course of years is an imperfect analogy, since it possesses the power of self-renewal. Moreover, the phenomena of senility are typical, and their character and degree vary widely in different individuals. The theory of Metchnikoff that old age is due to auto-intoxication from decaying matter in the colon, the author

considers untenable, since "it is an impossible conception that any organ can, as such, injure the organism." He points out that if it were really possible to dispense with the colon, it would, as in the case of other organs that are no longer useful, degenerate and grow smaller; but this does not occur. In certain cases he admits that "the investigations of Metchnikoff may be worth consideration." Such cases, however, fall under the head of disease, not of mere senility. Since, therefore, extraneous causes, whether without the body or within it, are excluded as the origin of old age, we must look for its cause to alteration of the cells involved. It has been observed, in fact, that the cells gradually become smaller and that consequently the loss of substance occasioned by the exercise of their functions ceases to be fully restored, as in earlier years, by new material derived from the food. But, he goes on:

"An explanation of old age can not be derived from this alone. For, in spite of their activity, the cells remain in their prime for five or six decades, and then begin to decline. Why does restoration cease at this period? In the answer to this lies the explanation of old age. We must at present content ourselves with the conception that inherited tendencies exist in the cells which permit a plentitude of life for a long time, but finally cease to be operative, just as a watch runs a certain length of time and then stops."

Another phenomenon is observed in this connection which becomes operative much sooner than the decrease in the cells. Says Dr. Ribbert:

"As early as the twentieth year we observe in many sorts of cells the appearance of minute yellow granules, whose quantity so increases in age as to give the organ a brownish appearance, even to the naked eye."

These the author thinks we must regard as a sort of slag, or ashes, arising from metabolic action, and gradually, by their accumulation, affecting the activities of the cells and possibly causing their decrease in size. Is it possible to retard this action in any way, thus restoring youth, in a measure, to the aged? Dr. Ribbert finds ground for hope in an examination of the property inherent in certain plants, as in the begonia, of producing the entire plant from the green cells of a single leaf. He says of this:

"All the properties, therefore, which distinguish the entire organism, must be present in the leaf-cells. But most of these are commonly not apparent. They retreat behind the properties which are dominant in the green cells. Hence when the new plant is produced from these, the differentiation must disappear, and all the qualities must be present in equal degree. This may indeed be called a rejuvenation."

A similar process is sometimes observable in animal life:

"In tritons, when the lens of the eye is removed by an operation, a new lens is grown. It is produced from the cells covering the iris, which are distinguished by the presence of a fine-grained brown pigment. . . . These brown granules first disappear, the cells return to their former colorless state, and the new lens is then produced. . . . This may be fairly termed regeneration, i.e., restoration of lost tissue. . . . In ordinary connective tissue. . . the cells are remarkably insignificant; usually their outline is not perceived, but only that of the nucleus, which is itself only slightly developed. But in the healing of wounds these cells become large again, as they were in the embryo. In this form they multiply and form the new tissue by the production of connecting substance. Then they become small again as they were before. Or when a broken bone is to be healed the flat cells on the inner surface alter their form, becoming large and rounded. They then look as they did at the youthful period of bone-growth; they have rejuvenated themselves. . . . When the bone has been mended they return to their former state."

"These two examples may suffice. They show that there are cases in which the cells of our bodies rejuvenate themselves. They achieve thereby a greater vital activity, but it is a temporary thing which obviously has, on the whole, nothing to do with the rejuvenation of the body. Moreover, the new tissue does not even retain greater youthfulness."

Dr. Ribbert remarks that, after all, the rejuvenation of bone and connective tissue are comparatively unimportant to the present inquiry. The really significant cells are those of the heart-muscle and the cerebral ganglia, and these have not been seen to repair losses of substance even in the case of young and vigorous subjects.

What is the Best Artificial Light?

The eye is an organ too precious to be trifled with. We may help to keep it sound and strong by attention to the general welfare of the body—by work, rest, play, and sleep, as well as by exercise, wise feeding, and regular removal of the wastes; but besides this it needs special attention. Our posture during work, the light under which we work, paper, printing, dust, smoke, and fumes, the fatigue of sight-seeing—all have their effects upon it. This is the message of an article by Dr. Leonard Keene Hirshberg in *Good Lighting*. What is the best artificial light? Dr. Hirshberg thinks that probably no one kind is best for all purposes. For general illumination of public squares and buildings the electric light seems to be preferred. The same thing is probably true of private houses. For reading and for microscopic work, electric light may be too bright, although this objection can be overcome by using lamps of low candle-power, at suitable distance, or by means of ground glass. The same thing may be true of the light yielded by any incandescent solid, such as the "lime" light and the various "mantles" made from incombustible earths. In general, for reading, a "soft" light is best, and it is desirable to have the larger part of the light come to the book by reflection from the walls of the room rather than solely and directly from any source of light near by. For this reason, dark-colored walls are objectionable. To quote further in substance:

"The ease with which the details of an object are seen depends chiefly on contrasts of shade and color. As the light fades in the evening, the white paper of a printed page becomes darker and darker, until finally, it reflects to the eye little more light than the black ink of the printed letters, which consequently no longer stand out clear and distinct. In order to admit all the light possible, the pupil enlarges, and in so doing lessens the distinctness of the retinal image; more important than this, we hold the page closer to the eye, thereby enlarging the retinal image and increasing the intensity of stimulation, but throwing far more work upon the pupillary muscle to focus for the near object. All of these unfavorable conditions taken together place undue strain upon the mechanism of accommodation.

"Hardly less objectionable is excessive illumination of an object. After a certain

intensity of light is reached, the retinal no longer responds to increase of stimulation with increase of visual reaction. To apply this principle, we have only to remember that a printed letter is not absolutely 'dead black,' but reflects some light. When the illumination is moderate this reflected light hardly affects the retina at all, and the contrast between the black letter and the white paper is marked. As the intensity of illumination increases, contrast is lessened and sharper accommodation as well as closer attention is needed to see distinctly.

"The use of fine type should be reduced to a minimum, because it necessitates greater effort of accommodation and intensifies all the evils of improper illumination. Any printed matter which must be held less than eighteen inches from the eye in order to be seen clearly is undesirable for long-continued reading. Especially is this true in youth.

"Closely connected with the size of the type is the character of the paper on which it is printed. This should be as dull as possible in order to avoid the confusing effect of a glossy surface. The use of highly calendered paper in any books and serial publications, because such paper lends itself more readily to the reproduction of pictures in half-tone, is a sacrifice of hygiene considerations to cheapness.

"The source of illumination for near work should be as free as possible from unsteadiness or flicker, since a flickering light necessitates the most accurate accommodation. A 'student's lamp,' 'tungsten burner,' or incandescent electric lamp is preferable in this respect to candles, gas-jets, and arc-lights for near work.

"For the same reason caution is demanded in the matter of reading on railroad trains. American railway trains have recently become so heavy, and the railroad and rails have been so much improved in various ways, that the danger of reading or writing while traveling by rail is much less than formerly. At the same time the danger still exists, and reading on many railway and trolley-cars is still to be done with caution, or, better still, avoided altogether.

"Microscopes, telescopes, and other optical instruments require close and sometimes use of one or both eyes, and are popularly supposed to be 'hard on the eyes.' But this is not necessarily the case, except for be-

ginners and investigators. Optical instruments are easily focused, and, if care be taken to provide good lighting, routine work with them need not be specially trying to the eyes.

"Finally, it must not be forgotten that the eyes are too precious to be trifled with,

and that if one has sore or weak eyes, or pain in the eyes, or can not see clearly to read or to write, or can not plainly distinguish things near or at a distance, then it is always best to consult an oculist or the family physician for advice. Remedies or doctors puffed in generally high-sounding advertisements should be carefully avoided."

A Deadly Footpath: The Railway Track

A SIMPLE recipe for saving two-thirds of the lives now annually lost on our railways is given in Engineering News. It is this: "Don't walk on the track." Twice as many casual track-walkers are killed yearly as the sum of the lives lost by passengers and employees together. The exact figures for last year are given as follows: 299 passengers and 2,928 employees killed in accidents of all sorts in railway service, while during the same year the total number of other persons suffering death on the railways was 6,438. A few of these deaths of persons not employees nor passengers were of tramps and other persons stealing a ride on freight trains, and about a sixth of the whole occur at grade crossings; but all the remainder are to be charged, we are told, to "the fatal American habit of walking on the railway track." The writer goes on to say:

"Of course not one person in ten thousand who walks on the railway track has any idea that he is doing anything in any way dangerous. He invariably assumes that he can hear or see any train approaching long enough before it reaches him to take the step or two away from the track which puts him in safety. It is noteworthy that railway section-men whose business it is to work upon and walk along the track seem to suffer few casualties by being run down. They become accustomed to watching for trains.

"Of course, the only way to stop the accidents to trespassers on railway tracks is by such thorough fencing and stringent laws against trespassing on the tracks as have been put in force in most other countries. Such practice and such laws ought by all means to be established in the densely populated sections of the country.

"There are many remote regions, however, where the railway track is in places the only highway. We doubt not that many of the readers of Engineering News engaged

in engineering field work, for example, find it necessary very often to walk along railway tracks. We think it worth while, therefore, to give a word of warning as to the assumption that a train can always be heard by a person walking on the track while it is still a considerable distance away. This is not always the case. The noise made by a fast railway train is chiefly directed away from the train at the side. Comparatively a small portion of the noise is projected along the track in front of the train. Any other unusual noise at the same time may divert a person's attention from the noise made by an approaching train.

"Another reason why trains may come upon a person walking on the track before he realizes their approach is a quality that sound possesses in common with other wave phenomena, although to a less degree, of travelling in straight lines. Thus a fast train approaching a sharp curve on the concave side of which there is high ground and on the convex side a broad plain will give a person on the curve almost no warning of its approach until it swings into view a short distance away.

"Walking on a road with two or more tracks is particularly dangerous. A large portion of accidents to trespassers occur on double-track roads where a man in getting out of the way of one train steps onto the other track in front of another train which he has not seen or heard.

"It seems worth while, therefore, to set down the following simple rules which should be observed by everyone who walks on the railway track, as follows: (1) Keep constant watch of the track both in front and behind; (2) Watch and listen with particular care when approaching a curve, while on the curve, and after passing the curve; (3) When walking on a double-track road, keep on the left-hand track and do not fail to keep watch also in the rear,

since reverse movements are sometimes made on this track; (4) It is better to walk beside the track than to walk the ties; (5) When tempted to walk on the track, re-

member that you are placing yourself in greater danger than exists in the most hazardous class of railway employment, and choose some other path!"

Extravagance [as a Virtue

THAT "the non-saver is now a higher type than the saver" is the unconventional doctrine enunciated by Professor Simon N. Patten, of the chair of political economy in the University of Pennsylvania. Professor Patten elaborated the idea in a recent much-discussed address in the Spring Garden Unitarian Church, Philadelphia. He argued, in effect:

"The non-saver of earlier generations was an extravagant individual without family ties or social motives. Non-saving to-day is a budgetary pressure forcing alterations in the family expenditures. The non-saver is now a higher type of a man than the saver, just as the saver was an elevation of type above the extravagance of more primitive men. This higher family aims to create a flow of income to enjoy and not an accumulating fund for future support. Its striking effects are manifest in the pressure to reduce the birth rate and to delay marriage. The budgetary equilibrium is attained not by reducing expenditures but by elevating the family to a higher social status where more efficiency produces the needed income."

Professor Patten advised working girls to borrow money, if need be, in order to be well dressed and to advance themselves socially and in business. "I tell my students," he said, "to spend all they have and borrow more and spend that. It is foolish for persons to scrimp and save. It is argued that they are endeavoring to put something aside for a rainy day for old age. But it is not the individual's place to do this. It is the community's." The Professor explained further:

"Were it not for the fact that the girls who comprise the industrial classes crave the very best things in this world the sociological problem would be difficult to master. Every girl who earns her own living wants the best that money can buy, and if she does not get them by reason of her own labor then she is simply following the laws of nature when she resorts to other measures to obtain things that other better dressed women have.

"It is no evidence of loose morality when a stenographer, earning eight or ten dollars a week, appears dressed in clothing that takes nearly all of her earnings to buy. It is a sign of her growing moral development, and the well-dressed working girl constitutes a tremendous influence for good and she is the backbone of many a happy home that is prospering under the influence that she is exerting over the household.

"It is as important for her to be neat and well dressed as it is for her to be accomplished about her work. Her employer is the first to notice her clothes, and when she appears prosperous and dressed with taste and dignity, her salary will soon be raised until she is earning half as much again as she was when she began her employment at small wages."

All this has led to excited comment. One lady in Professor Patten's audience challenged his statements as "absolutely untrue" from the floor of the house. Another lady, Winifred Black, observes, in *The New York American*, with biting irony: "It won't do, Professor, it won't do, really it won't. You'll have to get hold of the rising generation and teach them this new philosophy of yours. The generation you're talking to now is too deep in crime and ignorance and wicked self-sacrifice to heed you." A third commentator, an editorial writer in the *Toledo Blade*, declares:

"Dr. Patten's advice and his explanation of that advice are interesting, extremely so. It seems, however, that a few details—perhaps unimportant in building a popular lecture, but quite essential to the working girls themselves—are lacking in the scheme.

"Borrow the money, forsooth! How, and where? At a national bank upon security of a promise to pay if her employer raises her wages? Or from the ten-per-cent.-a-month loan shark who might be induced to take an assignment of the meager wage she already receives?

"Dr. Patten continues that 'it is no evidence of loose morality when a stenographer, earning eight or ten dollars a week, appears dressed in clothing that takes nearly all her money to buy. It is a sign of her growing moral development.'

"Practical sociologists do not have a delve very deeply into the facts to ascertain that few working girls who depend solely upon wages can spend \$400 to \$500 a year for clothes to exhibit signs of growing moral development. At that price, moral development would be out of the question for most of them. And then how about mental and physical development, or even bodily sustenance? Spending 'nearly all her income for clothes,' it must be pre-supposed that free board, medicine, street car tickets and laundry work all fit nicely into the Pennsylvania professor's scheme of things to develop work-

ing girls morally and advance their wages.

"It would seem that about the only working girls who can make use of Dr. Patten's advice are those who work only for 'pin money,' boarding free at home, and who might borrow the money from rich relatives to 'give signs of moral development' in clothes at \$500 a year to induce employers to raise their wages. And these well-dressed pin-money girls are too frequently the very ones who keep down the wage of others who must be self-supporting and, in some cases, assist also widowed mothers and younger brothers and sisters."

Are We Better or Worse Than the Ancients?

SO many pessimistic accounts of modern life have lately been published that it comes almost as a relief to be told by Guglielmo Ferrero, the eminent Italian Historian, that in public morals and ideas we of to-day stand on a distinctly higher plane than the ancient Greeks and Romans. Ferrero does not make this statement unqualifiedly. He thinks that in some respects the ancients were ahead of us. But, on the whole, he says, our moral life is richer and finer than theirs.

We are probably more courageous than the ancients, he declares. Our mastery of fire; the formidable machines we have set going; the explosives and electrical forces we use; the thousand perilous enterprises, by sea, in the bowels of the earth and at dizzy heights, in which we engage,—have given us a type of mind stronger than the ancients' to overcome hidden instinctive fear. And if we are more courageous, we are also less cruel. Ferrero writes (in Hearst's Magazine):

"The characteristic virtue of contemporary civilization, as compared with all other civilizations up to the French Revolution, is our total suppression of the bloody spectacle which under so many forms and aspects were among the most sinister delights of our ancestors. It is very difficult for us to understand how people so civilized as the law-creating Romans, who in so many things thought and felt as we think and feel, could go wild as they did over gladiatorial games and fights with wild beasts. Yet such was the popular passion for these bloody pastimes that even emperors like Augustus felt constrained to witness them lest their

absence seem to be disapproval of those who did attend. Augustus, in whom the combats inspired horror and revulsion, did not wish to appear as in opposition to a great popular rage.

"On the other hand, if an ancient Roman should return to the world and see an American stadium packed from top to bottom with people, would it not puzzle him to understand how so many thousands could gather merely to watch a football game, traveling for miles and at great discomfort, to watch schoolboys boot a ball in the air! A football game would seem dull and insipid to him. He would want a fight in which something was doing, a small-sized battle, a set-to between men and animals; he would want to see blood drawn."

Christianity initiated that education of our sensibilities which has gradually turned us away in horror from atrocious spectacles. But how slow and difficult this education has been! exclaims Ferrero. Probably not until after the French Revolution did it have its culminating effect. It has remained for the nineteenth century finally to abolish the last brutal spectacle: capital punishment.

"Up to the end of the eighteenth century, in all parts of Europe, the condemned to death were executed at full meridian with much ceremony in public squares and at times and places that made it possible for everybody to turn out as for a holiday. And, as a matter of fact, immense crowds always came to these public executions, drawn by a morbid curiosity to see a man killed. By diminishing the number of capital offenses, by executing criminals inside

prison walls and in the presence of a mere handful of witnesses, or, as is done in public executions in France, at dawn and as far as possible from the reach of the crowd—the nineteenth century has capped one of the most complete and marvelous moral transformations of the human mind—a transformation which was begun twenty centuries ago by the teachings of Christ and which has given modern civilization a point of wonderful superiority over that of the ancients.”

In the matter of sobriety and temperance, Ferrero has not so favorable a report to make. “In this respect,” he says, “the ancient world, as it appears in history, cuts a far better figure than our own. Here we have degenerated.” He continues:

“We moderns eat and drink too much; we use alcohol and stimulants to excess. The ancients knew no other intoxicants than wine and beer, and their wine they always drank diluted with water; they knew nothing about alcoholic liquors, which in our day have so greatly multiplied and grown in popular favor. They had never heard of tea or coffee, nor had they discovered tobacco.

“We may fairly say that drunkenness was an extremely rare vice in the ancient world, just as frugality and temperance were common virtues. For it will not do to take too seriously the rich men’s orgies so often alluded to by ancient writers,—especially the Latins,—the banquets where we are told dishes of nightingales’ tongues were served, and men drank liquefied pearls. These stories match the legends one hears in Europe about ‘American corruption,’ and spring from an identical source. They represent the exaggerated and violent reaction of ancient Puritanism against the normal advance of luxury, and against the inevitable moral slackening that always accompanies the growth of wealth. When the dispassionate and unprejudiced European observer examines ‘American corruption’ at close range, he readily sees that the high-sounding phrase merely indicates certain ordinary defects and frailties, of course reprehensible, but common to all modern civilization and not peculiar to America. So, too, if by a miracle we could have looked in on those celebrated Roman orgies and banquets, about which there has been so much noise, we should find that they were very modest affairs indeed, when compared with the sumptuousness of modern banquets.”

When he comes to a comparison of the moral purity of ancient and modern peo-

ples, Ferrero confesses himself at a loss. Judging by Greco-Latin literature and art, he remarks, one might say that, except in a few localities and certain epochs, such as the centuries when Rome was dominated by a Puritanical aristocracy, the public morals of both men and women were extremely free and easy. But literature and art are often unreliable in such a matter. They give us exceptions rather than the rule. It constantly happens, too, that the epochs which most lament their own vices are those in which the moral conscience is still vital and robust. Ferrero instances the first period of the Roman Empire, from the time of Augustus to Nero, and compares it with the second period under the Flavi and the Antonini. The Augustan epoch was still vitalized by a Puritan conscience, and resounded with wails against depravity. The epoch of the Antonini, though even more corrupt, was silent. The spirit of the people had become blase and exhausted.

The gravest fault of modern society, in Ferrero’s view, is the unrestrained growth of the power of money as the regulator and the measure of everything. If we persist in our present mood, he thinks, nothing will soon be valued in life except the possession of money. Now the ancients had a higher attitude toward traffic and money-getting than we have. They lived more simply; were more austere and conscientious. “By common consent,” Ferrero tells us, “with a few fleeting exceptions, they did not consider it decent for a respectable man to make money except from land and buildings—real estate—or by commerce or the direct practice of the arts; never from money lent on interest. Lending money for interest was usury, and was always considered, except at a few times and places, an infamous and degrading profession.”

“Rich men who commanded large sums might, and indeed were expected, to help those who needed money,—but by way of friendly loan, freely, and without interest. The letters of Cicero, for example, are full of such gratuitous loans which, when the great orator was hard up, he asked of his friends, or which, when flush, he himself made to the impecunious. In short, to lend money without interest to decent and reliable people was in those days considered a rich man’s duty.

But when all has been said that can be said in favor of the ancients, the balance is still in our favor. “There is no disputing,” Ferrero says, “that our moral life is enriched by a greater number of principles than that of the ancients, because

we have added to their original principles others which were first conceived by the civilization that flowered after the fall of the Roman Empire." He concludes:

"We know the virtues of patriotism, of civic pride, of warlike valor, which the ancients also knew; but to these we have added a sense of law and order, an appreciation of even and swift justice, which, created by ancient jurists, has by the moderns been brought to perfection. We have added to their virtues the horror of cruel pastimes, charity, pity, the love of our neighbor which Christ taught; we have added a sense of human dignity and of the rights of man proclaimed by the philosophy of the eighteenth century and the French Revolution. We have added certain other very modern feelings, derived from the use of socialized power machinery, and therefore stronger in America than in Europe. We have added a passion for the new, en-

thusiasm for progress, faith in our abilities. In war we fight as the Romans did, but in peace we turn our eyes away from sanguinary spectacles; we have developed a horror of gladiatorial games equal to that of the most pious of Christian monks. We traffic like the Phoenicians and we love knowledge like the Greeks. We have a feeling for liberty and likewise a feeling for authority.

"Is not all this true progress? And does it not weigh in the balance against such of our defects as intemperance and the immoderate love of riches? I think it does. All of which does not signify that we may freely abandon ourselves to our vices and frailties under the pretext that they are offset by our virtues. For it is the duty of every civilization, as of every individual man, to perfect itself to its utmost. And let us not forget this duty even amid the boundless triumphs of the richest, most powerful, and wisest civilization the sun has ever shone upon."

Electric Cooking and Hot Water Supply

Electric cooking appliances—the shining nickel-plated or aluminum utensils, including coffee percolators, toasters, chafing dishes, each with its long connecting cord and plug for attachment to the electric light socket—are especially tempting, particularly at this season. The question arises: Are these articles really economical in the present stage of electrical development? The *Scientific American* discusses it in an interesting and practical way.

Certainly electric cooking and heating represents an ideal. In the cooking and the hot water supply of the household the need is to get rid of the fire risk, to improve the cooking itself, and to reduce the drudgery of house work. Electric devices offer these advantages. In the electric kitchen there are no matches to start a fire, there is no fire risk from the stove itself, there are no gas leaks or explosions. In the quick, but perfectly controlled heat of the electric oven, the juices of a joint of meat are more perfectly considered, and the meat loses less in weight than in any stove-heated oven. In the large electric grill of a well-known New York club, a thick steak, placed vertically between two incandescent walls, may be done to a turn in thirteen minutes; the heat sealing the surface of the meat at once and completing the cooking with no scorching, and with no flame

to catch the fat as it drips down into a pan of water below. Since in the individual devices the heat is generated within the utensil itself, the elimination of all smoking or scorching of the outside of the utensil lengthens its life and lessens the work of washing up after meals. One may do "light housekeeping" with a toaster and an egg boiler on the breakfast table and a chafing dish on the sideboard.

But the greater safety and convenience of electric cooking devices, their superior cooking quality, and the greater safety of electric hot water heating cannot be fully realized at present because of the high first cost of the devices themselves, their high operating cost as compared with gas or coal stoves, and the prejudice of servants against them as against anything new and unfamiliar. How can these obstacles be overcome?

As to the first cost of electric devices, it must be borne in mind that as each utensil comprises both the containing vessel and the heating element, the cost can never be as low as that of the ordinary kitchen utensil which it is designed to replace. A considerable reduction in the cost may logically be expected, however, with increasing demand, following the present period of explanation of the general idea of electric cooking and improvement

of the devices themselves. The cost of operation is an element of the situation in which very great improvement may be expected. Just as the introduction of the electric light was not prevented or seriously hindered by the greater cost of the new means of illumination as compared with gas, so the advantages of electric cooking may be expected to prevail, notwithstanding its greater cost, provided the difference in cost is not too great. To illustrate: It may pay better to toast ten slices of bread, electrically, on the breakfast table, at a cost of a cent, than to make the same amount of toast in a slower and less interesting way on the gas stove, with the toast not so inviting or "piping hot," at a saving of a fraction of a cent. But apart from the convenience and economy of time, we may look forward to the time when increasing use of electric household devices will justify the electricity supply companies in reducing their rates for current, or introducing more generally the plan which already obtains in some cities, of selling current for heating and other household uses at a lower rate than current for light-

ing, each house being wired with a separate "heating circuit," with its own separate meter. The voluntary according of favorable rates will go further towards popularizing electric cooking in our homes than the present extensive boasting of the sale of devices by advertising. Assuming the cost of electricity to be lowered sufficiently to take away the notion of electric cooking as a luxury, the obstacles presented by the prejudices of servants may be overcome by the fact that the intelligent housewife can get results by the new method and therefore can instruct her maid in doing so.

The problem is brought nearer solution by recently developed ideas, using a small but continuous flow of electric current to generate heat which is accumulated or stored in the apparatus. The economy of this system depends on the taking of the electrical energy at those times during the 24 hours when the electricity supply companies can afford to deliver it at very low rates, that is in the "valley load" periods, and the success of the system requires the co-operation of the companies.

Will Freer Divorce Come in England?

DIVORCE has become a burning issue in England as a result of the recent publication of the majority and minority reports of the Royal Commission on Divorce and Matrimonial Causes appointed by the late King Edward. The findings of the Commission are both praised and damned. Justice, the London Socialist paper, seems to voice the sentiments of the radical public when it says that the new recommendations are "useful and common-sense." The Guardian, the Anglican weekly, on the other hand, protests vigorously against proposals which it regards as "outrageous and utterly subversive of public morality." The end of the controversy is not yet in sight.

The Divorce Commission consists of fourteen members. The Archbishop of York; Sir Frederick Treves, the great surgeon; Thomas Burt, the labor leader; Lord Gorell, ex-President of the Divorce Court; J. A. Spender, editor of the Westminster Gazette; Lady Frances Balfour, and Mrs. Harold Tennant, all appear on the list. They have held scores of sittings and examined hundreds of witnesses. The conclusions to which, as a majority, they have come are

summed up in the following statement:

The two sexes should be on an equal footing as regards divorce.

Divorce should be obtainable on the following grounds:—

1. Adultery.
2. Desertion for three years and upwards.
3. Cruelty.
4. Incurable insanity, after five years' confinement.
5. Habitual drunkenness, found incurable after three years.
6. Imprisonment under a commuted death sentence.

Facilities should be given for hearing divorce cases in courts throughout the country in cases where the joint income of man and wife does not exceed £300 and their property does not exceed £250.

Power should be given to declare marriages null in cases

- (a) Of unsound mind.
- (b) Of epilepsy and recurrent insanity.
- (c) Of specific disease.
- (d) When a woman is in a condition which renders marriage a fraud upon the husband.

(e) Of wilful refusal to perform the duties of marriage.

Restriction should be placed on the publication of divorce reports, and no publication should be allowed till after the case is finished.

Judges should hear divorce cases without a jury.

A minority of three, headed by the Archbishop of York, has issued a report of which the main features are these:

The minority agree that there should be equality of the sexes.

They recommend emphatically that the grounds of divorce should not be extended.

They agree that there should be local divorce courts with facilities to the poor, but not on a scale so extensive as the majority recommend.

They agree that marriage should be rendered null on the grounds (a) to (e) set out above.

They agree in limiting the publication of reports.

They agree that a man should be presumed dead after a continual absence without communication for seven years.

It will be seen that there is an important area of common ground between the two reports. Both recommend cheaper divorce courts and an equal footing of the sexes in respect of divorce. If only these two reforms are achieved, comments the New York Evening Post, the labors of the Commission will have been justified.

The majority report, which proposes to increase the grounds for divorce from one (adultery) to six, is, of course, the liberal document of the two, and it is in connection with the majority recommendations that most discussion has been aroused. The Guardian, in expressing its disapproval of the proposed changes holds up America as an awful example. It says:

"We are satisfied that no one of the five additional grounds for the legal dissolution of marriage can be justified by any argument or series of arguments that will hold water. The recommendations are based upon a supposed popular demand for increased facilities for divorce, but the minority report, signed by men who heard the as yet unpublished evidence, declares that the testimony taken by the Commission does not bear out the belief. But even if it did it would be impossible to accept solutions of the problem which would strike a deadly blow at the purity and stability of family life, set aside some of the most solemn warnings of religion, and approximate the English law of divorce to that which obtains in many States of the American Union, where

the percentage of dissolution of marriage is forty-three times what it is in England and Wales. Now that it is almost too late, America perceives the terrible mistake she has made in loosening the fundamental tie of society."

The London Times hastens to affirm in the clearest and most comprehensive terms its approval of the views of the minority; and The Spectator observes:

"No one will doubt the sincerity and high-minded intentions of those who recommend in the report a considerable alteration of the law. They are conscious, just as we are ourselves conscious, of the hardship and misery suffered by some persons under their present inability to dissolve disastrous unions. They want to relieve those persons of their misery. In these circumstances we have no thought of suspecting or criticizing the motives of those who have drawn up the majority report. We are certain that they are admirable. The only question for us is whether the considerable changes which are recommended by the majority would not in the long run do more harm than good. We cannot help feeling that this would be the result. We state our opinion with great reluctance, for we should like to be able to accept the majority report. We admit and deplore the existence of hard cases—some of them terribly hard; but the old principle remains true in an imperfect world that hard cases make bad law. The point of first importance for the nation is to preserve the basis of the family, which is a monogamous union dissoluble only by death or by an essential breach of the marriage contract by sexual unfaithfulness. If once grounds of divorce other than an essential breach of the contract are acknowledged there will be no rational halting-place till the terribly logical conclusion is reached that a man and woman can dissolve their union simply because they find themselves unhappy while living together."

These and similar expressions of opinion in the leading English papers make it clear that there is little likelihood of the recommendations of the Commission being enacted into law for the present. The Outlook (London) thinks that no Government for a long time yet will venture on more divorce experiments than can be defended by citing the agreement of the two antagonistic parties. It continues:

"The majority and minority each deduce their own opposite opinions from the evidence. If legislation is to be imposed on the authority of the intellectual for the government of the commonalty, there ought

at least to be not absolute disagreement. If the question is to be settled by the feeling amongst these non-intellectuals themselves, it would probably be found that on this, as on many other social questions even closely affecting them, there is not enough criticism of life amongst them to give rise to discontent. Very probably, as the minority say, there is no demand from them for an alteration of the law. One of the few points which the majority and the minority share in common is not to encourage divorce by simple consent of the parties. Yet it is impossible to deny that cruelty and deser-

tion both lend themselves easily to a conclusion which amounts to divorce by consent. It is a proposition supported by high judicial authority. The minority, therefore, may strongly appeal to all those who cling to the traditional view of life-marriage and claim that these are explosive forces which will shatter the prevalent idea of marriage. Until public opinion reaches the point of not being afraid of divorce by consent—and we need not say there is no sign of this happening—great changes in the divorce law cannot be introduced.”

Fortunes That Have Literally Gone up in Smoke

ALMOST six hundred million dollars' worth of property is annually lost in smoke in the United States. Fortunes even larger than that go up the chimney with the soot and he gases. Professor William D. Harkins, who makes these startling statements, tells (in *Popular Mechanics*) of one single chimney which literally spouted up a million dollars a year! It seems strange that so little is known in regard to smoke. Its economic importance is just beginning to be understood. The University of Pittsburgh has recently established a laboratory employing twenty-five specialists for the scientific investigation of this phase of our industrial life. The United States Bureau of Mines is studying the problem of preventing the escape in cities of the black smoke due to coal, and it has just established a special laboratory in San Francisco for the purpose of studying the smoke given off by copper-smelting plants. Chicago, we are told, is conducting similar studies of its smoke problem, and much work is done by industrial concerns here and abroad along similar lines.

The work done so far is, however, entirely inadequate. The smoke inspector in the city of Chicago estimates that the annual damage caused by the soot and other ingredients of smoke amounts to \$50,000,000 in that city alone, and on the same basis, it is said, the damage in the United States as a whole reaches the prodigious figures of \$600,000,000 a year. This, Professor Harkins explains, does not by any means represent the entire loss, since the black soot which escapes and does a large part of the damage is really wasted coal. The coal lost in smoke amounts on the average to 10 per cent. of all that is used.

“In other words, the average purchaser of coal, when he pays five dollars a ton for it, tosses fifty cents worth out of the chimney unburned, to do damage to his neighbors, and then usually wastes a large proportion of the heat in the four-and-a-half-dollars' worth that is left. When it is realized that the purchaser of this ton of coal is also paying for his share of the 300,000,000 tons of coal that are wasted in this country every year, some comprehension may be gained of the magnitude of wastes of this nature. However large these figures, the work of the government has shown that the losses are even greater than they would indicate, for by converting the coal into a gas called producer gas, not only is all the damage, due to the soot of smoke eliminated, but in addition, by using the gas in a gas engine, a ton of coal gives two and a half times as much power as it would in a steam engine.”

To most people, the writer remarks, smoke is just smoke; but to those who have studied it, smoke is much more complex and correspondingly much more interesting. Smoke is made up of two parts, the smoke we see and the smoke we cannot see. The visible smoke we call soot, and this is a very remarkable and very injurious substance.

“About one-half of the soot is carbon, which is commonly known in the form of charcoal or graphite, or in a still purer state as the diamond. A form of carbon, which is much more like soot, is called lampblack, and this is used for making black paint. Those familiar with lampblack paints know that it takes very little of the paint to blacken a large surface, and this

is also one of the properties of soot, the one which makes it so injurious to delicate fabrics and even to more ordinary clothing.

"In addition to the carbon, soot contains about one-fifth of its weight of tar and oil, and these very sticky substances cause soot to have somewhat the properties of a paint, and make it much more difficult to remove the black substance from any kind of cloth. This tar and oil seem to be somewhat caustic in their action, and cause the soot to have an injurious effect on the leaves of plants; but much more injurious than this is the sulphuric acid, amounting to about one-twentieth of the weight of the soot. This acid eats up cloth, the leaves of trees, and even into stones or the steel rails of the railways. It may not eat holes in the cloth, but it weakens the fabric, and on leaves it often causes the formation of spots.

"Besides these substances soot contains a large number of ingredients of interest to a chemist, which are here put down in order to show its complexity. It contains ammonia, best known as a cleaning fluid; phosphate of lime, a constituent of bones; from one-tenth to one-fourth of its weight of sand; and small quantities of potash, soda, lime, magnesia, iron, phosphate of aluminum, chlorine, sulpho-cyanogen, carbonic acid, water, and traces of other substances."

The throwing off of visible smoke may be stopped by burning the coal in a proper way; or by converting it into gas and then burning this gas; or by precipitating out the soot by electricity, according to the process invented by Doctor Cottrell of the Bureau of Mines.

The most injurious constituents of the invisible smoke are sulphur dioxide and sulphuric acid. These substances have an injurious effect on trees. The loss to the forests in the vicinity of the smelters of the West amounts to many millions of dollars.

A few years ago a firm of smelters found that very large quantities of arsenic, cop-

per, sulphuric acid, and other substances were thrown out by their four great smokestacks. The farmers in a circumference of fifteen miles complained that the heels of their cattle were being poisoned by arsenic. To remedy matters the smelter company built one great smokestack, the top of which was 1,100 feet above the valley below, in order to throw the smoke so high that the sulphur dioxide and sulphuric acid would not again come down to the surface of the earth, and it was supposed that the gases would do no more damage.

"The great stack and the flues which led to it are said to have cost nearly a million dollars. The great flues, which carried the smoke from the smelter up the mountain side to the foot of the stack, were built very large in order that all of the solid part of the smoke, which contained copper and arsenic, might settle out before the smoke escaped. This great flue was 2,200 feet long, the first 1,200 feet being 60 feet wide, and the remaining 1,000 feet 120 feet in width. The depth of the flue, from its top to the bottom of the excavation, was 36 feet. That this flue was very effective in reducing the amount of copper lost is shown by the saving of about half million dollars' worth of copper per year by its use.

"It would seem that such an effective flue as this would stop the losses, but an analysis of the smoke from the stack made several years later, showed that even after this large amount of copper had settled out of the smoke, over 4,000 pounds of copper per day, at that time worth about one thousand dollars, still escaped from the top of the stack, and the wheels of mowing machines run in hay fields miles away became rapidly coated with copper."

The farmers still claimed that their horses and cows were being poisoned. Professor Swain, of Stanford University, made another analysis of the smoke. His investigation revealed the astounding result that over 59,270 pounds of arsenic still escaped from the stack in one day.

Land Buying in Canada and Australia

In the October number of The Colonial Office Journal the editor devotes the larger part of his notes to land purchase systems in Canada and Australia. Australia is attempting to break up big estates and to develop agriculture.

It has been said by a Minister in New South Wales that if 1,000 settlers came there to-morrow the Department could not find 50 blocks of decent land within 15 miles of a railway to offer them. This fact marks the great difference between Austra-

lia and Canada. The purchase system which has been resorted to in Australia has apparently not made much impression. In New South Wales in six years between two and a half and three millions have been spent, and only 2,400 settlement blocks have resulted. The rise in values has in many places been very great recently and stops government buying. An extensive railway policy is in view, twelve new railway lines being contemplated, but to make any substantial impression on the adjoining land by the purchase system would cost, it has been estimated, the enormous sum of fifty millions.

Unless room can be provided for settlers the Government is not likely to incur this expense, and if large holders do not move in the matter legislation will, most certainly, be resorted to. To this end the federal land tax has already had the effect of compelling owners liable to the higher scale to sell.

According to the editor, the Canadian people have an extremely strong belief in and affection for their country:—

There is a spirit of confidence and optimism which rises above all trials. The man in the street has no doubts and can tell you all about the phenomenal progress of his own locality. There must be something in the climate or soil of the North American Continent which inspires this vivid faith in the country, the belief in the future, the devotion to work, and the love of enterprise and advertisement. The average Australian may have as deep a trust in himself and his territory, but he does not display it, any more than the ordinary Englishman, in so marked a manner. On the other hand, he has in his favor a potent element of stable prosperity. He can borrow money more cheaply. In Canada the settler has to pay generally 7 to 10 per cent. for the money he wants to improve his property; in Australia the ruling rate is not more than 5 per cent.

Rule of the Dead in Japan

IN the Japan Magazine Dr. J. Ingram Bryan describes the most unique feature of Japanese life, its unchanging faith in the spirits of the dead, and its absolute submission to their rule:—

The happiness of the dead depends on the respectful and loving service of the living; and the happiness of the living depends on the due fulfilment of pious duty to the dead. That the dead need affection, and that to neglect them is cruelty, are among the most sacred instincts of Japanese life. Accordingly, each home has its family altar, its god-shelf where are enshrined the ancestral tablets, before which, every morning and evening the sacred lamp is lighted, the family prayers said, and food offered to the spirits of the departed ones. The ancestral ghosts are made happy by these amenities and bless those who render them. Hovering unseen in the glow of the shrine-lamp, the stirring of whose flame is, but the motion of them, they guard the home and watch over the welfare of the old domestic circle. Their chief dwelling place, however, is in the lettered tablets which at times they can animate as a human body in order to succour and console. From their shrines they hear and observe all that happens in the house, share the family joys and sorrows, and de-

light in the familiar voices and in the geniality of life about them. They chiefly delight in the daily greetings of the family, and for nourishment vapor of food contents them. To forget them, or in any way to treat them with rude indifference is the most undoubted proof of an evil heart. They stand for the moral experience of the family and nation, and to deny them is to deny that, and to violate that is to offend them, and to offend them is the supreme crime.

Each Japanese believes himself to be under the constant supervision of the ancestral ghosts. Spirit eyes are watching his every act; spirit ears are listening to every word, to approve or blame. The whole of life, its thoughts, words, deeds, must be under constant control, as in the presence of the unseen:—

If while in the flesh a Japanese fails, he can succeed by joining the ranks of the gods. Thus voluntary death for some great principle meets the approval of Japanese ethics, and the spirit of the person so offering himself attains to godhead, becomes the object of veneration, and is not only made eternally happy by the perpetual homage of all future generations, but is enabled to bless posterity by answering the petitions of those engaged in the cause for which he died. Even a person of no importance may,

through death, come into the possession of superhuman power, and become capable of conferring benefit or inflicting injury by supernatural means. Thousands of prayers go up daily in Japan to the spirits of those

who have thus offered themselves in sacrifice to the gods. Since the death of General and Countess Nogi thousands have likewise flocked to worship at their tombs, and the crowds still continue.

Capitalizing White House Fame

WHEN Andrew Carnegie of Pittsburgh and Skibo Castle offered to give President Taft a \$25,000 pension the famous ironmaster stirred up a controversy that assailed ill with his advocacy of universal peace.

Moreover, he stirred some inquiry as to the means by which former presidents managed to keep the wolf from their doors after they had been bowed out of the secure shelter of the White House. And this inquiry resulted in the conclusion that the job of chief executive of these United States is a profitable one—not because of the salary it pays during incumbency, but because of the subsequent possibilities of capitalizing the prestige it confers on the holder. So remarks *The Boston Herald*.

Merely to have held the office is worth \$50,000 a year to any man, as is shown by the not-very-sad case of Mr. Roosevelt, for example. Before leaving the White House he was beset with tempting offers from publishers and other business concerns. He was invited to name his own price for his services. The Outlook's proposition was most attractive, and he took it. Nothing much resembling work was required of him. He was to be at liberty to write as much or as little as he wanted. His employment as contributing editor (a brand-new species of job, by the way), was worth his pay as an advertisement of the magazine.

Politics has occupied most of Mr. Roosevelt's attention since the Outlook engaged him, but his salary has gone on just the same. He is a skilful writer, but it was his name that counted. Mr. Cleveland, after he became an ex-President, did a good deal of writing at high prices. Magazines paid him from \$500 to \$1,000 an article. What he wrote was dull and uninteresting. He had no knowledge of the literary art, but his signature was worth the money.

Mr. Cleveland had not been a very successful lawyer up to the time when he entered the White House. But when he went out at the end of four years one of the biggest law firms in New York City was eager to employ him at an enormous salary as advisory counsel for the sake of the business

he was expected to attract. He argued one case before the United States supreme court and lost it, though several members of that August body had been appointed by himself. Later on his legal work was mainly in the line of lucrative refereeships.

Benjamin Harrison was a lawyer and had never managed to earn much money in the business. But after he left the White House his services were sought by corporations, which paid him huge fees—often as much as \$10,000 in a single case. The government gave him \$100,000 in a lump for one piece of work. Leland Stanford University, in California, put him on its rolls as a non-resident professor at \$10,000 a year to deliver a dozen lectures annually. A well-known woman's magazine paid him \$1,000 a page for a series of dry articles.

Rutherford B. Hayes, tired of taking part in national affairs, went back to Fremont, O., where he dwelt in what he called "delightful retirement."

Four former Presidents have taken to the law. Of these Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison were two. James Monroe on leaving the White House was in debt, and being anxious to recruit his finances, went to New York instead of going back to his home in London County, Virginia. But at that epoch the commercial value of a former chief magistrate had not come to be appreciated, and the author of the famous doctrine made rather a failure of it.

Five Presidents dabbled more or less in literature after their departure from the White House. John Adams, in retirement at Quincy compiled historical data. Grant wrote almost on his death-bed a book about the Civil War which earned a fortune and provided for his family. Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison and Roosevelt did magazine work. Five traveled extensively abroad—Van Buren, Fillmore, Pierce, Grant and Roosevelt. Grant's tour around the world was an historical episode.

Two former Presidents occupied seats in congress—Andrew Johnson and John Quincy Adams. The former led the simple life at Knoxville for half a dozen years

and was then sent back to Washington as a senator. He died less than a year later. Adams was nearly 60 years old when his term was up, and he would have liked to go back to Quincy and his books, as his father did, but the folks of his home district wanted him to be their representative, and he consented to serve. For nineteen years he led his party in the House.

Polk and Van Buren were both wealthy. The latter did not take the trouble to draw his salary until the end of his term, paying

all expenses out of his private purse. Then he took the \$100,000 due him in one lump. He was the richest of the Presidents except Washington. Surviving until 1862, he saw the Civil War begin.

Madison left a considerable estate, but it was dissipated by a worthless son. Congress paid his widow \$20,000 for her husband's papers (which to-day are among the greatest treasures preserved in the library of congress), and this was nearly all she had to live on during the last years of her life.

France's National Peril

IN LA REVUE Dr. Lowenthal, a member of the French Parliamentary Depopulation Commission, has a long article on the Depopulation question.

The official paper referred to shows a deplorable state of things, writes Dr. Lowenthal. The year 1911 compared with 1910 is characterized by the following demographic phenomena:—

Nativity has decreased by 1 per 1,000 (18.7 per 1,000 in place of 19.7).

The number of births has been reduced by 32,244 (742,114 in place of 774,358).

The number of deaths has been increased by 73,206 (776,983 in place of 703,777), the death-rate being 19.6 instead of 17.9 per 1,000.

The excess of deaths over births is 34,869 (in place of an excess of births over deaths of 70,500).

Speaking of natality in particular, the important fact to note is that the decline is general among all classes, and that it is due to the "parental prudence" so ardently preached in the nineteenth century, and not, says Dr. Lowenthal, to any degeneracy of the race. The natality among foreign immigrants in France is equally low, so that the remedy for French depopulation is scarcely to be found in foreign immigration. In an interesting table the number of births per 1,000 inhabitants in France and in other countries is set out, Hungary heading the list with a natality of 35 per 1,000, Austria following with 33, Italy 32.9, Germany 29.8, the United Kingdom 24.7, and France 18.7. This rate for France is stated to be the lowest rate registered in any country since the creation of demographic statistics.

The writer then sets himself to the task of discovering whether there exists any connection between depopulation and religion and politics, and concludes that no such connection exists. He makes no mention

of possible social and economic causes. The really serious factor in France is that while natality has declined, mortality has increased at a tremendous pace, and this increase is more general than the decrease in the birth-rate. France is, indeed, one of the countries where people die the most and procreate the least. The mortality of children under one year is 175 per 1,000; from 1 to 4 it is 19 per 1,000, and from 10 to 19 only 4 per 1,000. The infant population for one year in France averages 675,000, and the number of deaths of infants equals in number the deaths of all persons between 1 and 19, the different groups of the latter representing at least 20,000,000 individuals.

The mortality of France, 19.6 per 1,000 is low, compared with other countries, but it is high when taken into account with her natality. The following table shows the position of countries with a natality ranging from 33 to 45 per 1,000:—

	Nativity.	Mortality.
Russia (1905)	44.8	31.7
Bulgaria (1909)	42.0	23.5
Roumania (1910)	41.2	24.8
Servia (1910)	39.0	29.3
Austria-Hungary (1910)	33.5	22.8
Spain (1910)	33.1	23.8

The countries with a natality below 33 per 1,000 show a lower mortality than that of France. The only exception is Italy, whose rate of mortality is the same as that of France. In New Zealand the natality is given at 26.2 and the mortality as 9.7.

In 1882, when Professor Richet uttered a note of warning about the growing decline of the birth-rate, he quite overlooked the danger of the exorbitant death-rate. France has always squandered her human capital, says Dr. Lowenthal. To fight depopulation she must lower her excessive mortality to that which other countries less favored by Nature have attained.

MacLean's Magazine

Vol. xxv

Toronto, March 1913

No. 5

Business Features in this Issue of MacLean's Magazine

Big business features are emphasized in the March issue of MacLean's.

The Business of the Nation: An article on National Politics. E. W. Thomson.

The Achievements of the Oslers: One of a series on Successes of Canadian Families. W. A. Craick.

The Age of the Business Man: The six most important things in the world of business. Elbert Hubbard.

Health as Business Capital: Great achievement is the child of strong vitality. Dr. Marden.

Factors in Canada's Prosperity: An authoritative article on the business and financial situation. John Appleton.

Padding the Expense Account: An article on the ethics of Travelling Expenses. R. W. Brock.

The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd.

Montreal

Toronto

Winnipeg

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A representation of a Spanish Man-of-War firing on the Pirate Schooners "Bee" and "Bacchus" off the coast of Venezuela in 1806. Jeremiah Powell, son of an Ontario Chief Justice, was captured in the engagement and condemned to death as a pirate. The manner in which he was saved from death and later from imprisonment, largely through the efforts of his father, who visited the courts of Europe in his behalf, is related in the article, "How the Son of a Canadian Chief Justice Became a Pirate," appearing on page 48 of this issue.

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXV

Toronto March 1913

No. 5

Canadian Political Affairs

The Navy Problem in its Broadest Aspect—The probability of general European war augments with every hour of hostilities between the Turkish and Balkan Nations. Possession of strategically important Constantinople by any power more vigorous, and more inclined than the Porte to develop naval strength, might be of huge menace to Great Britain. Was the possibility that she may occupy the adjacent waters stated to Mr. Borden as one great factor in the "emergency?" That Canada, by dependency on Great Britain, is in grave danger of being soon involved in war, seems plain on the very face of the European situation. Surely the Ottawa statesmen should cease the petty business of playing for position at the next general elections, and hasten to agree on defence plans in such circumstances.—E. W. Thomson.

By Edward William Thomson

MANY incidents have incited the present Contributor to an explanation which the Editor of "MacLean's Magazine" might not make without some risk of seeming to advertise "No connection with the House over the Way." One of those incidents consisted in the Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, formerly of Sir Wilfrid's cabinet, rallying the writer with—"I have read your Navy article in 'MacLean's.' I was surprised to find the Magazine more favorable to the Borden plan than W. F. is himself!" Mr. Lemieux was newly surprised when told that Mr. W. F. MacLean, M.P. for South York, has no sort of business or other connection with this Magazine, which is the exclusive property of another of that name—Colonel J. B. MacLean. This avowal does not indicate any lack in proper estimation of the energetic, experienced, radical chief proprietor of the Toronto "World." Of course he cannot wish to be credited with responsibilities which do not pertain to him. Yet it might be as awkward for him as for the Editor of this periodical to correct publicly an error which I have found prevalent in many places between Victoria and Halifax. Some may be reminded of the good old

story, about Sir Allan Macnab, well known throughout the Canadas of from forty to seventy years ago. He resided at Hamilton. When the Chief of his clan visited that town he called on Sir Allan, who chanced to be out. On getting home he found a card inscribed "*The Macnab.*" Hastening to reciprocate the civility he found the Chief absent, therefore, left for him a card inscribed "*The Other Macnab.*" The other MacLean — Mr. W.F.—has surpassed even his wonted activity this session of parliament. Partizans watch him with new and fearful interest. Opposing Leaders can never feel sure as to what course he and his bright "World" may take in regard to novel affairs. The orbit of that independent Comet continues incalculable by political regulars. These might behave in a more edifying way if they could count no more on safety from the impact of any other luminary of the daily Press.

Some wise men hold that the most important February event was the London Privy Council's decision that a certain confiscatory Act of the Alberta Assembly is *ultra vires* of any Canadian Province. The importance consists in relieving Canadian credit from grave

danger. If aught closely resembling repudiation of contracts and seizure of private trust-funds were declared *intra vires* of the provinces, they, and the Dominion which includes them, could not but be regarded as dangerous customers in money markets. Let us briefly review the Alberta case. In the general provincial election of March, 1909, the Rutherford Ministry sought public approval of a railway policy which included most prominently the building of a road from Edmonton to Fort Macmurray, 350 miles, by the Alberta and Great Waterways R.R. Company, whose bonds for \$20,000 per mile, and \$400,000 for terminals, were to be guaranteed by the province. Because I was then in Alberta I know that the Charter, Scheme, Company, and Guaranteeing Act were fully placed before the electors. They approved the Rutherford Ministry by electing thirty-nine of its supporters to an Assembly of forty-one representatives all told. Thus the people most emphatically backed the A. & G. W.W.R.R. project. Lawyers make small account of this fact, which to me seems highly important. So it appeared to W. R. Clarke, an American banker, who had organized and was President of that Company, as he is still. As soon as he had been convinced that the voters liked his scheme, and would stand by their Government's guarantee of the same, Clarke hastened to England. There he soon induced the Morgan's London House to agree to buy his Company's provincially-guaranteed bonds at par. These are for fifty years, bearing five per cent. interest payable half-yearly. Obligation to pay can nowise come on the Province unless the Company default, in which case the Province would automatically become owner of the Company's road, funds, total possessions. Alberta endorsed, as it were, the Company's note, on condition that the proceeds should be placed with trustees, whose duty would be to pay out the money to the Company by instalments, each instalment coming due when ten miles of railway should have been completed and certified to by

an engineer of the Alberta Government, payment to be then authorized by the provincial treasurer. The company alone could get the money, but could get none of it without building equivalently. When the company's bond had been duly and formally guaranteed by Alberta's Government the Morgans paid \$7,400,000. This was deposited in Canadian banks having Edmonton branches; \$400,000 in the Dominion, \$1,000,000 in the Union, \$6,000,000 in the Royal Bank. These Banks took the money as trustees, agreeing to pay $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. interest, being bound to pay to the company only as specified above. President Clarke hastened preliminaries to construction. He alleges his company's outlay to have been more than one million dollars, largely for clearing the line, buying timber, ties, and sundry supplies. In March, 1910, he was stopped by the Rutherford Ministry, whose existence was threatened by revolt of a "liberal" faction consisting of about half of all the representatives elected one year earlier to support that Ministry and the A. & G. W. W. R. R. scheme! The revolt is alleged to have been contrived by a rival railway concern hungry to get control of the banked \$7,400,000. Be that as it may, the Rutherford Ministry resigned. Chief Justice Arthur Sifton then came down from the Alberta Bench "to save the party."

Mr. Sifton had been out of politics for years. He was by residence a South Albertan. His region did not favor the A. & G. W. W. scheme. He himself seemed unaware of the pressure of Immigration northward, and of the probable early need for a railway from Edmonton to Macmurray. He regarded the project as premature. So did the Laurier Ministry, who refused to grant it the usual Federal subsidy of from \$3,400 to \$6,800 per mile. This may in some degree account for the amazing course which Premier Sifton pursued. He induced the Assembly to pass legislation which purported annulment of the provincial guarantee as applied to the company bonds, and purported also to convert the \$7,400,000 of com-

pany money, held by the trustee bank, to the general funds of the Province! An eminent Toronto K.C., speaking on a political platform, described this as worse than any confiscatory proceeding by Castro of Venezuela. Mr. Sifton described it as "foreclosure." Yet the R.R. company had neither defaulted nor received any formal notice of an intent to "foreclose." Mr. Sifton refused even to hear Mr. John Moss, K.C. in protest on behalf of the company.

On strength of the Confiscatory Act the Provincial Treasurer drew cheques on the trustee banks for the whole of the money. As the banks stood in a fiduciary relation alike to company, bondholders, and Alberta, they refused to honor the cheques. Then the Sifton Government proceeded, on the rickety basis of their own Confiscatory Act, to sue the banks. The Union and Dominion Banks paid their \$1,400,000 into court, pending final judgment. The Royal judiciously retained its \$6,000,000, and contested the legality of the grab at it. An Alberta judge ruled favorably to the Sifton contention. The Alberta Court of Appeal sustained that judge. The Privy Council decision reverses that of the Alberta courts. This judgment declares *ultra vires* of a Province such attempt as Mr. Sifton made to convert to general provincial uses money deposited with trustees for a specified purpose. Other points against the Confiscatory Act were left undecided. One excellent result is assurance to the World's money-markets that Canadian provinces have no such "sovereign" powers for repudiation and confiscation as the Alberta lawyers alleged.

Now for the political and practical effects. To some observers it appears that Alberta has not only been mulcted in all the costs of lengthy and expensive litigation, but saddled with obligation to pay 5 per cent. for fifty years on \$7,400,000, of which the provincial treasury can get no sort of use. Were that view correct the electors of Alberta would probably turn the Liberals out at the next general elections, now not more than a year distant, though the Sifton Ministry, since Mr. C. W. Cross

joined it, has been exceedingly progressive. But the specified view is incorrect. An effect of the London decision is to put the A. & G. W. W. R. R. Company where it stood before being assailed. Its charter is in full force. So is the provincial guarantee of its bonds. So is the obligation of the trustee-banks to pay out money for every ten miles of completed road. The project was a sound one from the start. Its completion will develop great and valuable tracts not of arable prairie only, but certainly of asphalt beds and probably of petroleum—to say nothing of the predicted allurements of tourists and sportsmen by the great game and fish region en route to and neighboring Fort McMurray. In short, the enterprise will pay the company. Hence the company will be able to pay interest and principal of the bonds. Hence the provincial guarantee will never cost Alberta a cent.

I am glad to find the accomplished Editor of The Financial Post in substantial agreement with my view of the A. & S. W. R. R. L. enterprise. In a communication he says:—

"Undoubtedly the rock which obstructed the consummation of the Rutherford-Cross railway policy in Alberta was the issuing of the bonds of the railway company guaranteed by the government on a five per cent. basis and the marketing of these at par. This was done at a time when the Province itself could dispose of four per cent. at par. Very naturally the holders of Alberta securities became perturbed. This heterodox financing aroused a storm out of which grew the most searching enquiry to which any railway proposal was ever submitted. All the weaknesses of the deal and none of its virtues were brought to light. The whole bent of the enquiry was towards discovering some graft—some infidelity to the province. None was proved. No transaction can be drawn or entered into that is not capable of being ill-construed or susceptible to having read into it motives other than intended. It was the fate of the Alberta-Waterways agreement to be misread. In reality it was as good as any agreement of its kind

ever entered into. Virtually it was the same as practically every other agreement between the western provinces and railroad companies with the solitary exception that it provided for a guarantee of five's instead of four's. This was the point of the inquiry that shouldered in the Rutherford-Cross government, the weaknesses common to agreements under which railroads are built by bonds of companies with provincial guarantees behind them."

Premier Sifton's way out of the troubles he has created seems plain. He can repent, then hasten to enable Mr. Clarke's Company to build the railway. The trustee-banks are bound to liberate the cash for that and no other purpose. If Premier Sifton be too obstinate to bring forth fruits meet for repentance his party can easily depose him. The Premiership would then naturally go to Mr. C. W. Cross, Attorney-General of Alberta. He helped to promote the A. & G. W. W. R. R. when he was in the Rutherford Ministry. He has now been proved right as business man and lawyer from the start.

One point of the bungled affair should be noted. Alberta suffers from the negligence of two Ottawa Cabinets as well as from the arbitrariness of her Premier. The Confiscatory Act might have been disallowed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier's Ministry in 1910, and by Mr. Borden's last year. The federal veto power on provincial legislation was established for the avowed purpose of enabling Ottawa to stop precisely such Acts as Mr. Sifton tried to establish. Sir John Macdonald was true to the design of Confederation in using the veto. He was not afraid to work to the idea that the power representative of the Canada should control provincial legislatures as fully as the Fathers of Confederation and the London Parliament intended. Sir Wilfrid Laurier worked on the so-called "liberal" theory that the federal veto should be employed only when a province clearly encroached on Dominion field, or legislated in such wise as to provoke trouble with some foreign nation. On the latter ground it would appear that the Sifton

legislation should have been vetoed at Ottawa. It attacked citizens of the United States, on whose behalf Washington must have intervened had not the London Privy Council saved them. For the Borden Ministry's refusal, in January of 1912, to disallow the Edmonton Act no reason was or can be given consistently with Sir John A. Macdonald's view of duty and constitutionality in such matters. It appears true that Sir Wilfrid refused disallowance because his party friends wished him to abstain, and that Mr. Borden refused lest he might be charged with intervening against his party's opponents. Alberta has to pay a long score partly incurred by the negligence of two Ottawa Cabinets.

THE NAVY ENCORE.

Voluminous misrepresentation of Mr. Borden's "Navy" programme has come almost as much from his friends as from his opponents. Many of the former seem as desirous as all the latter to proclaim his scheme "jingoish," one of "tribute" or permanent contribution to London armaments, one designing no ship-building in Canada nor defence of the Dominion's coast cities, coal mines, settlements. He has wisely maintained almost perfect silence, let his introductory speech be interpreted all ways by all disputants, waited in patient hope to get one chapter passed before producing a second. The contending speechmakers and writers remind one of critics wrangling as to how a novel or play will end after they have read or witnessed only the first part or act. Such wrangling, superfluous as it usually is, would be silly if the publisher or manager had explained the plot publicly. Why not take Mr. Borden's introductory speech as one of good faith? The House might pass the \$35,000,000 vote as one authorizing the Ottawa Ministry to expend the sum in building three battleships for loan to London until called to Canada by Ottawa. Then the Premier could reasonably be asked to produce his promised plan for establishing Canadian shipyards for the building of small cruis-

ers, etc., and also a sufficient scheme for defending our coasts by torpedoes, floating or submerged mines, etc. Would not that be the proper Opposition course if the Opposition were sincerely bent on securing that Canadian defence which prudence requires, and not primarily bent on obstruction with intent to force a general election soon?

That they and the people at large may properly demand an early general election seems to me true, because the House is not truly representative of the electorate according to the census of June, 1911. The House cannot be replaced by a truly representative one before passage of an overdue Redistribution of Representation Act. Mr. Borden might well hasten to propose a Redistribution Act, whose passage would set him free to appeal to the electorate on his Navy programme. This certainly would not be less popular if he disclosed the remaining or purely Canadian-defence chapters thereof. He would be newly esteemed for candor did he take that course. Moreover, his Navy scheme, which still seems to me sound, could be then no longer misrepresented by either friends or opponents. He now runs risk of being suspected, as Sir Wilfrid often was, of evasion, shiftiness, designing what he dares not specify. He seems seeking to hold on arbitrarily to office in order to effect ends presently kept dark. Moreover, his quite-Canadian Navy scheme tends to become unpopular by lack of complete specification. If the electors become persuaded that his delay of a Redistribution Bill comes of fear to arrange voting lists on which he might be promptly challenged or forced to appeal to them, they may newly incline to turn him out when they get the chance. Thus his good Navy scheme, which is essentially of more value than any party's tenure of power, might be or might seem to be rejected by the country as an incident of his defeat. There are good reasons for calling a plebiscite on any Navy plan.

One curious delusion has been manifested throughout the Navy debate by speakers on both sides. All seem ob-

sessed by a belief that Canada could not be defended against German invasion, or Japanese invasion, if the Old Country's fleet had no existence, or were destroyed in the North Sea. Certainly a Canada without any more armament than the Dominion now possesses could not be defended. But this Dominion, if duly prepared with armaments, is singularly capable of defense against any or all possible enemies, bar the United States, our brother English-speaking country and firm friend. Captain Reid, of the Royal Engineers, (the Army's scientific corps), wrote on this matter last February to the Montreal Gazette:—"So far as the Eastern Maritime Provinces are concerned, excepting the case of the important shipping town of Halifax, there is no need for the presence of a fleet of battleships. Mine fields in the narrows of Belle Isle and at Rimouski, thickly strewn in the passage between Cape Ray and Cape Breton, and in the Bay of Fundy, will afford ample protection from a hostile fleet. In addition, there is, during the winter months, the fell guardianship of 'General February.' The great cities of Canada are therefore perfectly immune from attack by sea." He went on, "No fleet in the world can venture far from its coal basis . . . Neither the British, nor the French, nor the German, nor the United States fleet will ever venture singly across the Atlantic to their opposite shores bent on a hostile errand. A coal-less battleship is as helpless as a shoaled whale. Moreover, where on a hostile continent is a badly hulled dreadnought to be docked and repaired? Must she risk the Atlantic passage again homeward deep in the water."

Take down the map of Canada. Look at both coasts. Consider what Captain Reid specified. You will see that no matter how great the German fleet attempting invasion of our Eastern coast its ships could be easily kept out of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Bay of Fundy by merely sowing the entrances with mines. The German fleet could not risk its bottoms when three thousand miles from a base of coal and re-

pairs. It could not effect a blockade. It would have to turn round soon after arrival off our east shore, where nothing except Halifax and the east coast of Nova Scotia would be attackable. That city and coast could be perfectly protected by forts, guns, mines, etc., at no great cost. A high authority in the Canadian Marine Department told me lately that the St. Lawrence route could be amply protected against any hostile fleet by merely taking away the lights and buoys! To British Columbia shores Capt. Reid's method of defence can be swiftly and inexpensively applied against any attacking fleet, such as that of Japan, which would be thousands of miles from its coal and repairs bases. Look again at the map. Observe that Dixon Entrance, (opposite the G.T.P. terminus of Prince Rupert), Skidegate Channel, Hecate Strait, Queen Charlotte Sound, Juan de Fuca Strait, Straits of Georgia, are all sufficiently narrow to be closed to any hostile overseas fleet by mines, etc. Certainly it would be well to have battleships, cruisers, destroyers, torpedo boats and ship-building plant on our coasts. But these are perfectly defensible at a cost well within the paying powers of Canada, whose land forces should all be organized with design to back up coast defences, instead of as now on the foolish presumption of danger from the United States.

It is monstrous and contemptible to suppose or allege that some eight million Canadians, if duly prepared, could not beat off both Germany and Japan at once. It is ridiculously alleged that, were Great Britain's fleet shattered in the North Sea, we could escape invasion and annexation by the victor only by begging Washington to save us and annex our country to the Republic. That is bosh. It postulates that we are to go on without any more preparation for self defence than we have now. That is not Mr. Borden's idea, nor Sir Wilfrid Laurier's idea. They intend defensive local armaments. The sooner we get them established the better. If such were amply provided, Canada

could stand off the European and Asiatic worlds. We have been so long accustomed to rely on the Old Country for defence that few of us seriously consider the truth that we can defend Canada far more effectively from Europeans or Asiatics than Great Britain can. Canadians who say that we must depend on either Motherland or Brother-land for safety on both Ocean shores might well be invited to "go hang a calfskin on those recreant limbs."

Mr. Borden, in that part of his scheme which has been formally disclosed, seems to ask Canadians to defend not themselves, but Great Britain. If that were all his scheme surely it would appear surpassingly foolish. For the British power may be smashed, no matter how great its superiority in ships and guns, by flying and submerged dirigibles, or by some such long chapter of disaster as ruined the great Armada of Spain. This is the danger against which Canadians have to guard. By way of helping to avert it the Premier proposes to add three big ships to the King's fleet overseas. Is not that wise? But no such addition to that fleet can insure victory for it. Defeat is conceivable, nay, very possible. It is against that contingency that the Laurier scheme might provide, if it did not include a dilatory proposal that we stay defenceless until we can build ships, etc., in Canada. Last month it was here hoped that the two party Chiefs would put their heads together and combine their schemes. Several important Liberal M.P.'s have since urged this. It seems improbable they would do so except by Sir Wilfrid's privity and consent. At time of this writing the Premier has not, apparently, held out hand to accept the proffered olive branch. There is still some hope that he may cease to be obdurate. Perhaps the Opposition may soften his heart by letting the \$35,000,000 vote pass soon. If ever there was a case in which the Royal Governor-General might well privately endeavor to bring politicians to agreement, this is one.

Aunt Jane's Reminiscence

Dr. Abbott was in a philosophic and reflective mood when he wrote the little sketch which we produce herewith under the title "Aunt Jane's Reminiscence." The strength of the story lies in the fact of its close relationship to life. It might easily be true; scores of readers will recall persons of their own acquaintance of whom a similar sketch might be written. And the closer a story comes to striking real life—the common, ordinary sort of existence—the better it is.

By Dr. Charles C. Abbott

"JOHN, Henry, William, Ellis, Peter, Daniel, and little Anthony—and then came me. Folks used to say Father had a fine family o' boys and Poor Jane. I s'pose they were tired o' havin' babies."

"Just as though one girl was one too many! One day I heard one o' the neighbors say, speakin' o' me, that I was like the boards and bricks left over after the house was built—not much account. I never somehow could forget them words, and yet I couldn't see what they meant, but now, turned o' eighty, it's plainer. They're all gone, and here am I, good for nothin'. Then things that's least account, you know, never get lost or broken, and it's what we set most store by that's soonest taken from us."

For a few moments Aunt Jane rocked slowly in her old chair and half closed her eyes.

"When I was a bit of a girl," she continued, "somehow I was only in the way, and got pushed into the corner. It wasn't that anyone was real unkind, but only too busy just then to bother with me; but I grew up, spite o' all, and not one of the boys but found me helpful when they'd families o' their own. I've no real cause o' complaint, but somehow, when I get to thinkin' things over, it seems to me they might 'a' been different.

"The folks used to laugh when, at last, I'd a young man droppin' in o' evenin's, but, spite o' all, it would a' come to somethin' hadn't some folks

talked too much, and, tellin' what wasn't so, spoilt all for me. How folks can deliberately lie and murder a neighbor's peace o' mind and go unpunished, I can't see. There's trouble enough for 'em if they murder a neighbor outright, as if peace o' mind wasn't somethin' to consider. But, then, why tell all about it now, when everybody's dead and gone, and better all round what I could tell should die with me?"

"But tell me about that young man," I urged. "It will do no harm."

"Nor no good. Ephraim was a well-built lad, and, what was better'n'n' good looks, he would look you right in the face and say straight out what he had in mind. I don't mean to say he was handsome-like, for he wasn't, but his face was good. To be sure, his hair was sort o' red, and his nose spread out like, and there was freckles; but then them eyes o' his made up for it all. I can see 'em yet. He sort o' didn't look at you, but into you, and it was the real thought talkin' to what you thought all the time. You couldn't 'a' fooled him, had you tried. He was a risin' farmer at the time, and more'n one, seein' that, considered his money more'n an offset to his looks and set their caps. I had the lead, much to everybody's wonder, when Abigail Taylor said she always heard I wasn't all right, and the family all said so, and that the doctor shook his head when he heard about Ephraim, and said it all so she knew it would get to Eph's ears, and, sure enough, he fell off comin'. I

was broke up about it, but too proud to let on, and then sickness came on me, and when I pulled together again and got around I wasn't much more'n a shadow, they said.

"It was all fixed between Abigail and Ephraim, and I was plucky enough to congratulate him one day, but what I said and what I thought didn't gee very well.

"Ten years after—oh, it was a long wait — Ephraim called at brother Henry's where I was livin' then, and said to me, when nobody was 'round, 'Jane, I've been a fool!'

"'Yes,' says Eph. 'I was a fool. Such a life as I led!'

"'You shouldn't say nothin' again' the dead,' says I.

"'It's so,' says Eph, 'I shouldn't, but Jane—'

"Here I didn't let him go on, but says I, 'Eph, I can't take up with a fool in my old age, whatever I might 'a' done when I was younger.'

"Now, you ought to have seen Eph look. But his wits come to him in time, and says he, 'Why, Jane, I never asked you nothin.'

"Sure enough, comin' to think of it, he hadn't, and it's a puzzle to me to this day how I happened to say out what I did. I s'pose I really was so wishin' he would speak that I got the notion he had, but la! it's almost fifty years ago, and here am I, turned o' eighty, still a-wonderin'."

Auntie Jane's was no longer the tireless tongue of younger womanhood. I was fortunate to have learned what I did. For a full half-hour I left her to herself, and then ventured to ask one more question:

"So, then, Ephraim was the only man in the world for you?"

"Yes, the only one. Anyhow, no one else ever came, but I think now that was 'cause my brothers frightened 'em off. I was always wanted to look after their babies. Ephraim tried once more—I think, to make me change my mind and marry him, even if he was once a fool.

"He happened in one Sunday afternoon. It was a May day, and the apple-trees all a-bloomin'.

"'Jane,' says he, after some ramblin' talk, 'I don't see why, because our partners are took away early, a man need to be mis'erable the rest of his days.'

"'Nor I, Ephraim,' says I.

"Then, Jane, why not—'

"'No, Eph,' says I, pert-like, like a sassy child; and Eph, he got up out o' that garden bench, real red in the face, and walked down the path, never sayin' even good-by.

"I watched him a-goin' for a minute and then couldn't stand it no longer. 'Eph!' I called, but he didn't stop. 'Eph! Eph!' I called louder, 'come back a minute!' but he just walked on out o' sight.

"I waited pretty near all summer for Eph to come back, but he didn't, so says I one day to brother Henry, 'I'm goin' to Daniel's for a visit.' They been a-askin' me to come, and I went; and here I am with Daniel's children, and my next movin' will be my last one. I never saw Ephraim again. Now, sometimes, when I'm sittin' by the fire, and when it's spring and the apples is in bloom, sometimes I can see Ephraim walkin' down that path and can 'most hear myself callin' to him. But la! here am I, an old, worn-out woman, and talkin' in this way. I hadn't ought to do it."



The Achievements of the Oslers

The following article is the second of a series of family sketches which will be published in MacLean's from time to time. The main purpose of the series is to tell the story of the notable success achieved by some prominent Canadian families in the professions and in business enterprises, and to present the underlying factors and elements which have contributed to their success. In this article the achievements of the Oslers are reviewed.

By W. A. Craick

IT HAS seldom been given to the members of any one family to achieve the individual distinction gained by the sons of the late Rev. Featherstone Osler of Bond Head and Dundas. Rarely indeed have talents been so equally distributed over so many brothers or have the fruits of success been so uniformly divided. Instances are by no means rare where brothers have shared in the work which has made a family name famous, but it is usual to find that some one of their number, by special gifts or aptitudes, has surpassed the rest in his achievements. In the case of the Oslers this is scarcely true, for it would be hard to institute comparisons as to the relative success of any one member of the family.

In law, in finance and in medicine, the name of Osler is to-day as conspicuous as it was in theology fifty years ago when both the father and the uncle of the present generation were notable figures in the councils of the Church of England in Canada. The eldest son, an ex-jurist of repute, who might to-day have been Chief Justice of Ontario had the fates been kinder; the second an advocate whose brilliant pleading thrilled many a court-room; the third, a financier whose name has long been honorably associated with the business life of the country; the youngest, a physician of international fame—these four have upheld the family tra-

ditions and added fresh distinction to the name.

In this new land of Canada it is frequently the case that the men most prominent in business and the professions have sprung from humble origins or, as it is more commonly expressed, have been self-made. That this is not so of the Oslers is perhaps one reason why the members of that family have preserved in their days of prosperity a certain gentleness of manner and refinement of disposition that is oftentimes lacking among men who have been rapidly translated from the cabins or shacks of the proletariat to the seats of the mighty. Their father as already mentioned was a clergyman of the Church of England and an honor graduate of the University of Cambridge. His father before him was a wealthy shipowner of the port of Falmouth in Cornwall, while his paternal uncle was a physician of more than local celebrity. The Oslers of Cornwall were indeed an old family before the Cambridge graduate migrated with his bride to the backwoods of Canada and through them an aristocracy of birth and breeding, if not of title, has been the heritage of the Canadian branch.

The Rev. Featherstone Osler, born in a seaport town and the child of a seafaring race, was naturally attracted as a youth to the life of adventure on

the ocean wave. In 1817, at the tender age of twelve, he received his commission as midshipman and was sent aboard the *Cynthia*, and later to the famous "*Victory*." He served in the navy for several years, but chancing to meet with a slight accident and fearing that a change of government, which

he continued to take a keen interest for the remainder of his life.

During the 'thirties the Bishop of Quebec was actively engaged in the old land in securing recruits for the mission fields of Upper Canada. His appeal, for volunteers met with a response in the breast of the young Cornishman,



Rev. Featherstone Osler, father of the Osler family.

had taken place about the time of his misfortune, would interfere with his chances of promotion, he relinquished his naval ambitions and enrolled himself as an undergraduate at Cambridge. Here he took up the study of mathematics with avidity, a pursuit in which

who then and there determined to enter the Church and devote his life to the service of the pioneers in Canada. He was duly ordained by the Bishop and in the early part of 1837 sailed for the New World, accompanied by Mrs. Osler, whom he had married on Febru-

ary 6, 1837, just prior to their departure. She had been a Miss Ellen Free Pickton, a native of Kent, whose parents had died while she was an infant and who had been brought up as an adopted daughter by her uncle, Captain John Britton, of Falmouth.

mense extent. Thither the young clergyman pursued his way, taking up his residence in the little settlement of Bond Head, where he was destined to spend the next twenty years of his life.

The county was rough and unsettled, the roads were corduroy, the nearest



Mrs. Osler, wife of Rev. Featherstone Osler, and mother of the Osler family.

The charge to which Mr. Osler found himself directed on his arrival at Quebec was located in the almost unbroken forest to the north of Toronto and in the vicinity of Lake Simcoe. It was composed of the township of Tecumseth and the townships immediately adjoining, and formed a parish of im-

Sig. 2.

clergyman of his own denomination was at Barrie and to reach Toronto involved a journey of three days. In the midst of these crude backwoods conditions, Mr. Osler set bravely to work to perform the duties of his calling. His first services were held in a driving shed at Bond Head, while in order to cover



The Anglican church at Bond Head, at which Rev. Featherstone Osler was rector for twenty years.

the parish he had to undertake long journeys which kept him much away from home. As the years passed, however, matters improved. A church was built, population increased, the country became more habitable and the parish was divided. At the rectory, children had been born and in the early training of his sons and daughters the worthy clergyman took much delight. Concurrently, his superior education had been requisitioned to instruct a class of young men in divinity, there being no theological college available for the training of such as wished to take holy orders.

During the twenty years that Mr. Osler remained at Bond Head he endeared himself to his parishioners by many acts of kindness and helpfulness. Himself extremely fond of gardening and well versed in agricultural lore, he took a personal interest in the efforts of such of his flock as tilled the soil and was not averse to showing even seasoned husbandmen how to improve the

quality of their product. In another direction, too, he appealed to their favor, for he was particularly careful not to weary them with long discourses. His sermons were short, sensible and always to the point.

From Bond Head, Mr. Osler was transferred to Dundas in 1857, where he became rector of Ancaster and Dundas. Here he remained for twenty-five years, when he retired from the ministry and spent the rest of his days in Toronto, passing away in 1895. Mrs. Osler survived him for twelve years and her death in her one hundred and first year was widely chronicled at the time. Of the latter years of the couple it is unnecessary to write in detail. The important period, when the characters of their children were being formed was the twenty years of residence at Bond Head, and it is because of this that a more than casual reference has been made to the conditions under which the Osler boys spent their earlier years.

Born of such parents, blessed with

such an ancestry, trained in a home where piety was mingled with a love of learning and a sensible regard for the necessary interests of life, it is small wonder that the various members of the family have become men and women of worth and distinction. The rectory at Bond Head witnessed the birth of six sons and three daughters. Of this numerous family, four sons and one daughter survive and there is today a lengthy list of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

The eldest son of the family, the Hon. Featherstone Osler, is now an old gentleman considerably past the psalmist's three score years and ten. Of gentle, retiring disposition, he has not made his personalty felt with the same degree of aggressiveness as his younger brothers, but at the same time he has not been lacking in that wonderful brain power which has distinguished the members of the family. He selected the law as his vocation and after re-

ceiving his primary education at a school kept by a Mr. Hill, a Cambridge man, at Bond Head and at the Barrie Grammar School, he took up the study of law in Barrie.

From 1860 to 1879, he practised in Toronto, having at various times as his partners, the late Chief Justices Thomas Moss, R. A. Harrison and Sir Charles Moss. Confining himself to chamber business he made a name for himself as an able and painstaking practitioner. He was particularly kind and helpful to the students who were articled in his office, among whom Sir Allan Aylesworth was probably his favorite, for the latter succeeded to his practice when he was elevated to the bench in 1879.

From 1879 to 1910 Judge Osler was a familiar figure at Osgoode Hall. Until 1883 he sat as a puisne judge of the Court of Common Pleas and for the rest of the time he was on the bench as a judge of the Court of Appeal. He



The Osler home at Bond Head, where the members of the Osler family were born and reared.

was always a great worker and on his shoulders fell the burden of preparing many of the important judgments of the Court during the time he was one of its members. He was distinguished for his courtesy, the thorough knowledge of the law which he possessed and the clear statements he made.

In 1910 Judge Osler retired from the bench after more than thirty years' service and shortly afterwards succeeded



SIR EDMUND OSLER,

The Canadian financier and Parliamentarian.

Dr. John Hoskin as president of the Toronto General Trusts Corporation. He is still interested in his old profession, as he retains the chairmanship of the commission having in hand the revision of the Ontario Statutes, but for the most part he is spending his declining years in quietness at home. On his retirement, the bar of Ontario took steps to have his portrait painted and hung in Osgoode Hall and last summer he visited Great Britain, where he sat to Sir James Guthrie, president of the Royal Scottish Academy for that purpose.

The second son of the family, the late Britton Bath Osler, whose death occurred in 1901, was probably the most remarkable figure of them all. During the 'eighties and 'nineties his name was almost a household word in Canada, on account of the conspicuous part he played in numerous sensational murder trials. As crown prosecutor he seemed infallible and the intimation that B. B. Osler would conduct the prosecution in any particular case was taken as a sure indication that it would go hard with the accused.

It was of this great criminal lawyer that the late Goldwin Smith, a man not addicted to lauding his contemporaries, proclaimed that some of his speeches might well stand as models with those of Cicero and Demosthenes, while on a more recent occasion Sir Wilfrid Laurier, speaking in Toronto, said that, if Osler had been a French-Canadian, his jury addresses would long since have been collected and published and would be studied with eagerness by every law student in the province.

B. B. Osler was born on June 16, 1839, and attended school with his elder brother at Mr. Hill's establishment in the village and later at the Barrie Grammar School. When the family removed to Dundas he continued his studies at the Dundas Grammar School and from there matriculated into the University of Toronto, whence he graduated in 1862. Taking up the practice of the law, he first established himself in Dundas, but on receiving the appointment of county crown attorney for Wentworth, moved to Hamilton. In 1882 he became a member of the firm of McCarthy, Osler, Hoskin & Creelman, Toronto, and from then until the time of his death resided in the Queen City.

Those who once set eyes on B. B. Osler in the court room would not soon forget him. He was a man of striking appearance. An enormous brain dome surmounted a face which bore vivid scars, the result of a gas explosion which occurred in his house in Dundas. The eyes were large and black and of a strangely hypnotic character. The



HON. FEATHERSTONE OSLER,

The eldest of the family, who has had a notable career on the bench and in finance.

shoulders were slightly stooped. There was that about his expression and the ring of his voice that led Oliver Dowd Byron, the play-wright, to say that, had he gone on the stage, he would have been inferior only in histrionic ability to Edwin Booth.

This was the man who thrilled court-rooms, swayed juries, and blanched the faces of hardened criminals. He triumphed not so much from his ability as a lawyer, though that was superlative, but from the strength of his personality. He was big-hearted and kindly, intensely human, witty to a degree, and he appealed to juries as man to man. He had a habit when he reached the climax of his addresses of walking up and down before the jury box, standing before each jurymen in turn and speaking intimately, as it were, to each one.

The influence which he exerted over the minds of jurors may be illustrated by an incident which occurred at Sarnia. The court had adjourned at 6.30 on a wet and disagreeable evening and was to resume at 8 o'clock. As he emerged from the Court House, Mr. Osler no-

ticed that it was raining and paused for a moment on the steps. A young man who had come out behind him, offered him his umbrella. The lawyer demurred but the young man insisted saying that he had an overcoat and anyway did not require an umbrella as he intended to drive out into the country to bring in his father. "I want father to hear you win the case, Mr. Osler," he added. Mr. Osler thanked him and said he hoped he was a good prophet.

When the court resumed at the appointed hour, it was found that one of the jurymen was absent. The minutes passed and still no jurymen appeared. At last at about a quarter after the missing man hurried in and took his place. To the astonishment of Mr. Osler it proved to be the identical young man who had loaned him the umbrella.

Cross-examination Mr. Osler regarded as a very dangerous weapon and he avoided it as much as possible. He preferred the ancient mace to the modern rapier. His examination of witnesses was photographic and illuminative, as his addresses to juries were cus-



THE LATE BRITTON B. OSLER,

The noted criminal lawyer, for many years a leading figure at the Canadian bar.

tomarily a series of effective word pictures. He did not strive to involve witnesses in contradictions or subtleties of the law, but took the simplest course to the desired end.

On one occasion he found to his surprise that a doctor, who had been associated with him in many prosecutions, had been secured as a leading witness

where he lived and how long he had lived there. At each answer from the perplexed doctor, he interjected some remarks that were calculated to impress the jury with the fact that the doctor was some obscure individual unknown to Mr. Osler, though he came from the same city.

During his later years Mr. Osler was a prominent figure in a long series of criminal actions, of which probably the most famous was the Birchall case at Woodstock. It will be remembered that this trial created a great sensation at the time. Apart from the inherent interest of the case, the circumstance that one of the jurors was supposedly opposed to capital punishment, added zest to the proceedings and on the strength of this, odds were taken that there would be a disagreement.

On this occasion Mr. Osler made one of the greatest speeches in his career. He rose to address the jury as evening was closing in. In the dusk of the ill-lighted court-room, he had a dramatic setting in which to perform his part and he played that part with an intense conviction that the prisoner at the bar was guilty. At two points in his address he rose to a height of eloquence seldom heard in a court of law—once, when he questioned the whereabouts of the prisoner at the time of the murder and abruptly turning towards the box demanded, "Let him answer," and again when he appealed directly to the juryman who objected to capital punishment and quoted the Mosiac law that by man shall the shedding of man's blood be avenged. The Birchall trial attracted widespread interest in England and on the Continent and the addresses of counsel were cabled to the London Times and some Continental papers.

There were other notable occasions in B. B. Osler's career as a crown prosecutor, when the same forces were brought to bear on the jury. He was a man singularly gifted and was able to play on the feelings of jurors to an amazing extent. His knowledge was profound and embraced a wide sweep of subjects, of which probably botany



An intimate view of Sir Edmund Osler. (L)

for the defence, with the object of giving the cue to a number of local practitioners who had also been summoned as witnesses. Mr. Osler's handling of his erstwhile colleague was immense. Instead of proceeding to cross-examine him along the lines expected by the defence he treated him as an utter stranger and simply asked him a number of personal questions about his name,

was his favorite pursuit. A hard worker, he neglected to take that relaxation so essential as a counterpoise to intense application, with the result that on February 5, 1901, following a nervous breakdown, he passed away. The last

The third son of the family, Edward Lake P. Osler, and the fifth son, Frank L. Osler, have failed to attain the special distinction enjoyed by their brothers. The former, like his two older brothers, became a lawyer and was a



Sir William Osler, one of the world's outstanding figures in the realm of medicine.

entry in his little fee book made on April 21, 1900, has a pathetic interest in this connection. "At this point," he wrote, "the engine breaks down on the track and has to go to the repair shop for rebuilding and overhauling."

barrister in practice in Selkirk. The latter possessed a streak of the old seafaring spirit and as a boy went off to sea. Of more recent years he has taken up fruit ranching in British Columbia.

Sir Edmund Boyd Osler is the fourth

son, and in him the family glory is well maintained. He was born in 1845. Instead of becoming a lawyer, he took up banking and in 1862 entered the service of the old Bank of Upper Canada. The institution was in shaky condition at the time and in 1866 it closed its doors. Sir Edmund was a paying teller when the end came. He well remembers how the specie in the bank vault dwindled down until it amounted only to thirty thousand dollars, of which twenty-eight was composed of coppers done up in boxes containing two hundred dollars apiece: The coppers were offered to the bank's customers but there was not much inclination to accept them. One old lady, who had driven in from Thornhill, was not so sceptical, however, and went off triumphantly with one of the weighty cases.

Sir Edmund remained with the bank after the failure until its affairs had been wound up and then joined the late Henry Pellatt, father of Sir Henry Pellatt, in the brokerage business, under the firm name of Pellatt & Osler. Ever since he has been engaged in finance and with uniform success. In 1882 he dissolved partnership with Mr. Pellatt and formed the firm of Osler & Hammond, which is to-day one of the most important brokerage houses in Canada. His partner was the late Mr. H. C. Hammond, who had been previously general manager of the Bank of Hamilton.

The financial interests with which Sir Edmund Osler is to-day connected are sufficiently extensive to admit of his being classed among the twenty capitalists who are accused of owning the country. He is probably best known as president of the Dominion Bank and one of the two Toronto directors of the Canadian Pacific Railway. In addition he is on the directorate of at least a dozen other companies. The idea that he is a cold, calculating exploiter of the country's resources with a keen eye for franchise-grabbing is entirely at variance with the character of one of the most unassuming and lovable personalities in Canada. Of retiring dis-

position, he is a man of wide human sympathies and his benefactions have neither been few nor small. Though he devotes himself with diligence to the affairs of the various companies with which he is associated, he does not thrust himself into prominence, and it is probably safe to say that less is known of him than of any of the other big men of the country.

Sir Edmund has always been a loyal member of the conservative party and has represented West Toronto in the House of Commons since 1896. His voice is not often heard in the chamber at Ottawa, but when he does speak in his quiet way his remarks command attention. Had he cared for office there is little doubt but that his services would have been welcomed by Mr. Borden when he was faced with his difficult task of cabinet-making in the fall of 1911. The qualifications of the member for West Toronto for the portfolio of finance were unquestioned. Instead, however, of becoming Minister of Finance the then Mr. Osler accepted a knighthood from his sovereign.

By the irony of fate it is in the youngest son of the family that the name, Osler, has been established through the instrumentality of an hereditary title. Of course it is recognized that Sir William Osler, despite his notable services to medicine, derives the preponderating portion of his fame from the somewhat invidious circumstance that on a certain occasion he is supposed to have advocated the chloroforming of all men over the age of sixty. This chloroform doctrine, if such it may be termed, has become a fixed appendage to practically every reference to the learned doctor and he will doubtless be compelled to carry it with him to the grave and be remembered for it in future generations. But it was not for this that in 1911 the King bestowed a baronetcy on the Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford. Rather was it in recognition of his undoubted services to the advancement of medical science.

Sir William Osler is probably the most widely known member of the

family. The sphere of his activities has not been limited to one country, but has embraced England and the United States as well as Canada. He is a cosmopolitan figure and is as highly esteemed among the members of his profession on one side of the Atlantic as on the other. Born in 1849 the salient features of his career are that he attended Trinity College School and Trinity University and at the age of twenty-three graduated in medicine at McGill University, that for ten years he was a professor on the staff of his alma mater, that in 1894 he became professor of clinical medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, that in 1889 he went to Johns Hopkins University in the same capacity and that in 1904 he was appointed Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, a chair which he still occupies.

He is a fine personality. To a profound knowledge of his craft, he adds a wide acquaintance with the literature of all ages; to a skill in the diagnosis of disease, he unites a power to inspire his students with high ideals; with a devotion to his profession, he combines a capacity for fine living, high thinking and the abundant exercise of hospitality. He is an inspiring teacher, who stands for breadth of culture. It was he who advised his students to devote half an hour each evening to the reading of standard books and to keep a volume open on their dressing table in the morning, and for this course of home education he prescribed the Old and New Testaments, Shakespeare, Montaigne, Plutarch, Marcus Aurelius, Epictetus, *Religio Medici*, Don Quixote, Emerson and Holmes. He has himself written some fine books in which medical lore is pleasantly intermingled with a variety of other knowledge.

At the same time Sir William is no pedant and his conversation is by no means completely made up of wise sayings. He is a good raconteur and has a fund of stories, many of which are pointed at himself. He will relate how on one occasion he was asked to pre-

scribe for a friend of his, who was a club man and bon vivant. He advised him to stop drinking alcoholic liquors and go to some place for a rest. The man went to a popular seaside resort, from which he wrote to the doctor in the course of a few days, "Dear Doctor: Have been here for a week. Have not taken a drop of your medicine but have had a julep every morning and feel like a new man." Sir William telegraphed back, "Congratulate you on your cure. Give my compliments to your resident physician."

Another favorite story of his is that of the dyspeptic who was instructed to drink hot water an hour before breakfast every morning. The man came back to the doctor in two or three days and on being asked how he was getting on, replied, "I can't work that hot water business. It's impossible for me to keep it up for more than fifteen minutes at a stretch."

The younger generation of the Oslers, overshadowed in a sense by the fame of their fathers, are content to live in a worthy endeavor to hold up the family name. Judge Osler has three sons, all of whom are lawyers in practice in Toronto. The eldest, Henry Smith Osler, and the second, Britton Osler, are both members of the firm of McCarthy, Osler, Hoskin and Harcourt, and are counsel of some standing in the profession. The third son, Edward Glyn Osler, is connected with the firm of Blake, Lash, Anglin and Cassells.

B. B. Osler left no children. Edward Osler has no sons, but Sir Edmund Osler has three,—Francis Gordon Osler, associated with his father in the Toronto office; Edmund F. Osler, now engaged in farming near Oakville and Hugh F. Osler, with the Winnipeg office of Osler, Hammond and Nanton. Frank Osler has one son, Ralph F. Osler who is now in the office of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy in Montreal. Lastly Sir William Osler has one son, Edward Revere Osler, who will in the course of nature succeed his father in the baronetcy.



*"He did not start. He had been long enough in the desolate Pugwah to expect anything. He simply bowed his head a little lower on his breast and his outstretched hand moved slowly to the key."

The Reinstatement of Dixon

Dixon, the hero of this story, starts out as a railroad operator, is banished to a remote station as the result of being blamed for a freight wreck, figures in a particularly thrilling hold-up, and wins recognition and reward at the hands of the head of his company. Incidentally the element of romance is introduced, just to lend a love interest to the story. The interest is always there and the thrill is also quite realistic.

By Archie P. McKishnie

WHEN Dixon was a youngster in skirts he built trains out of spools and played railroad. When he was ten years old he made himself sick on his father's pipe, playing locomotive. When he was attending the collegiate he played hookey to snoop around the roundhouse of the P. & H. road; and when he graduated from college he accepted a position as telegraph operator in the company's head office. Dixon was in many ways a fool, but he was a born railroader.

During the first year of his life as a full-fledged operator he did at least two things worthy of mention, neither of which, however, pointed in the least degree towards his promotion. He won the esteem and love of Nellie Ross, the division superintendent's daughter, and the hatred of Snively, the rat-haired, ferret-eyed chief dispatcher, for being able to do it.

One night a through freight, shooting down grade at terrific speed, ran into an open switch and pitched some thousands of dollars of the P. & H.'s money into oblivion. Somebody was to blame. Somebody must suffer. An investigation was held. It ended in inability to fix the responsibility on anyone in particular; but someone must be censured, so Dixon got it, and Snively hugged himself in secret ecstasy.

When Dixon was called upon the carpet he took his medicine without a quiver. He was to be banished to Tug-

wah, a tiny station that swooned on a burnt spot of God's loneliness, sixty miles in all directions from civilization. The division superintendent called the banishment of Dixon "transferring him." It was all the same to Dixon. He listened to the long lecture read him by the big man with well-bred patience, and when the superintendent was through the operation quietly informed him that his daughter Nellie had consented to become his (Dixon's) wife as soon as he made good, and he hoped to be reinstated before long.

The father was so overcome by surprise that he as much as promised he would do his best, and shook hands with Dixon. Then he woke up and showed himself a real railroad man by qualifying Dixon and all his generation in a manner that made the red-eyed Snively, listening at the key-hole, linger sufficiently long to receive a left swing from Dixon's powerful arm as he passed out. The chief operator went down all in a heap in one corner of the room. The superintendent opened the door and saw him there. Then he closed the door and went back to the desk grinning and chewing hard on his cigar.

II.

Dixon sat in the little hot-box of a station, his feet on the table and a dead pipe between his teeth. He had been at Tugwah for two months now, and in

spite of his determination to grin and bear his unmerited punishment the big loneliness of the place was penetrating his soul.

All about him stretched dreary desolation; scraggy poplars, sickly sycamores, stunted pines; while here and there a putrid swamp or dead lake, with charred stumps protruding above its scummed surface, grinned through the stricken timbers like a hollow-eyed skull.

Sixteen miles eastward lay the little town of Sablepit, and the same distance westward slept the village of Slabtown. Here Dixon boarded, coming in on the morning mail train to relieve the hollow-cheeked night operator, who lived in Sablepit.

Dixon and Robinson had not had a chance to exchange many words. They were, however, companions in a common affliction and felt for each other a feeling akin to friendship, only deeper and more sympathetic in a way. It was rather a tie of brotherhood which prisoners under restriction feel for each other. The big loneliness and swamp-mists were killing the night operator, just as they were trying to do for Dixon. There was nothing to relieve the death-like monotony of the life. Two trains stopped at the little station every twenty-four hours; the morning and evening mail trains. One of these dropped Dixon off in the morning and the other picked him up in the evening.

At ten o'clock every morning the cannon-ball express grumbled up from the wilderness, and flashing around a curve, shot eastward through the Dead Land Woods, as though fleeing from the ghostly swamp mists clinging above the skeleton limbs of the stricken pines. At night the fast mail crashed westward, its yellow eyes winking derisively at the little station, as it sped past.

This was all there was to relieve the dreary sameness of Tugwah. The telegraph instrument seldom clicked a message. For whole days at a time it was silent. So Dixon had little to do except keep from going crazy with the big emptiness, or sick with the swamp fever.

He bought writing materials, and cartridges for his Smith and Wesson. When he was not writing long, cheerful letters to the girl who believed in his innocence and hoped for his early restoration, he was crumbling up long inquisitive rats, which, before his coming, had practically owned the little station, board and blind.

Splintered perforations, here and there, in the floor told their own stories; and with the passing of the rats Dixon had turned his attention to bigger game. Sometimes a baleful-eyed lynx crept up from the shagland, and lifting its round head above the grading, would lay back its tufted ears and snarl Dixon a challenge. It was invariably accepted, and on the board walls of the hot-box station were stretched several yellow-grey pelts, which told tales.

Sometimes the operator would hang a piece of rock by a string and start it swinging slowly like a pendulum, and try how many times out of six he could hit the moving target. It did not occur to him for a second that he was training his hand and eye for a purpose. He shot simply to engage his mind and keep it from traveling back to the little world he had lost.

As he sat now, feet on the table and square jaw clenched on the stem of his unlit pipe, the face which had lost its color and roundness smiled as his eyes were alight with a joy one sometimes observes to flash across the face of a prisoner when a reprieve is handed him. In his fingers he held a letter from the girl who loved him, and for the twentieth time that day he read it over.

"Dear Jack" (it ran), "Father is going to C—— to-morrow, and he is allowing me to go with him. By the time you receive this we shall have started. We stop for a night at M—— which I understand is only fifty miles below Tugwah. I find there is a mail train passing your station at seven in the evening. Could you not take it and go through to M——? It would let you in an hour before the express arrives, and you could meet me there."

There was much more in the letter, unnecessary to transcribe here.

Dixon folded the closely written sheet and put it in his pocket, smiling as he reached for a match. He was still thinking of the girl when he opened the drawer of his desk and took out his revolver, which he dropped into his hip pocket. In twenty minutes the night operator would arrive to relieve him, and then good-bye for a time to the gripping loneliness of Tugwah. In the meantime he would practice a little with the revolver.

He whistled happily as he flung his feet from the table and stood up. As he walked towards the door he became suddenly aware that the day was darkening. Up from the westward and seeming to bounce from spear-tipped crag to crag, a dark cloud came rolling, spitting streams of jagged yellow flame and muttering low threats as it advanced. Dixon shrugged his shoulders and turned back into the station. The humid heat of the late day was almost overpowering, but he closed the door and the little windows, and sitting on the corner of the table, watched the storm approach.

Suddenly his call sounded, and with a start he turned towards his instrument. He caught this message:—

"Robinson dead. Remain on duty until relieved. Official."

Dixon, white of face and jaw dropping, sat staring straight before him. Suddenly above the wind that heralded the advancing tempest he heard the whistle of the approaching mail train. Mechanically he reached for the battered dinner pail and made for the door. Then he remembered that he was to remain on duty; and dropping into his chair he sat with clenched hands until the train crashed past.

So he was not to have a respite after all; he was not to meet the girl who would never know the reason of——

Then Dixon sat up, and, leaning across the table, placed his finger on the telegraph key.

"To hell with 'em," he grated. "I'm through with the P. & H. and all their

damnable system. I'll tell 'em so. I'll resign right now."

But even as his fingers pressed the key his own call clicked loudly and insistently again.

It was the operator at Junkwalkee, sixty miles east, calling.

"Walton gang held up No. 280 this morning. Killed four and secured eighty thousand cash and bonds. Supposed to be hiding in Dead Land Woods."

Dixon arose slowly from the table and walked to the window, against which the rain was now beating in torrents.

"I can't leave now," he muttered, "I simply can't. It would look like running away." He walked back to his chair and sat down.

Outside, the storm wailed and poured its deluge on a smitten world of desolation. Long zig-zag flashes of blue lightning split the lowering clouds and the detonation of the thunder rocked the tiny station. Dixon, one arm outstretched towards the instrument, sat with chin on his breast, unconscious of his surroundings.

His eyes were fastened to a piece of cracked mirror attached to the wall.

Suddenly his dreaming faculties became awake and active. In a darting flash of lightning the little mirror had revealed to him a masked face looking in upon him through the small window.

He did not start. He had been long enough in the desolate Pugwah to expect anything. He simply bowed his head a little lower on his breast and his outstretched hand moved slowly to the key.

"Junkwalkee, Junk——" he clocked. Then, "Walton gang here. Am——" Then the instrument sank dead. Dixon knew the wires had been cut.

He arose slowly, yawning and stretching his arms. He must play his part. He looked at his watch. "Too late," he thought. "The express has already left Junkwalkee. She will be here in twenty minutes. And," he murmured, "SHE will be on the train——good God!"

With every nerve strung, and mind working like lightning, Dixon passed slowly up and down the narrow floor. What could he do? What could he do? he kept asking himself.

Suddenly the door opened, and two men wearing black masks across their eyes entered. Dixon turned quickly, and the taller of the two spoke quietly:—

"Now then, son, all we ask you to do is keep quiet, and do as we tell you. We want you to light your little red lantern and come along with us."

"What for?" asked Dixon, feigning wonder.

"Never mind what for. That don't concern you. You do as I say if you want to live, that's all."

Dixon reached for the lantern and lit it.

"What time is that express due, youngster?" spoke the other man.

"In fifteen minutes," answered Dixon. She doesn't stop here."

"Well—you've got to stop her. Come along, now, move quick."

Dixon found himself outside the station, and walking down the track between the men, rain beating in his face. As they reached a cleft of rock standing close to the track three more men, wearing masks, slipped out like shadows and stood beside the leader. Far down across the moaning firs there sounded above the storm the low rumble of the approaching express, and then, as her deep whistle sounded, her white headlight flashed about the distant curve and cut the night's blackness like a probing eye.

"Now," said the leader, gripping Dixon's arm, "when she whistles for the station you signal her, and if you try any funny work I'll bore you full of holes, you——"

Dixon twisted away from the grasp of the man, and, swinging the lantern high over his head, sent it hurling far into the underbrush.

What happened next was never quite clear to him. He remembered dropping on one knee as he saw the arm of the man shoot outward, of feeling a

red-hot flash sear his scalp, and of tasting damp, pungent powder. He heard the low whistle of the express, and saw the lantern, which had been recovered, raised on high; and then he remembered jerking his own revolver from his pocket and shooting at the red steaming globe of the lantern, and of seeing it shivered to bits as the train crashed past; of returning the fire of the foiled despoilers. Then came oblivion.

He opened his eyes in a new world.

He was lying on a clean cool sheet, and knew from the motion that he was on board a train. He attempted to sit up, but his shoulder cried sharply to be still, and with drawn face he noted that his left arm was bandaged and in splints.

Dixon closed his eyes again, only to open them wide when a soft, cool hand was laid upon his forehead.

"Nellie!" he whispered in amazement, his right arm sweeping upward and holding prisoner the smiling face bending over him.

She laid her moist lips against his powder-blackened ones.

"You mustn't talk," she said gently. "Father is outside, writing messages, and if he knew you were awake he would come in and make your good arm as bad a cripple as the other by wringing it, Dickie. Do you know what you are now, boy?" she asked. "You're a hero! To-morrow all the morning dailies will have your picture in them, and underneath it, in grand, bold type: 'Brave Operator Captures daring Gang of Train Robbers Single-handed.'"

"But," murmured Dixon, "I didn't did I? What did I do, Nellie?—it's all hazy to me now."

"It seems," she explained, "that the agent at Junkwalkee received your message just after our train had passed his station, and he and five railroad men, armed with rifles, followed us on a freight engine after wiring to T——."

"At T—— our train was stopped and matters were explained. Father had them back up to Tugwah, and there we found that you had held the robbers

single-handed until relief had come from an unexpected quarter. Three of the bandits were wounded, and the other two surrendered rather than take to the swamps of the Dead Lands. You were unconscious, and after a surgeon had fixed you up father made them put you aboard this private car—and here you are.”

Just then the divisional superintendent poked his burly head in at the door.

“Hello!” he grinned, his big fat cigar wobbling as he spoke. “You’re yourself again, I see, Dixon. Now I just want to shake hands and tell you —” The girl interposed her slender person and pushed the large man away.

“He is quite willing to believe all you say without the hand-shake, daddy,” she said. “He only has one good arm, and——” blushing, “I don’t want that one crippled too.”

“Ho, ho!” laughed the superintendent. “So that is how it stands, eh?” He sat down close beside Dixon and

laid a big hairy finger on the young man’s wrist.

“I’ve just wired headquarters that you are promoted, young man,” he frowned. “You are chief despatcher, in place of Mr. Snively, who, I learned this morning, was responsible for the offence for which you have suffered. That’s all now,” he added as Dixon attempted to speak. “I’m going to stop at Fargo to get these messages away, and I’ll talk to you further after dinner.”

At the door he turned and glanced over his shoulder at the girl, who had slipped back into the room, and was sitting on the edge of Dixon’s berth.

“Seeing that you are so solicitous of Dixon’s good arm, Nellie,” he said drily, “it might be a good idea for you to guard against his overtaking it in any way.” Then the big man smiled a real fatherly smile on the young couple and passed out chuckling softly to himself.

Enlarging the Home Market

CANADA’S home market is growing, as the immigration returns continue to surpass all previous records. During the nine months, April 1st to December 31st, 1912, 334,083 immigrants arrived at ocean ports and 113,798 from the United States. These figures show an increase of 53 per cent., as compared with the number of arrivals of the corresponding months of 1911, which were 185,151 at ocean ports and 107,356 from the United States, making a total for the nine months’ period last year of 292,516 persons. During the month of December, 12,025 immigrants arrived, 7,262 from ocean ports and 5,763 from the United States, as against 10,724 for December, 1911. A great number of these immigrants have brought substantial sums of money, which will be spent for farm implements, clothing and furniture. They must buy the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life, according to their means.

How the Son of a Canadian Chief Justice Became a Pirate

That the days of story-book romance have not been left very far behind, will be realized when the following extraordinary story of the adventure of a former Chief Justice of Upper Canada and one of his sons is read. The incident has been quite forgotten with the passage of the years, but the recent discovery of an old manuscript in the hand of the Chief Justice himself, has brought the whole story to light again. In recording it fully in these pages, the editors feel that they are providing their readers with material of the deepest interest.

By Arthur Conrad

IN THE annals of Canadian history few stories of a more romantic turn are to be found than the so-called piratical adventures of Jeremiah Dummer Powell, fourth and youngest son of William Dummer Powell, one of the earliest chief justices of what is now the Province of Ontario, with the subsequent narrative of the judge's efforts to save his son from the penalties incurred by his rashness. The whole incident reads with almost the same consuming interest as some exciting novel, introducing daring passages on the high seas, ultimate capture and conviction, followed by remarkable experiences among ambassadors, nobles and great ladies at the courts of England, Portugal and Spain.

It is hard to realize that the events occurred little more than a hundred years ago and that they concerned a family living in the tiny settlement of York, the beginning of what is to-day the city of Toronto. One is prone to think that the early settlers of Canada were entirely absorbed in the affairs of their own country, with its wars, its political struggles and the stern work of pioneering, and that there was practically no personal connection with the great outside world. Yet here was a young man engaging in a hazardous adventure in the West Indies and a backwoods jurist tasting something of

the intrigues of courts and beholding the faces of kings and princes.

Chief Justice Powell was born in Boston in 1755 and educated in England. Apparently he came to Canada about 1789, and after practising law for a short time was created a judge. He became a person of considerable importance in Upper Canada and is remembered as the founder of one of the good old families of the town of York. At the time his son went on his filibustering expedition Mr. Powell was only a puisne judge, his appointment as chief justice not being made until 1815.

In the year 1805, this scapegrace son of the family who had been sent to New York to commence a mercantile career, was induced to cast in his lot with a number of pirates who, among other contracts, had undertaken to furnish munitions of war to the black emperor of Hayti. Nothing could have been more repugnant to the Powell family than this most questionable project and Mrs. Powell immediately set out for New York to endeavor to dissuade her son from such a rash step. However, the young man had taken his departure and Mrs. Powell could but wait for his return in the spring.

Meanwhile there had arrived in New York in November a mysterious personage, travelling under an assumed name,

who presently made it known that he was a Spanish-American patriot interested in securing the freedom of the South American States. As a matter of fact he was none other than Don

Ogden, who provided him with money to fit out a ship, called the Leander. With the connivance of the surveyor of the port, the Leander got away from New York on February 2, 1806, well



Portrait of Chief Justice Powell taken from an old oil painting.

Francesco de Miranda of Caracas, a gentleman of fortune, who had already been mixed up in several revolutionary proceedings. To make a long story short he secured the support of a wealthy New York merchant, Samuel G.

equipped with arms and ammunition, with 200 men on board, officered by "gentlemen of crooked fortunes."

Where and how, young Powell fell in with this motley crew is not recorded but he evidently ran across them,

while they were cruising around in West India waters. At any rate he became one of them and was given an officer's commission by Miranda. Two small schooners, the *Bee* and the *Bacchus*, were secured and manned by the *Leander* crew and on one of them the young Canadian was placed.

The principal object of Miranda was to assist the patriots of Colombia in their efforts to cast off the Spanish yoke. A plan was devised to capture Puerto Capello and on the evening of April 27 the little fleet lay to off the coast preparatory to landing in the morning. Meanwhile a couple of Spanish ships had appeared upon the scene and when morning broke, the crew of the *Leander* beheld their consorts being attacked by the Spaniards. Without making any attempt to come to their rescue the *Leander* put out to sea. The *Bee* and the *Bacchus* were easily captured and their crews totalling sixty men, were promptly lodged in the prison at Puerto Capello. Charged with piracy on the high seas, all the officers were condemned to death and the men sentenced to the chain hang.

When news of his son's plight reached New York in July, 1806, Judge Powell was constrained to hasten at once to meet his wife, upon whose health he feared the tidings would have a serious effect. A century ago the journey between the two points was not to be accomplished with the ease and comfort of a one-night trip over a water-level route. It was a much more arduous undertaking. Crossing to Niagara on July 19 aboard the yacht, "*Toronto*," he arranged his circuit work with his eldest son, then clerk of assize, and sailed the same day for Kingston. The trip down the lake occupied twenty-four hours, which was considered a short passage. From Kingston he crossed into the United States on the 22nd and engaged with the owner of a travelling wagon to carry him to Utica. Arriving at the latter points on the 26th, he continued his journey on the 28th to Ballston Springs, where he learned from his third son, who was practising

medicine there, that his wife was leaving New York that day in a sloop for Albany. Judge Powell accordingly proceeded to Albany and there met Mrs. Powell six days later. The pair, with their travelling companions, after spending a few days at the Springs, returned to Canada by way of Niagara, reaching York about August 17.

"This first step," writes the Judge, "occasioned me a journey in and out of near one thousand miles and an expense not short of three hundred dollars." It had occupied close on to a month. Meanwhile he had learned that there were hopes of his son's life, though none of his liberty without strong exertion.

The fate impending over a member of the family produced such gloom and distress in the household at York that Judge Powell determined to make another effort in his behalf. He was absolutely without friends and had no credit with his banker, but he recalled that he had once known a Mr. Stoughton, who had held the post of Spanish Consul in Boston and to him he decided to appeal.

Obtaining six months' leave of absence and borrowing four hundred dollars from the Chief Justice, the worthy Judge concluded his circuit at Cornwall and on October 5th crossed into the United States. He travelled by way of Lake Champlain, catching the mail coach for Boston at Burlington, and arriving in "the great town, the place of my birth" on October 15th. Here he was doomed to disappointment; Don Juan Stoughton, proved to be a person of no influence. However, he had a daughter, who had been educated by his brother Don Thomaso, the Spanish Consul at New York, and had married an officer of high rank and credit at the Court of Madrid. To get in touch with these people he determined to proceed to New York, a journey of six days.

Again defeat dogged his footsteps. He was able to procure an introduction to Don Thomaso, but to his dismay was informed that his niece's husband was

then in Majorca and nothing could be done through that channel. He was directed to apply to the Spanish Minister to the United States, the Marquis Yrujo then resident at Philadelphia.

To secure access to the Ambassador was no easy matter. Fortunately some kind friends appeared on the scene, through whose instrumentality the Judge was given a letter of introduction to the Minister.

Meanwhile good news had arrived in New York. An American vessel which had been at Puerto Capello at the time of the trial of the alleged pirates had reached port. In its log it was recorded by an Irish interpreter that young Powell, by means of concealing his commission as an officer, had escaped with his life, but had been condemned instead to endure ten years slavery at Omoa on the coast of Honduras. Fortunate young man! Ten of his companions were hanged on July 21, their heads severed from their bodies, and stuck on poles by way of warning to the discontented.

Tidings of the escape were thankfully received but the information that the young man would have to spend the term of his sentence in the unhealthy climate of Honduras filled his father with apprehension. If he could only secure his removal to the Island of Porto Rico, he would feel greatly relieved.

With the intention of making this plea to the Spanish Ambassador, Judge Powell went to Philadelphia and sent his letter to the Embassy. In a few hours the Ambassador's secretary waited on him at his hotel and showed him a letter which his master had written to the Governor-General of Venezuela, soliciting him as a personal boon to remove young Powell to Porto Rico until the King of Spain's pleasure could be known. Further than this nothing could be done in America but the Ambassador had no doubt that anything might be expected from the humanity and liberality of his sovereign if solicited in person.

It was now apparent that only a per-

sonal visit to the Court of Spain could have any effect on the situation. Judge Powell immediately made up his mind to carry his case across the Atlantic. Securing such letters as he could from influential people in America, he sailed with one fellow passenger, a Mr. Burnley, of London, on board the ship, "Science." The rest of the story may well be told in Judge Powell's own words.

"After a rough passage of 30 days we landed at Deal and proceeded the same day to Canterbury. Mr. B. pursued his route to London. I reposed two days in a state of mind not to be envied. I had drawn 100 pounds at New York, had no more funds, and saw no direct prospect of making friends in my route to Madrid. I had however dressed up a letter to the Prince of the Blood and the Secretary of State though with faint prospect of access to either. A few days after I reached London, I waited upon the Under Secretary of State, who spoke me fairly and did not oppose a proposal from Mr. Gordon, the second clerk who had the Colony correspondence, to pay me the residuum of the Chief Justice's salary as a compensation for being sole puisne judge for two years. This produced a supply of 613 pound sterling which sensibly relieved me. The Secretary of State's private secretary had been at school with my son at Norwich and cordially gave his aid in an official introduction to the Transport Board which had the charge of correspondence on the Subject of Prisoners of War and retained an agent at Madrid, through whom and a similar agent in London, Don Manuel De Torre, to whom Mr. Windham also introduced me, all communication between the nations passed.

"Just at this moment Bonaparte's Decree declaring prisoners of war all English in Territories of his allies rendered it impossible for me to procure a passport to Madrid. I was therefore unfortunately constrained to await the success of a semi-official application made to the Court of Spain through the Transport Office and Don Manuel. In the meantime I was not idle. I renewed an old acquaintance with Mr. Brook, a Spanish merchant who was in habits of close intimacy with Mr. De La Torre; I waited on the Spaniard and finding that he had given slight attention to the communication from the Transport Board, I obtained a private compliment from the Secretary of State which had its

effect and the Don represented to his Court that the Government took a deep interest in the success of the application to remove my son to Porto Rico. In the interval of an answer being possible I visited my sisters in Sussex and in Dorsetshire, near which last residence I visited the convent of La Trappe removed from Auvergne to the seat of Mr. Weld.

"I had opened also a correspondence with Dr. Jenner, whose high reputation as author of the vaccine practice, had entitled him to address Buonaparte directly and obtain the release of a prisoner, in vain solicited by Government. This gentlemen promised me a letter of solicitation to the King of Spain and the Prince of the Peace. Another channel of favor through the Governor-General of Venezuela was opened to me by my friend Major Robertson in an introduction to General Maitland the Governor of Grenada, who had had an occasion of rendering services to the Spaniard. To him I transmitted a state of the case and three hundred pounds to defray the charge of conveying the young man to Porto Rico should that be the only obstacle. At this period I attended the trial of Sir Home Popham at Portsmouth in hope of ascertaining some light on Miranda's connection with Government, which might be serviceable in distinguishing my son's case as a British subject from piracy.

"Having received through Sir Rupert George, President of the Transport Board and in duplicate from Don M. De La Torre the answer from the Court of Spain to Mr. Hunter, the resident agent for prisoners, intimating that in compliance with the solicitude of His Britannic Majesty's Government, orders had been given to the Captain General of Venezuela to report upon the circumstances of Mr. Powell's case in order this His Catholic Majesty might make such order thereon as he might be induced by his desire to meet the wishes of the English Government. Although Don Manuel was pleased to add that he thought this a favorable answer and implying eventual success, I persuaded myself that no more would be said on the subject unless pressed upon the spot by some person interested. I decided upon a journey into Spain, notwithstanding the critical circumstances of Buonaparte's Decree.

"Providence seemed to favor my views. A very proper letter to the King was drafted by Dr. Jenner and accident threw me in the way of Colonel D'Alexie whom I had known in Canada, an associate of Count Joseph De Puisazo. This gentleman had known and admired my son and spoke of

his misfortune in a circle where was present the Countess of Dozenhaupa, sister of the Marquis D'Al, and mother of the Countess Da Exa actively ambassadrice de famille from the Prince Regent of Portugal to his father-in-law, the King of Spain. This lady, banished from the continent by the will of Buonaparte, was in correspondence with the disaffected to the French and kindly proffered the interest of her family.

"My friend Major Robertson had also mentioned my errand to his Royal Highness the Duke of Kent who commanded my attendance at Kensington Palace and there observing that he had no personal interest in Spain, introduced me to his brother the Duke of Sussex and his guest the Duke of Orleans. The two last warmly engaged in my service. The Duke of Sussex promised me a letter to the Duke de Infantado, to the Count da Exa and to M. Dairrajo, the Portugese Premier, adding that if those failed, his brother the Prince of Wales would write to the Princess Regent to ask my son's release from her father and that he would prepare the Marchioness de Pombal to second it with her influence which was very great with the Princess. His Highness the Duke of Orleans regretted that his alliance with the King of Spain did not admit of his addressing himself to any but the King or the Prince of the Asturias, which in his actual circumstances could not be done with propriety, but was pleased to add that he would procure me a letter to Madrid that should be useful.

"On my return from Kensington I called upon the Earl of Selkirk whom I had entertained at my house in Canada. He also had heard of my pursuit and finding that I now only wanted an introduction to the Prince of the Peace, who was then sovereign in Spain, his lordship was pleased to make me known to Lord Holland who was personally known to the Prince and had in time of peace been in correspondence with him. Lord Holland readily promised me a letter not only to the Prince of the Peace but to the papal nuncios at Lisbon and Madrid, through whose influence a Spanish gentleman, vice consul for the English, convicted of treasonable correspondence with Admiral Nelson, had been pardoned or at least saved from death.

"Thinking it proper as I was upon leave of absence to obtain permission from the Secretary of State to pass into Spain, though I could not have a regular passport, I first visited Mr. Munro, the American Minister, with a request to be made the bearer of a dispatch to the American Min-

ister at Madrid which might serve to procure me a passport from the Spanish Ambassador at Lisbon, and this Mr. Munro politely promised that he would do, without committing himself by any certificate of my nationality.

"As I mentioned this circumstance to Mr. Gordon at the Plantation Office, he observed to me that I must in furtherance of my object acknowledge myself at Madrid and that they had thought of a means of procuring my admission into Spain as an English subject, the particulars of which I would learn by waiting in his name on Mr. Gordon, of Gordon & Murphy, in the City. I hastened to the Counting House of this gentleman who was prepared to see me by Mr. Gordon and had received, as he said, the commands of the Duke of Sussex, to lend me every aid in his power. That his partner Mr. Murphy resided at the Court and was in habits of perfect confidence with the Prince of the Peace in extensive contracts connected with the importation of treasure from S. America. Owing to the present state of war, the Spanish Governor of Mexico had entrusted to a frigate loading specie at Carthagena, an accumulation of several years of public correspondence with the Government of Madrid. That these papers securely lodged in the Secretary's of State's office, were to be delivered over to him as the acknowledged agent, to be transmitted to the Court. That he had engaged a young Spaniard lately returned from Lima to take charge of them, but at the desire of his friend Mr. A. Gordon, and in obedience to the wish of H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex he would put them under the joint care of M. Landecherry and myself with authority to retain them unless permitted to deliver them in person to his partner, Mr. Murphy in Madrid. That he would give me a letter to that gentleman which would insure as much exertion in my behalf as if I was his brother.

"I pause at this period of my narration to review the singular means by which an obscure individual in the wilds of Western America without a single link to connect him with any interest in Europe, from step to step attained such an introduction to the court of Madrid as could certainly not be exceeded; when it is considered by what accidental circumstances these successive advantages were procured, the mind is lost in wonder.

"Armed then with all these potent implements and personal introductions from the Countess of Dozenhaupa to her brother and friends in Portugal, I left London in company with Don Pedro De Landecherry

and nine packages of dispatches in the mail coach for Falmouth. My agent had advanced me 200 pounds for the journey, part of which I gave to Mr. Gordon for a credit on Madrid and left the rest with the Fox at Falmouth for a credit on Mayne & Co., of Lisbon. We embarked in the packet and the tenth day landed in Lisbon. Among the passengers was a Mr. Buller, son of a rich merchant in London, formerly resident at Bristol. This young gentleman who had travelled and was well received in the best homes in Lisbon, advised me not to go into the city with Don Pedro, but to take my quarter in Buenos Ayres, as more healthy, pleasant and respectable. Mrs. Windham, Lady of the Secretary of State, had with great kindness put me on a good footing with the English envoy by a letter from his most intimate friend, Mr. Byng and Mr. Buller, who was known to Lord Shaftesbury, accompanied me on my first visit to his lordship.

"The Spanish Ambassador was with the Court at Mafra and as Don Pedro Landecherry was known to the Secretary of Legation, Don Pedro De Castro, we proceeded to that convent in a hired conveyance.

"It is impossible to convey to an Englishman any idea of the wretchedness of the accommodation on the route to this royal residence. Our impatience did not permit us to search out the Secretary, but we desired ourselves to be announced to the Ambassador as soon as he should rise from his siesta. His Excellency received us with complacency, but declared his utter inability to grant a passport to an English subject under any circumstances. His Excellency added, however, that he was about to dispatch a courier, and if we would call at his hotel in Lisbon the next day, he would state my case to the Minister and solicit the necessary permission, the fate of which we should learn in ten days. This check disturbed me much, especially as Landecherry had the dispatches in his custody and, being a subject of Spain, I was apprehensive he might be induced to deliver them as proposed by the Ambassador.

"We returned to our wretched stable where, divided only by a plank from the mules, we supped upon a cold chicken and a bottle of champagne, which we had had the precaution to bring from Lisbon. The next morning I visited the convent, a magnificent pile of buildings, capable of receiving the whole court, consisting of several thousand persons. The chapels and colonnades are magnificent, adorned with a profusion of sculpture in marble, but no

paintings. The library was also a magnificent apartment delightfully airy and high, containing many thousand volumes of well-chosen books.

"We returned to Lisbon in the evening and the next morning I waited on the Nuncio with Lord Holland's letter. The old courtier, who was nearly allied to the royal family of Portugal, received me with the cordiality of a parish priest. He spoke in warm terms of the English nation, and of Lord and Lady Holland, and promised the most active assistance of his influence and that of his colleague, the Nuncio of Madrid. When he heard my desponding account of my visit to Mafra, he consoled me by saying that the Count could act no otherwise, taken so by surprise, that he was not in the habit of business, that he was a great, rich and powerful nobleman who gave his name to the Embassy, but that the Secretary was the man of business; that he had the happiness of being well acquainted with Don Pedro Castro, whom he should see that evening and prepare accordingly, and that he would wait upon the Ambassador in the morning. If I would trust myself among so many clergymen to eat my soup with him the next day at two o'clock, he assured me that he should wish me joy of having conquered the difficulty of the passport, and that he would do his utmost to bring the affair to a happy close.

"Revived by the Nuncio's cheerfulness, I enjoyed a cheerful dinner at Mr. Pitero's, whom Mr. Buller had brought to our quarters to see and invite me. The party was English, chiefly naval, with the exception of a young Russian, an élève of the Russian Embassy. The lady of the house was also a Russian, distinguished by her talent for the living languages, of which she spoke as correctly as the natives, Russian, English, German, French, Italian, Spanish and Portugese. We adjourned in the evening to the opera, the principal entertainment of which I could not appreciate. The orchestra seemed to me numerous and excellent, the singers indifferent, the dancing disgusting, from the excessive nudity of the females. The room was spacious, but not so well lighted as the English theatres.

"The next day, before I went to dinner, I visited the royal carriages and barges.

"At the Nuncio's I met, besides his family, consisting of five or six ecclesiastics, a bishop whose title I forget, and two laymen of learning and respectability, both Romans. The Nuncio's reception was gracious to an extreme; he cordially congratulated

me upon having succeeded with his friend, Don Pedro, and assured me that my passport would be expedited without delay. At table he politely apologized to the Bishop for having placed me above him, by calling on his aid to honor his stranger guest in affliction. The conversation was very general and conducted by the few speakers with liberality and spirit, principally in Italian and French. It was an agreeable dinner, at the close of which, whilst taking coffee, the good Archbishop said to me: 'After the siesta, I shall devote the evening to my letters for you.'

"The next day I had an audience of the Court, in which I readily perceived the effect of the Nuncio's friendship and the Secretary's influence. His Lordship was gracious and almost affectionate, assuring me that he had communicated my story to the Minister and to his particular friends, with the hope of serving me, and wished me the most ample success. Don Pedro led us from this audience to his apartments, where a note was taken to fill up our passports, and though in the French interest, Don Pedro politely said, in referring to my frankness and courage in the explicit account of myself I had given to the Ambassador, that the English were all candour, but as that virtue was not so general in the Peninsula, he should forbear to excite curiosity by giving any addition to my name in the passport, in which I should be considered as in joint trust with Landecherry as bearer of the royal dispatches.

"From him we proceeded to the police office to visa our passports, and I accompanied Mr. Buller, by invitation, to the English Hotel. There was a select party of eight at Lord Shayford's table, where the conversation was gay and cheerful. His Lordship took occasion before we parted to propose a bumper of Burgundy to the success of my journey to Madrid, by which I found that the guests were acquainted with my errand, as they all cordially joined in the wish with expressions of a lively interest. We adjourned to the opera.

"The next day was spent in preparation for our journey. A coche de cordilleras was engaged to put us down in seven days and a half for three hundred dollars. Mr. Buller dined with Landecherry and myself at our lodging. The next morning at six o'clock a messenger from the Nuncia delivered his packet with a polite and most friendly note. At eleven we embarked below the Exchange for Aldea Gallega."

The rest of the story is soon told. Arrived at Madrid on the seventh day. Judge Powell lost no time in delivering the packets of correspondence to Mr. Murphy and presenting his letters to the Nuncio and the other personages of influence at the court. At the same time he prepared a petition to the King, which was duly placed in the hands of the Prime Minister on the 6th of June. On the 9th of June Mr. Murphy accompanied him to the levee of the Prince of the Peace, to whom he presented his letter from Lord Holland, together with a copy of his petition to the King. It was graciously received and the same evening a card was sent him stating that the Prince had just given orders for the release of his son. This was followed the next day by a formal message, conveying the royal decree for the unconditional release of the prisoner.

Thus the obscure justice from the very outpost of civilization was made the friend of princes and potentates; was received with cordiality by nobles and prelates; was assisted by the most powerful influences and was enabled in the end to gain his purpose. Congratulated on all hands by those who had taken an interest in his mission, he was not long in leaving the Spanish capital, making all haste possible to return to America. From Lisbon he sailed to England where he immediately got into communication with the Lords of the Admiralty, who were pleased to expedite an order to the Admiral at Jamaica to send down a war ship with the dispatches and to receive the released pris-

oner and give him a passage to England if desired.

Judge Powell himself sailed for New York and proceeded at once to Philadelphia where he informed the Spanish Ambassador of the result of his journey. The latter ordered a sloop to sail at once to Carthagena, in which young Powell embarked in due course and returned in health to the home of his family.

The subsequent career of the lucky youth, who had escaped by the skin of his teeth from a most precarious position, was unfortunately of the briefest duration. Shortly after his return to New York it is recorded that he became engaged to a Miss Eliza Bard, then but fifteen years of age. Their subsequent marriage was delayed by his receiving a lucrative appointment in the West Indies. He embarked from New York to visit the place of his future residence but never reached his destination. The ship on which he sailed was lost with all on board.

One little human touch alone remains. During the time he was incarcerated in the Spanish prison at Omoa, he employed his time in carving with his knife an elaborate set of chess men. These were presented to Miss Bard on their engagement and were preserved by her until the day of her death in 1840. Then by a series of singularly fortuitous circumstances, they were conveyed to Jeremiah's mother, the widow of the Chief Justice, then residing in Toronto, in her eighty-fifth year.

The Strategy of Hezekiah John

The Strategy of Hezekiah John is written by a woman. No man could write such a story. It requires the finer and more sensitive hand of a woman,—and the heart and head as well. It is a story of children and presents a phase of child life as interesting as it is charming.

By Clara Odell Lyon

IN the matter of nomenclature, Mrs. Gibbs was strictly just. "The first boy named after your father and mine, John; the first girl, after your mother and mine—a name from each family," she had said to her husband. So when the initial baby made its appearance the naming of her was quickly accomplished. The same impartiality was shown with the two succeeding daughters, Mrs. Gibbs being not at all disturbed by the strange combinations resulting from sentimentalism on the one side and religion on the other. She liked to do things easily, and what method could be simpler than the one she had chosen? Why, she had known some people worry a full six months over finding a suitable name for a child—as if it mattered! She shortened Pearl Hepzibar, Cordelia Mary, and Arethusa Ruth to Leppy, Cormy, and Thuser—reserving the long names for greater force in maternal speakings-to—and was satisfied.

When the longed-for boy arrived, however, Mrs. Gibbs decided that he must bear the full weight of his name, Hezekiah John, and even in his earliest infancy she never spoke to him in any other way.

Not so Leppy, the ten-year-old sister. She crooned pet-names in his ear when she rocked him to sleep; she turned a threatening twist of rosy lip into a smile with her terms of endearment, and lavished on the baby love-words without stint. Perhaps that is why, at six months, Hezekiah John's little fists went out at sight of Leppy, and his bobbing head could find no comfortable

place to cuddle for a nap save in the small crook of Leppy's arm.

He was a satisfactory baby—most tractable. At Leppy's request he never refused to "pat-a-cake," or "show-how-big-you-are," or point with his dumping finger to his dab of a nose. And his readiness to perform these infantile accomplishments, as well as his bright blue eyes, round cheeks of delicious pink and white, and his curly fuzz of golden hair, made him beyond a doubt the show-baby of the tenement.

Leppy's pride in him was without measure. So sure was she of his undisputed first place, that she could and did, when occasion offered, praise the small charges of her friends.

"Nice thick hair, Willy's got," she would remark condescendingly to Mamie Wibben, knowing full well that straight, heavy black locks on a nine-months' child offer no comparison to rings of gold.

Or to Maggie Martin of the great infant struggling in her arms, "Ain't he strong, though!" To which Maggie, who found small matter of pride or comfort in the wriggling twenty pounds, would reply:

"Ain't he! He'll be walking soon, and I'll be glad. He can stand alone now by a chair."

Next to Hezekiah John in Leppy's affections came Miss Adams, the teacher of the fourth grade. She stood to the little girl for all that was lovely and good in womanhood.

"When I grow up I'm going to be just like Miss Adams," she often told herself, and even at eleven she began

to copy her in matters of dress, showing one day a very stubborn preference, as her mother thought, for a piece of blue serge over the bright plaid selected for her. But when first she wore the sober dress, Leppy was raised to a delirium of delight to have Miss Adams remark:

"You look like my little sister to-day."

Being a sympathetic teacher, Miss Adams knew much about Hezekiah John. From September, when he was but four months old, all through the school year, she learned of his advancement in the arts of babyhood. New teeth, his successful wrestlings with colic and croupy colds, his first "luh, luh,"—abbreviations for Leppy, without a doubt—were all promptly reported to her for congratulation. She knew, too, of the comparative slowness of the other tenement babies, and how "the heavy lump of a Martin infant" had not a single endearing trick to commend him. Yes, Miss Adams heard and was interested, and after some particularly good bit of news would say, "I *must* come to see that baby some day." Then Leppy would float off in a cloud of happiness, from which she could see, as in a dream, a rosy gold-ringed cherub, doing wonderful feats before a wondering and admiring teacher, while about stood the other small nurses with their respective charges, who would of course receive *some* attention — Miss Adams not being given to hurting any one's feelings—but—

One Friday afternoon, as the children were passing out, Miss Adams laid a detaining hand on Leppy's shoulder, sending thereby shivers of delight through the child's small frame.

"Leppy dear, will you and the baby be at home a week from to-morrow? I think perhaps I will come to see you and some of the other little girls in your house."

"Oh, yes'm, we'll be home," answered Leppy, her eager, flushed face showing Miss Adams how welcome she would be.

"I want to see Hezekiah John, you know. I haven't heard anything of that

wonderful baby for quite a while. I suppose he's walking, too. Maggie's baby took several steps yesterday, she told me. *Aren't* they cunning when they first learn to toddle!" went on Miss Adams innocently.

"Yes'm," stammered the child again.

"Well, good-by, dear," smiled the teacher. And Leppy went off, her joy drowned in the fierce waves of jealousy that surged through her. Hezekiah John could not take a step—not a step—and that Martin baby—that—that dumb, stupid, lump baby that never could do a *thing*—was walking! And Miss Adams had said they looked so cunning when they toddled. A great determination seized her. Before the week was out Hezekiah John should *learn* to toddle.

It was a hard week for the baby. To begin with, his sister developed a surprising firmness and a remarkable inconsistency of behavior. It commenced when she stood him by a chair, and after he had with considerable difficulty acquired a comfortable balance, so that he could amuse himself with the cord of the cushion, she immediately pushed the chair a little, so that the balancing had to be done all over again. And this she repeated at frequent intervals the whole of one day, paying no attention to the many beseeching looks he sent her. His legs were tired, oh, so tired, when night came, but he was glad, thinking of the next day, that the balancing was becoming less difficult.

But the next day brought new trials. Leppy stood him alone in a corner. And when he remained there, sweet and obedient, she frowned. If he slid to the floor, he was immediately jerked—yes, jerked—up again. If he made ready to cry at this unkind treatment on the part of his Leppy, she would show that her love for him was still unchanged, by producing a cracker or a lump of sugar.

Once he was so tired he could endure it no longer, especially with his sister and a peppermint stick a few feet away. He tried to come out of the corner where Leppy seemed determined to keep

him, and took a step in her direction—when, to his surprise, she seized him and covered him with kisses, as though she was glad to have him in her arms again. Very foolish of her, when all she had to do was to pick him up and be happy.

After various experiments, Hezekiah John found out that leaving the corner, not by sliding to the floor and creeping out, but by making a lunge in the direction of his sister, was invariably rewarded; and matters then became considerably easier for both of them. For, as stated before, Hezekiah was a tractable baby, and, when he found that Leppy preferred three or four steps to two, before he tumbled, he tried to do as she desired, and even succeeded in a few day's time in taking five.

Miss Adams's sense of self-importance, if she had any, would have been much gratified, could she have known of Leppy's preparations for her coming. Mrs. Gibbs had a business engagement which took her from home every Saturday, so her eldest daughter was left in charge, and from early morning till noon Leppy cleaned—the floor, the windows, the little girls, and herself. The baby's scrubbing was left to the last minute; and just as the clock struck two—Miss Adams having thoughtfully set an exact time for her visit at quarter past—Leppy thrust Hezekiah John's fat arms through the sleeves of his best white dress, and his fat feet into a pair of new shoes, which were her crowning achievement, the purchase of which had required the greatest diplomacy on her part. Then, with the baby held tight in her arms, she took her place at the window to watch for teacher's coming.

Scarcely less excited were the little sisters, who hardly waited to announce, "Here she comes!" before they were off and down the stairs, that they might lose as little as possible of the happenings of the day. As Miss Adams made her ascent from apartment to apartment, they made flying and breathless trips to report their observations to the waiting Leppy.

Mrs. Ellerhost had on her new dress. Willy Martin was wearing Freda's lock-

et, but his dress wasn't *near* so nice as Hezekiah John's. Teacher had a thing to take pictures with—yes, and an umbrella with a silver handle. The Martin baby walked all the way from the table to the door to meet the teacher—and she *kissed* him.

Leppy listened with complacency. And indeed Hezekiah John fully justified his sister's faith in him. He was a model of infantile behavior, and Miss Adams was fervent in his praise, warming Letty's heart to the very core.

"And now let me see him walk. Or no, can't we take him up on the roof? I want to take his picture, and must have strong sunlight."

Miss Adams picked up the heavy baby, who settled down contentedly in her arms, and followed the guidance of the three little girls to the broad flat roof of the tenement. Here Hezekiah John was put down in a sort of corner in an irregularity built chimney.

"I must take a picture of him walking," said Miss Adams. "He has done everything else—and now for his latest accomplishment."

It was a great moment. The baby poised, ready, against the chimney; Leppy, expectant, a few feet away to the right; Miss Adams, all attention, to the left.

Leppy held out her arms invitingly. "Come, honey-bun," she enticed. "Come to your Leppy." Honey-bun smiled and wriggled his little body on his turned-in toes.

"Oh, wait till I fix his feet," and Leppy sprang to correct this defect in arrangement. The small squares of patent leather were turned duly out, as offering a better balance to a diminutive person of instability, and Leppy crawled hopefully back to her former position.

"Come, sweetness, come get the candy sister's got." But neither the saccharine appellation nor the saccharine offering moved Hezekiah John.

Miss Adams purred her entreaties, too, but all were unavailing.

Well did Hezekiah John know what was expected of him; but he knew, too, the impossibility of success. It was a strange world! Why, if Leppy wanted

him to walk—why had she put stiff new shoes on his feet, when everyone knows that walking is the hardest thing a baby has to do? Better no attempt than an ignominious failure.

Now Hezekiah John had one accomplishment of which Leppy had never taken much account. A pucker of lips with the lower thrust out, and a sudden wrinkling of his face meant tears, and tears argued unhappiness. But, nevertheless, there never was a baby who could send out a curl of rosy lip with a whimper so deliciously as Hezekiah John.

It was all that remained to him to do, and he would do it as best he could. The only way to end the torture was to cry. The rough chimney walls were giving way beneath his outspread palms; the smooth floor beneath his slippery shoes. He raised one patent-leathered foot in protest, a curve of dewy red shelved out, and Hezekiah John's face puckered in an adorable whimper. Then he sat down very suddenly, and gave vent to an expression of grieved and abused babyhood.

But not before Miss Adams had seized her black box and snapped it at him; not before Leppy, her heart bursting with wounded pride, broke down and cried. Then, to her amazement, she heard her teacher's voice, laughing in delight, and Hezekiah John's answer-

ing gurgle. Truly, it is a strange world! Leppy thought so. The same thing, too, had sometimes occurred to Miss Adams.

"Oh, Leppy, this *adorable* baby! You didn't see him, did you? Never was anything so utterly dear. I got his picture, Leppy. I'm going to use it for the article I'm writing. In a magazine, you know—his picture in a magazine."

Miss Adams was in an abandonment of joy. She was sitting on the roof, hugging and jumping the gurgling baby, who crowed and kicked his feet, now liberated from the offending shoes.

"They hurt him so, the darling, no wonder he couldn't walk. Here, dear, he wants you."

She balanced Hezekiah John on his crumpled cotton feet, and the baby without more ado took two steps and fell in Leppy's lap—a lesser triumph swallowed up in the greater.

Hezekiah John that night was rocked to sleep by a happy Leppy.

"Just think, lovey dear, to be in a book some day — your picture in a book!"

Hezekiah John gazed into his sister's face with knowing eyes; a knowing smile was on his baby lips.

"Oh, honey-bun," exclaimed Leppy in sudden enlightenment, "I believe, I do believe, you did it all on purpose."

The Message of the Dew-Drop

Why art thou sad? I heard the dew-drop say.
 Why is thy spirit weary at the break of day?
 Seest thou not the sun? In glory doth he rise,
 To me he bringeth death, but life to all besides.
 Should I then lament, my fleeting hours repine?
 Ah no, my loss is gain if still through me he shine.

Well spoken little dew-drop, the answer now is plain.
 What others reap in blessing, we often sow in pain.
 Let me too be unselfish, in shelter I'll not stay,
 If my poor transient comfort keep others from the day.

—W. J. Holliday.

The Age of The Business Man

Elbert Hubbard, the writer and lecturer, and Editor of the *Fra and Philistine*, has joined the staff of MacLean's as a regular contributor. Each month he will write an article specially for this magazine, probably along business lines. The opening contribution on the "Age of the Business Man," is presented herewith.

By Elbert Hubbard

THE Honorable Mark Anthony made a little speech at the funeral of the late Julius Caesar, wherein he paid a great compliment to his subject.

Among other pleasant things reported by the press, Mr. Anthony said, "He brought many captives home to Rome whose ransoms did the general coffers fill."

Julius Caesar knew only one way to make money, and that was to hold somebody up. He knew how to use the taxing power of the State, and if the parties taxed did not respond he knew how to go after them and collect the amount due.

He fined one concern in Gaul twenty-nine million sesterces, and collected it on a body attachment, vulgarly called kidnapping.

Julius Caesar was a lawyer, and, as a rule, a lawyer knows only one way to make money—and that is to get yours.

The business man of to-day is a creator, a builder and an economist. He who thinks otherwise is a Marxian Socialist and a small-bore petty diplodocus.

The only way to make money is to render a service for humanity: to supply something that people want, and to carry things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed.

He who confers the greatest service at the least expense is the man whom we will crown with honor and clothe with riches.

Any other policy is running on its rim on the high clutch, headed for the cliff.

We live in an age of business. Economics is fast becoming a science.

There is only one sin, and that is waste.

And disuse and misuse are both forms of waste.

The best brains of the world are at work now endeavoring to eliminate lost motion and take up the economic slack.

The men who are making the biggest fortunes are making their money out of by-products.

That is to say, the thing that was once thrown away and discarded is now being coined into cash.

Half of the population in America are engaged in farming. Farming is a primal need, because we get our food out of the soil. Next to food, love is the chief requisite, and no man is loving, lovely or lovable who is on half-rations.

Richard Cobden put this concisely when he said: "The ratio of marriages keeps pace with the price of corn." Only well-fed people are capable of love, and a corn-fed product is always prosperous. Next to farming in importance comes transportation, because a thing has to be at a certain place at a certain time in order to possess value. The railroads bridge time and annihilate space.

The third most important thing in the world is manufacturing, which is taking raw products and combining them into forms of use and beauty.

The fourth most important thing is distribution. Our great cities are centres where vast warehouses are located, and these warehouses gather together the products of the farm, the factory, the mine and the sea, and distribute them to the millions who need them.

The fifth most important thing in the world is banking. The banker is one who takes the savings of the people and loans out again a certain per cent. of these savings to the people who can use money to make more money. Statistics show that, with a fair capital to start on, the banker can safely loan out 85 per cent. of his deposits, and at all times stand ready to meet the checks of his customers.

Banking is a great move in economics, as it keeps money active instead of allowing it to be stored away in the ginger jar and in the unsafe and unsanitary clock, where the mice and cockroaches do congregate and thieves break through and steal you to a standstill.

The sixth most important thing in the world is advertising, and advertising is telling who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer the world in the way of service or commodity. The only man who should not advertise is the man who has nothing to offer, and such a person is a dead one—whether he knows it or not. For him, Charon's mud-scow is grating on the sands, and the boom of the surf can be heard just beyond the harbor-bar.

Held Up

This little story, "Held Up," is from the pen of one of the most popular of American short-story writers—a writer whose work appears frequently in the leading publications. The entire action centres around a wedding present—a substantial check—but the honor and happiness of two families are involved, to say nothing of the contracting parties of the marriage. The unusual way in which the crisis is met provides ample scope for a tale both clever and romantic.

By Thomas L. Masson

KOYTE, engaged to the richest girl in the town, was supremely happy.

Not necessarily because she was rich, but because he loved her. They were to be married to-morrow.

For several weeks before a man is actually married—especially when he is marrying a very popular girl—he is more or less of a nonentity. But upon this eve of the ceremony there had come a lull. Everything had been arranged; everybody was waiting; and she had telephoned him to come up and see her and to have, as she expressed it, "a quiet half-hour all to themselves."

She came into the room almost breathlessly a moment after Koyte himself had entered in obedience to her summons.

"Isn't it grand, Jack?" she said. "Just look at what Papa has given us for a wedding present!"

She showed him a check on a leading bank for fifty thousand dollars made out to her order.

Jack Koyte was himself by no means a poor man, his father having long held a very comfortable berth in one of the largest trust companies; but he staggered a little at the sight of the check.

"That's splendid, Margy!" he exclaimed. "The governor has always been good to you, hasn't he? But then, we really didn't need it. You know," he added proudly, "I can always support you, although possibly I may not have as much——"

She put the check over his lips.

"Don't say another word, Jack," she said. "It's all right. We'll take this money and put it away for a rainy day. You had better take it yourself. Here."

She ran over to the desk and wrote her name on the back and handed it to him.

"You take it," she said, "and put it in the bank. I don't know anything about those things; and you had better have charge of it for the present."

Jack Koyte hesitated. He felt diffident about accepting the responsibility. She saw his embarrassment and anticipated it.

"Don't worry," she said. "I will ask you for it again; but I'm so excited about this whole affair that I don't want to think about that just now. I've had an awful time with the bridesmaids. You know the colors didn't match, and at the last moment——"

Koyte stopped her with a kiss. For him there was more important business than the details of a wedding ceremony, which he regarded from his man's point of view as being entirely superfluous, any way. Besides, his time was short.

An hour later he walked up the steps of his own home. Everything was quiet inside. He went upstairs to his room for a moment, and then came down again. He heard voices in the library. He recognized them. He entered.

His father and his mother were sit-

ting together somewhat closer than usual, and talking in low voices. Jack, absorbed in his own happiness, didn't notice anything unusual. He didn't see that his father's head was slightly bent.

"Well, what do you think?" he exclaimed. "Maybe Margy's governor hasn't done the handsome thing! By Jove, I can't get over it! Of course I knew he would give Margy a nice present; but just look at this!"

He threw the check down on the table.

His father turned his head quickly and his eye fastened on the check. Then he looked at Jack, who for the first time suddenly realized that something had happened.

"What's up?"

Jack's mother spoke.

"Something terrible," she said quietly. "You had better tell him, Arthur," she said, as she turned to her husband.

Jack looked at them wonderingly. He had never seen such a look upon his father's face.

"I am ruined," said the old man.

"Ruined?"

"Yes. And that isn't the worst of it either. I've disgraced you all."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I got involved in a deal the other day. It was a put-up job. I can see it now that it is over. At any rate, I used some of the bank's funds, and I couldn't make good. To-morrow morning they are bound to discover it, and it will be all over."

"Is it true?" asked Jack, looking at his mother.

"Yes. Your father tried to keep it from me when he came home; but —"

"I couldn't," said the old man.

He went on, slowly telling the details of the transaction. Jack listened mechanically. He was so paralyzed with the news that he hadn't recovered his faculties. But when his father had finished, he said:

"Does any one know about this?"

"Not a living soul except you and your mother."

"But don't some of the directors sus-

pect it? Isn't Margy's father on the board?"

"Yes; but it would be impossible for anybody to know about it, as the loss isn't even suspected. But to-morrow afternoon the papers will contain everything. I can see the head-lines now."

So could Jack.

There was a silence.

The old gentleman nervously moved his hands back and forth and twitched his chair. His eyes wandered. Suddenly they went down on the check that Jack had placed upon the table. It was upside down. He saw an endorsement. He straightened up a little and looked at his son.

"Did she endorse that check to you?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What's the amount?"

"Fifty thousand."

There was another silence.

The great ormolu clock over the mantel ticked solemnly.

At last Jack spoke.

"How much would pull you out of this hole, Dad?" he asked.

"Fifty thousand."

The old man turned and looked at him steadily for half a minute. Only for an instant did his gaze relax, when it rested rather furtively upon the face of his wife. Then he said:

"I don't suppose you could get married, Jack, after this thing comes out. You see, we can't keep it longer than to-morrow morning, when the exchange opens. Had you thought of that?"

"Yes."

Jack looked at his mother.

She got up.

Jack had seen the same look upon her face when, during his boyhood, she had had occasion to punish him; or when she had discharged some servant.

"Well, it's a good thing I was here!" she said sharply. "I declare, if you men are not all alike, you haven't got any more courage than a couple of scarecrows. Why, I actually believe that you would have done it!"

Her husband looked at her, his hand trembling slightly as it lay on the arm

of the chair. His aristocratic old face began to show reproach.

"Now, Mary," he protested feebly, "you know perfectly well that I had no such thought."

"Nonsense! You don't suppose I have lived with you all these years without knowing you. You always did have a weak spot in you, any way. Now, you would have taken that check and used the money and saved yourself. But you, Jack——"

She held up her finger at her son.

"I had expected better things of you. You would have let your father use that money and help him out so you could get married to-morrow."

Jack's blood began to mount to his face. He had a strain of his mother's temper.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "you have no right to say a thing like that! Of course, I shouldn't have done anything of the sort! Absurd! Preposterous!"

His mother went to him and put her arms about him.

"Do you suppose, my boy," she said, "that I don't know what you are? Haven't I been fighting that particular thing in you all your life? Oh my! but I'm glad I caught your father when he came home to-night and got it out of him! If you two had met without me—well——"

"But what do you expect me to do?" said Jack defiantly.

She took up the check, folded it carefully, and handed it back to him.

"You go right back to Margy, return this check to her, and tell her the truth. Then if she wants to marry you——"

Their eyes met.

Jack took the check and sidled out

of the door. He went down the steps to the corner, got a taxicab, and in fifteen minutes was ringing the door-bell at Margy's house. It was nearly midnight, and he had to wait. But at last she came—an animated interrogation point.

"What is the matter?" she said.

"I came to bring you back this check. My father is mixed up in a financial transaction, and the whole thing will be disclosed to-morrow. We shall unquestionably be disgraced, and I've come to explain the whole thing to you so that you won't have to marry me. I simply *had* to do it to-night."

In reply, Margy went up to him and put her arms about his neck.

"You silly old thing!" she said. "Don't you suppose we knew all about that? Father found it out. That's the reason he gave me the check and told me to turn it over to you. You see, he's one of the directors, and he realizes that it wasn't your father's fault; but of course he had to save him at this critical moment."

Jack straightened himself up. The same look of reproach came over his face that his father had displayed a short time before toward his mother. His voice rang stern.

"You don't think there are any circumstances under which I would accept that check, do you?" he said. "I would die first! How can you think such a thing?"

Margy laughed.

"Well, of course I knew you wouldn't," she replied, "because I have such faith in you; but, to save my life, Jack, I couldn't tell you the truth! I was just dying to see how you would really act under such circumstances."



Between Two Thieves

By Richard Dehan

1X—(Continued)

Sheep as black as the gritstone on the Peakshire hills were feeding there, scattered all about us—lower down an old white-haired shepherd was trying to collect them; his dog, one of the shaggy, long-haired, black-and-white English breed that drives and guards sheep, seemed not to know its business. Bertham spoke of that; and the shepherd explained in his *patois* that the dog was not his, but had been borrowed of a neighbor—a misfortune had happened to his own. It had got the worst in a desperate fight with another dog, a *combat a outrance*, fought perhaps in defence of its master's sheep; it was injured past cure: he thought he would fetch up a cord later, from the farm whose thatched roofs we could see down in the valley below, and put the unlucky creature out of its pain. We thought we might be able to do something to prevent that execution, so Bertham and I went to the shed, an affair of hurdles and poles and bunches of heather, such as our Breton shepherds of Finistere and the Cotes du Nord build to shelter them from the weather. . . .

"The dog was lying in a pool of blood on the beaten earth floor. A shoulder and the throat were terribly mangled, a fore-leg had been bitten through; one would have said the creature had been worried by a wolf rather than a dog of its own breed. And she was sitting on the ground beside it, holding its bloody head in her lap."

De Moulny's eyes blinked as though the Director's blazing beds of gilliflowers and calceolarias, geraniums and mignonette, had dazzled them. Hector asked, with awakening interest in a story which had not at first promised much:

"Who was she?"

De Moulny stuck his chin out, and stated in his didactic way:

"She was the type of *jeune personne* of whom my grandmother would have approved."

"A young girl!" grumbled Hector, who at this period esteemed the full-blown peony of womanhood above the opening rosebud. He shrugged one shoulder so contemptuously that de Moulny was nettled.

"One might say to you, 'There are young girls and young girls.'"

"This one was charming, then?" Hector's waning interest began to burn up again.

"Certainly, no! For," said de Moulny authoritatively, "to be charming you must desire to charm. This young girl was innocent of any thought of coquetry. And—if you ask me whether she was beautiful, I should give you again the negative. Beauty—the beauty of luxuriant hair, pale, silken brown, flowing, as a young girl's should, loosely upon shoulders rather meagre; the beauty of an exquisite skin, fresh, clear, burned like a nectarine on the oval cheeks where the sun had touched it; beauty of eyes, those English eyes of blue-grey, more lustrous than brilliant,

banded about the irises with velvety black, widely opened, thickly lashed—these she possessed, with features much too large for beauty, with a form too undeveloped even to promise grace. But the quality or force that marked her out, distinguished her from others of her age and sex, I have no name for that!”

“No?” Hector, not in the least interested, tried to look so, and apparently succeeded. De Moulny went on:

“Not—nor would you. Suppose you had met the Venerable Jeanne d’Arc in her peasant kirtle, driving her sheep or cows to pasture in the fields about Domremy in the days before her Voices spoke and said: *‘Thou, Maid, art destined to deliver France!’* Or—what if you had seen the Virgins of the Temple at Jerusalem pass singing on their way to the tribune surrounded with balconies, where while the Morning Sacrifice burned upon the golden Altar to the fanfare of the silver trumpets, they besought God Almighty, together with all Israel, for the speedy coming of the Saviour of mankind. . . . Would not One among them, draped in her simple robe of hyacinth blue, covered with the white, plainly-girdled tunic, a veil of Syrian gauze upon her golden hair, have brought you the conviction that She, above all women you had ever seen, was destined, marked out, set apart, created to serve a peculiar purpose of her Creator, stamped with His stamp—”

The hard blue eyes, burning now, encountered Hector’s astonished gaze, and their owner barked out: “What are you opening your mouth so wide about?”

Hector blurted out:

“Why—what for? Because you said that a raw English girl nursing a dying sheep-dog on a mountain in Peakshire reminded you of the Maid of Orleans and Our Blessed Lady!”

“And if I did?”

“But was she not English? . . . A Protestant? . . . a heretic?”

“Many of the Saints were heretics—until Our Lord called them,” said de

Moulny, with that fanatical spark burning in his blue eye. ‘But He had chosen them before He called. They bore the seal of His choice.’”

“Perhaps you are right. No doubt you know best. It is you who are to be —” Hector broke off.

“You were going to finish: ‘It is you who are to be a priest, not me! . . .’” de Moulny said, with the veins in his heavy forehead swelling, and a twitching muscle jerking down his pouting underlip.

“I forget what I was going to say,” declared Hector mendaciously, and piled Ossa upon Pelion by begging de Moulny to go on with his story. “It interested hugely,” he said, even as he struggled to repress the threatening yawn.

“What is there to tell?” grumbled de Moulny ungraciously. “She was there, that is all—with the dog that had been hurt. A pony she had ridden was grazing at the back of the shed, its bridle tied to the pommel of the saddle. Bertham approached her and saluted her; he knew her, it seems, and presented me. She spoke only of the dog—looked at nothing but the dog! She could not bear to leave it, in case it should be put to death by the master it could serve no more. . . .”

Hector interrupted, for de Moulny’s voice had begun to sound as though he were talking in his sleep:

“Tell me her name.”

“Her name is Ada Merling.”

Even on de Moulny’s French tongue the name was full of music; it came to Hector’s ear like the sudden sweet gurgling thrill that makes the idler straying beneath low-hanging, green hazel-branches upon a June morning in an English wood or lane, look up and catch a glimpse of the golden bill and the gleaming, black-plumaged head, before their owner, with a defiant “tuck-tuck!” takes wing, with curious slanting flight. The boy had a picture of the blackbird, not of the girl, in his mind, as de Moulny went on:

“True, the dog seemed at the last gasp, but if it were possible to stop the

bleeding, *she* said, there might be a chance; who knew? It had occurred to her that cold-water applications might check the flow of blood. 'We will try, and see, Mademoiselle,' said I."

De Moulny's tone was one of fatuous self-satisfaction.

"A rusty tin saucepan is lying in a corner of the shed. This I fill with water from a little spring that trickles down the cliff behind us. We contribute handkerchiefs. Bertham and I hold the dog while she bathes the torn throat and shoulder, and bandages them. Remains the swollen leg. It occurs to me that fomentations of hot water might be of use there; I mention this idea. 'Good! good!' she cries, 'we will make a fire and heat some.' She sets to collecting the dry leaves and sticks that are scattered in a corner. Bertham makes a pile of these, and attempts to kindle it with fuses." A smile of ineffable conceit curved de Moulny's flabby pale cheeks and quirked the corners of his pouting lips. "He burns matchès and he loses his temper: there is no other result. Then I stepped forward, bowed. . . . '*Permit me, Mademoiselle, to show you how we arrange these things in my country.*'" De Moulny's tone was so infinitely arrogant, his humility so evidently masked the extreme of bump-tiousness, that Hector wondered how the athletic Bertham endured it without knocking him down?

"So I hollow a fireplace in the floor, with a pocket-knife and a piece of slate, devise a flue at each corner, light the fire—which burns, one can conceive, to a marvel. . . . She has meanwhile refilled the rusty saucepan at the little spring; she sets it on, the water boils, when it occurs to us that we have no more handkerchiefs. But the shepherd's linen blouse hangs behind the shed-door; at her bidding we tear that into strips. . . . All is done that can be done; we bid Mademoiselle Merling *au revoir*. She will ride home presently when her patient is a little easier, she says. We volunteer to remain; she declines to allow us. She thanks us for

our aid in a voice that has the clear ring of crystal—I can in no other way describe it! When I take my leave, I desire to kiss her hand. She permits me very gracefully; she speaks French, too, with elegance, as she asks where I learned to make a fireplace so cleverly?

" 'We are taught these things,' I say to her, 'at the Royal School of Technical Military Instruction, in my Paris. For we do not think one qualified for being an officer, Mademoiselle, until he has learned all the things that a private should know.' Then it was that Bertham made that celebrated *coq-à-l'âne* about its being bad form to do servant's work well. You should have seen the look she gave him. *Sapristi!*—with a surprise in it that cut to the quick. She replies: 'Servants should respect and look up to us, and not despise us; and how can they look up to us if we show ourselves less capable than they? When I am older I mean to have a great house full of sick people to comfort and care for and nurse. And *everything* that has to be done for them I will learn to do with my own hands!' My sister Viviette would have said: 'When I grow up I shall have a *rivière* of pearls as big as pigeons' eggs,' or 'I shall drive on the boulevards and in the Bois in an ivory-panelled barouche.' Then I ask a stupid question: 'Is it that you are to be a Sister of Charity, Mademoiselle?' She answers, with a look of surprise: 'Can no one but a nun care for the sick?' I return: 'In France, Mademoiselle, our sick-nurses are these holy women. They are welcome everywhere: in private houses and in public hospitals, in time of peace: and in the time of war you will find them in the camp and on the battle-field. Your first patient is a soldier wounded in war,' I say to her, pointing to the dog. 'Perhaps it is an augury of the future?'

" 'War is a terrible thing,' she answers me, and grows pale, and her great eyes are fixed as though they look upon a corpse-strewn battle-field. 'I hope with all my heart that I may never see it!' 'But a nurse must become inured

to ugly and horrible sights, Mademoiselle.' I remind her. She replies: 'I shall find courage to endure them when I become a nurse.' Then Bertham blurts out in his brusque way: 'But you never will! Your people would not allow it. Wait and see if I am not right?' She returns to him, with a smile, half child's, half woman's, guileless and subtle at the same time, if you can understand that? '*We will wait—and you will see.*'"

De Moulny's whisper had dwindled to a mere thread of sound. He had long forgotten Hector, secretly pining for the end of a story that appeared to him as profoundly dull as interminably long; and, oblivious of the other's martyrdom, talked only to himself.

"'*We will wait and you will see.*' . . . You have the courage of your convictions, Mademoiselle,' I tell her, 'and courage always succeeds.' She says in that crystal voice: 'When things, stones or other obstacles, are piled up in front of you to prevent your getting through a gap in the dyke, you don't push because you might topple them all over, and kill somebody on the other side; and you don't pull because you might bring them all down on your own head. You lift the stones away, one at a time; and by-and-by you see light through a little hole . . . and then the hole gets bigger, and there is more and more light.' . . . There I interpose. . . . 'But if the stones to be moved are too big for such little hands, Mademoiselle?' And she answers, looking at them gravely: 'My hands are not little. And if they were, there would always be men to lift the things that are too heavy, and do the things that are too hard.'"

"'Men or boys, Mademoiselle?' I question. Then she gives me her hand once more. 'Thank you, M. de Moulny! I will not forget it was you who built the fireplace, and helped to hold the dog.' And Bertham was so jealous that he would not speak to me during the whole ride home!"

Upon that note of exultation the story ended. To Hector the recital had

been of unmitigated dullness. Nothing but his loyalty to de Moulny had kept him from wriggling on his chair; had checked the yawns that had threatened to unhinge his youthful jaws. Now he was guilty of an offence beside which yawning would have been pardonable. He opened his black eyes in a stare of youthful, insufferable curiosity, and called out in his shrill young pipe:

"Jealous, do you say! Why, was he in love with her as well as you?"

De Moulny's muscles jerked. He almost sat up in bed. A moment he remained glaring over the basket, speechless and livid with rage. Then he cried out furiously:

"Go away! Leave me! Go!—do you hear?"

And as Hector rose in dismay and stood blankly gazing at the convulsed and tragic face, de Moulny plucked the pillow from behind his head, and hurled that missile of low comedy at the cruel eyes that stung, and fell back upon the bolster with a cry of pain that froze the luckless blunderer to the marrow. Hector fled then, as Sister Edouard Antoine, summoned from her colloquy in the passage by the sound, came hurrying back to the bedside. Looking back as he plunged through the narrow, black swing-doors—doors very much like two coffin-lids on hinges, set up side by side, he saw the Sister bending over the long heaving body on the bed, solicitude painted on the mild face framed in the starched-white linen coif; and heard de Moulny's muffled sobbing, mingled with her soft, consoling tones.

Why should de Moulny shed tears? Did he really hate the idea of being a priest? And if so, would he be likely to love his friend Dunoisse, who had, with a broken foil, pointed out the way that ended in the seminary, the cassock and the tonsure?

The savage, livid, loathing face rose up before Hector's mental vision—the furious cry that had issued from the twisted lips: "Go! Leave me! Go!—do you hear?" still rang in the boy's

ears. The look, the cry, were full of hate. Yet Alain had, but a moment before, solemnly sworn to be his friend. . . . When we are very young we believe such oaths unbreakable.

Came Pédelaborde, and thrust a warty hand under Redskin's elbow, as he stood frowning and pondering still, on the wide shallow doorstep of the Infirmary portico, brick-and-plaster Corinthian, elegant and chaste. . . .

"*Hé bien, mon ami; nous voilà reconciliés?* A visit of sympathy, *hein?* It is quite proper! absolutely in rule. . . . But"—Pédelaborde's little yellow eyes twinkled and glittered in his round brown face like a pair of highly polished brass buttons, his snub nose cocked itself with an air of infinite knowingness, his bullet head of cropped black hair sparked intelligence from every bristle—"but—all the same, to call a spade a spade, *saisissez?* the trick that did the job for de Moulny is a dirty one. As an expert, I told you of it. As a gentleman, *voiez?*—I hardly expected you to use it!"

"A trick. . . . Use it!" Hector stutted, and his round horrified stare would have added to de Moulny's offence. "You don't mean—you cannot believe that I——" He choked over the words.

Pédelaborde chuckled comfortably, thrusting his warty hands deep into the pockets of his baggy red serge breeches.

"Whv, just as *he* lunged after his feint, didn't you—*hein?* Plump!—in the act to riposte, and cleverly managed, too. Suppose he believes it a pure accident. I am not the fellow to tell tales. . . . Honor"—Pédelaborde extracted one of the warty hands on purpose to lay it upon his heart—"honor forbids. Now we're on the subject of honor, I have positively pledged mine to pay Mère Cornu a trifling sum I owe her—a mere matter of eight francs—could you lend them until my uncle—hang the old skinnamalinks!—forks out with my allowance that is due?"

"I will lend you the money," said Hector, wiping the sickly drops from

his wet forehead. "But—I swear to you *that* was an accident—I slipped on a slug!" he added passionately.

He had not had the heart to spend a franc of his own monthly allowance of two louis. He pulled the cash out of his pocket now; a handful of silver pieces, with one treasured napoleon shining amongst them, and was picking out the eight francs from the bulk, when, with a pang, the barbed memory of his oath drove home. Perhaps these coins were some infinitesimal part of that accursed dowry. . . .

"Take it all!—keep it! I do not want it back!" he stammered hurriedly, and thrust the wealthy handful upon greedy Pédelaborde so recklessly that the napoleon and several big silver coins escaped that worthy's warty clutches, and dropped, ringing and rolling and spinning, making a temporary Tom Tiddler's ground of the Junior's parade.

"*Paid not to split! Saperlipopette!* . . . Then there was no slug! He meant to do the thing! . . ."

Honest Pédelaborde, pausing even in the congenial task of picking up gold and silver, straightened his back to stare hard after the Redskin's retreating figure, and whistle with indrawn breath, through a gap in his front teeth: "*Pheew-w!*"

Those little yellow eyes of the dentist's nephew were sharp. The brain behind them, though shallow, worked excellently in the interests of Pédelaborde. It occurred to him that when next Madame Cornu should clamor for the discharge of her bill for sweetstuff and pastry, the little affair of the trick fall might advantageously be mentioned again.

X

Alain-Joseph-Henri-Jules, cadet of the illustrious and ducal house of de Moulny, recovered of his wound, much to the gratification of his noble family, more by grace of a sound constitution and the faithful nursing of the Infirmary Sisters than by skill of the surgeons, who knew appallingly little in those

days of the treatment of internal wounds. He left the Royal School of Technical Military Instruction to travel abroad under the grandmaternal care of the Duchesse, for what the Chief Director gracefully termed the "reconstitution of his health." Later he was reported to have entered as a student at the Seminary of Saint Sulpice. It was vain to ask Redskin whether this was true. You got no information out of the fellow. He had turned sulky, the pupils said, since the affair of the duel, which invested him in the eyes even of the great boys of the Senior Corps, to which he was shortly afterwards promoted, with a luridly-tinted halo of distinction.

So nobody save Hector was aware that after the first short, stiff letter or two Alain had ceased to write. In silence the Redskin buckled his pride. Hitherto he had not permitted his love of study to interfere with the more serious business of amusement. Now he applied himself to the acquisition of knowledge with a dogged, savage concentration his Professors had never remarked in him before. Attending one of the stately half-yearly School receptions, arrayed in all the obsolete but imposing splendours of his gold-encrusted, epauletted, frogged, high-stocked uniform of ceremony, adorned with the Cross of the Legion of Honour,—an Imperial decoration severely ignored by the Monarchy,—Marshall Dunoisse was complimented by the General-Commandant and the Chief Director upon the brilliant abilities and remarkable progress of his son.

"So it seems the flea of work has bitten you?" the affectionate parent commented a few days later, tweaking Hector's ear in the Napoleonic manner, and turning upon his son the fanged and gleaming smile, that in conjunction with its owner's superb height, fine form, boldly-cut, swarthy features, fierce black eyes, and luxuriant black whiskers, had earned for the *ex-aide-de-camp* of Napoleon I. the reputation of an irresistible lady-killer.

The handsome features of the elderly dandy were thickened and inflamed by wine and good living, the limbs in the

tight-fitting white stockinet pantaloons, for which he had reluctantly exchanged his golden-buckled knee-breeches; the extremities more often encased in narrow-toed, elastic-sided boots, or buckled pumps, than in the spurred Hessians, were swollen and shapeless with rheumatic gout. The hyacinthe locks, or the greater part of them, came from the *atelier* of Michalon Millièrre, His Majesty's own hairdresser, in the Rue Feydeau; the whiskers owed their jetty gloss to a patent pomade invented by the same highly-patronised tonsorial artist. The broad black eyes were blood-shot, and could blaze under their bushy brows at times with an ogre-like ferocity, but were not brilliant any more.

Yet, from the three maids to the stout Bretonne who was cook, from the cook to Miss Smithwick,—who had acted in the capacity of *dame de compagnie* to Madame Dunoisse,—had become governess to her son when the gates of the Convent clashed once more behind the remorse and sorrow of that unhappy lady; and in these later years, now that Hector had outgrown her mild capacity for instruction, fulfilled the duties of housekeeper at No. 000, Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin,—the female staff of the ex-military widower's household worshipped Monsieur the Marshall.

"Do you think papa so handsome?" Hector, when a very small boy, would pipe out boldly. "He has eyes that are always angry, even when he smiles. He gnashes his teeth when he laughs. He kicked Moustapho" (the poodle) "so hard in the chest with the sharp toe of his shiny boot, when Moustapho dropped a macaroon he did not want, that Moustapho cried out loud with pain. He bullies the men-servants and swears at them. He smells of Cognac, and is always spilling his snuff about on the carpets and tables, and chairs. Me, I think him ugly, for my part."

"Your papa, my Hector, possesses in an eminent degree those personal advantages to which the weakness of the female sex renders its members fatally susceptible," the gentle spinster said to her pupil; and she had folded her tidy black mittens upon her neat stomacher

as she said it, and shaken her prim, respectable head with a sigh, adding, as her mild eye strayed between the lace and brocade window-curtains to the smart, high-wheeled cabriolet waiting in the courtyard below; the glittering turn-out with the showy, high-actioned mare in the shafts, and the little top-booted, liveried, cockaded, English groom hanging to her nose:

"I would that your dear mother had found it compatible with the fulfilment of her religious duties to remain at home. For the Domestic Affections, Hector, which flourish by the connubial fireside, are potent charms to restrain the too-ardent spirit, and recall the wandering heart." And then Miss Smithwick had coughed and ended.

She winked at much that was scandalous in the life of her idol, that prim, chaste, good woman; but who shall say that her unswerving fidelity and humble devotion did not act sometimes as a martingale? The *bon-vivant*, the gambler, the dissipated elderly buck of the First Napoleon's Court, the ex-Adonis of the Tuileries, who never wasted time in resisting the blandishments of any Venus of the Court or nymph of the Palais Royal, respected decent Smithwick, was even known, at the pathetic stage of wine, to refer to her as the only woman who had ever understood him.

Yet when her sister (her sole remaining relative, who lived upon a small annuity, in the village of Hampstead, near London), sustained a paralytic stroke, and Smithwick was recalled to nurse her, did that poor lady's employer dream of providing,—out of those hundreds of thousands of thalers wrested from the coffers of the Count of Widdinitz—for the old age of the faithful creature? You do not know Monsieur the Marshal if you dream he did.

He generously paid her the quarter due of her annual salary of fifteen hundred francs, kissed her knuckly left hand with the garnet ring upon it, placed there by a pale young English curate deceased many years previously—for even the Smithwicks have their romances and their tragedies—told her that his "roof" was "open" to her when-

ever she desired to return; and bowed her graciously out of his library, whose Empire bookcases were laden with costly editions of the classics, published by the Houbigants and the Chardins, Michaud and Buère (tomes of beauty that were fountains sealed to the illiterate master of the house), and whose walls were hung with splendid engravings by Renard and F. Chauveau, a few gems from the brushes of Watteau and Greuze, Boucher and Mignard; and one or two examples of the shining art of the young Meissonier.

The luxurious house in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin was less wholesome for good Smithwick's going. But I fear young Hector regretted her departure less than he should have done. True, the meek gentlewoman had not been able to teach her patron's son very much. But she had at least implanted in him the habit of truth, and the love of soap-and-water and clean linen. Last, but not least, she had taught him to speak English of the educated upper classes with barely a trace of accent, whereas the Paris-residing teachers of the tongue of Albion were in those days, and too frequently are in these, emigrants from the green isle adjacent; Miss Maloney's, Misther Magee's, and Mrs. Maguire's; equipped with the thinnest of skins for imagined injuries, and the thickest of brogues for voluble speech, that ever hailed from Dublin or Wexford, King's County or the County Cork.

Not a servant of the household but had some parting gift for Smithwick—from the blue handkerchief full of apples offered by the kitchen-girl, to the housemaid's tribute of a crôcheted lace *fichu*; from the cook's canary-bird, a piercing songster, to the green parasol—a sweet thing no bigger than a plate, with six-inch fringe and an ivory handle with a hinge, to purchase which Monsieur Brousset, the Marshal's valet, Duchard the butler, and Auguste the coachman had clubbed francs.

The question of a token of remembrance for faithful Smithwick was a thorn in her ex-pupil's pillow. You are to understand that Redskin, in his blundering, boyish way, had been try-

ing hard to keep inviolate the oath imposed upon him by de Moulny. The monthly two louis of pocket-money were scrupulously dropped each pay-day into the alms-box of the Carmelite Church in the Rue Vaugirard, and what a hungry glare followed the vanishing coins, and to what miserable shifts the boy resorted in the endeavour to earn a meagre pittance to supply his most pressing needs, and what an unjust reputation for stinginess and parsimony he earned, when it became known that he was willing to help dull or lazy students with their papers for pay, you can conceive.

He possessed the sum of five francs, amassed with difficulty after this fashion, and this represented the boy's entire capital at this juncture. A five-franc piece is a handsome coin, but you cannot buy anything handsome with it, that is the trouble. The discovery of the scene-painter Daguerre, first made in 1830, was not published by the Government of France until 1839. Otherwise, how the faithful heart of the attached Smithwick might have been gladdened by one of those inexpensive, oily-looking, semi-iridescent, strangely elusive portraits; into which the recipient peered, making discoveries of familiar leading features of relatives or friends, hailing them with joy when found, never finding them all together.

A portrait, even a pencil miniature with stumped shadows, its outlines filled with the palest wash of water-colour, was out of the question. There was a silhouettist in the Rue de Chaillot. To this artist Hector resorted, and obtained a black paper profile, mounted and glazed, and enclosed in a gilt tin frame, at cost of all the boy possessed in the world.

That the offering was a poor one never occurred to simple Smithwick. She received it with little squeaking, mouse-like cries of delight, and grief, and admiration; she ran at the tall, awkward, blushing youth to kiss him, unaware he recoiled from the affectionate dab of her cold, pink-ended nose.

You could not say that the organ in question was disproportionately large, but its owner never managed to dispose of it inoffensively in the act of oscula-

tion. It invariably got in the eye or the ear of the recipient of the caress. A nose so chill in contact, say authorities, indicates by inverse ratio the temperature of the heart.

Hector got leave from the School, and went with the poor troubled Smithwick to the office of the Minister for Foreign Affairs in the Boulevard des Capucines, where for ten of her scanty store of francs she got her passport signed. Stout Auguste drove them in the shiny barouche with the high-steppers in silver-mounted harness, to meet the red Calais coach at the Public Posting-Office in the Rue Notre Dame des Victoires, whither one of the stable-lads had wheeled Miss Smithwick's aged, piebald hair-trunk, her carpet-bag, and her three band-boxes on a hand-truck. And judging by the coldness of the poor soul's nose when, a very Niobe for tears, she kissed the son of her lost mistress and her adored patron good-bye, the heart beneath Smithwick's faded green velvet mantle must have been a very furnace of maternal love and tenderness.

"Never neglect the necessity of daily ablution of the entire person, my dearest boy!" entreated the poor gentlewoman, "or omit the exercises of your religion at morning and night. Instruct the domestics to see that your beloved papa's linen is properly aired. I fear they will be only too prone to neglect these necessary precautions when my surveillance is withdrawn! And—though but a humble individual offers this counsel, remember, my Hector, that there are higher aims in life than the mere attainment of great wealth or lofty station. Self-respect, beloved child, is worth *far more!*" She was extraordinarily earnest in saying this, shaking her thin grey curls with emphatic nods, holding up a lean admonitory forefinger. "Persons with gifts and capacities as great, natures as noble and generous as your distinguished father's, may be blinded by the sparkling lustre of a jewelled sceptre, allured by the prospect of dominion, power, influence, rule. . . ." What could good Smithwick possibly be driving at? "But an unstained honour, my beloved

boy, is worth more than these, and a clean conscience smooths the—way we must all of us travel!" She blinked the tears from her scanty, ginger-hued eyelashes, and added: "I have forfeited a confidence and regard I deeply appreciated, by perhaps unnecessarily believing it my duty to reiterate this." She coughed and dabbed her poor red eyes with the damp white handkerchief held in the thin, shaking hand in the shabby glove; and continued: "But a day will come when the brief joys and bitter disillusion of this life will be at an end. The bitterest that I have ever known comes late, very late indeed!" Had Smithwick met it in the library that morning when the Marshall bade her adieu? "When I lay my head upon my pillow to die, it will be with the conviction that I did my duty. It has borne me fruit of sorrow. But I hope and pray that this chastening may be for my good. And oh! my dearest child, may God for ever bless and keep you!"

The mail bags were stowed. The three inside passengers' seats being taken, poor weeping Smithwick perforce was compelled to negotiate the ladder, must climb into the *cabriolet* in company with the guard. With her thin elderly ankles upon her mind, it may be judged that no more intelligible speech came from her. She peered round the tarred canvas hood as the bugle flourished; she waved her wet handkerchief as the long, stinging whip-lash cracked over the bony backs of the four high-rumped, long-necked greys. . . . She was gone. Something had gone out of Hector's life along with her; he had not loved her, yet she left a gap behind. His heart was cold and heavy as he brought his eyes back from the dwindling red patch made by the mail amongst the varicoloured Paris street-traffic, but the hardening changes that had begun in him from the very hour of de Moulny's revelations stiffened the muscles of his face, and drove back the tears he might have shed.

"Holy blue!" gulped stout Auguste, who was sitting on his box blubbering and mopping his eyes with a red cotton

handkerchief sadly out of keeping with his superb mauve and yellow livery, and the huge cocked-hat that crowned his well-powdered wig. "There are gayer employments than seeing people off, my faith there are! Who would have dreamed I should ever pipe my eye for the old girl? It is a pity she is gone. She was an honest creature!" He added huskily, tucking away the red cotton handkerchief: "One could do uncommonly well now with two fingers of wine!"

He cocked his thirsty eyes at penniless Hector, who pretended not to hear him, and turned away abruptly; saying that he would walk back to the School.

"That is not a chip of the old block, see you, when it comes to a cart-wheel for drink money," said Auguste over his shoulder, as the silver-harnessed blacks with much clamping and high action, prepared to return to the stables in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, and the silk-stockinged footman mounted his perch behind.

"It is a learned prig," pronounced the footman, authoritatively, adding: "They turn them out all of one pattern at that shop of his."

"Yet he fought a duel," said Auguste, deftly twirling the prancing steeds into a by-street and pulling up outside a little, low-browed wine-shop much frequented by gold-laced liveries and cocked hats. "And came off the victor," he added with a touch of pride.

"By a trick got up beforehand," said the footman pithily, as he dived under the striped awning, in at the wine-shop door.

"Nothing of the sort!" denied Auguste.

"Just as you please," said the footman, emerging with two brimming pewter measures, "but none the less true. M. Pédelaborde's nephew, who taught the *coup* to M. Hector, told M. Alain de Moulny, long after the affair, how cleverly he had been grassed. It was at the Hotel de Moulny, my crony Lacroix, M. Alain's valet, was waiting in the ante-room and listened at the door. Money passed, Lacroix says. M. Alain de Moulny paid Pédelaborde handsomely not to tell."

"That is a story one doesn't like the stink of," said Auguste, making a wry mouth, draining the measure, handing it back to the silk-calved one, and spitting in the dust. "But the knowing fellow who taught M. Hector the dirty dodge and blows the gaff for hush-money, that is a rank polecat, my word!"

A crude pronouncement with which the reader may be inclined to agree.

XI

The months went by. Hector ended his course at the School of Technical Military Instruction with honours, and his examiners, in recognition of the gift for languages, the bent for Science, the administrative and organising capacities that were distinctive of this student, transferred him, with another equally promising youth, not to the Academy of Ways, Works, and Transport, where the embryo artillery engineer officers of the School of Technical Military Instruction were usually ground and polished, but to the Training Institute for Officers of the Staff. An annual bounty tacked to the tail of the certificate relieved that pressing necessity for pocket-money. Redskin, with fewer anxieties on his mind, could draw breath.

The Training Institute for Officers of the Staff was the School of Technical Military Instruction all over again, but upon a hugely magnified scale. To mention the School was the unpardonable sin: you spent the first term in laboriously unlearning everything that had been taught you there. On being admitted at the small gate adjacent to the large ones of wrought and gilded iron, you beheld the facade of the Institute, its great portico crowned with a triangular pediment supported upon stately pillars, upon which was sculptured an emblematical bas-relief of France, seated in a trophy of conquered cannon, instructing her sons in the military sciences, and distributing among them weapons of war. Following your guide, you shortly afterwards discover two large yards full of young men in unbuttoned uniforms, supporting on

their knees drawing-boards with squares of cartridge paper pinned upon them, upon which they were busily delineating the various architectural features of the buildings of the Institute, while a Colonel of the Corps of Instructors sternly or blandly surveyed the scene. Within the Institute, studies in Mathematics, Trigonometry and Topography, Cosmography, Geography, Chemistry, Artillery, Field Fortifications, Assault and Defence, Plans, Military Administration, Military Manœuvres, French, English, and German Literature, Fencing, Swimming, and Horsemanship in all its branches were thoroughly and comprehensively taught. And once a quarter the pupil-basket was picked over by skilled hands; and worthy young men, who were eminently fitted to serve their country in the inferior capacity as regimental officers, but did not possess the qualities necessary for the making of Officers of the Staff, were, at that little gate by the side of the great gilded iron ones, blandly shown out.

For, sane even in her maddest hour, France has never—under every conceivable political condition; in every imaginable national crisis, and under whatever government — Monarchical, Imperial, or Republican, that may for the time being have got the upper hand—ceased labouring to insure the supply to her Army, constantly renewed, of officers competent to command armies, of scientists skilled in the innumerable moves of the Great Game of War. Nor have other nations, Continental or insular, ever failed to profit by France's example, and follow France's lead.

The Marshal's son was not dismissed by that dreaded little exit. The fine flower of Young France grew in the neat parterres behind those lofty gilded railings. Sous-lieutenant Hector Dunois found many intellectual superiors among his comrades, whose society stimulated him to greater efforts. He worked, and presently began to win distinction; passed, with a specially-endorsed certificate, his examinations in the branches of study already enumerated and a few more; served for three months as Supernumerary-Assistant-

Adjutant with an Artillery Regiment at Nancy; did duty for a corresponding period in the same capacity at Belfort with a corps of Engineers; and then received his appointment as Assistant-Adjutant to the 333rd Regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, quartered at Blidah.

Money would not be needed to make life tolerable at Blidah, where mettlesome Arab horses could be bought by Chasseurs d'Afrique at reasonable prices, and the mastic and the thin Dalmatian wine were excellent and cheap. Algerian cigars and pipe-tobacco were obtainable at the outlay of a few coppers; and from every thicket of dwarf oak or alfa-grass, hares started out before the sportsman's gun; and part-ridges and Carthage hens were as plentiful as sparrows in Paris.

Yet even at Blidah Dunoisse knew the nip of poverty, and there were times when the pack that de Moulny's hand had bound upon his shoulders galled him sore. For—the stroke of a pen and one could have had all one wanted. It needed no more than that.

For in Paris, at the big hotel in the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, in the book-lined, weapon-adorned, half-library, half smoking room that was Red-skin's private den, and had been the boudoir of Marie Bathilde; there lay in a locked drawer of the inlaid ebony writing-table, a white parchment-covered pass-book inscribed with the name of Hector Dunoisse, and a book of pretty green-and-blue cheques upon the Messieurs Rothschild, 9, Rue d'Artois. The dip of the quill in the ink, and one of the bland, well-dressed, middle-aged, discreet-looking cashiers behind the golden grilles and the broad, gleaming rosewood counters, would have opened a metal-lined drawer of gold louis, and plunged a copper shovel into the shining mass and filled the pockets of young Hector; or more probably would have wetted a skilful forefinger and thumb—run over a thick roll of crackling pink, or blue, or grey, *billets de banque*, jotted down the numbers, and handed the roll across the counter to its owner, with a polite bow.

"So you think there is a curse upon

my money, eh?" Monsieur the Marshal had said, upon an occasion when one of those scenes that leave ineffaceable scars upon the memory, had taken place between the father and the son.

Hector, spare, upright, muscular, lithe, ruddy of hue, bright of eye, steady of nerve, newly issued from the mint and stamped with the stamp of the Training Institute, and appointed to join his regiment in Algeria, turned pale under his reddish skin. He was silent.

"You have used none of it since you heard that story, *hein?* It would defile the soul and dirty the hands, *hein?*" queried Monsieur the Marshal, plunging one of his own into the waistcoat-pocket where he kept his snuff, and taking an immense pinch. "Yet let me point out that the allowance you disburse in pious alms and so forth——" Hector jumped, and wondered how his father had found out, and then decided that it was only a good piece of guessing, "may not be any portion of your mother's dowry. I was not poor when I recovered those three hundred thousand silver thalers from the Prioress of the Carmelite Convent at Widinitz. I wished to be so much richer, that is all!"

"Poverty," said his son, breathing sharply through the nostrils and looking squarely in the Marshal's swollen, fierce-eyed, bushily whiskered face, "poverty would have been some excuse—if anything could have excused so great an——"

"Infamy," was the word you were going to use," said Monsieur the Marshal, smiling across his great false teeth of Indian ivory, which golden bands retained in his jaws, and scattering Spanish snuff over his white kersey, tightly-strapped pantaloons, as he trumpeted loudly in a voluminous handkerchief of yellow China silk. "Pray do not hesitate to complete the sentence."

But Hector did not complete the sentence. The Marshal went on, shrugging his shoulders and waving his ringed hands: "After all, it is better to be infamous than idiotic. You hamper your career by playing the incorruptible; you are put to stupid shifts for

money when plenty of money lies at your command."

"Do I not know that?"

"You have won honours, and with them a reputation for parsimony—are called a brilliant screw,—name of a thousand devils!—among your comrades. You coach other men for pay; you translate foreign technical works for military publishers; you burn the candle at both ends and in the middle. It is very honourable and scrupulous, but would those who have sneered at you think better of you if they knew the truth? You know they would not! Instead of being despised, you would be laughed at for playing Don Quixote. That is one of the books I have read," Monsieur the Marshal added, pricked by the evident surprise with which his son received this unexpected testimony of his parent's literacy. "One can get some useful things out of a book like that, even though the hero of it is mad as a March hare. It is one of the books with blood and marrow in them, as the Emperor would have said: books like that—unlike those of your Chateaubriands, Hugos, Lamartines, the devil knows who else!—are the literature that nourish men who are alive, not wooden puppets of virtue and propriety whose strings are pulled by priests—sacred name of—"

The Marshal went on, as his son stood silent before him, to lash himself into a frenzy of rage that imperilled the seams of a tight-waisted high-collared frock-coat of Frogé's own building, and gave its wearer what the Germans term a red head; with such accompaniments of gasping and snorting, rollings of the eyes and starting of the forehead-veins as are painfully suggestive of bleedings and sinapisms; cuppings and hot bricks; soft-footed personages with shiny black bags, candles, wreaths of white, purple and yellow *immortelles* inscribed with "*Regrets*," and all the plumed pomp and sable circumstances of a funeral procession to the Cemetery of Père La Chaise. He wound up at last, or rather, ran down; sank, puffing and perspiring and purple, into an easy chair. . . . Hector, who had listened with an unmoved

countenance and heels correctly approximated, bowed and left the room, across which a broad ray of sunshine fell from the high, velvet-draped windows, across the inlaid ebony writing-table near which the Marshal lay back, wheezing and scowling, and muttering.

. . . The thousands of shining notes that danced in that wide golden beam might have been wasps; the old man about whom they sported was so goaded and stung. Who wants to watch the Marshal in his hour of rageful humiliation. . . . He fumed and cursed awhile under his dyed moustaches, and then hit on an idea which made him chuckle and grin. He wheeled round, and splashed off a huge blotty letter to his bankers, and from that day the sum of One Million One Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand Francs stood to the credit of Hector Dunoisse upon Rothschild's books, and stood untouched. . . . One did not need much money out in Algeria, the temptation to dip into the golden store was barely felt, the malice of the Marshal was not to be gratified just yet awhile.

Though perhaps it was not altogether malice that inspired that action of Monsieur. His son forgot to question before long; forgot that old desertion of de Moulny's and its fanged tooth; forgot the cheque-book dimming with dust that drifted through the keyhole of the locked drawer in the writing-table, whose key was on his ring.

For there came a day when the boy—for he was little more—rode out at the Algiers Gate in command of a squadron of Chasseurs d'Afrique, under orders to reinforce the Zouaves garrisoning a hill-fort in Kabylia, threatened with siege by a rebellious Arab Kaïd who had thrown up his office, and his pay, and declared war against the Francos.

The rustle of the white cap-cover against his epaulet as he turned his head, the jingle of the scabbard against his stirrup, the clink of the bridle, made pleasant harmony with the other clinking and jingling. The air was cool before dawn, and the blue shadow of mighty Atlas stretched far over the

plain of Metidja. In the deep-foliaged sycamores; from the copses of mastic, the nightingales trilled: turtle-doves were drinking and bathing in the mountain-rills, Zachar lifted a huge stony brow upon the horizon. . . . A slender young trooper with a high, reedy, tenor voice, sang an Arab song; his comrades joined in the chorus:

"Thy Fate in the balance, thy foot in the stirrup, before thee the path of Honour. Ride on! Who knows what lies at the end of the long journey? Ride on!

"Life and Love, Death and Sleep, these are from the Hand of the Giver. Ride on! Thy Fate in the balance, thy foot in the stirrup, before thee the path of Honour! Ride on!"

So Dunoisse rode on; the feet of his Arab mare falling softly on the thick white dust of the Dalmatic Road. And the great mysterious East rose up before him, smiling her slow, mystic smile, and opened her olive-hued, jewelled arms, and drew the boy of twenty to her warm, perfumed bosom, and kissed him with kisses that are potent philtres, and wove around him her magic spells. And he forgot all the things that it had hurt him so to remember, for a space of two years.

XII

When his two years' service with the Cavalry were ended he was transferred, with his step as lieutenant, but still in the capacity of Assistant-Adjutant, to the First Battalion, 999th Regiment of the Line, Paris; quartered in the Barracks of the Rue de l'Assyrie.

With the return to the familiar places of his boyhood, those things that Hector thought he had forgotten began to revive sufficiently to sting. A brother-officer spoke to him of de Moulny, who had quitted St. Sulpice a year previously, under a shadow so dark, it was discreetly hinted, that only the paternal influence had saved him from expulsion.

Hector did not blaze out in passionate defence or exoneration of his whilom comrade and friend. He said, briefly and coldly: "Those who say so

lie! I used to know him!" and dropped the subject, as the chatterer was glad to do. For that duel fought by two schoolboys with disbuttoned fencing-foils six years before, was to be the first upon a list that grew and lengthened, and kept on growing and lengthening. . . . Unless you were desirous of cold steel for breakfast, there were subjects that must not be trifled with in the hearing of Assistant-Adjutant Hector Dunoisse.

The Catholic Church: Religious, particularly nuns; more particularly nuns of the Carmelite Order: . . . instances of foul play in trials of strength and skill, particularly shady *coups* in fencing, slim tricks in the Game of the Sword. With other causes of offence provoking the *quid rides?* you never were quite sure where they might crop up.

And the fellow was a fighter—loved risk, enjoyed danger. . . .

Was the grass more slippery at one end of the paced-out ground than the other? There was no necessity to toss up unless Monsieur, the other principal, insisted in observance of the strict formality—Dunoisse rather preferred slippery grass. Was the sun in the eyes of Monsieur the other principal? Change about by all means—Dunoisse rather enjoyed facing the glare that made you blink. The gusty wind that might deflect your pistol-bullet, the blowing dust that drifted into your eyes, mouth and nostrils, and that might provoke a cough or sneeze, just at the wrong moment for the swordsman; these conditions, justly regarded as unfavorable to continued existence, were rather courted than otherwise by this young officer of the Staff.

At Blidah, it had been told about, that an Arab sorceress had given the sub-Adjutant a charm, insuring success in the duel. Only, to insure this, the holder of the amulet must embrace the contrary odds and court the handicap. This story trotted back to Paris at Dunoisse's heels; it was told behind ladies' fans in every drawing-room he entered. Women liked it, it was so romantic; but men sneered, knowing the truth.

The truth, according to Pedelaborde, that is.

Like a poisonous thorn, that implied accusation of foul play made by the dentist's nephew on that morning when Redskin had visited the convalescent de Moulny in the Infirmary of the School, had rankled in the victim's flesh since it had been planted there. Honest Pedelaborde had not been idle in spreading the story and ornamenting it. Nor, if the truth had been known, had de Moulny been the only hearer who had paid him to tell it no more.

Mud is mud, though in contrast with the foulness of the hands that plaster it upon your garments, the vile stuff seems almost clean; and a slander listened to is a slander half-believed. The Pedelabordes invariably find listeners; there are always paying customers for offal, or those who deal in it might find a more sweetly-smelling trade.

XIII

Dunoisse had not long returned to Paris when he received one of those rare communications from his mother, bearing no address, forwarded by the hands of the priest who had been the director of Madame Dunoisse. Lifeless, formal notes, without a throb in them, without a hint of tenderness to the eye incapable of reading between the rigid lines:

"J. M. J.—x.

"MY SON,

"I am told that you are well, have returned from Algeria in good health, that your services have earned you distinguished mention in the despatches of your Colonel, and that your abilities seem to promise a career of brilliance. Giving thanks to Almighty God and to Our Blessed Lady, and praying with all my heart that the highest spiritual graces may be vouchsafed you in addition to those mental and bodily gifts which you already possess,

"I am,

"Your mother in Christ,
Térèse de S. Francois.

"I love you and bless you! Pray also for me, my son!"

A picture burned up in living colours

in the son's memory as he read. Hector saw himself as a fair-haired boy of six in a little blue velvet dress, playing on the carpet of his mother's boudoir. She sat in a low Indian cane chair with her year-old baby on her lap; a tiny Marie Bathilde, whose death of some sudden infantile complaint a few months later, turned the thoughts of the mother definitely in the direction of the abandoned way of religion, the vocation lost.

Even the magnificent new rocking-horse, with real hairy hide, and redundant mane and tail, and a splendid saddle, bridle, and stirrups of scarlet leather, could not blind the boy's childish eyes to the beauty of his mother. She was all in white; her skin had the gleam of satin and the pinky hue of rose-granite in its sheath of snow; she was slender as a nymph, upright and lissome as a tall swaying reed of the river shore, with a wealth of black hair that crowned her small high-bred head with a turban of silky, glistening coils, yet left looped braids to fall down to the narrow ribbon of silver tissue that was her girdle, defining the line of the bosom as girdles did long after the death of the First Empire. And her child upon her knee was as pearly fair as she shone dark and lustrous, though with the mother's eyes of changeable gleaming grey, so dark as almost to seem black.

The boudoir opened at one side into a dome-shaped conservatory full of palms and flowers, where a fountain played in an agate basin, and through the gush and tinkle of the falling water and the cracking of Hector's toy-whip, Monsieur the Marshall had come upon the pretty domestic picture unseen and unheard. He stood in the archway that led from the conservatory, a stalwart handsome figure of a soldierly dandy of middle-age, who has not yet begun to read in pretty women's eyes that his best days are over. His wife looked up from the child with which she played, holding a bunch of cherries beyond reach of the eager, dimpled hands. Their glances met.

"My own Marie!—was this not worth it?" Achilles Dunoisse had exclaimed.

And Madame Dunoisse had answered, with a strange, wild, haggard change upon her beautiful face, looking her husband fully in the eyes:

"Perhaps, if this were all—"

And had put down the startled child upon a cushion near, and risen, and gone swiftly without a backward look, out of the exquisite, luxurious room, into the bed chamber that was beyond, shutting and locking the door behind her, leaving the discomfited Adonis to shrug, and exclaim:

"So much for married happiness!"

Then, turning to the boy who sat upon the rocking-horse, forgetful of the toy, absorbing the scene with wide, grave eyes and curious, innocent ears, Monsieur the Marshal had said abruptly:

"My son, when you grow up, never marry a woman with a religion."

To whom little Hector had promptly replied:

"Of course I shall not marry a woman. I shall marry a little girl in a pink frock?"

How rife with a tragic meaning the little scene appeared, now that the boy who had flogged the red-caparisoned rocking-horse had grown to man's estate.

Those frozen letters of his mother's! What a contrast they presented to the gushing epistles of poor old Smithwick, studded with notes of exclamation, bristling with terms of endearment, crammed with affectionate messages, touching reminiscences of happier days in *dear, dear Paris*, always underlined.

The prim sandalled feet of the poor old maiden were set in stony places since the death of the paralytic sister, to nurse whom she had returned to what she invariably termed her "native isle of Britain." . . . Even to Hector's inexperience those letters, in their very reticence upon the subject of poor Smithwick's need, breathed of poverty. The straitness of his own means galled him horribly when he read in Smithwick's neat, prim, lady-like calligraphy confessions such as these:

"The annuity originally secured to my beloved sister by purchase having ceased at her death, I am fain to seek employment in genteel families as a teacher of the French language, with which—no one knows better than my dearest Hector—I am thoroughly conversant. I would not willingly complain against the lot which Providence has appointed me. But so small are the emoluments to be gained from this profession, that I fear existence cannot be long supported upon the scant subsistence they afford."

The pinch of poverty is never more acutely felt than by the open-handed. In Africa Dunoisse had been sensible of the gnawing tooth of poverty. In Paris it had claws as well as teeth.

To have had five thousand francs to send to poor old Smithwick! To have been able to invest a snug sum for her in some solid British concern—those Government Three per Cents, for instance, of which the poor lady had always spoken with such reverence and respect. Or to have bought her a bundle of shares in one of the English Railway Companies, whose steel spiderwebs were beginning to spread over the United Kingdom about this time. What would her old pupil not have given! And—it could have been done so easily if only he could have brought himself to fill in one of those cheques upon Rothschild. But the thing was impossible.

His gorge rose at it. His religious principles were too deeply rooted, his honour stood too high, or possibly the temptation was not strong enough? There was little of the primal Eve about poor old shabby Smithwick. When white hands, whose touch thrilled to the heart's core, should be stretched out to him for some of that banked-up gold; when eyes whose lustre tears discreetly shed only enhanced should be raised pleadingly to his; when an exquisite mouth should entreat, Hector was to find that one's own oaths, no less than the oaths of one's friends, are brittle things; and that in the heat of the passion that is kindled in a young and ardent man by the breath of a

beautiful woman, Religion and Principle and Honour are but as wax in flame.

XIV

He scraped a few hundred francs together and sent them to poor old Smithwick, and received another letter of disproportionately-measured gratitude for the meagre gift, that might so easily have been a rich one, if . . .

He learned from a very little paragraph at the end of the grateful letter that his faithful old friend had broken down in health. That she had been seriously ill "from the effects of over-anxiety and a *too strenuous battle* with adversity," ending with pious thanks to Providence—Smithwick was always curiously anxious to avoid references of a more sacred nature—that, "through the introduction and recommendation of a *most generous friend*," she had obtained admission as an inmate of the Hospice for Sick Governesses in Cavendish Street, London, West, "*a noble charity* conducted upon the *purest* Christian principles, where I may hope, D.V., to spend *my closing days in peace*."

Were they so near, those closing days of the simple, honourable, upright life? Gratitude, respect, old association, a chivalrous pity for the woman, sick and poor, and old, conspired to make the first step on the Road Perilous easier than her pupil would have imagined. He got upon his iron-grey Arab, Djelma, dearest and most valuable of the few possessions owned by this son of a millionaire, and rode to the Rue d'Artois with the levelled brows and cold, set face of a man who rides to dishonour.

Upon the very steps of Rothschild's, a brother-officer of the Regiment of Line to which our young sprig of the Staff was attached in the capacity of Assistant-Adjutant, met and repaid Dunoisse an ancient, moss-grown, long-forgotten debt of three thousand francs.

"You come *fort à propos*—for you, that is! Here, catch hold! Sorry I met you! You're not, I'll bet you this

whacking lump!" Monsieur the Captain joyfully flourished the stout roll of *billets de banque*, from which he had stripped the notes he now thrust under Dunoisse's nose. "Wonder where I got 'em? Inside there"—a thumb clothed in lemon-coloured kid jerked over the shoulder—"from one of those powdered old cocks behind the gilt balusters. My old girl has stumped with a vengeance this time. I told her my tailor was a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and had sent me a *cartel* because I hadn't paid his bill." One is sorry to record that Monsieur the Captain's "old girl" was no less stately a person than Madame la Comtesse de Kerouatte, of the Chateau de Pigandel, Ploubanou, La Bretagne. "She swallowed the story, and see the result. Don't shy at taking the plasters. You can lend me again when I'm broke! Pouch! and *va te promener!*"

So Dunoisse gratefully took the tendered bank-notes, and with one of them an outside place on the blue Havre diligence, rattling out of Paris, next morning, behind its four bony bays, ere the milkwomen, and postmen and newspaper-carts began their rounds.

The salt fresh wind stinging his red-brown skin, the salter spray upon his lips, the veiled and shawled and muffled ladies, and cloaked and greatcoated gentlemen, already extended on the deck-seats and deck-chairs of the steam-packet *Britannia* of Southampton—patiently waiting to be dreadfully indisposed in little basins that were dealt out by the brisk, hurrying, gilt-buttoned stewards as cards are dealt at whist; the glasses of brandy-and-water being called for by robust Britons, champing ham-sandwiches with mustard on their upper lips, and good-fellowship beaming out of their large pink, whiskered faces; the tumblers of *eau sucrée* being ordered by French travelers, who invariably got toast-and-water instead; the swaying crates of luggage, the man-traps made by coils of rope on wet and slippery decks, the crash of waves hitting bows or paddle-wheels, the shrieks of scared females, convinced their last hour had come—recalled to Dunoisse his boyish visit to what poor Smith-

wick had invariably termed "the shores of Albion."

He remembered with gratitude the self-denying hospitality of the poor sisters: the little home at Hampstead, the golden-blossomed furze of the Heath, came back to him with extraordinary vividness. Down to the piping bullfinch, whose cage hung in the little front parlor-window, and whose *repertoire*, consisting of the first bar of "Home, Sweet Home," the boy had endeavoured to enlarge with the melodies of *Partant Pour La Syrie* and "*Jeanette et Jeannot*," every detail stood clear.

And here was England, upon a pale grey February morning, under skies that wept cold heavy tears of partly-melted snow. Black fungus-growths of umbrellas were clustered on the quay; the thick air smelt of oilskins and wet mackintoshes. And so across a dripping gangway to a splashy paved incline that ended in a Railway Station, for instead of coaching through Hants and Surrey to Middlesex by the scarlet "Defiance" or the yellow "Tally-Ho!" you travelled by the Iron Road all the way to London.

You are to picture the splay-wheeled, giraffe-necked locomotive of the time, with the top of the funnel nicked like the cut paper round a cutlet-bone; the high-bodied carriages, with little windows and hard hair-cloth cushions; the gentlemen passengers in shaggy hats with curly brims, high-waisted coats, with immense roll-collars, and full-hipped trousers strapped down over shiny boots; assisting ladies in coal-scuttle bonnets, and pelerines trimmed with fur, worn over gored skirts, swelled out by a multiplicity of starched, embroidered petticoats, affording peeps of pantalettes and sandals, to alight or to ascend. . . .

Pray understand that there was no jumping. Violent movement was not considered genteel. Supposing you to be of the softer sex—it was softer in those days than it is now!—you were swanlike or sprightly, according to your height, figure, and the shape of your nose, and your name almost invariably ended in "anna" or "ina" or "etta."

My Aunt Julietta was sprightly. She

had a nose ever so slightly turned up at the end, and a dimple in her left cheek. Her elder sister, one of her elder sisters—Aunt Julietta was the youngest of six—her elder, Marietta, was swanlike, with a long neck and champagne-bottle shoulders, and the most elegant Early Victorian figure you can conceive; a fiddle of the old pattern has such a waist and hips.

Both my aunts traveled by this very train, in the same first-class compartment as the Assistant-Adjutant of the 999th Regiment of the Line. The young ladies were, in fact, returning from a visit to the elegant and hospitable family mansion of Sir Tacton Wackton, Baronet, of Wops Hall, Hants; whose elder daughter had been their schoolfellow and bosom-friend at the Misses Squeezers' Select Boarding-School for young ladies at Backboard House, Selina Parade, Brighton. It was the first occasion upon which they had braved the dangers of the Iron Road unprotected by a member of the sterner sex. Consequently, when, in the act of picking up and handing to my Aunt Julietta a sweet green velvet reticule she had accidentally dropped upon the platform, the black-eyed, dark-complexioned, military-looking young foreign gentleman, in a grey traveling cloak and cap, who performed this act of gallantry, peeped up the tunnel of her coal-scuttle bonnet, with evident appreciation of the wholesome apple-cheeked, bright-eyed English girl-face looking out from amongst the ringlets and frills and flowers at the end, both the young ladies were extremely fluttered. And as they passed on, Aunt Mariette whispered haughtily, "How presumptuous!" and Aunt Julietta responded: "Oh, I *don't* think he meant to be *that*, my dear! And *how* handsome and distinguished-looking." To which my Aunt Marietta only responded, with the disdainful curl of the lip that went with her Roman nose: "For a foreigner, passably so!"

Later on, by one of the oddest accidents you could conceive possible, my aunts found themselves in the same first-class compartment as the foreign-looking gentleman; and as the Southampton to London Express clanked

and jolted and rattled upon its metal way (rail-carriages being unprovided at that early date with springs, pneumatic brakes, and other mechanical inventions for the better ease of the public), the courtesy and consideration of their well-bred fellow-traveler, who spoke excellent English—combined with his undeniable good looks—created an impression upon my Aunt Julietta, which by the time the Express had rattled and jolted and clanked into the junction of the provincial garrison town of Dullingstoke (near which was situated the family mansion of my grandparents), had developed into an attachment of the early, hapless, unreciprocated order.

"If only," thought my sentimental Aunt, "the train could go on for ever!"

But the train stopped; and there was the family chariot, with the purple-nosed coachman on the box; there was the boy who had cleaned the knives, now promoted to page's livery, at the noses of Chestnut and Browney, waiting to convey my aunts to the shelter of the paternal roof. They collected muffs, reticules, and parcels. . . . The military-looking young foreign gentleman handed them out, one after the other, and bowed over their respective hands with a grace that caused Aunt Marietta to exclaim, "My dear!" and Aunt Julietta to return, "Did you ever?" as the family chariot drove away, and the Express, with much preliminary snorting, prepared to start again, and did in fact start; but brought up with a jerk, and clanked back to the platform to pick up a passenger of importance, who had arrived behind time.

A dazzling scarlet mail phaeton, pulled by a pair of high-spirited, sweating, chestnut trotters, had brought him to the junction, sitting, enveloped in a huge shaggy box-coat with buttons as large as Abernethy biscuits; covered with a curly-brimmed, low-crowned shiny beaver hat that might have belonged to a Broad Church parson of sporting proclivities, by the side of the smart groom who drove. . . . Another groom in the little seat behind sheltered him from the rain with a vast green silk gig-umbrella, just as though he had been any common, ordinary

landholder of means and position, with a stake in the Borough Elections, a seat on the local Bench, and the right to put J.P. after his name; and commit local poachers caught by his own gamekeepers in his own plantations, then and there, in his own library, to the District Lock Up for trial at the Weekly Sessions.

But the guard,—a functionary in the absurdest uniform, a cross between a penny-postman's and a military pensioner's, knew better. So did the porters, encased in green velveteen corduroy, as worn by the porters of to-day; so did the station-master, crowned with the gilt-banded top-hat of a bank-messenger and sporting the crimson waistcoat of a beadle. With a Parliamentary Down-train waiting outside and shrieking to come through, while a Composite of horse-boxes and cattle-trucks and coal-trucks bumped and jolted over the Main Line metals; with the Up-Express from Southampton panting to be green-flagged and belled upon its metal road to London, he waited, his gilt-banded top-hat respectfully in hand, to receive the distinguished passenger. Who did not hurry, possibly in virtue of his bulk, but waddled down the platform with a gait you felt to be peculiarly his own, involving a short turn to the right as he stepped out with the right foot (encased in the largest size of shiny patent-leather boot), and a turn to the left as he set down the left one, as though inviting the whole world to take a comprehensive, satisfactory stare at a great and good man, and be the better for it.

Impatient passengers, projecting the upper halves of their bodies from the carriage-windows, saw nothing much in him. But to these, awed porters and reverent officials whispered behind their expectant palms,—on being conjured to say what the deuce the delay was about?—that the gentleman who had caused it was a Government Contractor, tremendous influential and uncommon rich; so much so as to be able to break the Bank of England by the simple process of drawing a whacking cheque upon it. When the hearer

laughed heartily at this, or snorted indignantly, the officials and porters amended that, perhaps to say the Bank of England was a bit too strong, but that everybody knew the gentleman was a Millionaire, and regularly rolling in his thousands.

He rolled now towards the compartment of which the foreign gentleman who had assisted my aunts to alight was now the only occupant; and allowed himself to be respectfully hoisted in, and tenderly placed in a corner seat, with his valise and hat-box beside him. He filled up the compartment—compartments were narrower in those days than they are now—as completely as a large, shaggy bear might have done, when he got upon his legs again, and stood at the window, beaming so benevolently upon the admiring crowd assembled on the platform that the station-master, upon whom had not fallen one drop of gold or silver manna out of the smiler's jingling trouser-pockets, felt impelled to say: "Lord bless you, Mr. Thompson Jowell, sir! A safe journey up to London and back! Guard, be extra careful this trip!" And the guard, who had not been tipped, touched his tall hat respectfully; and the porter, who had reaped nothing but honour from carrying Mr. Thompson Jowell's hat-box and valise; and the other porter, who had rammed scalding hot-water tins into the carriage, that the large feet of the popular idol might be warmed thereby, threw up each his muffin-shaped cap, and cried, "Hooray!" And the train started,—so suddenly, in the mistaken zeal of the engine-driver, that Thompson Jowell was shot with violence into a distant corner of the carriage, and so violently bonneted by collision with the rack above, that only his large, red, projecting ears saved him from being completely extinguished by the low-crowned, curly-brimmed, shiny beaver hat, that might have been a sporting parson's of the jovial Broad Church brand.

He took the hat off after that, revealing his little pear-shaped head of upright, bristly grey hair, and his forehead that slanted like the lid of a Noah's Ark over all the jumbled beasts

inside, and goggled with his large, moist, circular brown eyes upon his fellow-traveler over the voluminous crimson silk handkerchief with which he mopped his damp and shining face. He unbuttoned his greatcoat and threw his long bulky body back in his corner with a "whoof!" of relief, and put up his short, thick legs upon the seat, saying to Dunoisse, with a jerky, patronising nod:

"Plenty of room, sir, if you're inclined to do the same. These new-fangled hot-water tins draw a man's corns consumedly!" Adding, a moment after Dunoisse's smiling refusal: "Please yourself, and you'll please me. 'Hang manners! Give me comfort!' says Mister John Bull. . . You're French yourself, I take it?"

"Sir, since you do me the honour to inquire," returned Dunoisse dryly, for the goggle-eyes of Mr. Thompson Jowell were curiously fixed on him, "I received my education at a public school in Paris."

"Thought as much!" said Mr. Thompson Jowell, smiling in a satisfied way, crossing his extra-sized patent-leather-covered feet, and revolving the thumbs of the large ringed hands that were clasped upon his protuberant waistcoat. "I mayn't comprenney the parly-voo, but I know the cut of a Frenchman's jib when I see one. You might take in another man, I say, but you can't deceive me. Sharp, sir, that's what my name is!"

"I am gratified," returned Dunoisse, without enthusiasm, "to make Mr. Sharp's acquaintancel!" And pointedly unfolded and began to read *The Times*, leaving Thompson Jowell uncertain whether he had or had not been insulted by a person whom he designated in his own mind as an "upstart Crappaw."

But the paper presented little of interest, and presently, from behind its shelter, Dunoisse found himself watching his companion, who had drawn from various inner pockets of the large shaggy box-coat various little bags, containing pinches of divers brands of oats, together with divers other little parcels containing short-cut

samples of straw and hay. From the inspection of these, by the nose and the teeth, as well as by the organs of vision, he appeared to derive delight and satisfaction so intense, that the upstart Crappaw in the opposite corner, who had had dealings with Contractors in his own benighted, foreign country, could no longer be in doubt as to his calling.

Those black eyes of the ex-Adjutant of Chasseurs d'Afrique were extraordinarily observant, and the brain housed in the small well-shaped head, under the crisp close waves of his black hair, had not been forged and tempered and ground at the Training Institute for Officers of the Staff for nothing

This man who had been addressed as Mr. Thompson Jowell, and who had said his name was Sharp, repelled Dunoisse and interested him, as a big and bloated spider might have disgusted and attracted an entomologist.

So, when the train, jolting and rattling and clanking in the Early Victorian manner, through the chilly, dripping country, at the terrific speed of twenty miles an hour, slowed up and slid groaning into a station close to a great permanent Military Encampment in the vicinity of Bagshot Heath, where, drawn up upon a deserted siding were a long row of open trucks, loaded with trusses of hay and straw, all unprotected from the pouring rain by any kind of covering whatever; and Mr. Sharp, moved to irrepressible ecstasy by this sight, was fain to get up and thrust his big hands deep in his jingling trousers-pockets to have his laugh out more comfortably; a sudden impulse of speech swayed the hitherto silent foreigner in the opposite corner to lean forwards, and say:

"You seem elated, sir, by the spectacle of all this spoiled and soaking forage?"

The person addressed, who was bending himself in the middle in the height of his enjoyment, straightened with a jerk. His big underjaw dropped; his nose, aggressively cocked, and with a blunted end, as though in early youth it had been held against a revolving

grindstone, appeared to assume a less obstinate angle; his large face lost its ruddy color. Muddily pale, with eyes that rolled quite wildly in their large round orbits, he stared in the dark face of this bright-eyed, alert, military-looking, painfully-observant foreigner. For it occurred to him, with a breaking out of shiny perspiration upon the surface of his forehead and jowl, and a stiffening of the already bristling grey hairs upon his head, that this might be the devil.

Thompson Jowell was orthodox to the backbone, and firmly believed in the individual existence of the personage named. He glanced with nervous suspicion at the small, arched, well-booted feet of his fellow-passenger. Had one of the dark-faced stranger's well-shaped grey trousered legs ended in a cloven hoof, Thompson Jowell would have said his prayers, or pulled the communication-cord that ended in the guard's van. He was not quite certain which. As it was, he felt sufficiently reassured to be overbearing. He snorted, and resumed his seat with as much dignity as was compatible with the jolting of the Express. He thrust his knees apart, leaned his large hands upon them, stared the inquisitive stranger hard in the face, snorted again, and said:

"Perhaps you will be good enough to explain, sir, what you meant by that remark?"

"I shall be charmed to do so," returned Dunoisse. "It will afford me gratification. What I meant was that you laughed; and the spectacle of waste and destruction that presumably provoked your laughter did not appear to me, a stranger and a foreigner, provocative of merriment."

"Now look you here, young sir!" said Thompson Jowell, getting very red about the ears and gills, and jabbing at the speaker with a stout and mottled forefinger. "Foreigner or no foreigner, you have an eye in your head, I take it? Very well, then, look at me! I am not the sort of person to be called to account for my laughter—if, indeed, I laughed at all, which I don't admit!—by any living man—British or French or Cannibal Islander—unless that in-

dividual wants to be made to laugh on the wrong side of his own mouth. Jack Blunt, my name is—and so you know! As regards those truckloads, they have been delivered on a certain date According to Contract, and whether the troop-horses of Her Majesty's Army like the hay when they get it, or whether they would prefer plum-cake and macaroons, damme if I care!"

With which the speaker threw himself back in the corner and folded his thick, short arms upon his voluminous waistcoat, which was of velvet, magnificently embroidered, and in the bosom of which cascaded a superb cravat of blue satin, ornamented with three blazing ruby breastpins. He breathed hard a while and frowned majestically, and then relaxed his frown in pity for the evident confusion of the snubbed foreigner; who said, without the humility that one might have expected:

"Sir, that you and other men of your standing and influence in this country do not care, is in my poor opinion a national calamity."

The brows of Thompson Jowell relaxed at this implied concession to his greatness. He closed his eyes and puffed his pendulous cheeks, and said, nodding his pear-shaped head, the beaver hat belonging to which was in the rack above it:

"Aye—aye! Well—well! Not badly put by half!"

"A national calamity," pursued Dunoisse, "when one reflects how large a sum of the nation's money went into the pockets of the contractor who delivered the consignment, and further, when it occurs to one how impossible it will become for any expert to determine whether straw and hay so drenched and spoiled was not rotten and fermenting previous to delivery, and the exposure that must inevitably set up both conditions. And further still, when it is extremely possible that the neglect to cover the trucks was of design; and that the person—Quartermaster-Sergeant or Railway Official—whose duty it was to take this precaution, had been—for all men are not as scrupulous, sir, as yourself, and some are capable of such ro-

guery—bribed by the contractor or his confidential agent, to omit it!"

This being an exact summary of what had taken place, the above sentences, coined in Dunoisse's somewhat precise and formal English, and uttered with the short, clipped inflection that characterized it, came pelting about the large and tingling ears of Thompson Jowell like stinging flakes of ice. He gasped and rolled his eyes at them in apoplectic fashion, and wagged his head and shook it from side to side, until the speaker stopped.

"No, no, young sir!" said Thompson Jowell at that juncture. "Don't tell me! I won't listen to you; it's past crediting; it couldn't be! Frenchmen might be guilty of such doings, I can credit it; Italians very likely, Germans uncommonly-probably, Roosians without doubt! But when you go to tell a true-blue Briton such as I am, that Englishmen with British blood running in their veins and British hearts a-beating in their bosoms could be capable of such doings, I tell you by Gosh the thing's impossible! I won't listen to you! Don't talk to me!"

He fell back gasping at the end of this splendid tribute of his countrymen. And, of such queerly conflicting elements are even liars and knaves composed, they were real tears that he whisked away with his big, flaming silk handkerchief, and the trembling of the hand that held it was due as much to appreciation of his own eloquence as to alarm at the uncanny sharpness with which this disturbing young foreigner, with the cold black eyes and the admirable command of English, had put his finger on the ugly truth.

Dunoisse, far from suspecting that he had at his mercy the identical contractor whose methods he had sketched with such brilliant fidelity to nature, pursued:

"Rogues are everywhere, sir. We have plenty of them in France, and unhappily for other countries, we do not enjoy the monopoly. And—the person I reverence and honor, with one exception, above all living women, is an English lady. Respect for her great nation—and yours!—is not lacking in me,

the adopted son of another nation, no less great; with whom England has striven in honorable war, with whom she is now most happily at peace. Yet though I admire I may criticise; and plainly say that the lamentable spectacle that has furnished our discussion, plainly points, if not to wilful neglect, to lack of forethought, and foresight upon the part of certain officials who should—in the interests of the British Army—have been trained to think and to see."

"I don't agree with you, young sir," said Mr. Thompson Jowell, hooking his large splay thumbs into the arm-holes of his superb velvet waistcoat in a bullying manner, and folding his pendulous chin into fresh creases on his cravat after a fashion he employed in the browbeating of clerks and agents. "I disagree with you flatly, and—my name being Tom Plain—"I'll tell you for why. You called that spoiled hay and straw—my name being John Can-did, I'll admit it *is* spoiled!—'a lamentable spectacle.' To me it is not a lamentable spectacle. Far from it! I call it a beautiful illustration, sir!—a standing example of the greatness of England and the immensity of the resources that she has at command."

"Name of Heaven, why?" cried Dunoisie, confounded and surprised out of his usual self-possession by this extraordinary statement.

"Aha! Now you're getting warm, young sir," said Thompson Jowell, triumphantly. "Keep your temper and leave Heaven out of the question, that's my advice to you. And let me tell you that Great Britain is not so poor that she can't afford to be at the expense of a little loss and damage, and that the high-bred, wealthy, fashionable gentlemen who hold commissions in her Army have other fish to fry and other things to attend to than keeping an eye on Quartermaster-Sergeants, Forage and Supply Agent's clerks and Railway Officials. And that the coroneted noblemen who sit at the head of Departments in her War Office are too great, and grand, and lofty to dirty their hands with common affairs and

vulgar details—and it does 'em honour! Honour, by George!" said Thompson Jowell, and smote his podgy hand upon his gross and bulk thigh, clad in a pantaloons of shepherd's plaid of the largest pattern procurable. "My name's John Downright—and what I say is—it does 'em honour!"

"I have to learn, sir," said Dunoisie, with recovered and smiling urbanity, "that the criterion of a gentleman lies in his incapacity for discharging the duties of his profession, any more than in his capacity for being gulled by knavish subordinates and cheated by thievish tradesmen."

"Now take care where you're treading, my young sir!" said Thompson Jowell, frowning and swelling portentously. "For you're on thin ice, that's what you're on. My name's Jack Blunt and I tell you so plumply. For I am a Contractor of Supplies and an Auxiliary-Transport Agent to the British Army, and I glory in my trade, that's what I do! And go to the Horse Guards in Whitehall, London—and ask my Lords of the Army Council, and His Honour, the Adjutant-General, and His Excellency the Quartermaster-General whether the character of Thompson Jowell is respected? Maybe you'll get an answer—maybe you won't! And call at the Admiralty—perhaps they don't know him at the Victualling Office—and the Director of Transport never heard of him! They might tell you at the Treasury that the Commissary-General bows to him! I'm not going to boast!—it ain't my way. But if you don't hear in every one of the high places I've mentioned, that the individual inside this waistcoat"—he smote it as he spoke—"is an honour to Old England and such a sturdy stem of seasoned British oak as may be relied on to uphold the Crown and Constitution in the hour of need with the last penny in his purse, and the best blood of his bosom, call me a damned liar!"

"I shall not fail in the event you mention to avail myself of the permission accorded me," returned Dunoisie politely, "in the spirit in which it is given."

"Ha, ha! You're a joker, I see!" said Mr. Thompson Jowell. Excuse me, young sir," he added, "but if you have quite finished with that newspaper, it will save me buying one if you'll kindly pass it over!"

With which the great man deftly whipped the unperused *Times* from the seat where it had been laid aside by its owner, and ignoring the political articles and Foreign Intelligence (under which heading a brief paragraph announcing the decease of the aged paralytic Hereditary Prince of Widinitz, might, had the glance of his fellow-traveler fallen upon it, have seemed to him of more than passing interest), dived into those thrilling columns that deal with the rise and fall in value of wheat and oats, hay and straw, beans and chaff, and other staple commodities of the Forage Trade, and record the fluctuations of the Stock Exchange; became a virtue of such elevations and depressions, immersed in perusal; and spoke no more either on the greatness of Great Britain, the greatness of Thompson Jowell, or any other kindred subject. And the Waterloo Road Terminus being reached, a luxuriously-appointed brougham, drawn by a handsome horse, and ornamented, as to the door-panels and harness, with repetitions, illuminated or engraved, of a large and showy coat-of-arms recently purchased at Heralds' College, received the glorious being, and whirled him away through murky miles of foggy streets to his shabby little office in The Poultry.

Here, in a shady alley of low-browed houses near the Banking House of Lubbock, amidst dirt and dust and cobwebs and incrustations of City mud, upon the floors that were never washed, upon the windows that were never cleaned, upon the souls of those who spent their lives there, the vast business of Thompson Jowell, Flour, Forage, and Straw Contractor, Freightage and Auxiliary-Transport Agent to Her Majesty's Army, had grown from a very little cuttle-fish into a giant octopus, all huge stomach and greedy par-

rot-beak; owning a hundred scaly tentacles, each panoplied with suckers for draining the golden life-blood of the British ratepayers from the coffers of the British Government; and furnished, moreover, with sufficient of that thick and oily medium, known as Humbug, in its ink-bag, to blind, not only the eyes of the people and their rulers and representatives to its huge, wholesale swindlings; but in some degree to becloud and veil its own vision, so that foul seemed fair, and petty greed and low-cunning took on a pleasing aspect of great-minded and unselfish patriotism.

Cowell, the Beef-Contractor, and Sowell, who undertook to supply such garments as the Government generously provided to its soldiers free of cost; scamping materials in fashioning the one sparrow-tailed full-dress coat and pair of trousers—so that stalwart infantrymen found it incompatible with strict propriety to stoop; and legs and arms of robust troopers were so tightly squeezed into cases of coarse red or coarse blue cloth as to resemble nothing so much as giant sausages—were persons of influence and standing. Towell, who turned out shirts, of regulation material something coarser than bed-ticking, paying wan workwomen four pence per dozen—the worker finding buttons, needles and thread—and receiving for each garment two shillings and sevenpence, filched from the soldier's pay; Rowell, who found the Cavalry and Artillery in saddlery of inferior leather and spurs of dubious metal; Powell, who roofed the British Forces as to the head, with helmets, busbies, shakos, and fatigue-caps; Bowell, who stocked its surgeons' medicine-chests with adulterated tincture of opium, Epsom-salts that never hailed from Epsom; decoction of jalap, made potent with croton oil; inferior squills and supicious senna; and Shoell, who shod the rank-and-file with one annual pair of boots (made principally of brown paper), were, taken together, a gang of—let us write a community of upright and worthy individuals; but,

viewed in comparison with Dunoisse's acquaintance of the railway, they paled like farthing rushlights beside a transparency illuminated by gas.

A day was coming when Britannia, leaning in her hour of need, upon that sturdy stem of seasoned British oak, was to find it but a worm-eaten sham; a hollow shell of dust and rotteness, housing loathsome, slimy things, crawl-and writhing amidst the green and fleshless bones that once wore Victoria's uniform; housing and breeding in the empty skulls of brave and hardy men. Dead in their thousands, not of the shot and shell, the fire and steel and pestilence that are the grim concomitants of War: but dead of Privation and Want, Cold and Starvation—through the rapacity and greed, the mercenary cunning and base treachery of those staunch and loyal pillars of the British Crown and Constitution: Cowell, Sowell, Towell, Rowell, Powell, Bowell, Shoell, and, last but not least among those worthies, Thompson Jowell.

XV.

Arrived at his dingy little office in The Poultry halfway up the narrow, shady alley of low-browed, drab-faced houses near the Banking House of Lubbock, you saw Thompson Jowell, recruited by a solid luncheon, bending severe brows upon a pale-faced, weak-eyed clerk, who had grievously offended, and was up for judgment.

"What this? Now, what's this, Standish?" the great man blustered. "You have been doing overtime and ask to be paid for it? Lawful claims are met with prompt settlement in this office, as you have good cause to know. But, lookee here!" The speaker puffed out his pendulous cheeks in his characteristic way, and held up a stout, menacing finger before the wincing eyes of the unfortunate Standish. "Don't you, or any other man in my employment get trying to make money out of me! Because you won't, you know!" said Mr. Thompson Jowell. "D'ye see?" and jabbed at the thorax of the unfortunate

Standish with the finger, and then rubbed his own nose smartly with it, and thrust it, with its fellows, into his large, deep trousers-pocket as the livid victim faltered:

"You were good enough, previously to the Christmas holidays, sir, to send for me, and say that if I cared to——"

Thompson Jowell solemnly shook his little pear-shaped head, and goggled with his large, round brown eyes upon the scared victim, saying:

"Not 'cared to,' Standish. Be accurate, my good fellow, in words as in deed!"

"You hinted to me, sir——" stammered the unfortunate.

Thompson Jowell swelled to such portentous size at this that the clerk visibly shrank and dwindled before the awful presence.

"I am not accustomed to hint, Standish!"

"You intimated, sir, that if I was willing"—gulped the pallid Standish—"to devote my evenings to making up the New Year's accounts and checking the files of duplicate invoices against the office-ledgers, you—you would undertake—or so you were good enough to give me to understand—that I should be the better for it!"

"But if I mentioned overtime," returned his employer, thrusting his short fat hands under his wide coat-tails, and rocking backwards and forwards on the office hearthrug, a cheap and shabby article to which the great man was accustomed to point with pride as illustrative of the robust humility of his own nature, "I'll eat my hat!" He glanced at the low-crowned, shiny beaver hanging on a wooden peg beside his private safe, in company with the shaggy box-coat and a fur-lined, velvet-collared cloak of sumptuous appearance, adding, "and that's a meal would cost me thirty shillings. For there's no such a thing as overtime. It don't exist! And if you proved to me it did I wouldn't believe you!" said Thompson Jowell, thrusting his thick right hand deep into the bosom of the gorgeous waistcoat, and puffing himself out still more. "For your

time, young man! in return for a liberal salary of Twenty Shillings per week, belongs to Me—to Me, Standish, whenever I choose to employ it! As for being the better for having done the work you say you have, you *are* the better morally, in having discharged your duty to a generous employer; and if you choose to injure your constitution by stopping here o' nights until eleven p.m. it's no affair of mine. John Downright my name is!—besides the one that's on the brass doorplate of these offices, and what I say is—it's no affair of mine! Though, mind you! in burning gas upon these premises up to I don't know what hour of the night, you've materially increased the Company's quarterly bill, and in common justice ought to defray their charges. I'll let you off that!—so think yourself lucky! and don't come asking me to remunerate you for overtime again. Now, get out with you!”

Unlucky Standish, yellow and green with disappointed hopes and secret fury, and yet admiring, in spite of himself, the clever way in which he had been defrauded, backed towards the narrow door, and in the act collided with a visitor, who, entering, straightway impregnated and enlivened the dead and musty atmosphere with a heterogeneous mixture of choice perfumes, in which superfine Macassar and bear's grease, the fashionable Frangipani and Jockey Club; Russia-leather, a suspicion of stables, and more than a hint of malt liquor, combined with the fragrance of the choice Havana cheroot which the newcomer removed from his mouth as he entered, to make way for the filial salutation:

“Halloa, Governor! All serene?”

You then saw young Mortimer Jowell, only surviving sapling of the sturdy stem of tough old British oak ticketed Thompson Jowell, received in that fond father's arms, who warmly hugged him to his bosom, crying:

“Morty! My own boy!”

“How goes it, Governor?” responded Morty, winking tremendously, and patting his parent on his stout back with a

large-sized hand, gloved with the most expensive lemon kid. “Hold on, you!” he hailed, as the ghastly Standish, seeing Distress for Rent written large across the page of the near future, was creeping out. “Come back and help us out of this watchbox, will yer?” Adding, as the clerk assisted him out of a capacious driving-coat of yellow cloth, with biscuit-sized mother-o'-pearl buttons:

“You look uncommon green, Standish, my boy—Standish's your name, ain't it?”

“Yes, Mr. Mortimer, sir. And—I am quite well, sir, thank you, sir. There's nothing the matter with me beyond ordinary.”

He hung up the son's coat on the peg beneath the low-crowned, curly-brimmed beaver of the parent, and went out. Morty, retaining his own fashionable, shaggy headgear upon a skull of the bullet rather than the pear-shaped order, had forgotten the clerk and his sick face before the door closed behind him.

“Don't you worry about Standish and his looks, my boy!” said Thompson Jowell. “That's the way to spoil a good clerk, that is. Cock 'em up with an idea that they're overworked, next thing is they're in bed, and their wives—and why the devil they should have wives, when at that fellow's age I couldn't afford the luxury, beats me!—their wives are writing letters begging me not to stop the substitute's pay out of the husband's salary, because he, and she, and the children—and it's like their extravagance and presumption to have children when they can't afford to keep 'em!—will have to go to the Workhouse if you do. And why shouldn't they go to the Workhouse? What do we ratepayers keep it up for, if it ain't good enough for you, ma'am, and the likes of you and your's? My name being Tom Candid—that's what I say to her.”

He had, in fact, said it to a suppliant of the proud, presumptuous class he complained of, only that morning. And now, as he blew out his big, pendulous

cheeks and triple chin above their stiff circular frill of iron-grey whisker, his tall son took him by the shoulders and shook him playfully backwards and forwards in the grip of the great hands that were clothed with the extra-sized lemon kids, saying, as he regarded his affectionate parent with a pair of brown eyes, that, with the narrow brain behind them, were a trifle bemused with liquor even at this early hour, yet wonderfully frank and honest for a son of Thompson Jowell's:

"You knowin' old File! You first-class, extra-ground, double-edged Shyllock, you! You jolly old Fee-Faw-Fum, smellin' the blood of Englishmen, and grindin' their bones to make your bread—or the flour you sell to the British Government, and take precious jolly good care to sell dear!—you're lookin' in the prime of health and the pink of condition, and that's what I like to see!"

"Really, Morty! Truly, now, my dear boy?"

Morty nodded, with a cheerful grin, and Thompson Jowell's heart glowed with fatherly pride in this big young man with the foolish, good-natured face and the round, somewhat owlsh eyes, that resembled his own, though not in their simplicity. But Morty's invariable and characteristic method of expressing frank admiration of those invaluable business qualities of unscrupulous, greed, and cunning, which the author of his being, while fattening upon them, preferred to disown—was a venomous dart rankling in the fleshy ribs that were clothed by the gorgeous waistcoat. His narrow slanting forehead, that was like the lid of Noah's Ark—furrowed as he heard. He said, with hurry and effort:

"Yes—yes! Well—well! And how did you come, dear boy?"

"Tooled the Tilbury with the tandem over from Norwood," Morty responded, "on purpose to have a good look at you. Lord Adolphus Noddlewood, my friend and chum at the Reverend's, came along too. Lots of fun on the way! Tre-menjous row with tollgate-keeper's

wife at Camberwell Gate—Tollman, gone to bed, after bein' up all night, stuck his head out of upper-window in a red nightcap to tell us, if we ain't too drunk to remember it!—we're talkin, for once in our lives, to a decent woman. . . . (And you ought to ha' heard the names she'd called us!) . . . 'Dolph, my boy,' says I to Lord Adolphus when we got into the Borough Road—and plenty of excitement there, with a leader that kep' tryin' to get into the omnibus 'after the old ladies! . . . 'Dolph, my buck,' says I, 'I'm goin' to show you where the Guinea Tree grows.' 'Ha, ha, ha! That means,' says he to me, 'you're goin' to fly a kite among the Jews.' 'You're dead out there, Dolph!' says I. 'For one thing, the Gov' bleeds free. A touch of the lancet, and he brims the basin. For another—there isn't a Hebrew among the Ten Tribes, from Dan to Beersheba, 'ud dare to lend me a penny-piece on my tidiest signature for fear of what my father 'd do when he found out they been gettin' hold of his precious boy! For, deep as they are, my father's deeper,' says I, 'and artful as they are, he's more artful still; and grinding and grasping extortioners as it's their nature to be, there's not a Jew among 'em that the Governor wouldn't give ninety points out of a hundred to, and beat at Black Pool—with the nigger in the pocket and a general shell-out all round! Ha, ha, haw! Whew! . . .'" Morty whipped out a handkerchief of brilliant hue, diffusing odours of Araby, and applied it to his nose: "Piff! this here old rat-hole of yours stinks over and above a bit. Why don't you burn it down?—you're insured to the hilt, or I don't know you, dad! And take a smart, snug, comfortable office in Cheap-side or Cornhill?"

"It wouldn't do! I began in this place, and have grown up here, as one might say, and have got too used to it to fancy another. And—be a little careful, Morty, my boy!" urged the father of this shining specimen, admiring the son's high spirit and volubility, yet suffering at his well-earned praise. He felt so keen a pride in this tall,

bullet-headed, broad-shouldered, loosely-jointed son, that the tears stood in his round eyes as they goggled at him; and the upright grey hair upon his pear-shaped head bristled more stiffly. Somebody outside here might be listening," he pleaded, "and that kind of joke's dangerous if repeated. Be careful, my dear boy!"

"If you mean careful of those tallow-faced, inky, chilblain-fingered chaps in the office outside this, and the room on the other side of the passage," said Morty, jerking up his coat-tails, and seating himself upon the large, important blotting-pad that lay upon the stained leather of the knee-hole writing-table, that, with the iron safe previously mentioned; an armchair with loops of horse-hair stuffing coming through the torn leather covering of its arms, and bulging through the torn leather covering of its back; a wooden stool adorned with a fantastic pattern of perforations; a dusty set of wooden pigeon-holes stuffed with dustier papers, and a bookcase containing Shipping-Lists, References, Handy Volumes, Compendiums, Ready Reckoners, and Guides, such as are commonly used by business men who chase the goose that lays the golden egg of Profit through the tortuous ways of Finance;—with a few more, likely to be of use to an Auxiliary-Transport Agent and Forage Contractor—comprised, with a blistered little yellow iron wash-stand, furtively lurking in a shady corner, the furniture of the office—"if you mean those clerks of yours, you're joking when you talk of them repeating anything *they* hear. They know you too well, Gov! They've sold themselves to you, body and soul. For you're the Devil, Governor—the very Devil! Ain't you? Gaw! Don't tell me you ain't! I don't believe you!" said Morty, with a tinge of the paternal manner. "I won't believe you! I wouldn't believe you if you took a pair of wings (detachable patent), like what the Pashas—there's a stunnin' creature!—sports in the new Opera Bally as the 'Sylph of the Silver Sham'—no, dammy!—that ain't it! 'Sylph of the Silver Strand'—out of

your safe, and a harp and a crown out of the corner-cupboard by the fireplace"—a rusty, narrow fireplace, with a bent poker thrust in between the bars of the niggardly grate that had a smoking lump of coal in it—"and showed me," said Morty, with a gleam of imagination, "your first-class diploma as a qualified practising Angel! And so you know!"

He poked Thompson Jowell in the meaty ribs that were covered by his gorgeous waistcoat, and though the hidden thorn rankled more and more, and though allusions to the personage mentioned seemed to savour of irreligion, the great man's brow relaxed, and he chuckled, as he rattled the money in the tills of his big trouser-pockets.

"And how goes the learning, Morty, with the reverend gentleman at Norwood? Does he seem to have his trade as Tutor at his fingers' ends? Does he push you on and prepare you? coach you and generally cram you with the things you ought to be master of? As a young fellow of means and expectations—who will shortly (or great people break promises!)—hold a Commission in Her Majesty's Foot Guards?"

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Morty. "Don't he, though?"

"This friend of yours you've brought with you is a swell, it seems?" resumed the father.

"Lord Adolphus Noddlewood . . . I believe you, Gov!" returned the son, screwing up his round, young, foolish face into an expression of portentous knowingness. "Eldest son of the Marquess of Crumphorn—ain't that the tip-top thing?"

"Eldest son of the Marquess of Crumphorn! We'll look him up in the—that's the sort of thing a woman enjoys doing," said Thompson Jowell, rather viciously, "and that keeps her from grizzling and groaning, and thinking herself an invalid."

"How is my mother, sir?" asked the son, with a shade of resentment at the other's slighting tone.

"She's pretty much the same as usual," said Thompson Jowell sourly, and

ceased to puff himself out to double his natural size, and left off rattling the tills in his trousers, "or she was when I left her early this morning. A decent, worthy sort of woman, your mother," he added, snorting, "without any spirit or go in her. And as for setting off fine clothes and jewels, as the wife of a man in My position ought to—you might as well hang 'em on a pump. Indeed, you'd show 'em off to more advantage, because a pump can't retire into the background with a Dorcas work-basket and a Prayer-Book, and generally efface itself. It stops where it is—and if it ain't a rattler as regards conversation, people do get some kind of response from it, if they're at the trouble of working the handle. Now, your mother—"

"My mother, sir, is as good company and as well worth looking at—in fine clothes or shabby ones—as any lady in the land!" said Morty. "I'm dam' if she ain't!" And so red and angry a light shone in the round brown eyes that were generally dull and lustrous, and so well-developed a scowl sat on the rather pimply forehead from which the tall shaggy white beaver stove-pipe of the latest fashion was jovially tilted back, that Thompson Jowell changed the conversation rather hurriedly.

"Well, well! perhaps she is!" he agreed, in rather a floundering manner. "And if her own son didn't think so, who should? Run down to Market Drowsing and see her as soon as you're able. She won't come up to Hanover Square before the beginning of May. Give her compliments, along with mine, to the Honourable and Reverend Alfred de Gassey and Lady Alicia Brokingbole. There's a thorough-paced nob for you, the Honourable and Reverend! And his wife! The genuine hall-marked Thing, registered and stamped—that's what she is!"

He referred in these terms of unqualified admiration to a needy sprig of nobility who had held a commission in a Cavalry regiment; and, having with highly commendable rapidity run

through a considerable fortune, had exchanged, some years previously, at the pressing instance of his creditors, the Army for the Church, and a family living which fell vacant at a particularly appropriate moment. And, having married another slip of the aristocracy as impecunious as himself, the Reverend Alfred had hit upon the philanthropic idea of enlarging his clerical stipend and benefiting Humanity at large, by receiving under his roof two or three young gentlemen of backward education and large fortune, who should require to be prepared for the brilliant discharge of their duty to their Sovereign and their country, as subaltern officers of crack regimental corps.

Not that preparation was essential in those days, when Army Coaches were vehicles as rare as swan-drawn water-chariots; and the cramming-establishments that were some years later to spring up like mushrooms on Shooter's Hill or Primrose Hill, or in the purlieus of Hammersmith or Peckham, were unknown. Ensigns of Infantry, or cornets of Cavalry Regiments, joined their respective corps without having received the ghost of a technical military education; often without possessing any knowledge whatever beyond a nodding acquaintance with two out of the three R's. . . . Mathematics, Fortification, French and German, were not imparted by the Honourable and Reverend Alfred to his wealthy pupils, for the simple reason that he, the instructor, was not acquainted with these. But in Boxing, Fencing, Riding, the clauses of the Code of Honour regulating the Prize Ring and the duelling-ground, not to mention the rules governing the game of Whist, at which the Reverend Alfred always won; he was a very fully-qualified tutor. And his wife, the Lady Alicia Brokingbole, youngest daughter of the Earl of Gallopaway, initiated the more personal of the young gentlemen into the indispensable art of handing chairs, winding Berlin wools, giving an arm to a lady, copying sweet poems from the *Forget-Me-Not* or *The Keepsake* into her album, and generally

making themselves useful and agreeable. Nor was the Lady Alicia averse to a little discreet flirtation, or a little game of piquet, or a little rubber of whist, at which, like the Reverend Alfred, she invariably won. It will be comprehended that, provided the bear-cub who came to Norwood to be licked into shape were rich, the said cub might spend a fairly pleasant time; and be regaled with a good deal of flattery and adulation, mixed with chit-chat, gossip, and scandal, of the most aristocratic and exclusive kind.

"She's a spankin' fine woman, is Lady Alicia," agreed Morty, with the air of a connoisseur, "though a dam' sight too fond of revokin' at whist with pound points to suit my book!" he added, with a cloud upon the brow that might have been more intellectual.

"But she's an Earl's daughter!—an Earl's daughter, Morty, my boy!" urged Thompson Jowell; "and moves in high Society, the very highest—or so I have been given to understand."

"Correct, too. Knows everybody worth knowin'—got the entire Peerage and *Court Circular* at her finger-ends," declared simple Morty. "I drove her four-in-hand from Norwood to the Row only yesterday. Gaw! You should have seen us! Bowin' right and left like China Manda—what-do-you-call 'ems?—to the most tre-men-jous nobs (in coroneted carriages, with flunkys in powder and gold lace) you ever clapped your eyes on! And you ought to hear her tell of the huntin' supper she sat down to at her cousin's castle in Bohemia—the chap's an Austrian Prince with a name like a horses' cough. Four-and-forty covers, two Crowned Heads, five Hereditary Grand Dukes with their Duchesses, a baker's dozen of Princes, and for the rest, nothin' under a Count or Countess, 'until, Mr. Jowell,' she says, 'you arrived at Alfred, who would grace any social circle, however lofty, and poor little humble Me!' And they played a Charade afterwards, and Lady Alicia had no jewels to wear in the part of Cleopatra, 'having chosen,' she says, 'to wed for Love rather than Ambition.' And the Prince had an iron

coffin brought in—or was it copper?—cram-jam-full of diamonds and rubies as big as pigeons' eggs, and told her ladyship to take what she chose. 'Gaw! those sort of relatives are worth havin'! Shouldn't mind a few of 'em myself!' says I to Lady A."

"That's the sort of woman to cultivate, Morty, my boy!" advised Thompson Jowell, smiling and rubbing his hands. "With a little managing and cleverness, she ought to get you into the swim. The Goldfish Tank, I mean, where the titled heiresses are. You represent Money, solid Money!—but what we want—to set our Money off, is Rank! And the men of the British Aristocracy are easy enough to get at, and easy enough to get on with, provided you don't happen to tread on their damned exclusive corns. But their women, confound 'em—their high-nosed, long-necked women—they're as hard to get on a level of chaty equality with as Peter Wilkins' flying females were; and the mischief of it is, my boy, you can't do without their good word. So cultivate Lady A! Wink at her cheating at cards—it's in the blood of all these tip-top swells—and get her to take you about with her. And one of these days we may be hearing how Lady Rosaline Jowell, second daughter of the Earl, or the Marquess, or the Duke of Something-or-other, was Presented, on her marriage with Mr. Mortimer Jowell, of the Foot Guards; and what sort of figure her husband cut at the Prince's Levee. And, by Gosh! though I don't keep a coffer full of diamonds as big as pigeons' eggs in my safe, we'll see what Bond Street can do in the way of a Tiara for the head, and a Zone for the waist, and a necklace and bracelets of the biggest shiners that can be got, for her Ladyship, Thompson Jowell's daughter-in-law! And what I say I'll do, I do! My name's Old Trusty, ain't it, Morty boy?"

His round eyes goggled almost appealingly at his son.

"And if I'm—what you say—a bit of a Squeezer as regards making people pay; and a bit of a Grinder—though

that I don't admit—at driving hard bargains; and Mister Sharp of Cutters' Lane when it comes to getting the best of So-and-So and Such-and-Such—who'd cheerfully skin me alive, only give 'em the chance of it—you're the last person in the world, Morty, who ought to throw it in my face."

He spoke with almost weeping earnestness; there were blobs of moisture in the corners of his eyes; his blustering Boreas-voice was almost soft and pleading as Thompson Jowell bid for the good opinion of his son. "Not that I reproach you," was the refrain of his song, "but you ought to be the last!"

"Old Gov!" The large young man repeated his previous action of taking Thompson Jowell by his fleshy shoulders with the extra-sized hands, encased in the lemon kid gloves, and pleasantly shaking him backwards and forwards, as though he had been a large, plain whiskered doll.

"There's the Commission in the Guards, Morty. You wouldn't believe—having set my heart on making a first-class gentleman of my boy—what an uncommon sight of trouble I've taken to bring that sealed paper with Her Majesty's signature on it, down from the sky-high branch it hangs on! His Honour the Commissary-General kept his word in presenting me to my Lord Dalgan, His Grace the Commander-in-Chief's confidential Secretary, yesterday, and after a little general chit-chat, I felt my way to a hint, for we must be very humble with such great folks," said Thompson Jowell, rattling the tills, "and watch for times and opportunities. My Lord was very high and lofty with me, as you may suppose. . .

. . . "So you have a son, Mr. Thompson Jowell," says he. 'I congratulate you, my dear sir, on having done your duty to posterity. And it is your ambition that this young man should enjoy the privilege of wearing Her Majesty's uniform? Well, well! We will see what we can do with His Grace, Mr. Thompson Jowell, towards procuring the young gentleman an ensigncy in some regiment of infantry.' 'Hum-

bly thanking you, my Lord,' says I, 'for the gracious encouragement you have given to a man who might be called by persons less grand, and noble, and generous-minded than your Lordship, an ambitious tradesman;—since you permit me to speak my mind'—and he bows over his stock in his stiff-necked, gracious way—"I dare to say I fly higher for my boy," says I, 'than a mere marching regiment. And what I have set my heart upon, and likewise my son his, is, plainly speaking, a Commission in the Foot Guards, White Tufts or Cut Red Feathers' Up go his eyebrows at that, Morty, and he taps with his shiny nails—a real nobleman's nails—on the carved arm of his chair, smiling. 'Really, Mr. Thompson Jowell'—and he leans back and throws his foot over his knee, showing the Wellington boot with gold spurs and the white strap of the pearl-grey trouser—"ambition is, to a certain extent, laudable and to be encouraged. But at the same time, permit me to say that you *do* fly high!' 'Begging your Lordship's leave once more,' says I, 'to speak out—and Plain's my name and nature!—I have come to beg the greatest nobleman in the land to make a hay-and-straw-and-flour merchant's son a gentleman. A word in the ear of His Grace the Duke, and a stroke of your pen will do it, my Lord,' I says; 'and when I find myself in the presence of a power as lofty and as wide as yours, and am graciously encouraged to ask a favor, I don't ask a little one that a lesser influence could grant. I plump for the Guards, and your Lordship can but refuse me!'"

"You clever old Codger! Rubbin' him down with a wisp of straw, and ticklin' him in all the right places. . . . But look here, you know!" objected Morty with a darkening brow, "I don't half cotton to all that patter about making a gentleman of a merchant's son. Egad, sir, I'm dam' if I do like it!"

He sat upon the knee-hole table and folded his arms upon his waistcoat, a garment of brown velvet embroidered with golden springs, worn in conjunc-

tion with a satin cravat of dazzling green, peppered with scarlet horseshoes and adorned with pins of Oriental pearl; and blew out his round cheeks quite in the paternal manner as he shook his bullet head.

"You mustn't mind a bit of humble-pie, my boy!" pleaded Thompson Jowell, "seeing what a great thing is to be got by eating it, and looking as if you liked it. You don't suppose I'm any fonder of the dish than you are—but it's for my son's sake; and so, down it goes! These stately swells will have you flatter 'em, stiff-necked, and fawn upon 'em, and lick their boots for 'em. They were born to have men cringe to 'em, and by Gosh, sir! can you stand upright and milk a cow at the same time? You can't, and you know it!—so you squat and whistle to her, and down comes the milk between your fingers, squish!"

"I ain't a dairymaid," asserted Morty sulkily.

"Not you!" said Thompson Jowell, beaming on him fondly. "And when your old Governor's willing to do the dirty work, why should you soil your hands?" His thick voice shook, and the tears stood in his goggle-eyes. "I'd lie down in the gutter so that those polished Wellingtons I spoke of just now should walk upon me dryshod—by Gosh I would!" said Thompson Jowell—"if only I might get up again with golden mud upon me, to be scraped off and put away for you! Look here! You told your friend, Lord 'Dolph, your Governor was a generous bleeder. Well, so I am! I'll fill your pan to-day."

He whipped out his cheque-book, large and bulky like himself, and—Morty having condescendingly removed himself from the blotter—drew what that scion of his race was moved to term "a whacker" of a cheque. And sent him away gorged with that golden mud to which he had referred, and correspondingly happy; so that he passed through the larger, outer office, where seven pallid clerks were hard at work under the direction of a grey-faced elderly man who inhabited a little ground-glass-panelled sentry-box open-

ing out of their place of bondage, with "Manager" in blistered letters of black paint upon the door—like a boisterous wind tinged with stables, cigars, and mixed perfumery, and shed some drops of his shining store on them in passing.

"Look here, you chaps! See what the Old Man's stood me!" Morty flourished the pink oblong, bearing the magic name of Coutts'. Six of the seven pairs of eyes ravished from ledgers and correspondence, flared with desperate longing and sickened with impotent desire. Standish still kept his sea-green face downbent. And the grey Manager; peeping out of his glass case, congratulated as in duty bound.

"You're in luck again, Mr. Mortimer! . . . May I hope we see you well, sir?"

"First rate, Chobley! Topping condition!" Morty stuffed the cheque with lordly carelessness into a pocket in the gold-sprigged velvet vest, withdrawing a little ball of crackly white paper, which he jovially displayed between a finger and thumb attired in lemon kid.

"Twig this, hey? Well, it shall mean a dinner at the Albion in Drury Lane for the lot of you . . . and an even-in' at the Play—if you ain't too proud for the Pit? Leave your wives at home!" the young reprobate advised, with a wink; "you're all too much married by a lot, hey, Chobley? And half-a-bottle of fizz apiece it ought to stand you in. . . . And see that beggar Standish drinks his share! . . . Catch! . . . Gaw!—what a butter-fingered beggar you are, Standish!"

. . . The paper insult, flipped at ghastly Standish's lowered nose, smartly hit that feature, and rebounded into a letter-basket as Morty blustered out. The clerks looked at each other as the swing-doors banged and gibbered behind the young autocrat. They heard him hail Lord 'Dolph, heard the trampling and slipping of the tandem-horses' hoofs upon the uneven pavement; heard Morty cheerfully curse the grooin,—heard, too, the final "Gaw!" with which the heir of the house of Jowell

clinched the news of his good luck with his Governor; the hiss and smack of the tandemwhip, and the departing clatter of the tilbury westwards, to those regions where golden-haired sirens smile upon young men with monkeys in their pockets; and white-bosomed waiters dance attendance on their pleasure in halls of dazzling light.

Then said the gray-faced Manager, breaking the silence:

"I suppose, gentlemen, we had better do as Mr. Mortimer so kindly suggested? I presume that no one here is averse to theatrical exhibitions, or objects to a good dinner, washed down with the half-bottle of champagne the young gentleman liberally mentioned?"

"I prefer port!" said the hitherto silent Standish, in so strange a voice it seemed as though another man had spoken.

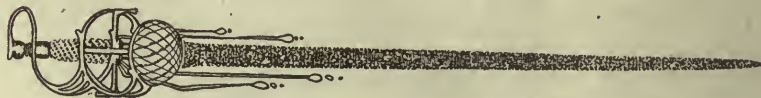
"Do you, egad?" said a fellow-clerk sniggeringly. "Perhaps you'll tell us why?"

"*Because it is the color of blood,*" the pale drudge answered. He dipped his

pen in the red ink as he spoke, and dived into his ledger again, and the face he bent over the closely-figured pages was yellow and sharp as a wedge of cheese.

Chobley, the Manager, had looked sharply at Standish when he had given voice to that strange reason for preferring the thick red wine. He had respectfully smoothed out the crumpled five-pound note, and folded it into a broad flat spill, and he scraped the pepper-and-salt bristles of his chin with it thoughtfully as he took his eyes away from the downcast, brooding face; and very shortly afterwards took himself, upon a sufficient business-excuse, into Thompson Jowell's room. And next morning Standish did not appear at the office in The Poultry, and thenceforwards the place upon the short-legged, horsehair-covered stool that had been his was occupied by another white-gilled toiler; and his frayed and ragged old black office coat vanished for good from its hook behind the door.

**"Between Two Thieves" will be continued in the April
issue of MacLean's Magazine.**





Perils of the Night

In a sketch of Alan Sullivan, published last month, Mr. J. E. Wetherell described "Pilots of the Night" as a marvellously vivid sketch of a journey in the engineer's cab from New York to Buffalo. And, indeed, such it is. The reading of the narrative will change forever one's attitude towards a journey by rail. In all subsequent journeys the reader will give some thought to the fireman with his shovel, and the driver at the throttle who commands the business end of the train. He will never again be unmindful of the men in the overalls whose long vigil and tense brains and tireless hands bring the sleeping travellers safe through the black watches of the dangerous night to their destination in the morning. The article is republished from Harper's Weekly, with the permission of the publishers.

By Alan Sullivan

ELECTRIC locomotive No. 4032 slid quietly out of the darkness and cushioned gently against the coupler of the forward baggage car of No. 26. She was low, flat, and black, a crouching double-nosed monster. She gave you the impression that the faster she went the closer she would lie to the rail—which, indeed, was very much the case. There was nothing of the lofty, dignified, and somewhat supercilious locomotive appearance about her. She had no stack, no rods, no cylinders, no tender. She was sheared and shorn, naked and unashamed. She carried no coal and no water, and her entrails were of carbon and copper and steel.

From the cab window I looked back along the shining Pullmans. They were swallowing their nightly freight of unimpressible inhabitants. It seemed strange that not one of them even

glanced forward to the business end of train.

"Do they never come up here?" I asked Cassin, the engineer, whose elbow touched my own.

"The ladies bring the children, sometimes. See the pretty engine," he added quizzically. Then, with a swift glance at an illuminated dial, "Sit over there, we're pulling out."

Far back, opposite the middle of the train, a blue-coated man raised his arm. Cassin pushed his controller handle delicately forward, with little fractional movements. On the instant vivid flashes of blue flame ripped out in narrow passages that ran each way from the cab. I had a glimpse of interlocking contacts that gripped and spurted fire and released one another. From beneath our feet rose the grumble of the driving-gears.

The locomotive weighed one hundred and the train weighed eight hundred, but No. 4032 laid her long, black nose between the rails and pulled till one expected her straining bowels to burst asunder. It seemed an eternity till the tumult subsided. It was hard

the tunnel. The great tube stretched ahead like a gleaming causeway. And, just as our cars began to throb with the weight of the trembling atmosphere, we boomed out into the night and the million windows of New York stared at us, Argus-eyed. But Cassin was not inter-



Little by little, taking and giving, he laid his engine to her work.

to believe that this mechanical frenzy was born in the whirring dynamos at Yonkers; that it came, docile along its aerial filaments, to animate this inflexible demon. Within a coach length the skidding drivers bit hard on the clean rail and we rolled smoothly into

ested in New York. His left hand was on the controller. There were little straightenings and contractions of the arm, swift glances at his quivering dials, and a steady, relentless staring ahead at a myriad of signals, green on green, red on red, green and red in

every possible combination and position. These were his masters, these his voiceless arbiters; and, just as I was wondering how any one pair of eyes, however keen, could interpret them, I became conscious that his helper was staring as fixedly forward.

"All right," said Cassin. "All right," said his helper. It was not one brain, but two, that were at work; and

and intensely human. You are an onlooker in one case, and a participator in the other. A participator, in virtue of the fact that you are beginning to see things as they are, your eyes are being opened to what men of one kind expect from men of another. Should this appear enigmatic, the reason may be evident before you climb out of the cab at Buffalo.



At daybreak the Limited was on time.

all through the night, on each successive division, it was the same, this sharp cross-fire of "All right" across the heaving iron floor.

New York from the smoking compartment and New York from the engine cab are two different cities. One is interesting, imposing, and picturesque. The other is vital, compelling,

Across the Harlem we swayed though locked switches till the northerly ridge of Manhattan Island curved its brilliant back above the polo grounds. Then, almost beneath the reverberating arches of High Bridge, No. 4032 slipped away into the darkness with a smooth, contented purring of her motors. She had pulled us out of

the city. That was her limit, and she would shortly pull in a Pittsburg flyer. She was metropolitan. She paralleled Broadway.

The night was cold, and No. 4017 was festooned with little wreaths of steam that clung to her gigantic outline as she backed noiselessly out of the gloom. Compared to the electric, she was blatant and obvious, but hugely and magnificently so. There were no technical mysteries about her. Everything stood out sharply and nakedly. And Harrington, her lord and master, was, in face and form, just such a personality as should rule this metallic kingdom. He was big and loose-jointed, rosy-cheeked and blue-eyed. There was the clean, strong line of face and chin that betrays what the Scotch call a "magerful" man. To see him start the ten Pullmans was an education. He had all the delicacy of touch of the trained horseman who knows his horse. Little by little, taking and giving, he laid his engine to her work, and beneath him the great machine responded with long-drawn breath and a volcanic coughing of smoke and vapor.

Under the tension of the start it seemed impossible that a man-made contrivance could withstand the strain. From front and rear came a thousand querulous voices, the individual complaint of integral and burdened parts. They revolted against stress and weight. But, as speed increased, these gradually smoothed themselves out into a cradle of interlinking sound and vibration. No. 4017 had got down to her work. There was just a steady snore of hurtling momentum, cushioned against the hum of the swaying coaches behind.

Harrington sat motionless, leaning forward on his right elbow, his left hand constantly grasping the throttle. He was the brain and nerve-centre of the cab, but he contributed nothing to the almost savage activity that possessed his fireman. The latter moved swiftly. His left foot pressed a flattened lever and the fire-doors yawned under the force of compressed air. From within small arrow-headed flames spat out and licked the rivet-heads around the opening. Into the white heart of

the furnace swung the coal. Be it noted that none was spilled, though the opening was but three inches wider than the shovel—and this at fifty miles an hour.

The fireman moved from the shovel to the injector, that sucked water from the tender into the long, black barrel of the boiler; from the injector to the air-vent on the tank—for by now No. 4017 was scooping a thousand gallons a minute from a trough that lay gleaming a mile long between the rails; from the air-vent to cast keen glances ahead where the green and red signals hung in suspended clarity, and to shoot back a sharp "all right" to the motionless man in blue overalls. The train plunged deeper into the night, and, as the glow of the fire-box illuminated the great white plume of steam that trailed from our lifting valves, the reflection of this little figure was cast upward against its fleecy surface. It was suspended over the sleeping passengers, a vast shadowed and toiling spirit, symbolical of those who labor in darkness that others may slumber in safety.

All these things were so compelling, with a certain dominant reiteration, that one was prone to forget the ghostly country, we traversed. At Yonkers we flashed by the delicate masts of a fleet of tenantless yachts. Sing Sing palpitated with the brilliancy that streamed from its bare exterior galleries and the white expanse of its incommunicable walls. Suddenly there glittered an insistent, dazzling ray from the searchlight of a river steamer. Its beam flickered uncertainly up and down the green shores opposite, till, swinging with inconceivable rapidity, it poured on us and flooded and followed us. The rest of the world, signals and all, vanished utterly. Then the ray lifted and leaped and dropped, hawklike, on the hills again.

West Point slid past us in long lines of ordered lights that dipped to the water's edge. The great mass of Storm King shouldered heavenward, and, hundreds of feet beneath us, men dived in subterranean solitude, to bring the springs of the mountain tops to the greatest city of the New World.

Poughkeepsie and the high skeleton of its bridge dropped behind. The fairy step-ladder of the Otis inclined railway reared its jeweled and tenuous length into the night and vanished. Another element obtruded itself—time. One could neither gauge nor approximate this. And yet we had moved with precision; our varying speed had subordinated itself to stops and starts. We were on time—that was felt. And, pondering this, one became slowly conscious of the subjective co-ordination, the human and mechanical alliance, that controlled the safety of lives behind us, the safety of average, particular, hard-to-please, apt-to-complain travelers.

From Albany another engine, with Hisgen at the throttle, faced the steep ascent from the fat river meadows to the Mohawk valley plains. Hisgen showed what an engine would stand. He was imperative and relentless. Here, more than anywhere, one was unconscious of the enormous drag of the heavy train. The whole panting framework expended itself in such effort as almost drew pity for its gigantic struggles. The jumping needle on the steam-gauge dropped a point. The fireman swung his shovel more and more incessantly. Then, just when it seemed that this superhuman progress must end in ruin, the engine found herself. The orchestra swung gradually through the crescendo to an ultimate and magnificent fortissimo. The grade was climbed. It was the acme of co-operation, one that responded gallantly to a man in overalls, the passionless director of this tempest of power.

At the top of the hill the repair shops glowed with a green, unearthly light from Cooper Hewitt lamps. We had a vision of swarms of ant-like men attacking inert locomotives, amputating and patching. Then these faded away in a sudden fog that settled on the earth like a blanket.

Into it we raced blindly. I looked for the wrinkles on Hisgen's sleeve, for these were the only visible signs when he reduced speed. But the arm moved not. He was staring forward. The thick vapor penetrated the cab, striking

cold and damp. Then a glare sprang up directly ahead. We plunged to meet it. In a fraction of time No. 42 from Chicago swayed past in a blur of velocity and fled roaring southward.

The fog lifted and revealed a long line of dredges blazing with light and eating their way through the flat loam fields. Here would shortly be the Barge Canal, miles of it already constructed. We passed them rapidly in a smooth run that laid the miles contentedly behind, till steam was cut off and we coasted luxuriously into Syracuse.

And at Syracuse came Hoff, a veteran of the road, whose rugged features softened into a wintry smile at the sight of the third man in the cab. An hour later it was seen what manner of driver Hoff was.

The wind pressure was ramming into face and eyes, searching them with a keen hardness that spoke of speed. I looked inquiringly at the fireman, for, be it known, silence is something more than golden on an engine. He raised five grimy fingers twice. We were making nearly a mile a minute.

Suddenly Hoff's left arm straightened in a pull, and instantaneously I peered ahead. Low down, near the track was a spot of red, infinitely small and distant; it swung in a tiny arc across the rail. Hoff moved with an almost vicious certitude and the air went on. Then, as the whirling drivers bit at the cold steel beneath them, my mind leaped to passengers! Up to that moment they had been remote—unreal.

But now the ponderous Pullmans closed up and thrust forward with inconceivable weight. I had a vision of hundreds of unconscious forms relaxed in sleep—forms that swayed gently in their gigantic cradle, oblivious of everything, and, above all, of the supreme tension of that moment. In this enormous effort there flashed on me the gulf that yawned between them and the grim-faced man who was still master of himself and his machine. The red point grew and swung the faster, and, just as Hoff was reaching for the reverse lever, we stopped dead beside it.

Nearly a thousand tons, nearly a mile a minute, but bitted, bridled, and curbed in five hundred yards.

So much for nerve and mechanics, but mark what followed. Hoff leaned far out and spoke to an invisible figure below. Then he drew in sharply and coaxed the train into motion. His face had changed and hardened. The two steel pin-points into which his eyes had contracted grew sharper. Not a word was said, but his jaw projected till it looked like the ram of a Dreadnought.

Later, I knew why. We had been flagged by a brakeman who moved in the darkness on the wrong track. He had held up the Limited. To him it meant something more than a reprimand. To Hoff, it meant sixty-five miles an hour till daybreak. To me it meant a lesson in self-control. There were no words wasted. In the breathless period that followed I saw man and machine at their uttermost, for Hoff took the very last pound of steam that the boiler would give him. The engine swayed horribly as she hit the curves, swayed till it seemed she must plunge in ruin from the delicate ribbons over which she thundered. But Hoff sat inflexible, and, at daybreak, the Limited was on time.

The dawn greeted us with a suggestion of widening horizon and a softening of the sharp outline of signal lamps. It was not so much the spreading of light as the hesitant withdrawal of gloom, beneath whose dwindling skirts the light seemed to have been always waiting. Then houses, trees, and fences divested themselves of indistinctness.

Rochester loomed bare, black and empty beneath this pitiless revelation, but at Batavia the morning had marched on to that humanizing period when night yields up her sleepers. From the cab window this vanguard of early workers looked strangely individualistic on its way to factory and forge. It was as if we ourselves were completing a journey from some remote asteroid, and, after countless questioning leagues of darkness, had arrived, at last, on some more normal and firmly established planet. And now that the straight track stretched clear ahead to

Buffalo I longed that the great army of travelers could have looked into the cab of the Limited. All through the night the belching fire-doors had painted two figures with momentary and lurid life. The cold stare of morning told another story. The fireman, sheathed with grime, still swung his tireless shovel, but there was a droop in his shoulders, a slackness in his momentary rest that was eloquent. Hoff's left hand still rested on the throttle it had never deserted since we rolled out of the black abyss of Syracuse station. But his face, stained ebony with a million particles of coal-dust, was lined and furrowed like that of one who bears great burdens. For all his strength, and all his mastery, the run had made its mark upon him.

The value of his human freight was perhaps a million dollars, and it lay nightly in the hollow of his hand. I groped for some understanding of what a man gives who gives himself thus. The steady beam of that clear blue eye seemed to stand for something higher and finer than money value. It stood for the mental side of a marvelous alliance. Civilization demanded transportation. A mechanism was developed, enduring beyond belief, refined to the last degree. And, moving in parallel perfection, the human organism marched with it, till the last conceivable quality of the one linked into responsive union with the other. That was what Hoff and his brothers stood for. Discipline, courage, judgment, self-control. In evidence of which—listen.

A few years ago the brakemen on a great transcontinental system threatened to strike. The traffic of thousands of miles and half a continent was imperiled. The men demanded higher wages, easier hours—in short, a considerable betterment. The company demurred. A total stoppage was imminent when the general manager, wise beyond most men, offered to arbitrate before—not a board of lawyers or business men, but a board composed of members of the Locomotive Drivers' Union. The offer was accepted. The board adjudicated fairly and squarely and their decision abides to this day.

That is why confidence is felt that the railroads and their engineers will find themselves able to solve their difficulties without a conflict.

Now turn the shield in the drama of the road. All down the curtained aisles people were slowly shaking off their sleep, drowsily wondering whether they were on time. Porters were answering insistent bells. Every luxurious appointment of the train found its use. The hotel on wheels was alive again. Here and there, across dainty tables, men discussed the disgraceful way in which brakes were put on during early morning. It had broken their dreams.

Not a thought of the business end of the train. Not a word of danger or stress or endurance. Not a glimmer of the long vigil, or the tense brain, or the tireless hand on the throttle. These travelers were playing their self-appointed part—on the strength of what? A first-class ticket and berth between the cities of New York and Buffalo.

At Buffalo Hoff leaned at the cab window, and beside him I watched the departing travelers. He looked down, immobile and toil-stained. They did not look at Hoff. They took him for granted.

Push On or Go to the Bottom

Supposing a Boston youth should start to walk to California, but should stop and play along the way with every boy he met, and when questioned by one who knew him as to why he was loitering and wandering from the route, when his destination was the Pacific Coast, should reply: "Oh, I don't believe in hard work and the strenuous life. I believe we were made to enjoy ourselves. I shall see California all right, but I'm not going to kill myself in trying to get there on schedule time! I'll take it easy and have all the fun I can on the way." This boy goes along the line of least resistance. He plays and he lies by the wayside, wanders here and there out of his course, until his resources are exhausted and his strength gone, and California seems farther away than when he started.

Every youth who reads this will say that is a ridiculous, hypothetical case; yet many people are doing practically the same thing. They don't prepare themselves for anything definite in life; they jog along in a go-as-you-please

fashion, and then wonder why other people succeed and they don't.

The failure of a great many people is due to the fact that they do not appreciate the value of things which assist in attaining success. They think that success is merely a question of waiting for the big opportunity of their lives, and seizing it when it comes with little regard for preparation or training for it. They do not realize that every hour of every day in their lives is either moving them towards that which is worth while or away from it; that there must be a constant and perpetual pushing towards a definite goal or they never will get anywhere.

A successful career is like a great boulder which a man pushes up a hill, and which is as large as one can move. It is a steep up-grade all through life, and when you take your shoulder from the stone, it begins to go back, and if you let go altogether, it goes to the bottom. One must keep pushing or roll down hill.

DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN.

Padding the Expense Account

This is an article on the ethics of travelling expenses. There are four ways in which such expenses are handled by business firms. The advantages of each system are discussed and the possibilities of padding accounts considered. The question is one of special interest to business men and travelling representatives.

By R. W. Brock

YOUNG GRAINGER was in a predicament and through the haze of argument failed to see daylight. He had been sent out on the road as assistant to Dick Redford, one of Elmsley & Co.'s veteran travellers. It was his first trip and he had enjoyed it as only one who makes his initial venture into a new world of experience can hope to do. All had been fresh, novel and exciting. Business in Redford's territory was good and substantial orders had been booked. There had been plenty of entertainment in spare time—flirtations with pretty shop assistants; amusing visits to rural theatres and a thousand and one diversions for a youth on his first adventure away from home.

Then a difficulty arose. The veteran and the tyro were returning to headquarters at the end of the week. As the train rushed eastward, Redford took the younger man aside and broached the subject of his expense account.

"According to regulations, Jack," said he, "you'll have to turn in a record of your expenses. It's not my business specially, but I suppose the firm advanced you something?"

"Sure they did. They gave me twenty-five dollars," said Grainger.

"Spent it all?" queried Redford.

"Well, I guess not," replied Grainger gaily. "I've got between six and seven dollars left."

"What are you going to do with it?" asked Redford quietly.

"Why, turn it in to the office, of course," was the answer.

"I wouldn't," said Redford shortly. "You're entitled to that, Jack. It's one of the rules of the road. No one expects you to cover this route for any eighteen dollars a week and you're a fool if you do it."

"But, look here," reasoned Grainger. "That's exactly what I did spend. That's my expenses. I've got to turn in an exact report, haven't I—railroad fare, hotel and bus charges and meals on the train? It comes to eighteen thirty-five. How on earth can I make it any more?"

"Easiest thing in the world," interposed Redford, calmly. "You're entitled to decent accommodation and decent meals. No decent hotel charges less than two dollars per day. Perhaps we only paid one-fifty, but if you put up with a one-fifty joint, surely you deserve the fifty cents for making the sacrifice. Same thing with meals. A decent meal is worth a dollar or a dollar twenty-five. If we put up with fifty cent dinner or supper, we earn the difference. Riding on the train, we're entitled to chair car accommodation and if we choose to make a jump in a second-class coach, we have a perfect right to charge up the extra."

"According to your method, then," exclaimed Grainger, who had listened in open-mouthed astonishment to this argument. "I ought to put down that a certain meal cost me a dollar when I only paid out fifty cents and that I gave the Queen's Hotel at Bromley five dollars when I only spent three-fifty there."

"Precisely," assured the older man coolly.

"But that wouldn't be exactly—honest, would it?"

"That all depends on who you're working for," explained Redford sententiously. "With our house it's perfectly square. They know the travelling end of the business. Do you suppose they would have handed you over twenty-five dollars, if they had thought for one minute that you could have done the trip on eighteen? Not much. Take it from me, they expect you to spend the twenty-five one way or another, and what you don't spend for them, that's yours, see?"

"It doesn't strike me as the right thing," protested Grainger.

"Why, my innocent boy, we all do it. It's expected of us. So much allowance is made for travelling expenses and, if we get the business, they don't give a rap what becomes of the little bit of expense money. Turning in an expense account is a mere formality; the accounting department needs it, I suppose."

"Well, I don't like the idea of putting down items that are not absolutely right and I don't believe I could bring myself to do it," said Grainger.

"Now see here, Jack. That's too bad of you. Take my word for it the firm knows all about it. All our travellers run along on a certain standard of expense. Nobody kicks. If you come in and upset everything with your straight-laced ideas, you'll cause no end of trouble. I have to charge up thirty dollars this week. See what a mess you'll make of things if you say you've only spent eighteen dollars."

"But you say the firm knows all about it."

"Of course they do. They know in a general way that it costs about so much to make the trip and they're quite willing to pay that amount. But they wouldn't hesitate to accept your little refund all the same, and if you travel that cheap, they'll expect everyone else to do the same."

"Why shouldn't you?" queried

Grainger. "Wouldn't it be better for the business?"

"Not for my business," said Redford, who was beginning to grow a little angry. "I can pocket from \$250 to \$400 a year on my expense account and a fellow doesn't like to lose that little perquisite. I consider it perfectly legitimate and I haven't a bit of scruple about doing it. But, I tell you, you'll be playing dirty if you interfere."

So saying Redford walked off into the smoking compartment and left his assistant to ruminate on the pros and cons of the situation. It was evident that he was confronted with an awkward problem. His natural sense of honesty revolted at the idea of falsifying his accounts even in the most plausible way. He had spent eighteen dollars and thirty-five cents. He had the remaining six dollars and sixty-five cents in his pocket and every item of expense was neatly entered in the little blank book supplied by Elmsley & Co. To pad this account by magnifying the cost of hotel accommodation, meals and railway fare, was most distasteful to him.

On the other hand he realized that if he persisted in his determination to turn in an absolutely accurate expense account, he would be getting Redford and the other travellers for Elmsley & Co. into difficulties. He knew Redford for a good-hearted generous chap with a large family. It would be mean and unfriendly to treat him as a dishonest servant of the house,—if not directly, at least by implication. There was no doubt that Redford had schooled his mind to regard the petty padding of accounts as legitimate and that his argument was sincere, when he said that Elmsley's travellers were expected to travel decently, put up at the best hotels and entertain their customers whenever opportunity offered, and that therefore, anything they could save from their allowance would be their own.

As he continued to debate the problem in his mind, the train bearing the two travellers rapidly drew near their

home city. He was unable to come to a decision as to what was the proper mode of action, and the more he thought the more confused he became. It was his first encounter with a problem in business ethics and it remained to be seen whether he would allow himself to drift with the tide of the careless or make a determined effort to stand by the principles which had been instilled into him by a strict and upright father.

At this point it becomes necessary to leave young Grainger and his mentor to their own devices. There is no ending to the story. Just as Frank Stockton left his readers in agonizing doubt as to whether his hero got the lady or was gotten by the tiger, so in this little story there is no record as to how Jack Grainger, junior traveller for Elmsley & Co., dealt with his expense account. The whole object in relating the incident is to introduce a subject that is of considerable importance in business life and to induce some thought on its various aspects.

The expense account is not peculiar to the commercial traveler, though, as handled by him it is probably of wider and more pointed application. Most business and professional men are confronted at intervals with the necessity for either collecting or paying out such expense moneys. Your bank clerk sent from one branch to another; your delegate despatched to some convention; your lawyer engaged on some case requiring a journey; your advertising solicitor or editorial representative sent into new territory, all must needs keep track of their expenses. There is scarcely a man who at one time or another in his career is not required to furnish an expense account.

Broadly speaking there are few ways in which an expense account may be handled by a business house. They advance a certain sum of money at the beginning of a trip, and at the conclusion require the traveller to turn in an itemized account of his expenditure, with such balance in cash as may be over. This is obviously a meth-

od which is open to considerable abuse, for there will be a constant tendency to pad the account, and even the most rigidly honest traveller will be open to temptation at times.

To overcome this difficulty, some firms are accustomed to hand over a lump sum to their travellers at the beginning of their trips, which will be sufficient to meet all necessary expenses, as estimated by experience. This amount is charged up in its entirety as expense money and no record is required from the traveller as to how it has been expended. If they are able by economy to save a portion of it, that sum is legitimately their own. Handled in this way an expense account is free from temptation.

Both the foregoing methods, however, are open to serious abuse. If the first breeds dishonesty in the one direction, the second is equally disastrous. Cases are not infrequent where the traveller, by a studied examination of the situation, is able to make a good thing out of his expense money to the disadvantage of the firm. He may curtail his working time at both ends. Instead of leaving headquarters on Sunday night or Monday morning, he spends Monday at home and does not take to the road until perhaps Monday night or Tuesday morning. Then he comes back on Friday, when he is not supposed to be in until Saturday and charge up a full week's work, or perhaps he drops into some small village or town at the beginning of the week, where he has some cronies, and instead of working decides to loaf. He can live cheaply and is able to save enough out of his expense money to bring him in a very fair return. Indeed, there are many tricks by which a clever traveller can defraud his firm.

These conditions have led a few houses to adopt a third method of treating expense accounts. These firms put their travellers on what is called a salary and commission basis, and require them to pay their own travelling expenses. The salary usu-

ally amounts to the wage paid a traveller in the same line of business. The commission is dependent on their sales; it may be reckoned on the volume of their sales or on the profit earned by the firm on the goods they sell. In either case, there is a direct incentive for the man to increase his sales, while, as he pays his own expenses, he is not open to any temptation either to pad his accounts or loaf.

A fourth method, which is the favorite one with houses dealing in specialties, is to pay their representatives by commission only, and allow them to meet their own travelling expenses. This is unquestionably the most satisfactory method of all, though its application to certain lines of business is not always feasible. The specialty offers possibilities, where the staple is most uncertain. The traveller for the grocery, hardware or dry goods firm has to be assured a salary before he undertakes to sell goods. The salesman for the specialty house sees big opportunities and large profits and wants to share in them. A salary to him would be a hindrance rather than a help.

Roughly speaking, the few methods described are those in most general use in Canada. There may be variations in all of them, and some firms may have introduced modifications which safeguard both the house and its traveller from imposition and dishonesty. But the expense account continues to be a problem with many firms and its satisfactory solution, under their special conditions, has yet to be found.

While there is no intention of impugning the honesty of travellers as a class, there can be little doubt that some of them take a very lenient view of the padding habit. It has been said jocularly on more than one occasion that a sharp manipulator can cover up almost anything within the limits of an expense account. The story is related of a green traveller, who was called up on the carpet and given a severe dressing down for including a ten dollar suit of clothes in

his first week's expenses. The scolding rankled in his soul and he determined to get back at his employer. The next week he presented his expense account in person, and blandly inquired if it met with the approval of the boss. The latter glanced over it and pronounced every item correct and legitimate. "Well," exclaimed the traveller triumphantly, "I've got the suit of clothes in there all right, too."

As a matter of fact there can be very little accurate checking up of expense accounts and few firms even make a pretense of doing so. It is largely a case of getting business and, if a traveller is selling the goods satisfactorily few questions are asked about the way he spends his expense money. It sometimes takes money to get money, and, when a large order is landed, there is small need of inquiring as to the reason for a noticeable increase in expenses. Most firms view the problem in its entirety and overlook details, being quite content to O. K. the expense account if the results warrant the outlay.

The question of ethics rests, therefore, with the individual traveller. His code may overlook those little digressions which the average man living at home would consider questionable. He may regard it as perfectly legitimate to make his expense account square neatly with the amount of money he returns to the house, though the items may not reflect exactly the amounts expended. He may include expenditures under a careful disguise that would not be passed in their rightful garb, believing confidently that he is entitled to have them paid for him.

The tricks of the trade are almost too numerous to mention, and the padding of expense accounts in some hands has become almost an art. Johnson may arrive in a town with half a dozen trunks, which he finds it more convenient to leave at the station than to take to his hotel, yet he does not hesitate to charge up a good round sum for their transfer to and from the hotel. Thomson may charge up a

week's board at the top-notch hotel in some city, but may eat his meals at a fifteen-cent lunch counter. Anderson may go and stay with a friend for a couple of days; he will still take care to cover the time generously in his expense account. Jackson may decide to ride from one place to another in a first-class coach and will take the opportunity to charge up a Pullman fare.

And yet it must not be assumed that this applies to all travelling men. As a class, the men of the road are just as honest, just as scrupulous and just as fair as any other class in the community. The circumstance that there are among them some black sheep and that the opportunities for crookedness are perhaps a little more frequent, must not be taken as a general indictment.

When it comes to other classes, the same phenomenon is to be observed. Once place a little expense money in the hands of a weak character and he will cudgel his brains to find means of turning it to his own advantage. He may be some government official, to whom a railway company has quietly handed an annual pass. Instead of re-

turning that portion of his expense money which would cover the amount saved by the pass, he boldly pockets the cash and charges up the fare. He may be a society or club official, and in view of the funds in his possession, charge up all manner of private expenses as expenses incurred in the transaction of the duties of his office. He may be simply a bank clerk despatched from one office to another, and he will represent his expenses as sufficiently in excess of his actual expenditure to enable him to finance a new suit of clothes. He may be a professional man who will unscrupulously apply to private ends funds which were entrusted to him for some specific purpose. Everywhere one will come across instances of this looseness of character.

It is almost impossible for employers to guard against such small and indefinite peculations. The individual must needs be his own judge in the matter. If he can conscientiously state that his expense account is honestly compiled, well and good. If he has his doubts and questionings, it is time for reformation.



After Failure

It is what is left of a man after he has failed that counts. This residue is the measure of the real man, just as the pure gold which is left in the crucible after all the dross has been burned out in the hot blast is the real stuff.—Orison Swett Marden.

The Dodds-Sinders—They Return

The third of the Dodds-Sinders stories is published herewith, in which "The Return" of the family is featured. The previous ones have been well received. There is a certain turn in all of the stories which gives them a peculiar interest, which, coupled with their humor, makes them most readable offerings.

By Ed. Cahn

IT was the third day out, Mrs. Dodds-Sinders was able to sit up and take a little nourishment, the complexions of her daughters were fast regaining their wonted tints of pink and they awaited the arrival of the steward with the eleven o'clock broth with something very near impatience.

The sea was calm. The sun shone gloriously, their steamer chairs were placed to their entire liking and perhaps the serene knowledge that Mr. Dodds-Sinders would not emerge from his retirement for fully twelve hours, had something to do with the feeling of sweet peace which fairly radiated from the faces of the feminine Dodds-Sinders'.

Pa had marked their departure from London's famous Cecil by an argument with a cabby which would have ended in blows and blood but for the combined tears and entreaties of Ma and the girls.

Like good Christians, they had been able to find good even in the evil of seasickness, especially in Pa's case, for it kept him out of mischief.

Pa had followed up his triumph in the case of the Count and Baron by insisting upon sailing for home, declaring that the domain of Jack Canuck was cultured enough for him, and St. George Street beat Rotten Row to a standstill in his opinion, so here they were going home as fast as the biggest, finest, fastest, most expensive ship could carry them.

"Oh dear!" said Birdie despairingly.

"My head aches. I feel queer. Ugh! I'm going to be sick again!" She rose and hurried away while her Mother was sleepily opening her eyes.

Nora sat up and looked after her, then, in an excited whisper, "Ma! here comes Mrs. Toppe-Nyche and her maid! She is going home, too. I read it in the society notes. She has been visiting her cousin, Lady Lily, in Surrey. Oh I wish——"

Mrs. Dodds-Sinders, after one swift glance, closed her eyes again for she was sure that the aristocratic Mrs. Toppe-Nyche would not deign to notice her, and Mrs. Dodds-Sinders was not one to court a snub.

As Mrs. Toppe-Nyche reached their immediate vicinity, she turned pale and half stumbled. "Oh Marie! I cannot go another step," she said weakly.

"Madam!" The maid slipped her arm around her mistress and looked helplessly about.

Nora sprang up and between them they put the half fainting Mrs. Toppe-Nyche into her chair.

Mrs. Dodds-Sinders produced her smelling salts and turned to revive Mrs. Toppe-Nyche, her kind heart overflowing with sympathy, all differences in social station forgotten. She dispatched the maid for another rug and Nora for tea, talking re-assuringly all the time.

Presently Mrs. Toppe-Nyche felt better, but instead of paying polite thanks, she dismissed her maid and remained to chat with Mrs. Dodds-Sinders.

Nora was not very cordial for she had heard how the upper ten are wont to unbend when away from home and suffer complete loss of memory regarding ship acquaintances upon setting foot upon terra firma.

"She just means to get us to talking and then retail all we say to her haughty society friends." She said to her Mother, after Mrs. Toppe-Nyche had left them alone.

"Leave that to me," said Mrs. Dodds-Sinders and would say no more.

The next day and the next found the two ladies upon very friendly terms and at the last dinner upon shipboard the Toppe-Nyche's Mother and Son, were the guests of the Dodds-Sinders.

Ma refused to reveal any of the results of her conversations with Mrs. Toppe-Nyche until they reached home and once there, the girls could hardly wait for there was a gratified twinkle in Ma's eye and Pa's joy at being at home again was mitigated a trifle by unvoiced fears of things to come.

James set a splendid dinner before the returned travellers and then remarked to the chef, that the family had "brought 'ome a haxcent wot it would give you a pine to 'ear." And expressed it as his opinion that "as soon as the Missis got her bonnet off they would all be looking for new 'plices." Furthermore, James said, it was a mistake on the part of Providence to give a cove like Dodd-Sinders, whose 'plice' in life was assuredly that of a coster behind his barrow, fifteen millions and keep the likes of James, poor as poor. "'e karn't rightly horder a servant abouat, and look at me, been doing it all me life. Yuss, Louey, things ain't fair in this worl'."

While James and Louie were engaged in this conversation, Mrs. Dodds-Sinders was explaining to the girls, but hurriedly, for Aunt Hannah had sent word that she would call that evening to hear all about their trip.

"Mrs. Toppe-Nyche is really poor," said Ma. "The day we met on the steamer she was almost crazy wondering where to get enough money to get

through the season. Her cousin, Lady Lily, is just as badly off. Mrs. Toppe-Nyche says half the lords and ladies are head over ears in debt and always as poor as can be, for people who are supposed to be rich."

"Well,—don't you see—we must have someone to introduce us to the right people here, she needs a little help must have it in fact. I have told her that if we meet the social success we want, through her, we will see to it that she is more than comfortable. After that dinner on the ship, I made her out a check. Oh, a good big one; and she is going to see that we know everyone and go everywhere this season. But, of course, nobody is to know anything about our little arrangement.

She says we ought to have a house on the hill. Everybody's building up there."

"St. George Street suits me," said Pa. "If we're going to be anybody at all we ought to keep away from that hill and 'everybody.' More than one good card has been lost sight of in the shuffle."

Nora's maid tapped at the door, desiring to know what was to be done with the two pictures in the bottom of a trunk. She was told to bring them into the drawing-room and they were given places of honor by Dodds-Sinders himself.

"So long as them notes were sent to the society papers about our Art Gallery, we might's well get the use out of 'em."

The doorbell rang.

"There's Aunt Hannah! Girls, don't tell her anything. She will tell all the relations and the whole town besides all she hears; so be careful."

James ushered in a portly old lady with small shrewd brown eyes. She was clad in shiny black alpaca, there were purple flowers in her tiny black bonnet, and in one of her cotton gloved hands she tightly gripped an umbrella secured at the top by a heavy rubber band.

She kissed the entire family and after gingerly testing three chairs, settled herself upon a settee and said briefly. "Tell me all about everything. Are

you not glad to get home again to a civilized place? Is it true that all the cabs in London are handsome, and did you go into a pub?"

"I did, once, Aunt Hannah," said Dodds-Sinders, "but the liquor was worse than cold tea and so I bought a flask at the Canadian bar. Well, I'm glad to see you fatter than ever, Aunt Hannah. You must excuse me, I got some work to do." And Pa escaped.

"We motored everywhere," was Birdie's reply to the cab query.

"Oh, indeed, me lady; since when did you lose the use of your legs? Before you went away you used to say 'autoed.'"

"Oh, wasn't I awful? Count de Vere taught me to say motored. He said it was more appropay."

"Count! Mercy on us. I know you would do something foolish over there but I never thought you would buy a useless Count or anything you couldn't return and get your money back. Couldn't you leave that for the American girls?"

"We did," said Nora rather tartly. "But Birdie misspoke herself. She meant to say that the Count said *frappé*."

"Oh," said Aunt Hannah, and chuckled.

Mrs. Dodds-Sinders, knowing the meaning of that chuckle and hating it, contrived to whip Aunt Hannah over Birdie's shoulders. "Birdie! What have I told you about useless quibbling? It seems to me that you are beginning to lose the little sense that you went to London to get."

"Hum!" Aunt Hannah laid aside her umbrella.

"Papa bought us those two Rembrandts in London," said Nora.

"My, maybe Sandy is a good judge of ores, but he certainly can't pick out pictures. Why they are as brown as berries. I like a picture with lots of red in it, and a waterfall, or a cow. That fellow looks as if he never washed his neck and ears. Who is he?"

"Nobody knows, Aunt Hannah. It's an old master."

"Just what I thought, some old party who drove slaves, I'll warrant. Sandy _____"

"Hannah, don't call him Sandy, call him Samuel."

"Mercy Sakes! Why?"

"Sandy is vulgar."

"Maybe so, but it's honest."

"Of course it is, but no more so than Samuel and why can't we be both honest and up-to-date? I may as well tell you first as last that we are going to be, and from now on our name is Dodds-Sinders. Now don't gasp and laugh. You know you always said yourself that it was a shame that a woman had to give up even her name when she got married. It's the modern idea to put the two together."

"I wonder how long it will be before the poor man will have to take the wife's name. Did you smash any windows in London, Sally? Or have you changed your Christian name, too?"

"No, but I'd rather be called Sarah."

"Aunt Hannah blinked a little and then with a hopeless sigh, enquired, "When is the wedding to be?"

Birdie smiled proudly. "Never that we know of."

"Yes, Hannah," Mrs. Dodd-Sinders smiled tenderly upon her fair daughters, "Don't mention it to a living soul, but the fact is that we had hardly landed in London until a Count was after one and a Baron after the other, a German Baron."

"Samuel and me let them come all they liked and I must say I never saw more devoted suitors, but after we had investigated their families and so on, we decided not to continue the acquaintance. One can't be too careful, and the girls are rather too young to marry."

"Yes, and a Canadian will be good enough for me," murmured Nora.

"Eh? That's right. Deary me, fancy me aunt to a Count and a Baron!"

"Don't breathe a word Hannah, but they actually proposed, both of them. But as I told Lucy I'd—"

"Lucy? Who is she?"

"Oh, I forgot! You don't know her."

Lady Toppe-Nyche. We came over together and she is so sweet."

"You don't mean that stuck up Mrs. Toppe-Nyche that was so snippy at the Colonel's party?"

"Oh that was before we really knew each other, now we are the best of friends. She is going to give a tea for me soon and invite all her friends, but it's a secret until the cards are out."

"Charles Toppe-Nyche is so agreeable," observed Birdie and blushed.

Aunt Hannah rocked her fat body back and forth in a perfect ecstasy of enjoyment. Already she was planning her calls and how she would fire these bombs of news among friends and foes alike.

"Yes, we loved London. People there are not half as stiff as folks tell. We went everywhere, and met everybody. Lady Lily, that's Mrs. Toppe-Nyche's cousin, first cousin, is charming and has a perfectly lovely country place in Surrey. You just ought to see the elms and how the farmer people love her."

"You don't mean to tell me you met a real live lady, and went to see her!"

"After having a Count and a Baron propose to us Aunt Hannah? Why not? Why we couldn't tell you everything in a month. We brought home sixteen trunks full of hats and things and Ma ordered livery for all the servants too; plum color with gold facings to match the furniture and carpets. Pa's got a new motor-car ordered and a chauffeur, specially trained to run it, coming along, too."

"I s'pose he matches the spokes in the wheels."

"No, the upholstery. It's light chocolate. Nora picked him out. Mrs. Toppe-Nyche is in love with Ma. She says she is so refreshing and Charlie Toppe-Nyche calls Pa 'Old Man' already and borrowed a dollar from him yesterday."

"Sakes! Wonder what all your old friends will think of you getting in with the Topp-Nyche's?"

James appeared to call Nora to the telephone and Birdie made an excuse

to leave the room with her. A moment later Mrs. Toppe-Nyche was announced and Aunt Hannah was persuaded to retire to the library temporarily.

Dodds-Sinders was there and under her skillful quizzing was soon busy telling her in confidence, and as a member of the family, the main events of the trip abroad.

"You see Aunt Hannah," he concluded, "that Count and the Baron were just fakirs and we didn't find it out any too soon, because the girls were all ready to say yes, and marry them. They bought them two old masters from a feller that makes 'em by the dozen and then charged me fifty thousand for 'em. Then I had the police nab them and they turned out to be just crooks and not a bit noble."

"We brought the pictures along. That was them on the mantle, because nobody, but an expert can tell an old master from a new one. We are going to have lots of fun with them."

"No, we did not go outside of London. Surrey? Never heard of it, unless you mean them kind of buggys they call Surreys. Oh, Lady Lily? She is some relation of Mrs. Toppe-Nyche's. Sarah's got some kind of a dicker with Mrs. Toppe-Nyche to put her on Easy Street if she puts us in Society, which is another name for being in misery so far as I can make out."

"You bet I'm glad to get home. Going? Wait until I order a machine out for you, I'll run you home."

But Aunt Hannah it seemed for once preferred the street cars and insisted upon leaving at once, asking Dodds-Sinders to excuse her to Sarah and the girls.

As she was waddling down the front steps she noticed that a young man was just preceeding her out of the gate. At the corner he accosted her politely, and later helped her onto the car, seating himself beside her.

Aunt Hannah was not one to stand upon ceremony when she wished to relieve her mind; the young man was a nice young man and most polite, besides, he was a remarkably good listener.

and the old lady; divided between rage at the deceit of Sally and the girls, jealousy, pity for Dodds-Sinders and humorous appreciation of the difference between the feminine story and honest Sandy Dodds-Sinders' account; was volubility itself. Then, too, she had not liked it at all that they had hustled her off out of sight the moment Mrs. Toppe-Nyche was announced.

Therefore, she not only recounted the early history of the Dodds-Sinders' but every step in their rise, and omitted not one detail of the matter of the Count and the Baron, the fraudulent old masters, the narrow escape of the girls from matrimony with the thieves, and even the arrangement with Mrs. Toppe-Nyche.

The pleasant young man escorted Aunt Hannah to her own modest door and once it closed upon her, he raced back to the car and raced down town, where, amid the hum of presses he pounded diligently upon his typewriter for some time, then, with a gleeful chuckle, he turned his copy over to the Editor and hung about for the praise which he felt sure he had earned.

The Editor glanced indifferently over the opening sentences, sat up with a start, and reached for the blue pencil behind his ear. He grunted, and proceeded to demolish the pleasant young man's latest effort and when he had done with it, Aunt Hannah would never have believed that so many pleasant things could have been said about anyone, much less the Dodds-Sinders.

"Why, my boy!" cried the Editor, as he finished, "this stuff of yours is great! It's a scream! A joke like that is too good to print, at least about good old Sandy Sindere. He is the best ever. Of course he's been and got rich, but even that isn't against him. He's the salt of the earth: he's helped more men than there are years to his life. No, we won't poke fun 'at him, or his, we'll boost!"

Which is how it came about that Aunt Hannah forgot her anger in pride at being related to the wonderful Dodds-

Sinders' who were written up in the paper so flatteringly, her own part in the inspiration of that account, forever unsuspected: Mrs. Toppe-Nyche though usually averse to personal newspaper mention found her way as the social tutoress of the ambitious family, smoothed for her almost miraculously; Dodds-Sinders, alone clever enough to suspect part of the cause of the article, privately determined to be more careful in future, and, since events seemed determined to thrust a polish upon him, finally concluded to cease resisting the march of progress, and turn his efforts diligently toward self improvement.

Therefore, the campaign so ably begun by the newspaper, which had put everything relating to the Dodds-Sinders' in the best light, from their earliest beginnings to the purchase of the paintings, their connection with the great of English society, and the flattering matrimonial offers of the girls, down to Mrs. Toppe-Nyche's enthusiastic adoption of them, was, with Pa's tardy help, fairly on the way toward the success it finally achieved.

The gorgeous house and kaleidoscopic library were sold, the eccentric gowns and all attendant vulgarisms dropped, the fraudulent Rembrandts banished to the lumber room and the episode of the Count and Baron treasured as an awful warning.

Now, in a home which is famous for its elegant simplicity, the family welcome the elite of the land. The girls pretend to be nothing but what they are, simply girls, and therefore charming, their Mother gives free rein now to her natural goodness of heart and is consequently vastly lovable, and their Father, though he wears a certain mellow polish now, which though partly acquired, becomes him vastly, has forever dropped the Dodds and the Hyphen and is plain, Sandy Sindere, one of the most substantial and respected citizens in the Dominion—member of the York Club and other exclusive clubs, a University Governor and a Senator at Ottawa.

Health as Business Capital

In this article Mr. Marden discusses "Health as Business Capital." He makes some important points, holding in the main that great achievement is the child of a strong vitality. Thousands of men, he says, would accomplish vastly more if they would get out of their offices, factories or other places of business earlier, work fewer hours, and take more time to keep up their physical and mental standard by outdoor exercises and healthful recreation. It's worth considering.

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

IT IS pitiable to see young people starting out in life with ambition to make a place for themselves, and yet ruining the possibility of doing anything great by sacrificing health, the very thing on which they are most dependent for the attainment of their object.

Did you ever realize what splendid capital for success there is in good health, a strong vigorous constitution, which is able to stand any amount of hard work, hard knocks? Did you ever think that the very physical ability to stand a long, persistent strain, great physical reserve, has carried many men through hard times and discordant conditions, under which weaker men would have gone down completely?

We can succeed without money capital, but we cannot succeed without physical and mental vitality. No defective machine can turn out good work. To accomplish great things in the business world we must possess a strong, vigorous physique, a powerful vitality, otherwise everything we do will bear the stamp of weakness. It will crop out in every sale we make, in every column of figures we add. It is the strong vitality that tells in the great struggle of life. Vigorous, robust health doubles and quadruples the efficiency and power of very faculty and function. It tones up the human economy; it clears the cobwebs from the brain, brushes off the brain-ash, improves the judgment, sharpens every faculty, increases the

energy, refreshes the cells in every tissue of the body.

It is a great art to learn to accumulate or conserve vitality, to store this excess capital away for use in cases of emergency. A muddled, exhausted brain is incapable of doing good work, of thinking clearly, of planning effectively. It is impossible to focus a jaded mind. Brains that are exhausted by abnormal living, by the lack of recreation and sleep, cannot do good work. When you find yourself becoming morose and despondent, when you are conscious that the zest of life is evaporating, that you are losing the edge of your former keen interest in things generally, and that life is becoming a bore, you may be pretty sure that you need more sleep, that you need the country or, at least, outdoor exercise. If you get these, you will find that all the old enthusiasm will return. A few days of the hills and meadows, will erase the dark pictures which haunt you, and will restore buoyancy to your animal spirits.

I know a young man who has very marked ability, and when he is in good health, when his spirits are up, he accomplishes wonders; but much of the time he is in poor health, and then his ambition is down, he is discouraged. The result is that he will probably never be able to bring out ten per cent. of his real ability, or to express more than a tithe of the best in him.

With robust health and a strong de-

termination one can accomplish wonderful things; but no matter how much ambition one has, if he ruins his health by bad habits, by leading an abnormal or irregular life, he cuts off his greatest chance for accomplishing anything of moment. There are, it is true, examples of people in poor health—of invalids who have done quite remarkable things—but think what these people might have accomplished had they had strong, vigorous constitutions and robust health! Ill-health is a perpetual handicap, and the greater one's ambition, the greater the disappointment which the inability to reach one's aim will cause.

On the other hand, robust health raises the power of every faculty, increases its efficiency, gives it a keener edge, makes it more gripping, and multiplies the entire brain-power many times. A one-talent man with a superb physique often astonishes us with his achievement, sometimes accomplishing a great deal more than a ten-talent man with poor health.

The vitality born of vigorous abounding health not only increases our self-confidence, but the confidence of others in us. It gains us credit. Bankers and jobbers who would be glad to give young men credit and help them with capital, so far as their ability and honesty are concerned, are often obliged to decline such aid on account of ill-health or some physical weakness on the part of the applicants. They may have the utmost confidence in the young men themselves, but they are afraid they will break down before they get into a position to repay the money.

I know young men of unusual ability, fine education, and good training who can not make much headway in their careers because they are not able to work more than two or three hours a day. They have not the vitality or the strength for sustained work. Their physical reservoirs become exhausted so quickly that they can not enter successfully into the strenuous competitions of the day. They are constantly mortified and chagrined because they are outstripped by those who have not

half their mental ability, but possess twice their physical strength.

It is a rare thing to find a man superbly equipped physically. We find plenty of people well balanced mentally and morally, but handicapped with some physical weakness which cuts down the average of their efficiency to a lower level.

Most people by vicious habits, or some weakness, cut down the percentage of their success possibilities very greatly. Some of them bring hardly five per cent. of their possible energy and ability to their great life task, to their living-getting. They have wasted the larger part. Perhaps ten per cent. went down in drink; ten per cent. up in smoke; they may have squandered twenty-five per cent. of their possible energy in trying to have a good time, in the pursuit of pleasure; ten per cent. in idleness and shiftlessness, systemless endeavor. Many lose quite a large per cent. in worry and anxiety and fretting and stewing, so that when they come to their tasks they come with jaded power, with fagged faculties, exhausted energy and a low vitality.

The quality of health has also a great deal to do with the quality of thought. You can not get healthy thinking from diseased brain or nerve cells. If the vitality is below par the thought will drop to its level.

A great many failures are due not so much to bad management or lack of ability as to ill-health. Young men with great ambitions often over-estimate their strength and attempt things which they have not the physical stamina or staying power to carry out.

A man, in order to do big things, must keep his mind fresh and responsive. When the faculties are keen and sharp, and are spurred on by good, red blood in a vigorous constitution, when there is abounding vitality, he will do more planning, clearer thinking, and more real effective work in three or four hours a day than they who depend upon the everlasting grind will accomplish in twelve to fourteen. Many a man has killed his reputation and lost his power to produce by forcing his brain to work too many hours each day.

Thousands of men would accomplish vastly more if they would get out of their offices, factories, or other places of business earlier, work fewer hours, and take more time to keep up their physical and mental standard by outdoor exercises and healthful recreation. In other words, it is the greatest possible economy to keep oneself up to standard.

If we are in superb health we will be conscious of a surplus vitality in us demanding to be utilized. An abundance of good health supplements a man like another personality.

Everywhere we see people doing little things, living mediocre lives, when they have the ability to do great things, to live grand lives, if they only could keep their health up to standard.

The ambition partakes of the quality and the vigor of the mental faculties; and a brain that is fed by poisoned blood due to vitiated air, to overeating or bad eating, or to dissipation, or to

lack of vigorous outdoor exercise, can blood that makes pure thought, and pure blood can only come from a clean life, from vigorous outdoor exercise, a great variety of mental food, and an abundance of sound sleep.

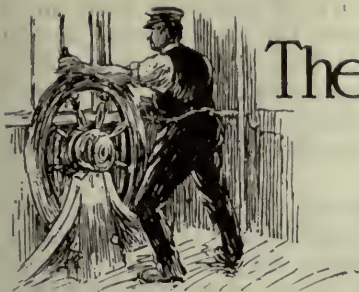
We all know the advantage the man has who can radiate vigor, who has a robust physique. Great achievement is the child of a strong vitality. It can never come from a weak constitution or vitiated blood.

The man who goes to his task with all of his standards down and his ideas lagging, with a wavering mind and uncertain step, will never produce anything worth while. Make it a rule to go to your work every morning fresh and vigorous. You want to go to it a whole man, fresh, strong, and vigorous, so that it will be spontaneous, not forced; buoyant, not heavy. You want to go to your work with creative energy, and originality—possessed of a strong, powerful individuality.



Never Make The Same Mistake Twice

The wise man puts a lighthouse upon every rock that has shipwrecked him in the past, a red light upon every shoal that has previously stranded him.
—Orison Swett Marden.



The Pea Soup's Tug of War

by

Edward J. Moore

There is a novelty about this story which most readers will like. It depicts a tug-of-war, but one quite out of the ordinary. The affair is pulled off on water rather than on land. Lake Ontario is the scene of action—and there is action in plenty, in addition to character and humor.

“PEE-ZOOP—pee-zoop—pee-zoop.”

That's exactly how it sounded down in the engine-room of the Old *Oshawa*, when she was plugging up into a heavy wind. The big single cylinder seemed to force the greasy piston out on its four-foot stroke rather reluctantly. When it got to the dead-centre the wheels outside seemed to hesitate for an instant, and then go on again with a rush, with the “zoop” of the return stroke.

“I wondered why they called her ‘The Pea-Soup’ on the *Toronto*,” I said to old Engineer McPhee, as he sat back on a grating over the cylinder, smoking one of my cigars, “but I see now.”

“She's grunted like that for well on twelve years,” he said, pushing his cap back on his gray hair and twisting around for a look at the water glass, “ever since the day we pulled the *Levis* off a ledge on the ‘Long Shoo’ rapids.”

“Naw, I haven't time to tell you about it,” he said, and to get away from my persistence, grabbed an oiler and started down the iron ladder toward the condenser. “But,” as a parting shot, “ask Redfield. He knows all about it.”

I did get hold of Captain Redfield in the wheel-house that evening and asked him for the story. At first he seemed offended, but after a minute grinned good-naturedly.

“Not from me, young fellow. It hurts me too much yet. Andy McPhee sent you up here. He likes to jolly me over it about three times a year.”

Next day, however, when we were pegging away up Lake Ontario, with the old engine smacking over her “pee-zoop—pee-zoop,” I got the story from Andy.

“She wasna sich a bad old craft in her time,” he started off, in rather a round-about way, “but they nailed forty feet on to her aft, and stuck a noo deck on up above, an' now they load her down with canned goods and iron pipe till she grumbles with the strain, and then want me to make the trip, up the canal an' all, in the same time I used to.”

The *Oshawa* ran from Montreal up the St. Lawrence, through the canals, and via Lake Ontario to Hamilton, stopping at the larger towns for freight and with a day at each for loading. She was scheduled to make the round trip in a week.

“I helped put this old pop gun intil her,” McPhee went on, pointing down to the big cylinder below us, “an' mighty good work it's done. A set o' them little triple-expansion outfits with a screw behind, like they're puttin' in now-a-days, would 'ave jiggled the bottom off her years ago.”

“But,” with a reminiscent chuckle, “I was telling you of the tug-of-war we

had with the *Levis*, and the 'Long Shoo' rapids.

"One day, back in the summer of '96, I think it was, we were pluggin' up the Cornwall Canal at a good clip, goin' up fairly light, it bein' near the first of the season, and gettin' near the head when we heered a most ungodly tootin'. It was comin' closer, too, mighty fast.

"I left my mate with the engine an' rushed up on deck an' in a minute saw what was in trouble.

"Comin' down the rapids, blitherin' about, one minute sideways, the next end on, the next half on her beam ends, was the *Levis*, our company's crack new rapids boat, and up on deck, some o' them lyin' down, some o' them prayin; was the scarest bunch of human nature you ever got your eyes on.

"We guessed ther was somethin' wrong with her steerin' gear, and we guessed right, only not big enough.

"Tom Redfield was a wheelsman on her then, that's where the joke comes on him, and that day he'd been talkin' to a pretty girl up on the bridge and goin' round a curve a quarter of a mile above he got her in the inside current too late and she bumped her rudder and ten feet of her keel on a ledge swingin' round the corner. Tom said afterwards somebody'd cut down a big tree he always'd steered by, and it surprised him so he forgot where he was. I've always blamed it on the girl.

"But anyway, the *Levis* came plungin' down, scrapin' over the shoals, rearin' up like a fiery horse and goin' over sideways in heaves like a buggy in a rut. Lucky she was light draft and had a chunky nest of boilers set well down in her. If she hadn't been built for it, so to speak, though not exactly for that, she'd 'ave stuck and turned over in a minute.

"Up there, in the canal, above the river and only fifty yards away, we could watch her pretty plain. Goin' round the next bend she slewed over near shore, and we heard her scrape hard. She canted over, rolled free,

made a sort of sideways dash in a cross current for the middle of the river where the water showed white, scraped again, then stuck, swung half around, rolled over as the current caught her broadsides and then swung back.

"She seemed to have caught on sort of a pivot and hung there, swingin' back an' forth. All the time her whistle was tootin' most gorgeous. Bob McDonald was hangin' on to the whistle rope, I guess, wonderin' what was comin' next.

The story stopped while McPhee made a tour of the bearings of the big machine, dropped the jogger of a force-feed oiler into action and looked up at the steam guage.

"This old outfit eats coal most voracious," he resumed, "and the stuff they give us now ain't scarcely worth firin' with. I used to get all the steam I wanted but now I have to keep jogging the boys in the stok'old all day. In the old days I could push her up thro' Farron's—Oh, yes, I was tellin' you about the *Levis*.

"Well, we watched her hangin' on that ledge, twistin' round, rollin' over an' back, wonderin' how long she'd stick, for about five minutes. Every once and a while she looked as if she'd slide off, when the current caught her and tipped her up forrud. All of us who knew the 'Long Shoo' knew what that meant, for just 'round the next bend the river took a dive into one of the wildest parts. One to a thousand she'd a turned over the first roll, down there.

"I wasn't thinking then of bein' able to do anything but all of a sudden Captain Redfield, father of Tom, who had the *Oshawa* for twenty years till he got too old to see straight, called me up on the bridge.

"'How's your engine runnin' to-day, Andy,' he says, sort of scowlin' like. 'D'ye think we can run back an' tie up to the *Levis* long enough to take the people off her?'

"Holy Peter, I says, do you want to

get us into that mess, too. Well, you can land me at the head of the canal.

"Don't tell anybody else," he says, 'or they'll all leave, but we're goin' to do it. We'll swing round when we get well up into the river.

"I knew what was bothering the old man. Tom was on board the *Levis*. An' I have guessed too, that the captain had a share in the boat. He got a bigger share afterwards.

"I got down below here again an' made her sift up to the first lock in high order. We went through that too, scarcely waitin' for the head gate to open.

"While we were workin' up into the river the old captain came down to me in the engine room. 'I'm goin' to take her down myself, Andy,' he says, 'an' I believe we can get her through. We'll drop down to that cove in the bend above where she's stuck, swing around there and go down stern first. I'll try to get a line aboard 'em as we go past, and you'll have to hold her up in the current if I don't.'

"Good heavens, captain," I says, "what do you take me for, a steam winch? Such a thing's never been done in the river.

"Which ain't sayin' it won't be," he says, with a sort of chuckle,—he always did that when he was excited—and he climbed off up on deck.

"Well, the scheme worked all right, at least the first part of it. I didn't expect the *Levis* would hang there till we got down to her, but when we come round the upper bend there she was still swingin' round, lookin' sort as if she was built for a new-fangled merry-go-round. We dropped into the cove, and though I felt her jar when she scraped once, we got round alright and headed up the river. Up the shore line I could make her move a little, but out in the current—as I thought at first—it'd carry us down like a dingy.

"Howsumever, the old man kept manoeuvrin' back and forrord, up an' back for fully five minutes, till he got in just the swirl he wanted and then

signalled me down to slow, with the wheels still runnin' ahead.

"We went back, easy at first, then faster, and then Bill my mate, who was standin' over at the gangway yelled that we were fair to bump the *Levis* stern on.

"That was rather a ticklish minute for me, standin' at the valve gear here, not knowin' what was to happen, but I had a most amazin' faith in the old man, an' it was justified too, for we got caught in a cross current just above the ledge and swept across and down the channel not more'n thirty feet away from the *Levis*. I got a most amazin' signal for 'full head,' an' I tell you I give her steam in a hurry, an' we seemed to sort of hang there. Some way the boys got a line aboard the *Levis*. they hauled over a hawser an' first thing we knew there we were tied up to her, without even a bump, we just holdin' our own in the current, gradually pullin' in around behind the ledge.

"We hung there for a minute or two and then I got the signal to ease her down a little, an' then, a minute later, to go up on deck.

"I was glad to get out for a minute, too, to see where we was, so I left Bill with the engine and made a bee-line for the wheelhouse.

"Going along the deck I had a chance to take in the situation. After droppin' below the ledge that held the *Levis* a cross current had swung us in till we were in a sort of boiling pool behind her and about two feet lower down. We were only, perhaps, a hundred and fifty feet away an' a hawser ran from our bow bitts up to her amidships. This was hangin' easy. Our wheels just kept her against the current.

"When I climbed up into the wheelhouse there was the old captain, sittin' cool as a cucumber, with a sort of grin on his face. 'What do you think of it Andy,' he says.

"What bothered me was how he was goin' to get the people off the *Levis* an' I told him so. 'You could do it with a breeches buoy outfit,' I says, 'but before you'd get one rigged up the *Levis*

'd be tumblin' over the ledge on top of us.' I thought of tryin' to send 'em down in a boat, but the cross current over the ledge was so stiff they'd likely miss us or be turned over.

"I could see the men below bringin' up a couple of hawsers which belonged aft, an' followin' my look the old man says, 'Andy, we're goin' to pull the *Levis* off the ledge an' up into the cove. I wanted you to see what was ahead o' you.'

"Yes, I says, an' we'll blow the head off our cylinder doin' it an' you'll be floatin' down past Lachine on your back in a couple of days.

"Quit your joshin', Andy,' he says. 'If we can get up through that sluice way of a channel again we'll be alright. I've been studyin' things while we've been warpin' in here. The *Levis* is hangin' there on a sort of pivot up near her bow. When she swings round she strikes again on a straight raise near her stern which keeps her from comin' over, but when the current gets her again she swings back free. I think, with a good jerk at her stern we can pull her off.

"But how are you goin' to get the jerk, I says, when your own boat can't keep her head in that current.

"Andy,' he shoots back, 'I know you and I know this boat an' her engine most as well as you. She's got to do it an' she will if you want her to.'

"And his confidence sort of made me feel we could.

"I'm havin' a couple of hawsers spliced,' he went on, 'so's to give us lots of room, and they're passin' a couple more down from the *Levis* to have in case o' need.'

"I got down below then," the old engineer continued, as he saw the interest intense in my eyes, "an' got a couple of fresh boys down in the stok'old, for I had an idea of about how much steam I was goin' to use. Then I come back here and Bill and I got everything tightened up for a stiff pull.

"After about five minutes warpin' back and forth down there behind the ledge with the wheels runnin' easy, I

got the order to stand by, an' the old captain shouts down the tube, 'Give her all you've got when I tell you, Andy, she'll need it to get up over the ledge.'

Three toots from the big whistle above broke in on the story.

"Wonder what we're passing now," the old engineer queried. Then, as three hoarser ones answered, "The *Caspian*, eh, she's mighty late to-day," and in a minute more we could see the white bow and then the blue trimmings on the paddle boxes, as they came in line with the window opposite the engine-room door.

"See her old walkin' beam joggin' up an' down?" Andy remarked. Her cylinder stands straight up like a pump in a well, and tries to push a hole in her bottom every time she makes a stroke. If we'd had that riggin' in the *Oshawa* we'd never 'ave got over the ledge that day.

"So you managed it?" I questioned in my turn, to bring him back to the story.

"Well, I wouldn't be here if we didn't," came the reply with a sort of a snort, and then, with his eyes shining in reminiscence, he went on.

"I recollect hearin' the safety valve pop off with a roar while I was waitin'. The boys below had been feedin' her well. Then I got the bell for half-ahead an' half a minute later for full, an' then the fight commenced. Cap' Redfield told me after he thought he could make the channel on a slant but once out in the whirl of it he saw it'd carry our bow around, so he had to swing in square on. For a little minute I felt her bein' carried back but I give her another notch of steam until I could sort of feel we were holdin' our own.

"Give her some more, Andy,' the old man shouts, sort of chucklin', down the tube, an' though I hated to, I gave her another notch and in a minute this old ramrod," pointing to the piston below, "began to run up an' down like a churn handle, an' the wheels outside started to kick up a fuss rather unnatural.

"Seemed sort of cruel to do it," the old engineer kept on, with the love of the staunch and true in machinery construction making itself felt in his story and in his eyes. "Things began to creek up some and I sort of felt a grinding in the main shaft bearing on the sta'bord side. But would you believe it, the old cap'n kept us goin' like that for fully twenty minutes before he signalled to ease off a little.

"But you got up," I queried anxiously.

"Oh yes, that took us up through the worst of it, through that sort of flume," he said, "but don't forget that we were yet in the middle of one of the worst parts of the 'Long Shoo,' with our engine runnin' over her capacity to keep us even where we were and with a bunch of people on a stranded boat behind lookin' to us for their lives. I tell you, von was some anxious minutes, and they weren't short ones neither.

"What bothered me was whether the steam'd hold out. It fell twenty pounds when we was comin' up through the flume, with the boys doing their best down below, then. But Bill fixed that later.

"Then around here things were lookin' mighty queer. The main shaft bearing began to groan some and I had to get the purser—he had nothin' to do, never has—to get out a length of hose from the fire pump forrard and play kind of easy on that and one or two other suspicious lookin' spots. You know, of course,"—a query as to my technical capacity—"if one o' them bearings had ever stuck up from overheatin' where we'd ave been?"

"While we were hangin' there in the river, fightin' to hold our own and now an' then twistin' a little from side to side in the swirls of current, I could hear some hawsers being tumbled around up above and suspicioned they was transferring the line from the *Levis* over our stern. In a minute or two more the old man calls down again: 'All ready, Andy. Now for the tug of war.'

"And then," continued the old en-

gineer, "the real fun began. I'd been watchin' the steam gauge rather close and it most made me fall over when it began to go up again in jumps. After a minute or two Bill came back smilin'—I hadn't missed him in the hurry of things—and told me he'd dumped a couple of barrels of extra oil down in the stok'old and broached 'em to over the coal. That saved me from any worryin' on that score.

"But that wasn't all. When I went to give her more steam to take up the slack in the cable and try to get a pull at the *Levis*, I found she wouldn't 'cut off' right. A sort of knockin' on one of the rods told the story, and I had to send Bill down to monkey with that loose bolt with the whole machine in motion. It was like trustin' yourself in the inside of a sausage machine, but, someway or other he got down, got a spanner on the bolt for a bit of a second each time the rod came around and got it set again.

"By this time the old man was howlin' again for more steam. He never could see any limit to any engine, the old captain, and it made me mad. I says to myself, 'I'll give you enough for once or poke a hole down through intil the river.'

"And they do say," the old man went on, pride in the achievement making itself evident, "that the old *Oshawa* started off then like a lumber tug, and the people on the *Levis* thought we'd pull her off if we had to lift up the bottom of the river. Of course I don't vouch for that myself.

"But anyway," as if to justify the boasting, "I did feel a jerk when we tightened up the slack of that cable and felt the old boat quiver when she settled down to the work.

"It was then," with a smile, "that the name came to the old craft, for she christened herself.

After a few minutes steady pulling she seemed to settle down on herself and to do the work with less fuss. Bill kept the oil going well over the machine and I stood here, giving her a little more or less steam when the current

seemed to catch her hard or easier. She was workin' so that you could feel it all over her.

"Then, sort of gradual, faint at first, but growing louder, I heard that whistlin' begin to come from the cylinder—'pee,' with the upward stroke, 'zoop,' when it went back—'pee-zoop, pee-zoop.' I thought at first the packing was blowing out and got mighty uneasy, but it got no worse, an', do you know, the old machine's got off the same song whenever she's been in a strain, ever since.

"But what about the *Levis*," I threw in, to get back on the story. "Did you get her off?"

"We got her off," the old man continued, with annoying deliberateness, "after about three hours of pulling. Started to yank at her about noon and freed her about three. The old man tried her every way—bow, stern and even amidships till everybody was fair tuckered out an' sick with the strain, an' then when we least expected it the current took an unusool twist, lifted her bow up an inch or two higher than ever before and getting a strain on at the right minute we twisted her round and started up the river with her, stern first.

"After that it was fair easy. Though a few blades were cracked, her wheels would still run and when we once got her in line Bob McDonald started her engines and ran her reversed, helping this old machine out.

"It was a funny sight that," he went on, slowly, as though mentally seeing the picture over again. "After a little I got up on deck for a minute to see how we were doing. There was the old *Oshawa*, belchin' a pillar of smoke like a volcano, wheels fairly tearin' around, stickin' her nose into the swirls like a fast liner and tremblin' from stem to stern with the strain of it all. And comin' along behind us on the end of the hawser, like a whipped schoolboy, was the spic and span-lookin' *Levis*, with her movin' wheels givin' her the appearance of holdin' back. But you should a heard the people on her cheer."

"How did it end," I interjected. "Where did you take her to?"

"Oh," with a resigned sniff, as if nothing remained to tell, "We pulled the *Levis* into the cove, where we'd turned the *Oshawa* round four hours before, and let her strand there twelve feet from shore. They threw out a double gang plank and let the passengers off without wettin' their feet. The company sent a gang up after a day or two, built a coffer dam around her and in a month had her out on the regular route, good as ever.

"And the *Oshawa*," I suggested.

"Oh, we ran her down through the rapids to Cornwall and laid up there over night while we got in a new load o' coal and I got the old machine cooled off an' straightened up. Started off up the canal again next morning and got into Hamilton a day late. The company kicked, too, because we didn't make our schedule."

"Surely not," I began.

"Well, just at first," with a smile. "A little while after I got this." He took a worn case from his vest pocket under his slicker, snapped it open and exposed a good-sized gold watch inside.

"A few miles further up," he said again, "you'll see a little broken-down pier, with a patch of woods beside it an' some houses behind. That's Colborne and one o' the houses I bought with my share of the salvage of the *Levis*. My old wife usually comes down an' waves to me when we go up. Comin' down we're too far off shore. I'm there myself after the boats stop in the fall."

And fifteen minutes later, after I'd gone to the forward gangway to see better, I was able to pick out the bunch of trees and the little pier in front, and then, as the big whistle up above screeched out a friendly salute, with the aid of my glasses, I saw a little figure in black waving a white apron in the wind.

And from behind me came, faint and monotonous, though now with more meaning, the "pee-zoop, pee-zoop, pee-zoop," of the *Oshawa's* old engine.

Reid—Painter of Canadian Character

Of the series of articles on Canadian Painters, which has been running in MacLean's for some months, we venture that readers will declare that none has been more interesting than the sketch in this issue dealing with the career and work of George A. Reid. The writer of the article has happily styled Mr. Reid the "Painter of Canadian Character," and such, indeed, he has abundantly proved himself to be. Some of Mr. Reid's characteristic paintings are featured in the illustrations.

By John Edgecumbe Staley

"I FIRST learned to draw and daub," says George Agnew Reid, "as a child at my home at Wingham, in Ontario. My crude sketches were more or less inspired by the pictorial work that came in my way—the illustrations in British journals and newspapers. These I delighted in copying and coloring. My home afforded few artistic inventives, indeed at first, my father scouted my efforts, but after years of persistence he allowed me to go to Toronto and attend drawing lessons at the Art School. I was received with due honor when I returned the second year after with the silver medal, and my career was settled. When I was no more than eleven years old, I had made up my mind to be nothing else but an artist. Until the age of seventeen—it may sound odd in these pictorial days—I had never so much as seen an original painting; with a companion, I made a pilgrimage to Mr. Cresswell's studio at Seaforth, where I beheld pictures which made a vast impression upon me. My first artistic efforts came out as landscapes—the noble unspoiled nature of Canada, with its grand horizon and clear air, its fine rolling country, and well grown trees, and its noble lakes and rivers. You would be astonished if you knew the number of my landscape studies and compositions. For a considerable time I painted portraits as a matter of financial necessity. People and their occupations engrossed me. I began to

draw and paint the life and movement around me and my earlier canvases told stories of character and situation. Then my visits to Europe, and work in her Schools of Art, effected a marked change in my painting which began to assume a decorative character. This decorative point of view, I hold, leads to the highest expression in the pursuit of the Fine Arts, for it affords so much more extensive scope for the full delivery of the artistic message. I prefer, therefore, above all things, to be known as a decorative painter."

In such simple, yet pregnant words George Agnew Reid sets forth the precepts and example of his life's work. His presence is in keeping with his doctrine—sturdy of build, of average height, with silvering hair and beard his eyes look you straight in the face, whilst his cordial manner and his genial smile are pledges of sincerity.

George Agnew Reid first saw the brilliant light of the broad Dominion of the Imperial Lady of the Sun-beam and Snow-flurry, at Wingham, in Ontario, on July 25, 1860. In his studio, at Upland Cottage, Wychwood Park, hangs, in the place of honor, a canvas, which is at once a painted epic of the painter's origin, and the story in pigment of the first settlers in Canada: he has entitled it "The Home-Seekers."—It represents a pair of black oxen, harnessed to a settler's hooded waggon, wherein are seated a fair young woman

and two comely kiddies. The patient beasts are being gently goaded through a blue-water ford by a man of grit—his pioneer's axe upon his shoulder. Behind, in the dense forest, winds a train of similar waggons. "That," says Reid,

he harvested his crops, and there he reared his family."

As an apprentice for six months in an architect's office, the young lad gained experiences, which, in later years, influenced his art and provided a ben-



Portrait of George A. Reid.

"is a sight rare enough to-day in Canada, of course, where transportation and habitation are so greatly facilitated, but my father did that, with us, some fifty years ago. He staked out his lot, he built the homestead, he cleared the land,

evolent diversion from strenuous brushwork. His early art-training he gained in Toronto, and later in Philadelphia. In the latter city he studied for three years at the Academy of Fine Arts, under Thomas Eakins.

Before leaving Canada, Reid had made his public appearance as a painter at the exhibition of the "Ontario Society of Artists" in 1882—his picture was called "The Last Load—the end of Hay-Harvest," it was treated in a characteristically Canadian manner. Many such canvasses proclaimed his skill in characterization and local color—the most famous being "Mortgaging the Homestead," and "Foreclosure of the

setti. The draughtsmanship, in this series, is quite admirable.

In Paris, Reid came under entirely new influences. Entering his name at the famous Julian's Reid placed himself under the tuition of Constant, Laurens and Dagnan-Bouveret. If his attendance at the Art Schools of Paris was confined to two short years its effect was most satisfactory, for, in 1889, he gained the annual prize of the combin-



The Story in a Hay Loft.

Mortgage," the latter indeed was one of the pictures of the year at the World's Fair at Chicago and was awarded a medal. Among others, two at least, of Reid's early story-telling pictures, display quite remarkably Pre-Raphaelite affinities—the painting simply direct from Nature, with little or no attempt at idealism. The "Flute-player" and "A Modern Madonna" might very well have come from the "Brotherhood" easels of William Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, and Dante Gabriel Ro-

ed Julian Academies, for the best painted study from the human model.

Traveling through France, and noting and sketching everything that took his fancy, at Amiens, Reid was greatly fascinated by a beautiful panel of Puvvis de Chavannes—the famous French decorative painter—entitled "Work." This painting, as well as others by the same master, cast a new and brilliant light upon the course which his Art was designed to take. He had, hitherto, painted realistically scenes of humble

life and industrial craft in Canada: now he saw an idealistic future awaiting him—the facts and fancies of human life amid poetic affinities. Visits to England, Spain and Italy, and study of the various national expressions of Art, along with a special study of Velasquez, enlarged the painter-traveler's new horizon. He began to pitch his landscapes in a higher key, his figures and portraits became impressions freely treated, and his style assumed distinct-

ness painted in 1888; "Deputation," "Forbidden Fruit" and "A Story in a Hay-loft"—in 1890.— indicate how thoroughly he caught boyhood's love of adventure. The sweet pathos of human life he touchingly expressed in "Lullaby" and "Family Prayer"—both painted in 1893; its homely humor in "The Visit of the Clockmaker," 1894; and its dramatic aspect in "The Home-Seekers" in 1908.

In 1885, Reid had been made an



The Visit of the Clock Maker.

ly decorative aspects. The influences under which the Reids came in those art-teeming countries has permeated their work ever since—for, it must not be forgotten that, Mrs. Reid is an accomplished artist, too. Many excellent studies of still-life, flower-gardens, color effects—especially in Spain—remain to prove the value of those experiences.

Nevertheless, Reid has returned, from time to time, to his first manner—that of depicting Canadian life and character: his sequence of studies from boy-life is admirable — "Drawing Lots,"

Associate of the Royal Canadian Academy, in 1890, the distinction of Academician was conferred upon him, and, in 1906 he was chosen President of the Academy—the highest Canadian honor obtainable in Art. He served as President of the "Ontario Society of Artists" from 1888-1903. He is pleased also to call the attention of his friends to his work as an architect—this he regards as his chief recreation. It was a great relief to brain and hand to design, build, and decorate the little church at Onteora, in the Catskill

Mountains, and his studio-cottage hard by—as well as at least a score of summer residences for friends, among them that of Miss Maude Adams, the actress. For a number of these he has painted friezes and decorative panels, and has also designed much of their furniture. He once lectured before the "Ontario Association of Architects" on, "The Summer Cottage and its Furnishing," and he explained tersely his views on

cial notice—"Music" and "Iris." The former—for which he was awarded a medal at the World's Fair, St. Louis—is a comely youth, life-size and nude, leaning gracefully, back to the beholder, against a stout pine tree, whilst he dreamily plays his pipe. He is looking across a stretch of still, blue water, and over the golden corn fields and verdant hills beyond. Painted in 1900, as a wing of a projected triptych—this



Family Prayer.

the union of the sister arts,—architecture, sculpture and painting—in the erection and adornment of edifices. "The work of Art," he said, "should not be a mere addition to items, but should in fact be the opposite—a unity resulting from the refinement of thought and the elimination of the unnecessary. . . The purest form of Art is opposed to ostentation and pretence."

In Reid's studio hang among many other canvases, two which call for spe-

cial notice—"Music" and "Iris." The former—for which he was awarded a medal at the World's Fair, St. Louis—is a comely youth, life-size and nude, leaning gracefully, back to the beholder, against a stout pine tree, whilst he dreamily plays his pipe. He is looking across a stretch of still, blue water, and over the golden corn fields and verdant hills beyond. Painted in 1900, as a wing of a projected triptych—this

portrait-study, but it is treated in idealistic fashion, and the symbolical meaning of the "flag" provides the charms of romance.

The collaboration of Mr. and Mrs. Reid, in artistic output has been provocative of the super-excellence of much of their work. They have studied, and drawn, and painted together. Lovers of nature both, each has exchanged

decoration and unsurpassed in composition, color and poetic finish." He says, "I love to depict the pageant of Canada:" and she replies,—“I love the gorgeous tapestries of Nature's bed”—referring to the fascination of the beautiful floral kingdom of Britain.

Reid holds that walls should, as a rule, be decorated with mural painting, and, for an example he painted



Lullaby.

and blended harmonies and melodies in paint—their aim only being perfection. Mary Reid's brilliant matinées, in red and gold, and her sympathetic soirées, in blue and silver, with their sentient atmospheres, are just those impressions which her husband has taken, and, dusting off some of their wealth of luminosity, has graded most effectively in his decorative schemes. Of her work it has been justly said, "it is poetic and it is beautiful"; of his—"He is a master in the art of pictorial

the "Glory" over the east window of the Oteora Chapel, with excellent effect. In an interesting paper, which, he contributed to the Canadian Architect and Builder, he says of mural decoration—"In our own time a movement has arisen, which is making itself felt among painters and sculptors, and is directing their attention towards the more adequate decoration of architecture. "He goes on to refer to the inception of the Toronto "Guild of Civic Art," which was incorporated

specially for the beautifying of the city and generally—in union with the "League of School Art,"—for the adornment of the walls of the public schools and buildings.

Reid has fully proved his ability and his liberality too, in the line of mural decoration by his series of six imaginative historical panels in the main corridor of the City Hall, and by his munificence in presenting his ex-

many private houses in Canada: among them "Morning," "Afternoon," and "Evening," in Sir Edmund Walker's library, in Toronto; landscapes, in Professor Short's Study, at Ottawa; and "Homer and his pupils," in the library of Queen's University, at Kingston, are the most important. "The arrival of Champlain at Quebec, 1608" — a large historical composition—is the property of the Government of the Do-



The coming of the White Man.

cellent work to the city. Of this series "The Settlers"—an Ontario fantasy—is reproduced here; it has for fellow "The Pioneers"—staking out a farm. The effect of these frescoes is remarkable for the tasteful adaptation of their color-schemes to the prevailing greys and reds of the architectural features of the building. A notable part of the design is the inscription, in the borders, of names famous in Canadian history. Reid has executed mural paintings in

Sig. 5.

minion of Canada. Several* pastel studies for the Pageants of Quebec, in 1908, were reproduced in "The King's Book," which is a record of that picturesque Celebration of Canada's Tercentenary.

One of the illustrations of this article is "The Coming of the White Man"—a decorative composition, which has been exhibited several times, and always with success—it was one of the principal pictures of the last Toronto

Canadian National Exhibition. It is a Canadian story of the times of the precursors, and Reid has often rendered it. "My helpful model in the painting," Reid says, "was a Blackfoot Indian, with the portentous name 'Thunder Cloud'—a fine type of a decaying race and a very good fellow. In Reid's studio are many studies for friezes and decorative panels: one of them is entitled "Science"—a mural

ple, they have a delightful suburban residence, and they care little for the garish world around. Of anecdote and episode they are chary—indeed Reid has a great dislike for personalities; he lives for his Art and is a serious professor thereof. Few are his recreations—indeed he has no pastimes outside his studio,—but his spare energies he directs to the advancement of Art instincts in others. Younger men look to him for light and leading. He has



Forbidden Fruit.

painting intended for one of the corridors in the City Hall, which is reproduced with this article. It has a special interest in as much as it was intended for a companion to a design, elaborated by another prominent and able Toronto artist—E. Wyly Grier, R.C.A., "Art"—the two painters worked in harmonious collaboration.

Mr. and Mrs. Reid are a happy cou-

ple, they have a delightful suburban residence, and they care little for the garish world around. Of anecdote and episode they are chary—indeed Reid has a great dislike for personalities; he lives for his Art and is a serious professor thereof. Few are his recreations—indeed he has no pastimes outside his studio,—but his spare energies he directs to the advancement of Art instincts in others. Younger men look to him for light and leading. He has

held office in almost every Art association in Canada and in many across the American border. His last appointment is that of Director of the newly reorganized Ontario College of Art, whose headquarters are in the galleries of the Normal School, Toronto, where he genially welcomes visitors and enlarges enthusiastically upon the splendid future awaiting Art in Canada.

Factors in Canada's Prosperity

These articles on the business and financial situation will be a regular monthly feature of MacLean's. The department is being handled by the associate editor of the Financial Post, the leading financial newspaper of the Dominion. The series will be of particular interest and value to business and professional men, for every phase of the business situation and the commercial development of Canada will be covered. In this article two factors which ensure the Dominion's prosperity are considered: railroad expenditure and immigration.

By John Appleton

Associate Editor of The Financial Post of Canada

DURING the latter part of January it was announced that so prominent a railway official as G. J. Bury, vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, resident at Winnipeg, had left for a vacation of some weeks. His destination was the Orient. To visit the Orient in search of health means the expenditure of more time than usually embraced in the space of "a few weeks." It may be assumed without outraging the proprieties of reasonable assumption that Mr. Bury would be away from the centre of his very great activities for some months — say two months at least. This means that his plans for the coming summer have been completed, and before they are put into the process of actual execution, Mr. Bury desires to be in the best of health. Just about a year ago he was quoted very generally as saying that the Canadian Pacific Railway would spend in Winnipeg and the grain growing provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba all the money it could. More money was appropriated than could be spent. It is not generally appreciated that there are very definite limitations to the amount of money that can be spent economically. At the beginning of the year Mr. Bury met deputations and frankly stated that the

president of the company had furnished him with an appropriation bigger than the supply of labor and material would permit of his using. The deputations he received, and he is very approachable, sought more cars, more track and more trains. All these are needed now as they were then. A larger catalogue of legitimate wants could be drawn up and every want would have at its back the soundest justification. In providing all these wants, however, there are limitations. Generally speaking, the chief limitation has been money. That, however, does not bother the Canadian Pacific Railway to a point of embarrassment. Last year the limitation the company had to contend with was not cash but labor, material, and in a measure public obstruction. Of these the first was perhaps the most acute. Labor of the skilled kind, such as to lay out plans upon which millions of expenditure had to be based, was as much in demand as the \$2.00 a day manual labor without knowledge of the English tongue. In the face of these limitations many millions were laid out economically and these millions constituted one of the chief factors in the steadiness of good business conditions in the Western provinces during the past year.

What the business sense of the Dominion at the present time is concerned with is whether the Canadian Pacific will continue its policy of expenditure during the months ensuing. Circumstances point to even greater activity. Mr. Bury has submitted his plans to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, and they have been approved. At the same time he has gone for a rest pending the season when the actual execution of these plans can be started. Meanwhile during February the contributions to \$104,000,000 of new stock will commence to roll into Canada from all corners of the earth. Everything points to greater activity on the part of the Canadian Pacific Railway during the present year than the company has shown in any past year in its entire history. More money is in sight to be spent than at any previous time. More money, let it be repeated, for the whole of Canada, not merely the Canadian Pacific Railway, than at any period of her development. But in the case of the great railroad of which we have been speaking, it has the money, and its directors and officers are already rolling back their sleeves with a view to bringing their system to a point of efficiency equal to the demands for transportation service.

Last year's expenditure of the Canadian Pacific was a material factor in lubricating the wheels of business in the Dominion. It does not require more than ordinary "horse sense" to perceive that the expenditures during the coming year will be equally as great—with the possibility of their being very much greater.

But as to the limitations in the form of lack of men and material of which something has already been said. During the course of 1912 the industrial plants that care for the needs of transportation companies have been very much strengthened. Reference is here made only to those of the Dominion. For the good of the Dominion as a whole—the business health of it—it is desirable that the industrial plant within its bounds should be well fed with domestic demands. They are better able to care for them during 1913 than

they were in 1912. If the railroad companies are going to spend as much in 1913 as they did in the preceding year, all these industrial plants will be kept very busy. In making plans for the year the business man would be quite justified in ignoring the "if" with regard to railroad expenditure and justified also in taking the positive ground that the railways are going to spend more this year than in any previous year.

Railroad expenditure is a great factor, but by no means the only one, to be reckoned with in gauging the trend of general business. If there is a more important one than railroad expenditure it is the immigration movement. In the early months of the year the extent to which capital expenditure will be made by the railways can be fairly well measured. There is no such definiteness as to what will be the outcome of the immigration season. Perhaps the best guide to follow is the immigration commissioner at Winnipeg. Mr. Bruce Walker, who holds that office, is of a very optimistic temperament. He is intensely enthusiastic and his zeal in immigration work is so persistent as to infect those with whom he comes in contact. Though this earnestness inspires doubt in the mind of the business man as to his figures and estimates, this has to be admitted: Mr. Walker's estimates in previous years have been strictly within the mark. For the present year he promises to land in Canada as many new citizens as he did last year. It is not necessary to rely entirely upon Mr. Walker, as to data upon which to base immigration figures for the year. There are other signs and tokens well worth canvassing by the business ear. No doubt but that many shrewd business men already realize the importance of the policy of the Canadian Pacific Railway in establishing direct steamship communication with Trieste. From amongst the agricultural classes of the countries tributary to Trieste, excellent settlers can be found and no doubt that fact has been well verified by the Canadian Pacific Railway before it entered

into serious consideration of establishing a steamboat service with that port. This means that there is to be no cessation, but an augmentation of the immigration activity of the Canadian Pacific. What that company finds it necessary to do will have to be done also by the other railroads. Building branch lines into territory sparsely settled entails the responsibility of bringing more settlers to that territory in order to develop enough business to make the lines pay.

Two factors then, of first importance in keeping well lubricated the commercial wheels of the Dominion are at present time throbbing with activity. The Dominion has its hands on the necessary money to carry on development work on an increasing scale, and its agencies in getting more settlers are as alert, and more effective, than at any

previous date. On these facts it is safe to base the conclusion that conditions during the present year will have in them all the elements of prosperity that characterized 1912, and in addition they will be stimulated by increased immigration and increased expenditure by the railroads. These larger movements are already financed and no money difficulties lie in their way. But that is not the case with the business man, generally, who has ahead of him a money market not too well supplied with offerings, and what money is offered commands a higher price. As to the future of money, that subject will be dealt with in the next month. But it can be stated now that, although money conditions are somewhat uncertain, that everything points to 1913 being a more prosperous year than its predecessor.

Canada's Manufactured Exports

Canada is not yet a large exporter of manufactures, but so far as we have developed that trade the United States is our best single customer. In fact she takes nearly forty per cent. of our total export of manufactured goods.

In 1911-12 we sold to the world manufactures valued at \$35,000,000; of which the United States took nearly \$14,000,000. On the other hand, this is a small portion of her imports of manufactures which reach about \$600,000,000. Moreover, we are purchasers of manufactures from the United States to many times our sales of that class of goods to her. We bought in 1911-12 \$342,000,000 from the States.

The chief item of manufactures which we export to our southern neighbors is closely related to raw materials. It consists of pulp and paper and amounts in the total to six millions and a half.

The Little House

The story of a tragic love—such is “The Little House.” The love interest which dominates it is intense from the outset, and increases as the tale progresses through trial and tribulations and finally deepens into mystery. The scene is laid in India. Annette T. Johnson is one of the best known American fiction writers, and her work is always hailed with delight by readers.

By Annette Thackwell Johnson

THERE by the roadside, with a peepul tree on one side of the gate and a clump of bamboos on the other, surrounded by a garden typically Indian, lay the little house—quaint, silent, deserted.

Often on my early morning rides I had looked at it and longed to know its story. That it had one, I was sure. Romance had been there! Behind those fine old veranda pillars and out there in the garden, love had perhaps walked hand in hand with sorrow. Had it been worth while? What was the story?

I strove to forget it, but, whatever my resolve in the morning when we left our bungalow, with Bobs's head firmly turned in the direction of the parade-grounds where fashion aired itself, before the ride was over we invariably found ourselves approaching the little house. Bobs would slow down his pace to a walk, and I would look and look at the old deserted garden and the white pillared veranda—look and look, and wonder! Once I thought I saw the laughing face of a girl peeping out at me from behind the big bushes of jessamine; sometimes I imagined that I heard the sound of sobs. Always I felt the call—the call of the little house. Who had built it? How came it there, so far from the station where the English lived—five miles, at least, in the heart of the Doon? And then, why was it deserted?

The road leading to it was very beautiful, winding through five miles of

one of the most picturesque valleys in the world. Clumps of feathery bamboo and tallow trees bordered it; on either side lay prosperous-looking tea-plantations; above were the Himalayas, magnificently close. What a spot in which to dream—and love!

I pictured Her young, with dark, curling hair and deep, wistful dark eyes—graceful, dainty! She must have looked just so when she peeped at Him from behind the clumps of jessamine. She would laugh and dare him to chase her, and then she would run—I could see her, catching up her dress in front to keep from tripping. And He, when he would catch her—doubtless he made her very happy! But it had not lasted, for the bungalow was deserted now.

What was He like? I had no picture of him—nothing but the shadowy form of a man—stretching out his arms.

It was in March when I began to dream about the house and the garden. Always I saw Her walking with bent head, and hands locked in front—beside her an indistinct figure. I could smell the scent of the jessamine and the roses as she brushed the flowers aside and looked up at Him with piteous, suffering eyes. What was it? *What was it?*

One morning, as we approached the house, Bobs stopped, and I *koihaied* (called.) Obedient to my summons, from the back of the building appeared a decrepit gardener, whose presence on

the premises accounted for the thrifty condition of the roses, marigolds, and jessamine.

I explained that both my horse and I were thirsty.

"If the *mem-sahib* will honor our habitation by descending," he salaamed respectfully, "the *ayah* will attend to her, while I promise that the horse shall receive every care."

"How does it come that so deserted a place can boast of an *ayah* and a *mali*?" I inquired of the ancient woman who immediately presented herself.

"Ah, *mem-sahib*, we have been here these twenty-five years, taking care of the old place—just taking care of the old place;" and she wiped her eyes with the corner of her *chudder*.

"I am so tired, *ayah*; may I sit down?"

"If the *mem-sahib* would so condescend," she responded eagerly. So in a moment I was ensconced in a large cane chair beneath the jessamine bushes, with the old woman at my feet. At last I was to hear the story of the little house!

"It was twenty-five years ago, *mem-sahib*," she began, "that we came out here—twenty-five years ago. It was lonely in this part of the Doon, but I did not care, for I had my birdling—my *missie baba*! Yes, *mem-sahib*, she was very beautiful, and her voice was like that of a bulbul in spring!

"Her mother died when she was born (we lived then in the big bungalow near the parade-ground), and her father, the *bara sahib*, employed me to take care of the motherless one. I was her wet-nurse first, and then, when my own baby died, I stayed on as *ayah* for the little miss. The doctor had given her up, *mem-sahib*, but I saved her!" And the old woman folded her arms triumphantly across her withered breasts that had been life-giving once, years ago! "She loved me also, *mem-sahibje*, she was mine indeed, for had I not cheated death of her? The *sahib* noticed her sometimes, but not often; he mourned and mourned for the *mem-sahib*, her mother.

"We were grand folk in those days, *mem-sahibje*, and the *sahib* was invited out to many *barra khannas* (big dinners), but he always refused to go, and gradually people forgot him.

"Sometimes the ladies whom we met on the parade-ground would ask me to show them my baby, and they would kiss her and hand her back to me and say, 'A beautiful child, *ayah*! What a pity the *sahib* is bringing her up so badly!'

"That made me weep bitterly, and finally I spoke to the *sahib*. 'Behold, your lordship's daughter is growing up, six years old; she should go to school with the lady-log. I will speak to the *mem* at the Mission Ka-Iskul, if I am granted premission.'

"The *sahib* said, 'Is she indeed so old? Is she *only* so old? Is it not a hundred years since the light went out of my life?'

"But he let me do as I thought best, *mem-sahib*, and I made arrangements with the mission ladies for my lambkin to go to the Mission Ka-Iskul. The *radri's mem* cried when I told her about my little miss, and came to see the *sahib*, who gave her money so that she would buy the Miss *Sahib's* clothes and send her away. For nine months every year I gave up the apple of my eye; but when she came home in the winter, so clever, I was so glad and proud that I forgot the bitter darkness of the nine long months when the light of the sun had been withheld from me. She would come dancing into the house, throw her arms around me, and kiss me. She always brought me some gift. These beads, *mem-sahib*, and these anklets and bracelets"—touching them tenderly—"are all from her—my little miss.

"She used to tell me about the wonderful things she learned. My heart would become as wax when she explained about the big seas down Bombay way; and the stars, and about the Christian's God. *Mem-sahiba*, that was the most terrible of all! It seems that there is a great fiery pit where wicked people are to be burned forever and ever! My Miss *Sahib* told me all about

it—and how careful she would have to be!

"*Ayah*, I want to be good and get to heaven. You must, dear *ayah*!" and she would kiss me and love me.

"I would laugh and pat her head. It was hard for me to understand—these many paths out into the unknown!

"One day the *sahib* called me into his study. He was very white, and he sat there with a letter in his hand.

"*Ayah*," he said, 'I have just heard from the principal of the school where the Miss *Sahib* goes. She says that the child has done so well that she ought to be sent to England.'

"My bones turned to water within me. Sent to England! My birdling sent to England!

"But, *ayah*," he went on, and his face became even whiter, 'I have no money. The British government has given me my dismissal, and there is almost nothing left.'

"Then the *sahib* put his head down on the desk and sobbed, as a broken man may.

"All the servants had known what was coming. The *sahib* had been taking opium for many months. The cook had already left, and the others were going.

"I fell on my knees before him, and begged him to let me stay with him and look after my little *missie baba*; but he did not seem to hear me, and by and by I saw that he was very ill. He could neither move nor speak.

"Then I ran out and sent for the doctor *sahib*, who came and helped us to lay the sick man on a bed. Then the doctor sent a *tar Khabar* (telegram) to the Miss *Sahib*. By nightfall my birdling was with us again.

"She had become a woman, *mem-sahibje*, a lovely woman. Only sixteen, and so wise! She went through her father's accounts and settled everything—all his debtors and creditors went to her, while her father lay and stared and stared at the wall. Sometimes his lips would move, but we were never able to make out a word.

"Among those who came to the house to see the Miss *Sahib* about her father's

debts was Rugbir Singh. Ah, *mem-sahib*, a lion among men! He was a son of one of the richest natives in the city; he had been sent to England to be educated. Yes, he was very fair. Handsome? Ah, if the *mem* could only have seen him! Six feet tall, with the shoulders of a god! And his eyes! Ah, when those eyes looked at a woman, *mem-sahib*, they burned two holes through her breast! He had been married young, and had three wives in his zenana, but he did not care much for them, and was always looking, looking, for something he had never found. He played cricket and polo a great deal with the *sahib log*, for they liked him. He was a sight to restore the blind when he rode on his pony after the ball in the polo game, the end of his turban fluttering victoriously!

"I am an old woman, but even now I do not wonder that when my Miss *Sahib* first saw him she stood as if turned to stone; for as he looked at her his eyes seemed to send out flames that pierced her breast and wrapped themselves about her heart. That was the moment of their nuptials, *mem-sahib*. The gods had made them one!

"She gave him her eyes for an instant, and then she stepped forward. 'Will you see my father?' she asked. His only answer was, 'You!'

"I had learned to understand English, though I was never so impudent as to speak it, and I made up my mind that I would protect my little mistress. But when the gods arrange matters, who are men that they should strive? I strove—but to what purpose?

"He went into the room and helped her lift her father into a more comfortable position; then, after talking a little business with her, and looking at her a great deal, while the color came and went in her cheeks, he left her, and as he went I saw him kiss her hand.

"All evening she sat near her father, with the hand that had been kissed next her heart. What could I do? I was always there—that was all; but he was always there also, and as the *sahib* was deeply in his debt, no one could send him away.

"After three weeks the *sahib* died, and the Miss *Sahib* was left, so they said, with nothing at all. I had saved a hundred rupees, and went and dug them out of the ground and gave them to the little miss.

"The day after the funeral people began to come. A *mem* came from the cantonments and said that she would take my Missie *Sahib* as her nurse, only she must come without pay, just at first. Oh, *mem-sahib*, *mem-sahib*, I could have spat upon her for wanting my little lady to do *ayah ka-kam* (*ayah's* work). Then the *padri's mem* came and said:

"My dear child, accept the situation, by all means. It may be your salvation. You are too young and pretty to be alone in a world full of pitfalls for the unwary, and you must never see Rugbir Singh again!"

"My Miss *Sahib* turned very pale, and she looked at her and said, 'Why?'

"Because, my dear, he has three wives already, and you are a lady, while he is only a native."

"After the *padri's mem* had left her, Rugbir came, and my little Miss *Sahib* told him with white lips that she would have to ask him to stop coming, because people were talking about her, and—and——

"Then he stopped her, *mem-sahib*. He took her in his arms and kissed her as a man might kiss a woman he has thirsted for since time began. She put her head on his shoulder and said that she would give up the world for him.

"My poor little missie *baba!* How little she knew what giving up the world meant!

"*Hai, hai*, it was to be, *mem-sahib*, it was to be! They were mated before the gods; their eyes met and melted into one. He would look and look at her as if she were his lost self. He looked at her, *mem-sahib*, as women dream of being looked at, and as so few men ever look. His eyes were little points of light, touching, boring, gripping down into her soul. He would talk to her, his arm around her, telling her wild, delicious things that sent little shudders

through her. She had never heard such things—so few women ever do!

"Well, *mem-sahib*, they tried to get married. They went to every *padri sahib* in the valley, asking to be married, but the *padri Sahibs* would become very angry, and say:

"How dare you think of such an iniquitous thing? It is impossible to marry a Christian girl to a heathen—a wretched native, with three wives already!"

"Then my Miss *Sahib* spoke up: 'If I were a *Sikh*, could I marry him, and be his legal wife?'

"Yes—according to law."

"Well, in that case, why can I not marry him now? I cannot become a *Sikh*, for I believe in the Christian's God. I am a Christian."

"You are a wicked woman," said the *padri sahib*, "and no Christian at all. Live with him, girl, if you want to—at the peril of your soul."

"The ladies, none of them, spoke to her; nobody came to see her; and Rugbir Singh's wives in the city were just as angry as the white ladies. You see, Rugbir never went near them any more.

"Then, after a month or so of dreadful misery in the station, her lover brought her out here. The house was an old canal bungalow, and he enlarged it for her use. They were very happy for a while. He would come home to her in the evening, and she would run to meet him; then they would walk down the path together, while he picked the roses for her. She taught him to play hide-and-seek about the jessamine bushes, and he would catch her. Ah, *mem-sahib*, those two were very near paradise in those days.

"Then, one evening, when he met her he saw that she had been crying. He took her down through the garden until they reached the well, and she sat there with her hand in his. At last she told him. Ah, ah, she was so young, my lambkin. Love had come to her as he comes to few, but she had to pay, *mem-sahib*, she had to pay! We all do." The old crone wiped her eyes with her withered hand.

"Well, she told him, and I, listening

back of the jessamine bushes, heard her with wonder.

"You see," she said, "as long as it was only you and I, it did not matter, but now, Rugbir, my dear, my dear, there is going to be somebody else: a nameless, fatherless child. For its sake, can you not give me your name? For its sake, darling! These people, yours and mine, will be as cruel to it as they are to me. Rugbir, make its path easier!"

"Then he kissed her—he ate her up with his eyes! He told her that he would sell his soul for her—that he would marry her. Surely in all India there must be some one who would marry them! He would go out of the Doon and fetch a *padri*, and his heart's delight, his own, would be herself once more. So they planned it all, sitting there on the curb of the well. By and by she put her head back on his shoulder, and together they watched the moon rise, while he kissed her fingers one by one, and then—her mouth.

"Ah, *mem-sahib*, I have had three husbands, but love such as that never touched me! As I watched them, my heart burned within me, and I called upon my gods to protect her, that she might not pay the full price of such happiness.

"I watched my lady very carefully those days, for Rugbir's three wives were very angry. I said nothing about it, but twice I found that poison had been put in her drinking water. Always I tested it upon the kittens we kept about the place. Once I killed a cobra in her bath-room. I feared for my lady, I feared—how I feared!

"Finally, Rugbir decided that he must go to Saharunpur. He had heard that there was a native Christian *padri* there who might be persuaded to marry them. I suppose, *mem-sahib*, that he meant to make it well worth the fellow's while. He was going to be gone three days to fetch him.

"How happy and light-hearted my little mistress was when he left! She ran about, arranging the furniture and picking flowers. It was all going to be right; she said at last.

"I was to sleep in the house, to be near her, but after I ate my dinner that night I fell asleep on the floor of my hut. The other servants had the same thing happen to them. We had all been heavily drugged—two of the men died.

"The first thing of which I was conscious was Rugbir bending over me, pouring cold water on my face, and brandy down my throat, saying:

"*Ayah, ayah*, wake up! Where—where is the *mem-sahib*?"

"*Hai, hai!*" and the old woman beat upon her breast, "from that day to this there has never been any sign of our hearts' delight. A rumor spread in the city that she herself, wearying of Rugbir, had sent him away, and drugged us all, in order to have a chance to escape to England with a colonel *sahib* who used to admire her when her father was living.

"But we, her lord and I, knew differently. We hunted for her everywhere. He even searched the well. There was no sign or sound. For days he was like one mad. With outstretched arms, he walked the garden-paths, crying, 'My beloved, my beloved, where art thou, my own?'

"He almost expected to have her suddenly appear behind some bush, and put her little hands over his eyes, whispering, 'Lord of my life, who is it?'

"Within two months his hair and beard were white as snow, and they said in the city that he was mad. His wives wanted him to go back to them, but he never did, and they died without seeing him. The last one was buried only five days ago. They did say that in her delirium—it was cholera—she seemed to see an apparition, and screamed over and over again, 'Take her away, take her away! Who let her out?' What could she have meant, *mem-sahib*?

"My master has paid me to watch here all these years. He comes but seldom now. It grieves him so, he says. He is to be here to-day, for the outside bedroom wall has begun to give way, and the workmen are to tear down part

of it, in order to repair it properly. I think I hear them now, *mem-sahib*, on the other side of the house. Let us go and see."

I rose, glad to change my position after listening to the old woman's story; and glad also to brush away some tears that had risen unbidden to my eyes. She was moaning, "*Hai, hai*," as grief-stricken eastern women do, when we took the path leading around to the deserted bedroom. Several coolies were there, two or three working with pick-axes under the direction of a majestic-looking native gentleman, a *Sikh* with white eyebrows and snow-white beard. Surely, *Rugbir* himself!

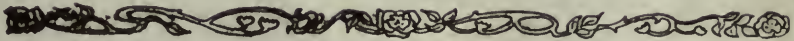
The *ayah* was commencing to salaam when suddenly her arm was arrested. What was that—that thing within the wall? Bricks and plaster had been re-

moved, and there in the aperture was *something*, a bit of cloth—terrible! I reeled with sick horror. A skeleton within the wall. Some one had been built up years ago. A bony hand protruded. Upon one finger was a ring placed there with solemn vows by *Rugbir Singh* when he was young.

The wall trembled, the ring slipped off and rolled to *Rugbir's* feet. He picked it up, looked at it dazed, then, shrieking, "My heart's delight, thou hast come back to me!" fell prostrate.

There was a terrible crash, and the whole wall crumbled to earth, covering the senseless man. Amidst the wild din of falling masonry and the uproar of human voices I heard the old *ayah's* shrieks:

"She has paid, she has paid—to the full!"



FRIENDS

Little they know who say—"Two staid old souls,
Boring each other, for their days are long!"
Faith, and it may be that we act the roles
Assigned us, well—but ah, the world is wrong!

We have a pleasure in old-fashioned ways—
We love to tilt our chairs back from the fire,
And linger over tales of other days,
And each for each a new regard inspire.

Matches are cheap—a great pile by your chair,
Shows where your thoughts were when you told that tale,
While I smoked on, and filled the air
With rare tobacco fumes, the wife calls—"stale!"

Boring each other—Ah, the joke of it—
For when we part, sure it's reluctantly!
To fret for each, tho' quietly we sit
And watch the hours go passing silently.

—Amy E. Campbell.



SIR HUGH GRAHAM,
Proprietor of the "Montreal Star."

Sir Hugh Graham: Near Napoleon of Canadian Newspaperdom

One of the outstanding figures in Canadian journalism is Sir Hugh Graham, proprietor of The Montreal Star. His career has been of a most remarkable and successful character, culminating in the control of one of the leading publications of the Dominion and recognition of distinguished service in the form of a knighthood. The salient features of the career are set forth in this character sketch, which will be read throughout the country with interest and appreciation.

By Linton Eccles

AN OLD journalistic hand once told me that it took at least two generations to build up a really successful newspaper. If we are to accept that estimate as the rule, then Sir Hugh Graham must be the exception that proves it. Still, his achievement of establishing the Montreal Star and the Family Herald and Weekly Star had no mushroom characteristics about it. To give up over forty of your three-score years to one sole object is to set apart practically the whole of your life—which is just what Sir Hugh Graham has done. Therefore, so far as his own generation is concerned, he has done himself pretty well, as we, slangily, sometimes say.

To be looking forward to your sixty-fifth birthday, and to be able to look back along the years when you were working hard pulling two newspapers up to the fortune-making stage, is to contemplate something really attempted and something done. It is more than whispered on and around St. James Street that Sir Hugh clears a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year from his journalistic enterprises. And, though La Presse, the chief organ of the French-speaking masses of Quebec province, seems to have spiked the Star's claim to the biggest circulation, the Star's proprietor at least can reflect with commercial pride that he has built

up one of the best publicity propositions in the country.

There is a good deal of parallel about the careers of Hugh Graham and Alfred Harmsworth. That is why I have dubbed the former the "Near Napoleon of Canadian Newspaperdom"—for every Macaulay schoolboy knows that Lord Northcliffe, who started life as plain Alfred Harmsworth, just as Sir Hugh Graham started it as plain Hugh, is known as the Napoleon of Fleet Street. And I am not sure that Sir Hugh, although he affects to dislike publicity, in his heart will cavil at this comparison with the man who has helped so much to shape popular journalism in England.

The parallel is not only borne out in the achievement of the two men; it goes back to their origins and their early struggles for recognition. Both were country products and both came up to the city in young, impressionable years to show the citizens how to run it, or something like that. The proprietor of the English journal with the most extensive circulation in Canada was the son of a Scottish farmer, W. R. Graham, settled at Athelstan, in Huntingdon County, Quebec, which most Quebec and some Ontario farmers will tell you is a rich agricultural county. Hugh Graham was born on July 18, 1848,

and with a slice of the national tenacity of purpose his father put him to work on the farm with the idea, one supposes, of keeping him there. Then a little learning and the powerful attractions of the city came to quash the father's hopes.

Hugh had an uncle, the late E. H. Parsons, who published the Commercial Advertiser and the Daily Telegraph at Montreal. To the Metropolis, after some years at the Huntingdon Academy, the farmer's son came, and he was put upon a stool in his uncle's office at the age of fifteen to learn how to become an office boy. He must have learned quickly and to some purpose, for two years afterward he had jumped up to be general manager of the Daily Telegraph. However, the enthusiasm and ability of the stripling boss failed to keep the paper from going on the rocks that have foundered many a promising publication before and since. The Telegraph was silenced, and Hugh Graham found a temporary refuge with the Gazette Publishing Company, which he left in a year or two as secretary-treasurer.

A temporary job it was bound to be, for the graduate from the farm to the newspaper profession could not be kept for long off the proprietorial perch. Before he had reached his twenty-first birthday he had completed plans with Marshall Scott to start a newspaper—The Star. No bantling in the Canadian newspaper world has had a more humble inauguration. An old employment office on Fortification Lane was the best place the two young men could afford as the birth-manger of their high hopes. This lengthy and gloomy alley, which was lengthier and gloomier still in January, 1869, forms a kind of back entrance to St. James Street, and whilst the Star's payrollers in these days of opulence have an uninterrupted view through plate glass windows, of the big business street of the Metropolis, there is something appropriate in the fact that the Star's back door even yet gives on to the old lane, where it had in the beginnings its front, back, and only entrance.

Scott and Graham had just as little money to play with as had Alfred Harmsworth, Arthur Pearson, George Newnes, Edward Lloyd, and a few other men who have made themselves along with newspapers and newspaper fortunes in the Old Country. It is said that the youthful Montrealers sailed so close to the wind that they were compelled to empty the till of the scanty toll of coppers at night to ensure the putting out of an edition the following day. On more than one occasion it was a toss-up whether the paper should come out at all, and a loan from a business acquaintance or an advance in prospect of advertising space was not an unusual occurrence. Anyhow, the Star in its early days had a hard struggle for existence, and the lack of capital with the proprietors no doubt largely accounted for the poverty in appearance of the sheet they produced. It was a one-cent daily of eight pages, not much larger than half the present size, and looked after the "Town Topics" style.

The story goes that, years later, when he had been able to acquire the whole business, with its firmer foundation, new plant, and sure revenues, Sir Hugh bought up all the early copies of the paper that he and his agents could lay hands on. Possibly, these historic sheets may be some day presented to that city library which Montrealers are still waiting for. Probably, however, these early Stars never again will see the light of day, even on a library shelf. Likely, they have been destroyed. Whether they have or have not been preserved, certainly you will search the Star office and the greater Montreal outside in vain for those adolescent issues.

After he had got past the early struggle stage Sir Hugh soon settled down to managing editorship. The business bump in that considerable head of his always has been better developed than the literary bump—and every executive journalist will tell you that business and not literary qualities make the successful newspaper. And opportunities, still more than common or garden com-

mercial ability, has a very big say in it, and the experience of any of the journalistic magnates mentioned in this sketch has confirmed it. If Sir Hugh Graham had not been an opportunist, a Montreal Star might have been in existence but decidedly not the Montreal Star of to-day.

Take the case of its relation to the influence of the Roman Catholic Church as a good instance. In the seventies the Witness practically reaped the circulation field in and immediately around Montreal; the Star gleaned what the Dougall journal overlooked. The Lateran Council promulgated the doctrine of papal infallibility, and the Witness, as the Protestant mouthpiece, said its say against the doctrine in no hesitating fashion. As the result the archbishop of that time interdicted the paper. The circulation figures and advertising revenues of the Witness fell off in consequence, and the Star, which had left the fighting to its contemporary, stepped in and took a large part of both circulation and advertising. It was opportunism that paid, however the Protestants may have regarded the lukewarmness of the Star's sympathy.

But Sir Hugh Graham and his newspaper have not been always on the fence.

It may be stated here that as a general policy he has put the commercial side before the editorial and news side. Nominally a Conservative, he has actually kept his sheet clear of party affiliations, and on several notable occasions the Conservative party has had reason to resent the out-and-out independence of Sir Hugh. He speaks through his newspaper, and the proprietor's personal views have been preached forcibly and often in the printed page. In fact, Sir Hugh has impressed very strongly his personality upon the Star. His influence is seen sometimes in the very inconsistencies of the Star's advocacy, for when a policy has been dropped or a change of front has been made, it has been dropped or changed at the dictate of the proprietor, who, first, last, and

all the time, is his own boss and the boss of his staff.

Sir Hugh is fond of appealing to the popular opinions or prejudices of the average man. His opponents say that his methods echo those of William Randolph Hearst, but what is perhaps nearer the truth is that, after making a close study of human nature as he sees it in Montreal and keeping his study up-to-date, he has evolved a code of methods of his own. He likes to figure—through his newspaper, of course, for he is not very well known personally to the crowd—in reforming campaigns. Generally the Star's influence has been on the side of improving municipal government, and it is worth mentioning that Sir Hugh was one of the founders of the Good Government Association. In the agitation for a better street car service, the paper has lined up with the other journals, French and English. Sir Hugh has developed in the Star the news-editorial, that two-column front-page large-type feature that is commonly seen nowadays in the popular press. The Star's news-editorials, which are mostly written by well-paid members of Sir Hugh's staff, and sometimes from Sir Hugh's dictation, are not always supported by solid logical argument. Sentimental reasoning may easily take the place of more solid stuff, as readers of the Star's opinions on the Reciprocity and Navy questions might learn. Probably this is how the comparisons between Graham and Hearst or Harmsworth have come to be accepted as conversational currency by the man-in-the-street. This method of appealing to the crowd of course has its beneficent side, and the Star has used it successfully in raising several relief funds, notably that which secured from Canadians seventy-one thousand dollars for the sufferers of the great famine of India in 1897.

Whilst the Star scarcely could be called sensational when it is examined side by side with the "American" syndicate of journals, it has a sensational enough appearance when compared to other Canadian dailies. You can put its big headlines, its framing-up of news,

and its general make-up to that fondness of appealing to the average man which has underlined the whole history of the *Star*—which, for all practical purposes, is the same as saying the whole history of Sir Hugh Graham. He has shown himself quite willing to take his medicine when, as has happened, a little oftener than once or twice, he has fought libel suits which have gone in favor of the plaintiffs, or, as in other cases, he has settled out of court other libel suits that were pending against him. The fortune he has made is a most comfortably sized one, but it would have been larger by quite a bit if he had not had to pay out heavily on fees to lawyers and by way of solatium to the wounded feelings and reputations of the people he has attacked in the columns of the *Star*.

He is a very chicken-hearted newspaper proprietor who has never felt or said anything strongly enough to run the risk of a libel action. Whatever else he is or isn't, Sir Hugh Graham is not chicken-hearted. Nor is he humdrum; by any means, in the fashioning of his paper and in the training of his men. He certainly has the news instinct very strongly developed. I am told that there used to be posted up in the reporters' room of the *Star* office of a generation ago, this notice:

REMEMBER

You are Nothing.

The *Star* is Everything.

That would stand as a good working motto for any progressive newspaper with a popular circulation, and it seems rather a pity that the notice was taken down.

Sometimes, it is said—and if there are too many "it is saids" in this article, blame Sir Hugh's modesty and not mine—he goes round with his reporters on big assignments; which shows, at least, that his heart is still young in the game. In fact, contradicting the evidence of his white hair and the birth records, this big little man gives you the impression of being only as old as he feels—which is much less than sixty-four. But I am inclined to think that his outward seeming activity has a nervous, rather than a physical origin.

You will remember the storm in a teacup that hissed and howled over his head when a Liberal government, in 1908, passed up his name for a knighthood—decorative goods that nevertheless were duly delivered. Sir Hugh must regret in a way that his isolation as the newspaper knight has been broken by the elevation of the managing editor of the *Toronto News*.

The man who is the *Star* has at least one other claim to fame in that his reputations as an orator rests upon a single speech. It was made at the Imperial Press Conference, and it needed the combination conveyed in the first two words of the term to draw him out of his shell. He hates public speaking as heartily as Sir Wilfrid Laurier enjoys it, and it may be that he will stick to his determination never to make another oration. "What I Have Said," so far as Sir Hugh is concerned, he has said in the *Star*, and you must buy his paper if you are interested in his opinions. Which, as most of us will readily acknowledge, is good business. Sir Hugh is most decidedly a great believer in the value of advertising—in the *Star*.



The Best Selling Book of the Month

In each issue of MacLean's we are telling the story of the most popular book of the month. For this purpose we have called to our aid the editor of "The Bookseller and Stationer," the newspaper of the book trade in Canada. At the end of every month the leading booksellers from the Atlantic to the Pacific send a report to that paper, giving the list of the six best sellers. This will be most valuable information for our readers who want a popular book, but who, until now, have had no really reliable information to guide them. In addition to telling what the book is about, the sketch will be made doubly interesting by timely references to the career of the author. In no other way can our readers so readily, with so little expense of time and money, obtain up-to-date education in current literature.

By Editor of "Bookseller and Stationer"

JUST as some learned critics continue to put forth and discourse upon the question: "Is there a Canadian Literature?" the while protagonists praise again the many essentially Canadian writings which have long since proved the permanent nature of their worth; so do people credited with discernment, align themselves in acknowledgment or repudiation of the claims of Robert W. Service for consideration as a poet, some of his critics commenting sagely upon the quasi-quiescent aboriginal instincts even of the readers of this advanced age, answering to the appeal of the oft-times rough-hewn verse of Service, as accounting for the marvelous vogue of his verse.

Certain is it that Service with his volumes of poetry, like Ralph Connor's remarkable record of achievement in the field of fiction, has, with each succeeding book added to his laurels and strengthened his position in the world of letters. It is significant to note that the latest offerings of Connor and Service have headed the list of Canadian best sellers, first and second respectively, in both January and February. It is for the reason that "Corporal Cameron" maintained its position as the most popular book, that this month's sketch is of the author of the book coming second in the list of best sellers for the past month.

Robert W. Service came suddenly into

the literary lime-light from the obscurity of the branch office of the Bank of Commerce at White Horse, Y.T., five years ago, upon the appearance of his first book, "The Songs of a Sourdough."

Service had written his earliest poems from pure delight in doing so and for the entertainment of his friends. To no degree whatever did he anticipate the acclaim with which they were subsequently received. As a matter of fact when Service sent the mss. to William Briggs, it was with the intention of himself standing the cost of publishing the book. The merit of the collection was speedily recognized at the publishing house, but it was only after the most careful consideration, that the house decided to assume full responsibility, there being a well-developed opposition to that course owing to the fact that previous to that time, volumes of verse had been negligible quantities as profit-bearers in the Canadian book trade. Within two years, forty thousand copies of the book were sold. Then came "The Ballads of a Chechako" which not only established a remarkable sales record for itself, but created still further demands for "Songs of Sourdough," to the end that, in five years, over 200,000 of these two books have been sold.

Following the appearance of "Check-ako," Service turned his hand to fic-

tion. He had at different times, to his publishers and others, expressed the conviction that the great Canadian novel was yet to be written and apparently decided to himself essay its production. But, notwithstanding that it achieved a success far beyond that of the average novel about Canada or by a Canadian, and attained the rank of a best seller, it really contributed nothing to his literary fame and in fact it was feared by many that it would bring on a reaction even as to the attitude of the public toward his books of poetry. However, while the sale of his novel gradually dwindled away, the demand for "Sourdough" and "Checkako" was steadily maintained and "The Rhymes of a Rolling Stone" has had a reception even better than that accorded his second volume.

"The Rhymes of a Rolling Stone," is a most appropriate title for a volume by Robert W. Service, for the writer himself has been a rolling stone and is at this moment executing "A Swing Around the Balkans," as witness the most interesting letters he is contributing to a Canadian newspaper.

Service is a native of England where he was born thirty-five years ago. The family moved into Scotland when Robert was of an age too young to even know that Caledonia was "a meet nurse for a poetic child." He received his education in Glasgow University. His rolling stone instincts asserted themselves fifteen years ago and the wanderlust directed his steps to Canada; but even this country's vast extent was apparently too narrow in its scope, because for five years he knocked about the cities and towns along the Pacific Coast from British Columbia to Mexico, living a most nomadic life and taking a hand in turn at practically all varieties of work. Finally he settled down, most surprising in one of his restless nature, to the prosaic occupation of a bank clerk, entering the branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Victoria.

Perhaps it was the itinerant feature of the career of a bank clerk that appealed to him. At all events he got his share of transfers, with comparatively short intervals, going from Victoria to Vancouver, then to Kamloops and eventually to White Horse, in the Yukon. During his stay in British Columbia, occasional verse from his pen found its way into the local press and although these efforts were not without merit, the statement will no doubt receive general acceptance, that the Canadian Bank of Commerce would not have given Canada this poet of international fame had he not been sent to White Horse, becoming "The Poet of the Yukon." He did his full share toward furthering Canada's claim of possessing a literature distinctively national in character and demonstrated that the rugged region of the extreme north is picturesque, and rich not only in the gold which brought people rushing from the four corners of the earth, but in those "deposits" which Service brought to light in his songs of the great lone northland.

In keeping with the nature of Service's verses, all breathing the spirit of God's great out-of-doors, most of them were written out in the open—many on the banks of the great Yukon River, accounting for the breath of the wild and awe-inspiring scenery and the solitude of the Arctic Circle which is in the very woof of his writings. Even after giving up the service of the bank two years ago, since which time he has given his whole time to his literary work, he continued to seek inspiration in the wild regions of which he wrote and spent last winter near Dawson, living in a picturesque little cottage nestling half way up the hill behind the city. Of the trip to Dawson he made 700 miles in a canoe by himself, by way of the Mackenzie River. In one letter to a Winnipeg friend, written in his cabin near Dawson, he wrote: "I am back in the Yukon and there's no

place like it. I like solitude and quiet and simplicity. I take things easy, read, dream, sing to my guitar, walk fifteen miles a day and write when the mood comes."

There are pieces in his new book

verses as a whole the critics who impute deliberate sacrilege to Service prove that they have failed to understand him.

It is the good things he gives us that are deserving of the most attention and



ROBERT W. SERVICE

which, considered individually, sound irreverent and profane others embody vulgarisms, and to that extent the poet gets his just deserts in much of the severe criticisms his verses of this character have inspired. But, taking his

happily, as in the previous volumes, they are found in good measure in "The Rhymes of a Rolling Stone."

One of the poems, perhaps not the best in the book, but one of high merit well worthy of reproduction, follows:

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE LAKE.

I know a mountain, thrilling to the
stars,
Peerless and pure, and pinnacled
with snow; ,
Glimpsing the golden down o'er coral
bars,
Flaunting the vanished sunset's gar-
net glow;
Proudly patrician, passionless, serene;
Soaring in silver steep where cloud
surfs break;
Virgin and vestal—Oh, a perfect queen!
And at her feet there dreams a quiet
lake.

My lake adores my mountain well I
know,
For I have watched it from its dawn-
dream start;

Stillling its mirror to its splendid snow,
Framing her image in its trembling
heart;
Glassing her graciousness of greening
wood,
Kissing her throne melodiously mad,
Thrilling responsive to her every mood,
Gloomed with her sadness, gay when
she is glad.

My lake has dreamed and loved since
time was born;
Will love and dream till time shall
cease to be;
Gazing to her in worship half forlorn,
Who looks towards the stars and will
not see—
My peerless mountain, splendid in her
scorn
Alas! poor little lake; Alas! poor me!

In the foregoing sketch "Rhymes of a Rolling Stone" has been reviewed. Readers will note by the following table, however, that "Corporal Cameron" heads the Canadian list of best sellers. As this book was the leader last month it was reviewed in MacLean's for February, and in consequence of its again leading this month, we have chosen Mr. Service's Rhymes for consideration as being second on the list:—

CANADIAN BEST SELLERS.

1. Corporal Cameron, by Ralph Connor.
2. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone, by Robert W. Service.
3. The Long Patrol, by H. A. Cody.
4. The Net, by Rex Beach.
5. Their Yesterdays, by Harold Bell Wright.
6. Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town, by Stephen Leacock.

UNITED STATES BEST SELLERS.

1. Their Yesterdays, by Harold Bell Wright.
2. The Lady and Sada San, by Frances Little.
3. Corporal Cameron, by Ralph Connor.
4. The Upas Tree, by Florence Barclay.
5. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill, by Alice Hegan Rice.
6. Cease Firing, by Mary Johnson.



Review of Reviews

In this department MacLean's is running each month a synopsis of the best articles appearing in the leading current magazines of the world. An effort is made to cover as wide a range of subjects as possible in the space available, and to this end the reviews are carefully summarized. In brief, readable reference is made to the leading magazine articles of the day—a review of the best current literature.

Motoring Books to the People

THE motor-car has long since left the class of pure luxuries and proved its utility, but in only one case, perhaps, has it become a peripatetic vender of culture. Maryland has an energetic citizen in Miss Mary L. Titcomb, who has utilized the automobile to carry books to the people of Washington County, and in the first six months of 1912 it circulated 2,103 copies. Miss Titcomb was the librarian of Hagerstown and when she found that the dwellers of the mountains round about could not or would not come for books, she improvised a book-wagon—"a sort of cupboard on wheels something like an old-time New England meat-pedlar's cart — to take the books into the steep places. "When Miss Titcomb drove up to the very doors," says a writer in *The World's Work* (February), "even the stubbornest enemies of literature gave in." But the wagon was small, the horse soon tired on the steep roads, it took four days to make a round, and even then many were not reached, for there are in this county 30,000 people spread over a territory of 500 square miles. So—

"Naturally, Miss Titcomb wished for a motor instead of the old horse and wagon. As usual it took destruction to bring about rebuilding. A train ran over the wagon and left nothing but splinters and hope.

"The hope was fulfilled, for the destruction of the wagon paved the way for the motor, which now carries volumes from Hagerstown, the fount of supplies, over twenty-four routes which cover Washington County. Its unique mission and the vital part of its work is to distribute books personally, so to speak, at remote doors. For the first six months of 1912 this door-to-door circulation record amounted to 2,103 volumes.

"The door-to-door work has led many a mountain-dweller to become a patron of

the book stations. There are sixty-six of them in the county besides the country schools; and the schools are likewise supplied by the book-motor. When it delivers books to the country schools, it carries along the school librarian, also, that she may get in touch with the teachers. But there still remains a tremendous amount of the original door-to-door work, which was the motive of the old wagon, so that in every sense it stands as a medium of communication between Hagerstown, the library centre, and every reader, man, woman and child, in Washington County. The centre possesses 23,609 volumes; it is something for one motor to stand between these and 30,000 country folk, bringing them in touch! This is its ambition and, to a great extent, its accomplishment. The record of circulation for the latter half of 1912 was about a third larger than for the former half. There is no danger of the motor giving out for want of funds, for it is now acknowledged as an established member of the library corps, and supported from the library's fund, which consists of an endowment aided by an annual appropriation secured to the library by act of legislature—\$1,500 from county and \$1,000 from city. So the motor has a secure basis, in an infinitely useful work well done. It means a wider mental vision in Washington County in the next generation."

Another promising venture, in Indiana, is a "Reading Circle" that has put into effect a scheme for supplying books and making people read. It distributes 25,000 books a year to the teachers of Indiana and 50,000 to the children. The history of the organization is thus sketched:

"It began years ago. It was the product of the great Chautauqua movement which swept through the country, particularly the States of the Mississippi Valley, thirty

years ago. The suggestion came up in a meeting of Indiana teachers in December, 1883. The Indiana Teachers' Reading Circle was started and has been in successful operation ever since. Its board of directors select two books a year and from 12,000 to 14,000 teachers get both of them, which gives a definiteness and aim to at least a part of their reading.

"Out of this grew the larger work, the distribution of selected books to the school children. In 1887 a Children's Reading Circle was begun. It has since put into the hands of Indiana children more than a million good books.

"Every year twenty books are selected, suitable for all the grades of the common and high schools. A low price is secured from the publishers, and books are sold to the children and to the schools with only enough added to cover the cost of the work. The Circle makes no money. Its labor is for the public good.

"And it has accomplished immeasurable good. The million books that the society has sold have awakened and inspired the minds and imaginations of thousands upon thousands of country children in Indiana—

and grown people, too. They have led people who never read before to read not only these books, but to seek others. There are hundreds of little libraries in Indiana that have grown out of the collection of the Reading Circle's books. There are many schools that look upon the 'list of twenty' as much as necessities as desks and blackboards or text-books. The Circle's influence permeates the whole State and its fame has gone abroad.

"Not long ago Mr. J. Walter Dunn, the secretary of the Children's Reading Circle, received a letter from a teacher in Havana asking how to organize such a circle, and at the same time came a similar letter from Alaska, and a third from the City of Mexico. There are many places nearer Indiana than these where a Children's Reading Circle would help to enlighten the coming generation and add to its pleasure and its power."

Methods like these, especially Miss Titcomb's, meet the needs of people "too indifferent, too hard-worked, to seek the traveling library stations, even though these were conveniently placed."

Edison on "How to Live Long"

THOMAS A. EDISON has solved another problem—"How to Live Long." He tells of his solution in a talk with Allan L. Benson, published in Hearst's Magazine. The interviewer propounds his vital query first, when he informs us that he asked Mr. Edison how he was able at his age, to keep such hours—how he was able, at 67, to work 22 hours a day for 40 consecutive days.

"I'll have to go a long way back to answer that," he replied. "When I was a boy, I sold newspapers in Mount Clemens, Michigan. I had to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning to get my papers. My work kept me busy all day and most of the evening. At night I always had some experiments that kept me awake. Even at that age, I was fussing with electricity—trying to invent things. My father and mother never objected to my going without sleep and I seldom got to bed before midnight. Always felt fine, too—nothing was ever the matter with me.

"That nothing was ever the matter with me was largely due, I believe, to my grandfather and my father. My grandfather, early in his life, became fascinated with the

story of Louis Cornaro, the famous Venetian, who, by keeping to a very low diet, managed to live more than one hundred years. He, himself, ever after ate sparingly, and lived to be one hundred and four. No disease killed him, at that. He was perfectly well up to the time that he died. He simply became tired of life—lost interest in it. The truth of the matter was that the cells of which his body was composed were anxious to get away. So grandfather told the other children that he was going to his daughter's house to die. He went to her house, undressed, went to bed, and died! Nothing the matter with him—simply tired of life. And, my father died the same way.

"So impressed were my father and grandfather with the belief that the secret of long life lay in little eating that the idea was dinned into my head from my earliest boyhood. Morning, noon and night I was told to leave the table while still hungry. I do not remember whether, in the beginning, it was hard to do this, but, in any event, I soon became accustomed to it. My stomach is now very much shrunken because I

have used it so little. Dr. Janeway told me so a number of years ago. And eating holds for me absolutely no pleasure. I care nothing about it. I eat only because I want to live. When I have eaten enough to keep me living, I stop.

"As a result, my body is not poisoned with decaying, surplus food. My arteries are as soft as a child's. When I lie down, I go to sleep almost instantly—within a minute. It seems as if when I lie down my brain is automatically turned off. I have tried, sometimes, to think in bed, only to discover that I could not do it. I fall asleep. And, when I sleep, I do not toss and dream as do those persons who eat too much—I am dead to the world until it is time to get up. And, when I wake up, I do not have to wait until I have washed my face with cold water to feel that I am awake—I am wide awake and ready for business as soon as I open my eyes. People who eat too much have heavy eyes when they awaken. Their eyes seem to be swollen a little and they don't really come open until cold water strikes them. My eyes are as light as feathers the moment that I open them.

"But the real reason why I can do with so little sleep is that a healthy man requires little sleep. There is no sound physiological basis for the common belief that every well man needs eight hours' sleep. We have been led into this error by the fact that sleep is one of our pleasures. The human tendency is always to over-play a pleasure about fifty per cent.

"I have no doubt whatever that eight hours of sleep is harmful.

"An invalid, or a semi-invalid, may require eight hours, but no well man does. People sleep eight hours merely because they have formed the habit of doing so. The body can quickly become accustomed to almost any habit. The body can adjust itself even to habits that hurt, like the whiskey habit. But it can as easily adjust itself to habits that help.

Another Edison theory is that the clothing should be worn loose.

Therefore, Edison never wears a collar that comes within half an inch of being as small as his neck. All his waistbands are large. Garters he will not wear at all, because they pinch the arteries in the calves of his legs. His shoes are as big as his feet and then some. Except in the coldest winter weather, he wears low shoes. He never laces his shoes but once, and that is when he buys them. He then laces them so loosely that he can slip them on and off like slippers. During the few weeks

of the year that he wears high shoes he also laces them loosely. He says that nobody begins to know the amount of sickness and discomfort that are caused by tight shoes and tight clothing.

Mr. Edison has profound respect for the human body. The remark that he made about the body of his grandfather is indicative of that respect. He said the old gentleman, though in perfect health, had lost the desire to live because the cells of which his body was composed were "anxious to get away." I asked him what he meant by "anxious to get away." I asked him if he attributed intelligence to the cells that composed his grandfather's body. He said he did. He said he attributed intelligence to the cells that compose the bodies of all animals.

"Not only are the cells intelligent," said he, "but many of them are of great intelligence. Take my thumb, for instance, which is composed of cells. Make an impression of it upon paper. That impression stands for Edison. Not another thumb in the world could make an impression like it. Then, let me gash the face of my thumb with a knife, so that it will no longer make the impression that stands for me. What happens? Why, those cells in my thumb immediately set to work and do what no human being could do. They re-create every little line in my thumb so that it is precisely as it was before.

"Do you call that chance? Do you call it luck? I call it intelligence. The cells of the human body are constantly doing things that only intelligent cells could do. The cells of the stomach, for instance, are decomposing hydrochloric acid. I cannot decompose hydrochloric acid here in my laboratory. I don't know how. The greatest chemists in the world don't know how. But the cells that constitute my stomach know how. They have learned, somewhere. They are doing it every day. The stomach cells of the lowest human being are performing this miracle every day.

"I do not believe in the immortality of the soul, but I do believe in the intelligence of the individual cells that constitute our bodies. It may be that the intelligence of a human being is the sum of the intellects of all his cells—this idea has been advanced, but I do not know how truly. I feel certain only that the cells possess intelligence. So long as they want to live, see how they fight for life. When menaced by small doses of poison like alcohol or opium, they first make violent protest. They shake the body to its very foundations. But if the poisoning be repeated, again and again, the

cells adapt themselves, as nearly as they can, to the conditions. They learn at least to live, if they cannot thrive, beside the poisons. That's what we mean by immunization. Until cells have become wholly or partly immune to certain poisons, a little of those poisons will kill the cells. But

give the cells an opportunity to adjust themselves by exercising their intelligence, and they can resist poison doses that would kill a dozen elephants. Not all poisons can be thus resisted, but give a healthy, intelligent cell a chance for its life, and it will make a tremendous fight for it."

The Kaiser as He Is

IN a sketch in *Munsey's Magazine*, Baron Von Dewitz gives some interesting impressions of "The Kaiser as He Is." A close glimpse of the life of the Emperor is to be had in those parts of the story relating to his reading and correspondence. We are told at the outset that the Kaiser is a hard worker. He works harder and longer than the American business man. With true Prussian punctiliousness, he gets up at six o'clock sharp every morning, rain or shine. Immediately after a frugal breakfast he goes to work.

Before the imperial chancellor and his ministers make their law-bidden calls, to present a survey of the day's political outlook, his majesty has already put in more than a solid hour's reading of the principal German and foreign newspapers. Unlike other monarchs, he refuses to rest content with the official aspect of a matter; he also wants to know the unofficial side, what the people think.

Of course, the Kaiser cannot read all the papers. In order not to miss anything of vital interest, however, he has for many years maintained a small staff of trained readers, who operate in seven languages, under the searching eye of a Prussian officer, with specific instructions to cut and clip the essential news appertaining to questions and issues in which the monarch is specially interested. These cuttings are pasted on large cards and inserted in a loose-leaf portfolio of morocco leather, bearing the imperial arms. At precisely seven o'clock the officer presents the portfolio, from which the Kaiser proceeds to draw information, making blue-pencil remarks in the margins as he goes along; criticizing or approving the selections made. If a vital foreign article is encountered in a language not known to the emporor—who, by the way, speaks English and French like a native—it is translated on the spot and pasted in the portfolio; but Heaven help the reader who makes a mistake!

By thus systematizing and selecting his

newspaper and magazine reading, which comprises technical and scientific problems, as well as political, military, naval, and art topics, the Kaiser has reached a point where he is easily the best informed and best technically trained monarch on any throne. Again and again he has flabbergasted his cabinet ministers, who call and report after the Kaiser has taken his morning stroll in the Tiergarten Park, by evincing a much more comprehensive understanding of essentials than his ministers, even when the issue at hand was typically technical. At the time when the change from the reciprocating to the turbine engine was made in the German navy, it was the Kaiser, not his ministers, who furnished the technical arguments that won the day.

Besides his clipping bureau, the Kaiser insists on reading completely at least one German daily in the morning and one at night. His night reading, which is done when he is in bed, is of a more contemplative kind than his rapid morning survey of the news. Definite rules govern his night studies also. On his bed-table there must be an enormous paper-pad with a large blue pencil attached by a string. The light must fall on what his majesty is reading, and not on his face. Sometimes he orders a lot of extra newspapers and magazines in the morning, when he is especially interested in a certain investigation. If these "extras" are not on his bed-table, somebody is going to wish he had emigrated to America.

Exactly the same rules must be followed when the Kaiser travels. When he rises or retires in a chateau other than his Berlin and Potsdam residence, he expects to find everything in exactly the same order and position—and, what is more, he finds it so.

If a personal history of William II. is ever written, it must, in large measure, be founded on the hieroglyphic remarks with which he furnishes the huge paper-pads used during his nocturnal reading. Nobody is allowed access to this pad library, which

now amounts to several tall volumes, but certain particulars have leaked out. Curiously enough, in his pad caligraphy the Kaiser employs both Latin and German letters—sometimes even for the spelling of a single word. He has a passion for abbreviation, and he omits a superfluous “e” wherever possible. These pad notes show that the Kaiser’s intellectual machinery works at a high rate of speed. Thus he writes almost invariably “infantri,” dropping the “e”; or he will say “Fligndr Adlr,” instead of “Fliegender Adler.”

Wilhelm II. is not only the greatest traveler among rulers, but also the most voluminous correspondent. He has two letter files—one devoted to letters on matters of state, to which the imperial chancellor has the key, and one for personal correspondence, to which nobody but the Kaiser has access. A letter of state is a very imposing document, and the cost of its transmission must be tremendous. Of course, postage is never used, as the missive must be carried and delivered by courier. The imperial couriers are selected from one of the feld-jäger corps. Only officers, and preferably nobles, are entrusted with courier service. The messenger travels by automobile from the imperial palace to the train, on which he occupies a special car, and then by boat or automobile, as required, until the message is delivered.

In most cases the courier manages to beat the best mail time, and for purposes of state this time-honored method is admirable, as it insures absolute secrecy and removes the possibility of the imperial missive falling into wrong hands. Sometimes the messenger travels in disguise, and yet again he appears in dazzling state array, as when visiting a foreign court.

A letter of state is handwritten on the finest quality of parchment, to which are attached the royal and imperial seals in eighteen-karat gold plaques. The Kaiser’s personal stationery, on the other hand, is very simple. He prefers either a light brown rag paper, with a rough surface, or an ivory-finished white quality, almost as stiff as a card. The entire upper left quarter is occupied by the imperial crown and monogram, leaving only three-fourths of the space for correspondence.

As the Kaiser writes a large hand, it was found necessary to make the sheets very ample. Etiquette forbids that a royal letter should be folded, so the envelopes are of size to fit the sheet unfolded. The flaps of the envelope are not gummed, but are secured by an enormous seal of black wax.

The Kaiser’s visiting-cards are likewise

huge—almost twice as large as those employed by the Duke of Westminster, who is said to hold the stationery record of the British nobility. His majesty prefers a stiff, ivory card, about the size of a cabinet photograph, furnished with a slate-gray border. The cards are inscribed in German characters as follows:

Wilhelm, Deutscher Kaiser, König von Preussen.

Not infrequently the emperor utilizes these cards for correspondence, but in most cases they are used simply to save his time. He is often asked to be present at several functions on the same day or hour. As the despatching of an aide-de-camp with an imperial calling-card is considered equivalent to a personal visit, it will easily be seen that the Kaiser manages to be omnipresent.

Wilhelm II. talks a good deal better than he writes; in fact, he is a natural-born conversationalist. He talks with ease, and, unlike most Germans, with characteristic brevity. The officer who manages his clipping bureau once showed him, with an ill-disguised snicker, the twenty-five-thousand-word message of an American President to the United States Congress. On the following day the officer found the pasted article on his desk. On the margin the Kaiser had written in blue pencil as follows:

Boil down to one sentence and serve on ice

As to the Kaiser’s speeches they are seldom studied in advance, contrary to popular belief. Only when he must verify historical data, or needs statistical figures to back up his arguments, does he prepare his orations. If ideas occur to him before the hour set for the speech, he will jot them down on a slip of paper and keep them before him as memoranda while he talks.

His voice has a distinct and sonorous quality, which does not show to its best advantage until one hears him deliver a military command to an army corps, when all the commanders of all the regiments must hear what he says, in order to secure immediate execution.

On such occasions the Kaiser’s tones penetrate like a bugle-call. His manner of speaking is dignified and sober, with an occasional sharp stop, a sudden pause, followed by a heavily emphasized sentence. At other times his intonation will change to suit the flow of his thought; but under no circumstances does he avail himself of oratorical tricks in order to gain his point.

One must not forget that Wilhelm is the proudest man in Europe. In his speeches he constantly sacrifices literary style to weight of subject-matter. The thing ever uppermost in his mind is to convey his ideas

in the simplest and clearest possible language. Not long ago he issued an imperial decree ordering that public documents should be written with less official verbiage and more common-sense language. It is well known that he refuses to listen to long-winded orators; even the preachers in the court church are under a time-limit.

Most of his public speeches have been made for the avowed purpose of maintaining the peace of Europe in order that Ger-

many might develop internally in commerce and industry. His great aim has consistently been to push Germany ahead on the path of progress and at the same time to build a strong navy, while maintaining the excellent standard of the army. During the twenty-four years of his reign he has pursued his purpose with genuine zest, and has personally aided in leadership wherever possible, even to the settling of strikes, and to mediation between hostile factions of Catholics and Protestants.

Will Japan Fight the States?

WHO invented the phrase "yellow peril"? Probably some ill-inspired journalist, who little imagined what a "winged word" he was sending forth on its travels. But the popularizer of the idea, as distinct from the phrase, rests under no sort of obscurity. He was none other than the German Emperor, who inspired, if he did not paint, a symbolic picture of the Mongol hordes descending upon Caucasian civilization.

The idea was taken up by Mr. H. G. Wells in his prophetic, or prophylactic, romance, "The War in the Air." He showed eastern Asia taking advantage of a great war between Germany and the United States to prosecute the age-old feud between the East and the West; and he showed how aerial warfare, omnipotent in destruction but impotent for purposes of conquest and settlement, might easily throw the world back to a state of brutish barbarism.

This was not a prophecy what must be, but a forecast of what might be if mankind should allow invention to outstrip sanity and humanity. The warning was certainly not untimely; but the emphasis lay, not on the aggressiveness of the Asiatic, but on the suicidal folly of the European, writes William Archer in McClure's Magazine.

The "yellow peril" into which I here propose to examine is not that which haunts imperial dreams or points the moral of the sociological romancer. I leave China deliberately out of account. If China were to develop in the next half century as Japan has developed in the fifty years that lie behind us, she would be a new factor in the world-problem, the effect of which no one could foretell. It is idle to speculate on such remote contingencies. A very much narrower and more immediate question is all that here concerns us: Has American

anything to fear from Japanese ambition? Has Japan either the power or the will to seek aggrandizement in the North Pacific at the expense of the United States, or to challenge the Monroe Doctrine in Spanish America?

Briefly, I believe that she has no such will or power; and I shall now try to give reasons for that conclusion.

It is not unnatural that Japan should have become something of a bugbear to many imaginations. There are certain obvious facts, both in her present position and in her history, that may well seem to render her formidable. She has a rapidly growing population in a territory to which nature has set somewhat narrow bounds. She has just emerged victorious from a struggle with a vastly more numerous people, of far greater resources. She has shown brilliant military and naval capacity, and she is perfectly conscious of the fact—so much so that critical observers discern in her a few symptoms of the disease known as "swelled head." What more natural (it may be asked) than that, in seeking an outlet for her surplus population, she should be tempted to try a fall with another powerful but comparatively unwieldy opponent?

It must be owned that the first impressions of a traveler in Japan are apt to lend emphasis to these questions. The race seems to be overpoweringly, appallingly prolific. Nowhere in the world are children so much in evidence. Wherever you go, they seem to swarm out of the ground like ants. Even in the remotest country village, you can not pause for a moment to ask the way without having a crowd of from ten to fifty children around you—close-shaven, bullet-headed boys in spotted indigo kimonos, and almond-eyed little girls decked

out in squalid finery. Most of the children, too, are double-headed. Nearly all of the girls, and many of the boys, have infants strapped on their backs—pathetic little morsels of long-suffering humanity. Perhaps the least reassuring sight in Japan, to believers in the “yellow peril,” is the ample and commodious two-storey schoolhouse which rises over the thatched hovels of the poorest village. Everywhere, too, you see drilling squads in the playgrounds, or meet long, serpentine files of schoolboys, with peaked caps and “divided skirts” of striped cotton, clattering along in their clogsandals to some local patriotic festival. Both the intelligence and the military spirit of the people are being sedulously cultivated.

There is truth, then, in the impression that the Japanese are a people to be reckoned with. They come into the world with comparative ease, they bring with them nimble hands and brains, and they go out of the world with comparative indifference—all characteristics that help to make a nation formidable in war. Soldier for soldier, sailor for sailor, they may probably hold their own with any soldiers or sailors in the world. But there is, after all, nothing miraculous in their prowess.

The danger of a conflict between the United States and Japan lies, I am convinced, not on the Japanese but on the American side of the Pacific. The very fear of a “yellow peril” might conceivably lead to such action as national feeling in Japan would force her government to resent. For the Japanese are a high-spirited people, fully conscious of the prestige they have acquired in their wars with China and with Russia. They, no less than the Western world, are apt to imagine that there is something preternatural in their development during the forty-five years of the Meiji period—the Era of Enlightenment—and that nothing can stay their conquering career. Their patriotism is intense. It is founded on age-old myths which even men of culture scarcely dare to criticize.

Mythology apart, however, Japanese patriotism may, without fear of contradiction, make one rather remarkable boast; Japan is the only territory in the world that has never been conquered, has never (so to speak) changed hands, within recorded time. The dawn of history finds the ancestors of the present Japanese people in full possession of the country, at least up

to the Tsugara Strait; and since then no foreign conqueror has ever set foot in the islands. It is not unnatural, then, that the average Japanese should be at least as susceptible as his neighbors on the score of national honor; and a glaring affront to that susceptibility might possibly place the whole nation beside itself.

The government, it is true, is essentially oligarchic, not democratic, and the people, or their representatives, have no power to force the hands of their rulers. But even an oligarchy can not always resist popular clamor; and it is not inconceivable that, in spite of her wiser heads, Japan might rush into a war in which she could, for a time, make herself exceedingly unpleasant to the United States. The ultimate result could not be doubtful; but the quarrel would be a disaster to civilization, in which Japan would have everything to lose, and no one would have anything to gain.

There is every reason why the American government should take a firm and uncompromising attitude on the question of Japanese immigration into the actual territory of the United States. Every country has a right to object to the presence in its midst of large bodies of unassimilable aliens; and the United States, above all other countries, has reason to know the evils arising from such propinquity. On the other hand, it would seem that a policy of the utmost liberality might well be adopted in regions merely administered by the United States—regions which are not essentially “white men’s countries,” and where a great mixture of Asiatic races already exists.

It would be a great misfortune if the historic chance which brought the Philippines under American administration were to create in the Japanese mind a legitimate sense of grievance. Though the United States is practically invulnerable to Japan alone, she might quite well prove a most disagreeable factor in a larger international complication. If she fell into an habitually hostile frame of mind, she would certainly be tempted to fish in troubled waters and turn to her own advantage any embarrassment into which her otherwise unassailable neighbor might fall. By a policy of conciliation, then, on all points save those which affect the vital interests of the American people, the United States should aim at securing a friend, rather than a sullenly resentful enemy, on her Pacific-flank.

The Hudson Bay Route

THE approaching completion of the Panama Canal and the enactment by the American Congress of a measure discriminating against foreign ships plying therein, have greatly strengthened Canada's determination to provide a railway to the shore of Hudson Bay and steamers across the Atlantic. When Sir William Van Horne some years ago declared that "Canada's hopper was too large for the spout," he doubtless foresaw what has since come to pass—the gradual increase of business by the St. Lawrence route until an almost unbearable congestion has made some alternative outlet inevitable; with the need for this alternative becoming rapidly intensified as the Northwest grows in population and importance, says P. T. McGrath in the American Review of Reviews.

The reason why this Hudson Bay project is advocated so warmly is that this bay itself, described by some as "the Mediterranean of the North," is the largest "sea" in the world and gives access to a region that promises to rival in the future the group of Northwestern States of the American Union. The area of the Mediterranean is 977,000 square miles; of the Baltic 580,000; of Hudson Bay 355,000. Its length is 800 miles and breadth 500, and, compared with the Great Lakes, it is a veritable ocean, for Lake Superior's area is only 31,000 square miles; Lake Huron's but 23,000; Lake Michigan's a scant 22,500; Lake Erie's merely 9,960, and Lake Ontario's barely 7,240. The outlet of Hudson Bay to the Atlantic is Hudson Strait, nearly 500 miles long, with an average breadth of 100 miles, its narrowest width being sixty miles, so that this whole marine waste is a great land-locked sea, susceptible of development into a magnificent commercial waterway. The far-stretching expanse of continent which drains into it, formerly known as Rupert's Land; after Prince Rupert, the famous cavalry general and first governor of the Hudson Bay Company, has become the seat of what may far outstrip the empire of old and become the homes of peaceful and prosperous millions.

Indeed, Canada's public men are only now awakening to the value of the fishery, peltry, forest, mineral, and agricultural wealth of the Hudson Bay district, the area of which is estimated at 1,500,000 square miles, comprehending every variety of soil and climate. The bay itself yields the northern whale, so prized for its "whalebone,"

a single adult specimen being now worth \$15,000; the white whale, or grampus; the narwhal or sea-unicorn; the walrus; five species of seals; and thirty kinds of edible fishes. The peltries of the sea and shore have remained undiminished after nearly three centuries of slaughter, and the "Company" spends \$2,000,000 there every year in the purchase of fur alone—the most famous being the bear, fox, wolf, moose, caribou, wolverine, lynx, sable, ermine, marten, mink, otter, and the renowned beaver.

In the southern section husbandry is practised, in the west lies the fertile belt, with its teeming grain-fields, from which Canada has carved the three provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta; and where latterly, through the introduction of ranching, products are being created which promise greatly to stimulate transportation agencies ere long. The forest products include three varieties of pine, two of elm, ash, poplar, birch, and one of aspen, tamarack, and fir. Smaller growths, suitable for pulp-making, abound also, and as the woodlands available in more southern latitudes become depleted these must be levied upon. The existence of such minerals as hematite and pyrite iron, copper, silver, gold, mica, gypsum, antimony, asbestos and coal has been determined, and if the precious metal should be found in workable quantity there is likely to be an eastern Klondike established on these lonely shores with such a rush of settlers there as follows every new discovery of auriferous areas anywhere in the world.

In considering this Hudson Bay project more or less academically, as it has been viewed for many years past, all attention has been devoted to its use as an avenue for moving grain from Western Canada to tide-water, for conveyance to foreign markets, while little notice has been given to an equally important phase of the problem—the utilization of the route as an outlet for imports for western commerce. In the great wheat-growing belt all the immense prairies are being covered with settlers at the rate of hundreds of thousands annually, the whole of whose requirements, except what they raise from the land, will have to be conveyed to them by railroads. The establishing of a Hudson Bay route will ensure to these growing communities and to others yet unborn, an alternative such as, for instance, the Mississippi River affords to the communities which can be reached

by water carriage along its banks; and even with the handicap of the ice pack for some months, there ought to be possibilities of enormous expansion in this region. The manufacturers in the Maritime Provinces should be able to place their products in Western Canada by this means at rates at present unapproachable. Mr. Butler already quoted, calculates that coal from Cape Breton can be conveyed to Port Nelson for \$3.75 a ton and hauled by rail to Saskatoon for \$4 more, whereas coal costs quite \$9 there now. An immense trade in fish from Nova Scotia and Newfoundland could be more profitably conveyed there steamers plying there every summer, and when we cross the Atlantic and consider the proposition in relation to British and European manufactures generally, it will be at once apparent that enormous quantities of articles destined for the Western Provinces could be more profitably conveyed there by way of Hudson Bay than otherwise.

The advantages of the Hudson Bay route, as stated in discussion thereon, are many. From Liverpool to Fort Churchill via Hudson Bay is only 2,946 nautical miles, or but nineteen more than from Liverpool to Montreal via Belle Isle Strait, and as the rail haul between Winnipeg and Montreal is 1,494 miles, while that between Churchill and Saskatoon is only 589 miles, this route will effect an average shortening of the distance from the Western wheat fields to the Atlantic seaboard of 914 miles. It has been calculated by Mr. Butler that the Hudson Bay route will mean a saving of about five cents a bushel over wheat going to the Atlantic seaboard, or \$3,000,000 annually on an export trade of 25,000,000 bushels via this route; provided insurance rates are the same. In cattle shipments there would be effected, it has been said, a saving in freight of 20 cents per 100 pounds, as well as a lessening in deterioration; because with colder weather in the more northern latitude, it should be possible to carry cattle, meats, butter, eggs, etc., under much more advantageous conditions than via Montreal.

Yet another fact in favor of this route is the inability of the Canadian railroads, even at the rate they are progressing, to handle the annual output of the West in farm products. Every fall for the past twenty years, there has been, according to western authorities, a grain blockade, that of the past year having been perhaps the worst on record, and there is no immediate prospect of any decided improvement, because the area under cultivation is being enlarged even more rapidly than increased railroad facilities are being provided. It

is declared by capable students of the problem that even with the double-tracking of the western railroads it will be impossible for them to move the annual grain crops henceforth and it is pointed out that in the autumn of 1911 and again in 1912, the Canadian authorities had to apply to the American government for permission to forward train loads of wheat through American territory. It is likewise questioned whether, when the Panama Canal is opened, it will be profitable to haul western grain across the Rocky Mountains and ship it to Europe via San Francisco; and it is argued that the obvious way for it to go would be via Hudson Bay if that route was feasible; so that the whole issue turns on that point: "Is it feasible and can the railroad and steamships be made self-supporting?"

With regard to the railroad there is, admittedly, no dispute as to its being a fairly simple engineering project. Construction work is already under way. The line will run from The Pas, the farthest point on the Canadian Northern Railway, and contracts for the first 255 miles of the line were awarded in August, 1911, to the J. D. McArthur Company, while in July, 1912, a contract for the second section, seventy miles, was awarded to the same company. The whole line to Fort Churchill will be 477 miles and to Port Nelson 410, and the third contract has to await the decision of the Canadian cabinet as to the terminal, which will likely be Port Nelson, because of the shorter rail haul and cheaper harbor works. The report of the engineer who surveyed the route showed that the railroad could be built cheaply but effectively and a "four-tenths" grade secured, but that expensive harbor improvements would be necessary at either point. The estimates were:—

	Fort Churchill	Port Nelson
Construction of railway	\$11,351,000	\$ 8,982,000
Buildings, power plant, etc.	1,700,000	1,648,000
Two elevators (each four million bushels)	4,000,000	4,000,000
Terminals	320,000	320,000
Engineering and contingencies ...	1,737,000	1,477,000
Harbor works and dredging	6,675,000	5,065,000
	<u>\$25,783,000</u>	<u>\$21,492,000</u>

Mr. Butler, recognizing that the period of navigation would be short, estimated

that by working sixteen trains a day, each carrying 4,000 tons, there could be moved to tidewater at Nelson in thirty working days, allowing for accidents and delays, 64,000,000 bushels of wheat, or about one-fifth of Canada's western crops in 1914 or 1915, when the route is expected to be in operation. The reason he allows only thirty days is that grain cannot be moved till the harvest time, and for the same reason he says: "I assume that ships can be secured wherever there is sufficient business offered. It is apparent that at least nine per day would need to be loaded, or say 135 to 140 to do the business—allowing two trips to each

ship. Any additional business taken to the bay would have to be stored until the following August—nine months."

The only remaining questions, then, are whether Hudson Bay and Strait can be navigated for a sufficiently long period each year to insure the removal of this grain or the greater portion of it; whether the risks of the route through the ice, fog, and compass variations are such as to discourage shipping, and whether the insurance rates over such a route can be kept at least as low as those on the St. Lawrence. These questions are still unanswered after thirty years of discussion and inquiry.

The Auto and Its Mission

IN the February Scribner's Herbert L. Towle writes interestingly of "The Automobile and its Mission." In the course of the article he declares: Fifteen years ago the automobile was only a traveller's tale and the hobby of a few crack-brained experimenters. Five years ago the automobile factories of the United States produced about 100,000 cars. This year about 500,000 cars will be built, whose total value will exceed \$600,000,000. One city alone will produce 300,000 cars—one factory 200,000.

In 1905 the lowest practical price for an automobile was \$900; to-day a better one costs but \$600. Cars equal to those costing \$1,500 and \$2,000 five years ago, cost \$1,200 and \$1,500 to-day; and \$900 buys a car better than the \$1,200 car of the earlier date.

In 1908 about 300,000 of our citizens owned automobiles; before summer there will be an automobile for every 100 persons. In 1908 our export motor business was not worth mentioning. Last year it exceeded \$25,000,000.

Five years ago this country had but a sprinkling of motor-trucks. They were poorly built; their advantages were doubtful; the only thing certain was the enormous latent demand. To-day there are some 40,000 motor-trucks giving satisfaction to 18,000 owners, and the percentage of growth in this business exceeds that in the pleasure-car field.

To-day the invested capital in the automobile business in this country alone rivals that of the United States Steel Corporation. Most of the employees are skilled, most of them work in modern wholesome factories, and all are well paid.

Five years ago the automobile was a transcendent plaything—thrilling, seductive, desperately expensive. Its oldest devotees could view with patience neither abstention from its charms nor the bills which followed surrender. To-day, the harrowing alternative is mitigated at both ends. The bills are less and some of the excitement has worn off. Neighbor Brown, who sensibly refused to mortgage his house to buy a car in 1908, is now piling his family into a smart little black-and-red-car, and is starting out on a four-day run to the Water Gap and return. And you know that he can do it now without the mortgage.

You yourself have seen the Water Gap, have explored every sunny road and leafy by-way within a hundred miles of your home, have seen the speedometer needle hang at 50 or 60, and have come unscathed through adventures which, when you think of them in cold blood, bring a creepy stirring to your spine. Your present car is good, but not showy; you keep it in a little garage behind your house and use it soberly—you and your family—nearly every day; and your motoring costs about half what it did five years ago. You seldom drive now for the mere pleasure of driving; yet your car is as much a part of your daily life as your walk to the office.

What does it all signify? This tremendous industry that has grown up almost overnight, and has made itself so necessary that a million owners of cars are giving food and roofs and clothing to another million—wage-earners and their families—for supplying them with the new means of locomotion—what does this new industry portend? How many more people are going to buy

cars? Are automobiles a permanent development or a temporary fad? If permanent, how do they justify themselves—in mere pleasure, which a few can afford but more cannot, or in genuine service? Are they at bottom a liability or an asset?

Neighbor Brown, the effervescent novice, cannot teach us much. The bicycle, twenty years ago had just as fervid votaries, but to-day the bicycle is used chiefly for getting about. How is it with you, the seasoned motorist? If you had no car, in what respect would your life and your family's be changed?

You and I—all of us—used to choose our homes for their nearness to train or trolley. A mile from the station, half a mile from the trolley, was our immutable limit. The gates of Paradise would not have tempted us further. Rents soared; the lucky first owners of land near a new transportation line retired from business and lived in luxury on the fruits of their good fortune; still we cheerfully paid tribute, and dotted the map with little disks and bands of high-priced real estate. Horses were expensive and a nuisance, and we did not know that we might become each his own motor-man.

But to-day your home is in a suburb, handy for the motorist but otherwise dependent on trolley service. Were it not for the automobile, your wife's need of companionship would compel removal either to the city or to a more central part of your village. Part, at least, of what you saved on the car would go out in higher rent. Then you would need some other forms of exercise and recreation—golf, week-ends at the shore, or the theatre. More money. When you visit friends in the next town, you take your maid to visit her friends. Without the car she would have to shift for herself. And the children—you can already hear the lamentations when they learn that they have seen the last of Green Pond, and that these Saturday picnics by the babbling Wanaque River will be no more. You moved to your country home after you began motoring. Dare you say that the change was for the worse?

Perchance you have no car—as yet. But you have friends living five miles away by road. To visit them by rail, you must go half a mile to the station, ride ten miles to a junction, wait an hour, and travel a dozen miles more to a station half a mile from their home. How often do you see your friends?

Or are you a nature-lover and a busy man. The city stifles you and the daily ordeal of strap-hanging is a horror. Yet your wife declares that she will be "buried

alive" if she goes where houses are more than a hundred feet apart. She has a right to her view, too. How shall yours and hers be reconciled?

Or you have children. Shall they be reduced to "tag" on the streets and in a brie-a-brac-filled apartment, or shall they have green grass, a sand-pile, trees, and a swing? Or perhaps you are a farmer, seeking means to relieve the monotony of farm life and hold your sons from the dangerous lure of the city.

For hundreds of thousands of families the automobile is at last supplying the happiest of answers. Bridging as it does the gap between rail travel and the horse, at a possible cost less than that of the latter, it has added threefold or more to the habitable areas outside of our cities. Double a certain radius and you quadruple the enclosed area. Make three miles your limit and the area becomes nine. Think what this will lead to in the course of a generation or two, and you will realize the transformation which the low-cost automobile is working.

What has wrought this change? Not merely improvements in mechanism, though those have been essential. Rather, it is the ingenious reduction in both first cost and expense of maintenance to figures which a few years ago seemed utterly impossible.

For a dollar a day and a little spare time any one who will may now keep a small but serviceable car and use it daily and for week-ends. For five or six hundred a year one may have a "real car" with sliding-gear transmission and all the similitude of luxury, and if it is used only for week-ends, not for daily business trips, a few dollars a week will cover the expense even of such a car.

At the other end of the scale one may purchase a high-grade car of thirty or forty horse-power at a price materially lower than five years ago, equipped with electric horn, electric lights, engine-starter, and other conveniences then unthought of; and this car will be so well built, so durable, and so simple to manage that the high-priest of the steering-wheel—the chauffeur—is now only worshipped if one has a stable of several cars. Even chauffeurs demand the ritual of the check-book less often, and sacrifices and burnt-offerings of wrecked cars are seldom required.

Let us suppose a case. Your city house is worth, say, \$9,000. Included in your recreation budget are \$100 for theatre, \$150 for vacations, and \$50 for club dues. You can get a neat suburban home, with an acre of ground and a garage, for \$7,000. The

difference in rental will be, at 8 per cent., \$160. Adding the theatre, club, and vacation expenses, you have \$460 to apply on a new programme.

The country house is a mile and a half from the village, and your wife or son will go to the station with you and drive the car home. Six miles a day, plus week-end trips, will make about 4,000 miles a year. A fair average for gasoline, oil, tires, and repairs is five cents a mile for a \$1,200 car—\$200 for the year. Depreciation, if averaged over four years, will be about the same. Insurance and extras will amount to perhaps \$50.

Thus far, the saving and expense about balance. Whether they do so in practice will depend largely on the outlays for commutation, extra fuel, and servants' wages. But one thing is certain; you will

spend only a fifth or a tenth as much on doctors! I could name men who date their first real grip on business from the time when they began building up their physical energies by motoring—conservative motoring, mind you, not extravagance in either speed or spending.

The logic of the situation points to the growth of motor colonies. It is the exceptional city family that removes outright to the farming hinterland, and in most cases distance from transportation has hitherto produced an inferior neighborhood. That latter condition is visibly giving way to the new order; already the cities have many automobile "commuters," and in every large suburb the morning and evening trains are met by scores of motor-cars. In a few years they will be hundreds.

Railroad Slaughter in United States

A SERIES of articles is being run in Pearson's Magazine which is calculated to prove that the railroads of the United States are little more than a tottering makeshift. It is held that they "endanger our lives every time we ride and they levy an unearned tax on everything we eat and wear. Commonly we think our railroads are the best on earth. They are not by a long shot. Our railroad systems have gone to pieces. They are inefficient and unsafe."

The article, which is written by Charles E. Russell, goes on to prove these contentions. Hardly a day passes without its story of railroad disaster; fifteen wrecks, great and small were reported on one system in fifteen days; on July 3 and 4 forty persons were killed in but two wrecks. The United States, in fact, in the matter of railroad slaughter, beats the world. It is because the railroads are dangerous and are becoming more dangerous. Certain it is, at any rate, that it is not due to the speed of trains; for average express train speed Great Britain is first, France is second, Germany is third, and the United States is fourth. As a matter of fact it would seem that the speed of American roads is a fake,

for, says this writer, "seventy per cent. of our express trains travelling over 400 miles reach their destination behind time despite threats to the engineers, who are blamed for accidents due to making up time." Why, pursues the writer, "can we not run fast trains as safely as they are run in England, Germany and France? Defective roadbeds are some of the reasons, poor rails, rotten ties and old wooden cars are some other reasons." Other causes mentioned include inadequate engine systems and undermanned lines. And what is the reason for all of these defects? Possibly the article itself suggests an answer in this reference:

"Why do our 'magnificent railroad systems' have bad roadbeds, defective rails, inadequate signals? Well, maybe there is more money in selling stock which requires dividends to 'support the market.'" And what is the remedy for it all? Again, to quote: "We have come to the end of our present railroad system; whether we like it or do not like it we have come to the end of it; we need, not regulation, but revolution. And we are going to have revolution."

MacLean's Magazine

Vol. xxv

Toronto, April 1913

No. 6

DEDICATION.

*In the spring when the wattle-gold
trembles*

*'Twixt shadow and shine,
And each dew-laden air-draught re-
sembles*

*A long draught of wine,
When the sky-line's blue burnished re-
sistance*

*Makes deeper the dreamiest distance,—
Some songs have in all hearts exist-
ence—*

Such songs have been mine.

—Adam Lindsay Gordon.

(The poems of Australia's own poet have recently been collected.)

The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd.

Montreal

Toronto

Winnipeg

Contents Copyright, 1913



"We used to spend our evenings figuring out how much money we needed to get married on."

The Confessions of a Publicity Agent—page 36

The Exceptional Man

We have given the leading place in this number to "The Era of the Exceptional Man," because it is a remarkable article by one of the world's great writers. The importance of the subject from every viewpoint is such that it should receive serious attention on all sides. Out of his knowledge of business conditions and wide experience among business men, Dr. Marden writes with force and authority.

By Dr. O. S. Marden

MR. CARNEGIE says: "The most valuable acquisition to his business which an employer can obtain is an *exceptional* young man. There is no bargain so fruitful."

This is the Marshall Field & Company idea of what makes the exceptional employee.

"To do the right thing, at the right time, in the right way; to do some things better than they were ever done before; to eliminate errors; to know both sides of the question; to be courteous; to be an example; to work for love of the work; to anticipate requirements; to develop resources; to recognize no impediments; to master circumstances; to act from reason rather than rule; to be satisfied with nothing short of perfection."

This is an era of the exceptional man. No matter who else is out of employment, no matter how many thousands of people are crowding the employment offices looking in vain for jobs, no matter how hard the times are or how dull business may be, the exceptional man, the man who can do things, the man who has a superb training and who is ambitious to do things in a large and an original way, and who possesses a fine mind, is always in demand. There are always plenty of situations waiting for him. He does not have to hunt for a job, he simply selects the one he prefers. There is a standing advertisement everywhere for the exceptional young man.

Never before was there such a demand for the exceptional, the resourceful man, the man who can think, who can devise new and original ways of doing things, the man who can grasp the needs of the situation and solve them with his resourcefulness.

The exceptional employee is the one who is always on the alert for business, who is so polite and attentive and obliging to his customers that everybody wants to deal with him; who makes friends for the firm, who adds dignity to the house. He is the one who looks upon his employer's interests as he would his own, who regards his vocation as an opportunity to make a man of himself, an opportunity to show his employer the stuff he is made of, and who is always preparing himself to fill the position above him.

The exceptional employee is the one who never says, "I was not paid to do that"; "I don't get salary enough to work after hours or to take so much pains." He never leaves things half done, but does everything to a finish. He studies his employer's business, reads its literature; he is on the watch for every improvement which others in the same line have adopted and which his employer has not, and is always improving himself during his spare time for larger things.

The exceptional employee is the one whose main ambition is to help along the business; who stays after hours during the busy season to help out wherever

er he can, and when any emergency arises in the concern, has a valuable suggestion for its solution. The exceptional employee is the one who settles difficulties among his co-workers without rupture, and is always trying to avoid friction, to keep peace and harmony in the firm. He encourages the dull boy or the boy who can not seem to get hold of the business; he is always ready to give a lift whenever needed, and a word of cheer to the discouraged.

Young men who are sticklers for hours, who are afraid of working overtime, who want to leave the office on the minute or a little before, who are always a little late in the morning, or who take their employer's time for their own personal uses—such employees never get very far.

In every large establishment there are a few employees who show promise and are sure of promotion. They stick and dig and hang on to their task when other people are in a hurry to quit. They do not measure their hours by the clock, or their obligation to their employer by the amount of salary they receive; they do not feel that, when they begin work earlier or stay later, it is an injustice on his part not to pay them for overtime.

Readiness, willingness to do anything at any time, a disposition to oblige, to accommodate, these are qualities that win an employer's admiration.

No matter if it is a little inconvenient to you — if you have to postpone your supper or your evening's amusement — if you can please your employer, you have scored an advantage which he will not forget.

The employer does not want to beg people to do things for him, and the boy who wants to get on ought to regard every opportunity to render a little additional service as a great advantage to him, a chance to get a little deeper into the confidence of his employer, to get a little nearer to him.

There is nothing which will put you in a more favorable light with your employer than to anticipate his wants and make him feel that you are trying to help him carry his load, and to make his work a little easier. Think for him,

plan for him when you can. He will appreciate it, and will gradually learn to depend upon you. In this way you may make yourself indispensable to him.

The very consciousness that you yourself feel the weight of responsibility, that you are trying to think out ways and means for advancing his interests, will fasten you to him with hooks of steel. He will overlook a great many deficiencies if you have this one quality of sincere interest in his affairs, and are really trying to help him,—if you have the same interest in his affairs as though the business were your own.

It is astonishing how few of the thousands of young men who are ambitious to get on in the world, are capable of independent action. Very few of them are leaders; the great majority are followers. This is one of the things which keeps young men and young women back. If there is anything in the world a man at the head of an establishment wants around him, it is those who can suggest something, who do not stand paralyzed in an emergency, but who can act independently.

Men never learn much by hanging around, doing just what they are told to do. It is the progressive young man who keeps his thinking cap on, who suggests improved methods, and plans of action, who is advanced.

A great many employers get sick and tired of asking those about them to do things and explaining how to do them. They feel that they would give their kingdom almost for a leader, for a man who could further their interests without asking questions all the time and wanting instructions. It is leaders that are wanted not followers, young men who can act quickly, who can start right, and right away.

We see standing around in most large establishments boys and young men with their hands in their pockets, powerless to map out a program, or to do anything unless told.

"As a rule, it is the employee who does something out of the ordinary, something which the others associated with him do not do, who is promoted quickly, sometimes even over the heads

of those who have been in the business much longer than he has," says John E. Hewer. "He takes more pains with his work, does it more rapidly, shows more interest in his employer's affairs, evinces more intelligence and originality in his methods, or, in some other way, especially commends himself to his employer's attention as one worthy of promotion.

If there is anything that makes a bad impression upon an employer it is a manifestation of indifference to his interests, a selfishness that measures every demand by personal interest.

"Employers are not blind to what is going on around them, and, though they may often seem unobservant, they are always watching those under them. They know who shirks, who watches the clock, who clips a few minutes, here and there, from his employer's time; who comes a little late in the morning and goes a little earlier in the evening; in other words, they keep thoroughly posted in regard to the work and general conduct of their employees."

The men who have done great things in the world have been prodigious workers, particularly during the time when they were struggling to establish themselves in life. When genius has failed in what it attempted, and talent says impossible; when every other faculty gives up; when tact retires and diplomacy has fled; when logic and argument and influence and "pulls" have all done their best and retired from the field, gritty persistency, bulldog tenacity, steps in; and by sheer force of holding on wins, gets the order, closes the contract, does the impossible.

I often get letters from employees who complain bitterly that they have remained in the same position for many years, with practically no advancement in salary or prospects. But there is usually something wrong with these employees. They lack enterprise, lack a comprehensive grasp of affairs; often they work mechanically; have a mere superficial knowledge of the business and hence they are not the kind of material the employer is seeking for promotion.

Knowledge is power everywhere, and

especially in one's own specialty. I know young men who have been clerks in stores for many years in one department with no advancement, who never appear to show the slightest interest in any other department, or in the way in which the business as a whole is conducted; they are simply cogs in a wheel; mere automatons working mechanically so many hours a day, and they are always glad when the day's work is done.

This lack of interest in the business, this indifference of the employees to learning anything outside their own routine, is fatal to growth. What would become of the business if the proprietor were to show the same indifference, the same lack of interest as do these automaton clerks?

The principle of advancement, of growth, of progress, is the same whether in employer or employee. Business grows because of enterprising, progressive, up-to-date methods. Promotion for the employee requires the same pushing, vigorous, alert methods.

If you want to be something more than an average worker you must do something more than average work. If you expect to become an important figure in the world of commerce, a captain of industry, instead of a common soldier in the ranks of labor, you must put your shoulder to the wheel.

If you envy your employer his freedom from restraint, his independence, his financial power, it will pay you to inquire into the methods by which he rose from employee to employer. You will perhaps find that he worked for many years from twelve to eighteen hours a day for a small salary, that he rarely took a vacation, that he put every ounce of energy he possessed into his business.

It is astonishing how many young men are trying to get a living without hard work. It does not seem possible that so many people could live off of one another without really producing anything themselves. Almost everywhere we see young men looking for easy places, short hours, and the least possible work for the greatest possible salary.

Even if it were possible to get a living

with a very little effort, you could not afford it. You could not afford to coin your brain into dollars, to make dollar-chasing the ambition of your life. There ought to be something larger in you than that. There is something in you which will not be satisfied with this sort of a life, something which will protest against selling yourself so cheaply. You can not respect yourself unless you are doing your best, making your greatest effort to bring out the best thing in you.

It is a pinching, narrowing, contracting policy, this trying to get something for nothing. It narrows the individual, stunts the growth, stops the expansion. There is something demoralizing in trying to get through life without a struggle; without doing one's part. The first thing the successful employee must realize is that he is really working for himself. Every bit of work he does heartily, honestly, thoroughly, is developing his own capacity, making him a bigger, broader, more capable man. It is the determination to take a manly part, to do one's full share in the world, to amount to something, the willingness to struggle for advancement—the pushing out, the struggling on, the striving upward — that makes the exceptional man or woman.

This is the sort of exceptional employee civilization is looking for. He is wanted in every city, town and village: he is wanted *badly*. Every office, shop, store and factory wants him. Every vocation is crying out for the exceptional man. He is needed, and needed badly everywhere.

No matter how hard the times or how many millions are out of employment, there is this sign up at the door of every factory, every store, every large business office in this country

WANTED A MAN — AN EXCEPTIONAL MAN.

The man who can do things when others only dream about them.

The man who will do his work when the boss is away.

The man who has courage, who is not a slave to precedent.

The man who is not afraid of burning his bridges behind him.

The man who does not wait for an opportunity, but who makes it.

The man who puts grit in the place of his handicap; grit in the place of a good chance.

The man who, if he cannot go around, over or under a difficulty, goes straight through it.

The man who is a live wire.

The man who, when he falls, falls on his feet.

The man who has dare in his nature; who pushes ahead when others turn back.

The man who puts up a good front.

The man who makes a good first impression.

The man who does not procrastinate, dawdle or waver, but who goes straight to his goal.

The man who finds his own motor inside of him; who does not have to come back to his employer every few days to be recharged, like an automobile.

The man who is not easily turned down or shaken off; who has bull-dog grit — tenacity of purpose; who smiles at rebuffs, who thrives upon them.

The man who is willing to take his medicine and who does not dally with the spoon.

The man who is ambitious to be an artist in his career instead of merely an artisan.

The man who will not make a fool of himself just because he knows how.

The man with an overmastering purpose, one unwavering aim; whose decision is quick and final; who believes in the miracle of polite persistency.

The young man who does not wait for his star, but who hitches his wagon to anything that comes his way.

The man who has not stinted his foundations; who is willing to pay the price for a large success; who does things to a finish; who puts his trademark of superiority upon everything that passes through his hands.

The man who goes in to win; who starts out every morning with the grim resolution that he is going to make the day a red-letter day; who takes for his motto, "Always improving something somewhere; bettering my best."



"Doesn't the back fit beautifully!"

The Little Idiot and the Born Manager

"The Little Idiot and the Born Manager" is a story of modern business life. The title role characters are young ladies of different types. A law office is the scene of activities. Margaret B. Shipp, who writes the story, is well known as the author of "The Worshipper" and "The Jealousy of Mrs. Pete."

By Margaret Busbee Shipp

WHEN people in Millersville said how fortunate it was that Bessie Hubbard had her cousin to depend upon, they lost sight of that provision of nature which always gives a vine something to cling to. Nobody except a born manager like Delia Denton, they averred, could have made Bessie keep at her stenography until she had acquired a fair rate of speed, and had qualified herself to accompany Delia to the city.

For a year Delia had filled a position in a local lawyers office, but in Millersville six dollars a week was considered ample emolument for a woman, so she decided to seek her fortune in one of the larger places in the State — a Southern manufacturing town of some thirty thousand inhabitants. Mrs. Denton

could live with a married son, and Bessie, who had made her home with them since her orphaned childhood, must perforce go with Delia.

The girls opened an office, and, after a slack month or two, Delia's ability asserted itself. Some one telephoned to ask if she could fill the place of a court reporter, suddenly taken ill. She was so sure of her speed and of her familiarity with legal phrases that it never occurred to her to hesitate. Success in this case made the way plain, and soon there were few moments in which the typewriters were not clicking steadily. Bessie, of course, could not undertake court reporting, but letters and the overflow of Delia's work kept her busy.

Delia began to realize the satisfaction

of depositing a tiny sum in the savings-bank each month. The city stores were so tempting to a country-bred girl that Bessie was always in debt. Delia kept a watchful eye upon her cousin's purchases, constantly pruning the exuberances of her taste.

"Doesn't the back fit beautifully?" asked Bessie one morning, pirouetting before a mirror in their small bedroom.

"Ye—es; but, somehow, Bessie, you never look like a business woman. There is always something a little too festive about your appearance. It must be that collarette, or the way your hair blows around your face, that makes you look as if you were going out to a morning card-party instead of an office!"

"I can't keep my hair from curling," replied Bessie amiably, "and I'm sure I can't walk half as comfortably in such low heels, but I'm dressed just like you, Dee."

"There's a difference," said Delia, herself puzzled to locate the contrast in the mirror.

When she stood beside her cousin, it reflected two girls of equal years, both brown-haired and blue-eyed, dressed in plain street suits. Bessie's eyes were big and appealing, her mouth drooped plaintively or slipped into laughter according to her moods, and her hair broke into ripples all over her head. Her love of daintiness was manifested by the pretty way in which she arranged her tresses, by the careful manicuring of her remarkably lovely hands, and by those little accessories of dress which Delia called "festive."

Delia was straight as a sapling, with eyes clear and keen, a wholesome color, and a firm mouth. The hat she was pinning on just missed being becoming.

"Well, let's hurry to the office. Mr. Biscoe telephoned that he wished to see me upon a matter of especial importance."

"Is he handsome?" inquired Bessie.

Delia looked her annoyance.

"He must be past thirty-five, with a reddish face and a thick-set figure."

"Is he married?" pursued Bessie.

Delia allowed the annoyance to flash out.

"Bessie, I wish you wouldn't ask such

silly questions. It is positively ill-bred. It is immaterial to me whether the customer from whom I am taking dictation has a hooked nose or a harelip, is married, divorced, or a bigamist."

"A bigamist?" gasped Bessie. "Which one?"

"You little idiot!" laughed her cousin; and Bessie knew she was forgiven without understanding where she had offended.

Mr. Biscoe came to offer Delia the place of stenographer in his office.

"I've always had a man, but I liked your work in the Biggs-Hammer case, and I think you can fill the position."

Delia declined on the ground of the wider opportunity of an independent office, but offered to take the place for a week or two until he could find some one else.

"Why, I thought you would have jumped at it," said Bessie, after the door had closed on him.

"So did Mr. Biscoe," returned Delia briefly.

"But you said the other day that work fell off so during the summer that you were afraid we couldn't afford a vacation, while if we held regular positions we should be granted a fortnight's leave on full pay."

"At the end of a week, he will repeat his offer, and with more eagerness," Delia stated quietly.

Her prophecy was verified, and she accepted the position at a slight increase of salary. So capable a machine did she prove, so intelligent a helper, that by the end of a month she was as much a part of Biscoe's office as his revolving chair.

Left without the stimulus of her energetic associate's presence, Bessie's work languished. For a time, a book manuscript kept her occupied, but when her earnings fell so low that they failed to pay her expenses, Delia decided to save office-rent and board by sending Bessie to Millersville for a visit.

There was a political convention in early August, so the work beforehand was very heavy and urgent. After it was over, and Biscoe's wing of the party had triumphed, he told Miss Denton that she had better arrange to take her

fortnight's vacation the last two weeks in August. He asked if she had thought of a substitute. When Delia suggested her cousin, he nodded, and Bessie was sent for.

She was a day late in arriving, and as nothing short of the earth being "staggered to the final shock" would have induced Delia to leave on a different train from the one she had named, Bessie had to go alone to the office. In the summer-time, Bessie would never have struck one as a business proposition. In her white linen suit, little tan ties, and becoming hat, she looked about sixteen; and when she presented herself to Biscoe, she was too well versed in disapprobation not to read it in his eyes. She knew that expression from Delia.

"You don't like the way I look?" she faltered. "I could get a black dress if you think it would make me seem dignified enough."

Biscoe smiled at the accurate reading of his thoughts, and at her idea of dressing up to the exalted part of his stenographer.

"That is not necessary, Miss—er — Hubbard, is it? Miss Denton is only to be absent a fortnight."

He recalled that fact with satisfaction several times during the morning, for Bessie was confused by her new duties. Later on, when she was at the typewriter, she suddenly looked up and asked him how to spell a word which puzzled her. Everybody knows how easy it is to forget the vowels of certain catch-words of spelling-bees, and Biscoe answered curtly:

"A!"

When the typed letter was handed to him, he glanced over it and said:

"That word looks wrong. You will find a dictionary on that stand."

"It's spelled with an 'i' in here," announced Bessie tranquilly; "but I think it looks much nicer the way you spell it."

It would have been impossible for any one to have assumed the faith of that tone; Biscoe was amused to see that she regarded Noah Webster and himself as equal authorities.

II.

Delia had seen Biscoe as a keen, shrewd lawyer, his practise confined to office-work and real-estate transactions, and having, as a side issue, an interest and a distinct influence in the politics of the State. That was Biscoe—though little less than the man.

Bessie soon came to regard him as the legal luminary of the country, and when the party chairman and State officials dropped in to consult him frequently, she regarded him as the hub around which the wheel of government revolved. That was Biscoe, or a little more than Biscoe.

Delia had casually noticed that he was growing bald. Bessie thought iron-gray hair most distinguished. She had no fear of him personally. It was so natural to her to depend upon the person nearest to her that in difficulties over her notes, or perplexities of construction, she appealed to him much as she would have appealed to Delia. Each time Biscoe determined to tell her that she must not interrupt him for trivialities, but she was so little and so helpless that he invariably postponed it.

One day she went further, and with the same naive ignorance. After washing her hands, she discovered that there was no towel. This could never have happened to Delia; she would have ascertained the fact beforehand, summoned and rebuked the janitor, and had the deficiency remedied. With outstretched, dripping hands, Bessie advanced toward Mr. Biscoe.

"What *shall* I do? There isn't any towel!"

The appealing quality in Bessie was epitomized in her hands. They were soft and white, babyishly pink in the palms, tapering to the slender, blue-veined wrist and into the rounded arm, dimpled at the elbow. It was the first time that Biscoe had noticed how — how almost unbelievably pretty they were.

"Try my handkerchief. It's larger than yours."

He shook out a snowy piece of linen. Somehow — he hardly knew how it happened, from what hidden spring the

impulse came—he found himself drying them for her, taking both the confiding little hands in his own for a moment.

Bessie thanked him, sweet and unabashed. As she was used to small services being rendered her from everybody with whom she came in contact, it did not occur to her that she had received a rather unusual one from her employer; but the recollection of it annoyed Biscoe all day, and he was glad to recall that Miss Denton would return in two days. Next morning, however, a gasp of dismay from his stenographer was followed by her quick step to the side of his desk, with an open letter in her hand.

"Oh, Mr. Biscoe, Dee has sprained her ankle! Isn't it perfectly dreadful? And she wears such sensible heels, too! There is a note enclosed for you. I am so sorry for Dee!"

Mr. Biscoe read the note, drumming impatiently on his desk.

"I sha'n't keep this chattering baby indefinitely. I'll let her go, and take on that young fellow who applied for a place," he decided.

With this determination he wheeled in his chair, to encounter the most woe-begone, downcast face imaginable.

"Why, a sprained ankle doesn't amount to much," he said kindly.

"It—it wasn't that," she stammered. "You will think I am a selfish, wicked girl to be thinking of myself and not of poor, darling Dee, but I had so counted on leaving your office to-morrow!"

"Ah?"

"You see it's Wednesday, so I promised Mr. Eller to go to the *matinée* with him; and after it was over, Mr. Greene was going to meet me at the door of the theatre and take me out in an *automobile*!"

"And who are these young men?" asked Biscoe, in a tone which would have done credit to Delia herself.

"They are very nice," explained Bessie earnestly. "Mr. Eller boards in the house with me, and he brought Mr. Greene to call—he's a bank clerk. They are very kind, and now that Dee is gone, and they are afraid I will be lonely, one or the other of them stays with me every

evening. You see, I've never been in an automobile, and Mr. Greene was going to get one from the garage. At Millersville, almost every young man has a horse and buggy, and I used to go for a drive every afternoon, so I miss it here."

"You ought not to go out with young men of whom you know little or nothing. Is that young Greene of the First National?"

Bessie nodded. Biscoe knew him by reputation as a "gay" young fellow, not especially bad, but liable at times to be anything but a wise companion for so young and ignorant a girl.

"You had better call them up by phone and let them know of your cousin's accident and your change of plans."

Bessie noticed the curtness of his tone, but was unaware of his concession in retaining her services.

Wednesday was a glorious day, and several times Biscoe caught Bessie gazing wistfully out of the window. She made him think of a caged hummingbird. He thought how childish she had longed for the ride in the hired machine, of his chauffeur, "eating his head off worse than a horse," of his big touring-car, and how seldom he had used it all summer. Just an hour in it would be such a treat to this poor girl! He cleared his throat.

"My car will be around about five o'clock," he said. "If you like, I'll take you for a short spin in it, so that you can see how it compares with Millersville rapid transit."

Bessie's hands dropped in her lap with a pretty gesture of bewilderment.

"Oh, I do believe you are the most unselfish person in the world!" she exclaimed.

That view of one's actions is so easy to adopt, that though the "short spin" lengthened into a long ride over the country roads, though Bessie's face, with its encircling veiling, had never looked rosier or prettier, though her chatter amused him until he had not been so self-forgotten in years — yet when they came back in the purple dusk of the late summer evening, he still believed the sweet voice with its

trailing inflection that murmured he had been "so good, so unselfish."

His complaisance tinged his greeting the next morning. Of course, he didn't want the little stenographer to misunderstand an act of pure kindness — one that there was no necessity to repeat.

It was from the indignant Mr. Greene, who, from the Country Club, had seen passing "what at first appeared to be an elderly man kidnapping a child, but on second glance proved to be Miss Hubbard and her plethoric employer. Naturally



"What shall I do, there isn't any towel!"

A letter was on Bessie's desk, and as she read it, she gave a startled exclamation.

"No more bad news, I hope?"

"Would you mind reading it, if you're not too busy, and telling me how to answer it? I never had a rude note before!"

Fig. 2

a previous engagement was thrown over for the opportunity of enjoying an added hour in such society." It was the crude outburst of a furiously angry boy, and it should not have irritated Mr. Biscoe as much as it did.

"You can refer him to me for any explanation he wishes as to your broken

engagement. Get your note-book, child. Now say—"

Biscoe dictated her reply, and Bessie began to copy it off on a sheet of robin's-egg note-paper. Biscoe did not return to his work; he was waiting for a question he knew was inevitable.

"How do you spell 'surveillance'?"

He laughed aloud.

"I was absolutely sure you would ask that, you little goose."

A rosy flush dyed the fairness of the girl's face and throat. Every boy in Millersville who had made love to her had begun by calling her that! By the time they said "You little idiot!" they were very far gone indeed.

Biscoe mistook the blush, and thought, with quick contrition, that he had hurt her feelings.

"Don't bother over the loss of your peppery young clerk. We will go out in the machine for a while this afternoon, if you wish, and show him that you are not weeping over his note.

III.

THREE weeks later, Delia tranquilly opened a letter. Bessie's epistles were never very exciting affairs.

"I've been dreadfully stinging in letters lately, dearest Dee, but I have been so busy." Delia looked approvingly. "You scolded me in your last for writing you about the fall styles instead of the office, but I thought you would rather have your mind off the work while you're away. Mr. Biscoe is the soul of kindness, and we are lucky girls to work under such a splendid man." Delia looked dubious. "He says he is afraid the confinement of an office will cause me to lose my roses, so he takes me out in his car every afternoon, and he leaves earlier than he used to." Delia looked electrified. "It is painted red, and goes like the wind. Sometimes we stop at the restaurant at the Country Club for dinner, and you ought to hear how wonderfully he orders! Don't hurry back until you are perfectly well. With loads of love, I remain your devoted Bessie.

"P. S.—If anybody ever patted your cheek, would you *like* it?"

Delia looked whiter than the paper. She packed her grip to return by the first train. To her family she only vouchsafed that she had been called back a few days earlier than she had expected. Everything she had ever heard about credulous young girls falling into more or less serious trouble through their ignorance of the world thronged to her mind and filled it with anxious forebodings. If she had never left the office! If she were only there now!

Certainly the actual scene in it would have startled her, for Bessie was there alone, crouched on the floor in the furthest corner, her fingers to her ears, her face pale and terrified.

It was so that Biscoe found her when he came in shortly.

"Why, Bessie, what on earth is the matter?"

She burst into the relief of sobs.

"Oh, quick! Go out quick!"

"What are you talking about?" he asked, bewildered.

Stooping over her, he lifted her to her feet and gave her a gentle shake. Trying to control herself, she explained.

"It's the men in the next office. They are *gambling*! . . . I passed by, and the door was partly opened, and they had cards and piles of red and blue chips, and I heard them betting!"

"Did any of those young puppies dare to say anything to you?" demanded Biscoe, his hands tightening on the girl's wrists.

"No, they didn't even see me; but I knew they were gambling, and I was afraid you might pass by just as they began to shoot, or the bullets might come through the wall, so I wouldn't go to lunch. I waited to warn you. Oh, please, let's hurry away!"

"Shooting?" repeated Biscoe, completely at sea.

"Of course," cried Bessie impatiently. "You know they always shoot pistols after they gamble a while. I've read Mr. Bret Harte's stories, and I've seen it in two plays. They might hit you!"

She lifted the pleading, drowned forget-me-nots of her eyes.

"Oh, you little idiot!" He did not

know that he was murmuring the magic word — the open sesame. "Is all this crying because you were so afraid for me, Bessie? I met Allston in the elevator, so the game's over and we're safe this time. You darling little idiot!"

His arms closed around her. He bent his face to hers.

Delia, having made herself so neat from the contents of her satchel that there was no lingering taint of the train, knocked at the door half an hour later. The radiance reflected on both faces, and Bessie's rapturous greeting, made it difficult for her to begin; but Biscoe saved her the necessity.

"I am very glad to see you again, Miss Denton. I have persuaded your little cousin to brighten up that empty house of mine, and as I have never believed in long engagements, I am sure you will help her to hurry with her preparations. Bessie, I selfishly forgot you have had no lunch; you must be starved. I'll come by for you in the car at six. Miss Denton, can you go to work at once? There is quite an accumulation of mail, and your cousin has been somewhat — er — agitated this morning."

At Delia's brief assent, Biscoe looked up to smile good-by to Bessie, and drew a formidable pile of letters toward him.

"You are ready? 'Messrs. Steele & Simpkins, 14 West Third Street, City. Dear Sirs, I regret the unavoidable delay in replying to your communication of—'"

"A heavy afternoon's work and a headache from anxiety is what comes to me!" thought Delia, rather bitterly.

But it has been said that Delia's judgment of Biscoe was somewhat less than the man. It was some years later that she reaped the reward of her efficient service in his office, and never did Biscoe show a more unselfish spirit than when he threw the weight of his political influence toward securing her appointment as head of the business department of the new normal college. Mrs. Denton came to live with her daughter in the pretty suite of rooms reserved for their use. The savings-

bank account has grown to respectable proportions; and in her summer vacations Delia has gratified her fondness for travelling by chaperoning parties of girls abroad.

She is President of the Women's Civic League, a moving factor in the School Betterment Society and the Tuesday Afternoon Book Club, and quite wonderfully finds time for her various activities and interests, to Bessie's delighted admiration. As for Bessie herself, she is so happy and so cherished that she is prettier than ever, and ridiculously young-looking to be at the head of a family.

When the third child was born, Delia looked at him appalled, realizing afresh that if commonplace people will marry, they must expect commonplace children.

"Isn't he a darling?" gurgled Bessie. "Babies are such fun!" Then she remembered that she had been rebuked for this sentiment, so she added, in apologetic haste: "I mean they are such grave responsibilities. Whom do you think he looks like, Dee?"

"He is the image of his father," stated Delia, not compromising with the bald and painful truth.

Bessie was so overjoyed with this verdict that Biscoe was summoned from the next room.

"Oh, dearest, Dee says so, too! She thinks he looks exactly like you, and you thought it was just my imagination because I wanted it that way!"

Delia simply averted her eyes from the fatuous satisfaction that beamed in Biscoe's face.

"Thank Heaven I was Mr. Biscoe's *stenographer*!" she thought, as she left the room.

"Poor Dee!" reflected Bessie. "Sweetheart, how glad I am that you married me!"

"So am I," said Biscoe emphatically, stooping to kiss her.

So it would seem that the partnership of the Little Idiot and the Born Manager was dissolved to the entire satisfaction of all the parties concerned.

The Confessions of a Publicity Agent

The following is the first of a series of three articles on "The Confessions of a Publicity Agent." The series, which will run in MacLean's through April, May and June, is written by a leading Canadian journalist under a pseudonym, and purports to embody "the autobiography of one William Jennings Jones, formerly publicity agent for the town of Milham, and now Mayor thereof." The opening story tells of the manner in which young Jones drifted from newspaper work into the publicity field and of the way he handled his first job.

By James Grantham

I LEARNED all I know about town boosting—and I think I know quite a bit along that line—by being fired. A good many men have had the same experience. To be fired once is sometimes a god-send; to be fired twice is serious. It happened to me just the once, but it came hard and swift and good. I was thrown out without any money to light on. I hadn't any reputation either. People were not waiting around outside waiting to offer me jobs. I remember that distinctly.

It hurt my feelings. It came close to breaking me for good and all, that is why, perhaps, it did me far more good than if someone had died about that time and left me a mint of money. The legacy, in the condition I was in, would have saved me from learning the lesson I needed to learn. It might have paid the rent and bought the grub for a little while, but it would not have taught me my business.

Before it happened I was an assistant financial editor on a Toronto morning newspaper. Twenty-two dollars a week was all that stood between me and my landlady, and I had more things to buy than board too. My prospects for an increase were about as bright as any man's prospects are who thinks he has learned all there is to know about his job and doesn't enlarge his vision. My work consisted of gathering financial news for my paper. As a side graft I had a stand in with the local vaudeville house and got free tickets once a week,

sometimes twice, if the man on the door wasn't too sober. I had built up a fairly good business connection among the brokers down town and for a long time there were not many men who could get by me with a *scoop* in the financial columns. But that was about as far as I had climbed. I thought no one else could work up the same connection,—which was foolish because one day a new man came along on the Globe, a man with good manners and a pleasant address and I could see that even my connection wouldn't last more than two months. Instead of getting busy and writing better stuff and playing up my stories better, I took to grouching because I wasn't getting more money, and while I was grouching along came this offer from the town of Milham and I grabbed it — at fifteen hundred a year—that is where the story begins: at fifteen hundred a year.

I was engaged at the time to Mary, who was a stenographer in the business office of my paper. We used to spend our evenings figuring out how much money we needed to get married on. It was a pleasant occupation. We had heard that old story about two being able to live cheaper than one, but we were not foolish enough to believe it. We knew that if Mary cut out work and the strain all fell on my salary, there would be precious little time for domestic happiness between doing problems in arithmetic and dodging the collectors. We wanted a flat, rugs and some

nice furniture. Also we had a hankering for one or two little luxuries such as a gramophone and a piano player and an occasional holiday together, which we knew were not possible on twenty-two per week. So we had set our hearts on twenty-five. We were still counting on the twenty-five and I was thinking up a speech to make to the boss when I should walk into his office to make the touch, when I got a letter from an uncle of mine in the town of Milham saying the town had decided to engage a publicity expert and that he — being a man of some influence — had recommended me for the position. (He had heard once that I almost had a job as press agent for a moving picture theatre on Yonge Street. That was where he had gone wrong.) He went on to say in his letter that the aldermen did not feel like engaging an expensive man such as they heard some towns had, but they wanted a bright young fellow who would take an interest in his work — and fifteen hundred a year! That meant thirty dollars a week. Would I take it? I made an excuse to go into the business office and show the letter to Mary. Mary pretty nearly cried she was so pleased—she used to cry easily, anyhow—and we went out to lunch together after I had turned in my morning story. She loaned me money enough—it was three days from payday and I was nearly strapped — to go down to Milham and see my uncle and the aldermen. That afternoon I was on my way to cinch that thirty-dollar-a-week job. I was talking to myself all the way there: would I take fifteen hundred a year and give the town of Milham the benefit of my expert services? Would I! The train could not travel fast enough for me.

Although the name is a false name you would guess the town if I described it too closely, so I will disguise it. Milham wouldn't like it if I didn't. It was located in an old settled farming district, and was served by the Grand Trunk and the C. P. R., at least, these roads had so-called stations marked Milham, which were some distance from the heart of the town, also, the railways only gave what service they chose to

the importers and exporters of the town, which was not much. A large river flowed down past one side of the town and had once been the means of operating several old-fashioned water-mills. But with the advent of steam-driven machinery the mills had either been closed, or moved to other centres, or equipped, as in a few cases, with reciprocating engines. There were probably twenty thousand people in the town. It had never been talked about in all its life, except to be made the subject of old jokes, such as the one about the man in the balloon who asked his friends (presumably by wireless telephony) to have a freight car moved a few feet in order that he could get a better view of—Milham. And these stories used to make the Milham people mad. But that was as far as they ever went. They lived and died and were talked about year in and year out without once getting into print. If Milham had a few industries left, a couple of woolen mills and a tooth-pick factory, it was by good luck and the grace of Providence, not by good management. Its one newspaper was merely a chronicler of petty gossip and patent medicine advertisements. Up until three years ago the only amusement the women of the town had was afternoon socials, but since then they have taken to Bridge. The town was, in short, a wealthy, healthy, but dead-as-a-door-nail burg, filled up with retired farmers and their savings accounts. The liveliest place in the town was the business college, which exported all the brightest children of the town to become stenographers at five dollars a week in Toronto. It was to this town that I was summoned as publicity agent. One of the aldermen had read an advertisement for advertising and he had communicated the idea to the rest of the council, who had listened to the advice of my relative the grocer, and so had appointed me. I was delighted. So were they. At one fell swoop, by voting a salary of thirty dollars a week and hiring a young man from the reportorial staff of a Toronto paper they thought they had lifted the town out of obscurity and set it upon the road to becoming a great city. No

wonder they were pleased. It was not their money they were voting away anyhow.

At heart, Milham wasnt a bad little town. It meant well. It was kind even though it was fond of gossip. It would turn out to a funeral as heartily as it would shower a bride with rice down at the C. P. R. station. It drank a little, but not much. When a Milham man had had a drink he always munched cloves afterward, not necessarily that it would disguise the smell of the liquor, and so deceive his wife, but because it was Milham-ish to do things that way. It was strong on preachers and pretended great discrimination in the matter of pulpit style. It was a humble-minded, modest little town, but at the same time it had an underlaying conceit that would have put New York to blush if New York had ever seen it. It felt, in a complacent sort of way, that if it had only tried it could long ago have been a greater town than Toronto, and a rival of New York. But it had told itself that life wasn't worth the struggle to fulfil so great a destiny, and it had sat down to enjoy home comforts, far from the excitement of trolley cars and menu cards printed in French.

It took me just about a week to realize that I did not know anything about the job I had undertaken. I had an office and a stenographer and a desk that had once done service for the city clerk, but I had no idea what was exactly expected of me or how I was to work it out. After drawing my first week's salary I began to feel like a thief, a grafter. I went back to the hotel wondering how I was ever going to justify my existence as a publicity agent.

I went down to my relative, the grocer, and I asked him about it.

"Publicity!" he says. "Publicity. Oh that means newspapers and things and getting the town talked about. That's about it. Get people all over Ontario thinking about Milham and it'll help the town. You're a newspaperman; you ought to know how to do it."

"I know," I said, "but *how*?"

He gave me one look and then began opening a crate of oranges with the

air of one who dismisses the town dolt from his presence.

"Don't be a fool," he said. "If I knew I'd maybe have got the job for *myself*. I thought you understood your own business."

So I left. But I had commenced to think.

That night I visited the telegraph offices and had a chat with the managers.

"Ever send much news out over these wires?" I asked.

"News? Oh, stories for the papers. No, not since the Harburton murder trial, that was twenty years ago. We sent seven hundred words that night and they were printed in all the papers. That was a big night for us. Harlem, him that's general manager of the company now, he was our operator sending the stuff and he says——"

"Yes, I know, but I want to know if there isnt some regular line of news sent out of town. Isn't there anybody gets the daily news and sends it out to the big papers?"

"Nope," was the answer.

So that night I wrote to the three leading papers in Toronto, and to two Montreal papers and one London paper and proposed to be their local correspondent in Milham. I said there was lots of news in Milham that was missed, that I was an old newspaperman and so on and I made my price what I thought would suit each of the papers. The Montreal S—— I asked a good big rate from because I knew they'd respect me all the more for that and think I was a good man, whereas if I asked them a low rate they would have turned me down flat. Anyway I got a whole string of pretty important papers and started sending them news about Milham.

Next day there was a fire in a store and an old lady was nearly suffocated in her bed-room under the roof. Her old husband was the one who remembered where she was and he had climbed all the way up a rickety ladder and risked his life to get into the room and fish out his wife, insensible from the smoke. That made a nice little story. I wrote it up briefly, but as well as I

could and filed it with the telegraph people while the local newspaper reporter was still busy getting the list of names at the Mayor's wife's reception the night before. There was only the one local paper. It was slow as tar and never by any chance caught the point

pleased from the ground up. I told him that was just a sample of what *could* be done, but that I would be ready next council meeting, or whenever the council was ready, to lay before them my plans for a publicity campaign. That pleased him too, and two days after-



"Don't be a fool," he said. If I knew I'd maybe have got the job for myself. I thought you understood your own business."

of any good human interest story like this one. Anyway, the next day the big city papers came in with the account of the fire and everybody in Milham was tickled. I showed it to the first alderman who came into what we called "the city hall" that morning and he was

ward I went in to the council chamber—which was really an old orange lodge over a superannuated livery stable—and I gave them my plans.

I remember this first time I ever talked to a town council because it was the beginning of an epoch with me. I remember also another time I talked to

them, a time when I was beginning another and a better kind of an epoch. But even in this first speech I felt I had done myself proud, and the old fellows who sat around the over-grown dining room table which served for their papers and books during meetings, glowed quite sympathetically up at me. Nice innocent old fellows, they thought I had already done wonders for the town by getting it into the Toronto and Montreal papers. They were prepared to back me to the limit just then.

I was proud of my scheme. I said, first of all, that we wanted to get people *thinking* about our town. Our town, said I, should be almost as close to every good citizen's heart as his own business was. He should be willing to give it his time and his thought and do his utmost to promote its interests because the interests of the town were also his own interests. Of course this was a stale line of talk but it sounded quite fresh and original to me and the old fellows grinned and took it all in and waited for me to come down to brass tacks.

I wanted an appropriation for advertising. I wanted one thousand dollars, —and nearly gasped at my own courage in asking so much. They looked a little taken a-back but kept on smiling encouragingly, and told me to keep on talking. What did I propose to do if they coughed up the thousand?

I said I wanted all the letter heads of the municipal offices to carry advertisements for the city, facts about its population and growth and assessment figures, and all that sort of thing. Then I wanted signs painted and erected along the railroad track so that people looking out of the train window as the trains approached Milham would read about Milham. I wanted the signs to be twelve feet high and be done in yellow and black, which Mary had told me was a beautiful combination.

They agreed to this.

They asked for small circulars containing information about Milham, to be folded up and enclosed with every official letter sent out to Milham. This was to carry also a map of Canada showing Milham placed almost directly in the centre. This was easily accomplish-

ed by twisting the map a little bit, and making the circle which was to represent Milham, about a thousand times the actual diameter of the dot which should ordinarily have represented Milham on the map. Then too, I took the railway lines and bent them a little bit straighter and made them look as though they radiated straight out of Milham like spokes from a wheel. Then I wrote underneath that Milham was the *hub* of eastern Canada. I felt no twinges of conscience about this matter whatever. I only thought that it was a pretty clever scheme all around. Besides I began to feel interested in my job and began to feel myself that Milham *was* in the centre of eastern Canada.

That map was a wonder to the aldermen when I presented it to them at a later committee meeting. One of them got up and pounded the table and said he had never thought how good a town Milham was, until I had studied it up. He thought I deserved great credit for being such a shrewd observer of the points about the town. He said he had had several lots on hand which he was trying to get rid of but he had come to the conclusion that he wouldn't sell them now. Milham was bound to grow, according to my map. And he intended holding those lots.

Of course I was delighted and was in raptures when I got home to my wife. I went out into the kitchen where she was helping the red-headed maid get the dinner ready and I started to tell her all about it in front of the maid, just as though I were a school-boy instead of a man with a big and important position to live up to. Mary frowned at me and led me out of the kitchen so that I wouldn't make an exhibition of myself before the maid — who was a sister of the maid next door and therefore likely to tell all our family affairs all over the neighborhood — and I told her the rest of it, sitting straddle of a dining-room chair with my chin over the back, and Mary standing up stroking my hair.

"But is it such a good town?" she asked. "How is it that other people haven't seen it before this?"

"Of course it is," I answered, a little

bit nettled by her doubts. "You women must take the word of the men for that sort of thing. But doesn't the scheme for booming it sound alright, little woman?"

And being compelled she nodded brightly and said "Yes." Women, im-

culars, printed our fancy letter-heads, erected our board signs along the railway approaches to the city, and got ourselves into print just as often as possible. But Parson's lots remained a tangle of weeds and resting place for all the tin cans of the back street. He did



"In this speech I felt I had done myself proud, and the old fellows who sat around the overgrown dining room table glowed quite sympathetically up at me."

mured between the four walls of their kitchens have a fashion of seeing through things that men take years to find out.

Now Alderman Parson's lots did not rise in value. Parson was the man who had decided to hold his real estate after hearing my glowing reports of the future of the town. We sent out our cir-

not even have offers to purchase. Our population stood still except for the natural increase, which kept just about one lap ahead of the undertaker. Milham went dreaming along, and so did I.

I had not been exactly idle, though. I had heard of a large American firm that contemplated establishing a plant in Canada. The plant was to employ

many hundreds of hands and would be of great importance to whatever community it joined. I drew some expense money from the cashier in the city hall, had Mary press my newest suit of clothes and pack it carefully while I set out for Buffalo, the head-quarters of the American firm. As a newspaperman I was accustomed to meeting men and to talking to men whose positions were a great deal higher than my own station in life, but it seemed to be a different proposition to tackle a big manufacturer with a view to having him locate his firm in my town. I knew that as representative of the town I was a person of some dignity and entitled to respect and consideration from the big man, but I thought also that one was supposed — according to all the traditions I had heard — to buy the big man an extravagant dinner and expensive cigars and if possible get him drunk. You see I had mixed him up in my mind with the ordinary little purchasing agent, and a purchasing agent *may* — but not as you might think, mind you — be wheeled into placing orders with firms who send representatives to load him up with gifts and whiskey or wine, but the head of a big concern does not do that sort of thing. The moment I saw the fumed oak panel on the other side of which was his sanctum, I knew better. The minute I got a glimpse of his face I got a tip where I was right and where I was wrong. Mostly, I was *wrong*.

He told me, with a kindly motion of his hand, to sit down while he finished some dictation, and that gave me still a further opportunity to get the false ideas out of my head. The very tone of the letters he was dictating, perfunctory sort of notes they were most of them, told me that nothing would go down with a man like that but straight business. I mentally consigned the expensive cigars in my pocket to the waste paper basket. I wished instead, that I had brought more figures and facts about our town.

"Good morning, Mr. Jones," he said, glancing down at the card which lay before him on his wide-top desk. "You have something to say about Milham, I believe."

He was a young man, not by any means of the type I had presupposed; large, fat and pompous. Instead of being like the cartoons of corporation ogres, he was pleasant to look upon, though underneath his clear skin and agreeable externals, was a certain lean, hardness; nose that bespoke initiative and enterprise, controlled and directed by intelligent, far-seeing eyes; and a jaw that backed both of them with determination. Before this man all my pretences dropped. I was no longer a publicity agent armed with a cut and dried argument like a book agent. I was plain Jones, come to plead the case of a plain town — a *darned* plain town — before a great man. Somehow, as I walked up to the desk and looked my man in the face before taking the chair which he motioned me to, near his desk, I felt as though that one man were the greatest judge in all the world, and I the one man with the one case in the world.

I thought pretty quickly and I thought of two things. One was — let me confess — what did I care whether he took up Milham or not? It wasn't likely he would, now that I saw just how great a firm he represented. And why should I worry about urging our forlorn hope upon him and being rejected. I would state my cut and dried case and get out. That was all there was to it. Milham couldn't expect to get an industry like this one. But on the other hand I felt a sudden surge of loyalty to Milham and my job. I determined to make a fight for it anyway — and in this resolute frame of mind I stood firm. This man had to be made to see the importance of Milham with relation to his business.

"Mr. Mackenzie," I said, "I represent the town of Milham, Ontario. We have information that your company proposes erecting a plant in Canada, probably in Ontario. My town is in the running to become a successful industrial town. It thinks it has a proposition to offer you or any manufacturer which cannot be bettered anywhere in Ontario, or for that matter, in Canada. If you have the time now I'd like to lay our proposition before you."

"What do you mean by a proposition?"

"I mean I want to show you the advantages of Milham as a possible, in fact as the best possible point in Canada for the location of your plant."

"You think you are that sort of a town?"

"We do."

good as you thought it was. We have already been studying the map of Canada. We noticed Milham."

"Isn't it alright?"

"That's for you to prove now. I say we noticed it. We even got some of your advertising literature, I think, but unless you can do the convincing here and now we'll have to pass it up. For



"I want to show you the advantage of Milham as the best possible point in Canada to locate your plant."

"Well don't you know that every town in Canada thinks the same and would like the chance to prove it to us. Tell me why we ought to go to your town, and if you have the town you say you have and you state its case without doing it any injustice, I'll guarantee to erect our plant there. Frankly though, I think you'll find your case isn't as

example, how does the town stand with the railways? What sort of a freight service can you get? What about using that river for transportation? What other industries are in the town? What class of labor is available? How near are you to Buffalo and what price must we pay on coke f. o. b. Milham?"

"But I——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Jones—but you thought what I would be interested in was assessment, tax-rates, bonus, perhaps free factory site and all that sort of thing. That is what a great many other publicity men have thought and what town councillors are in the habit of thinking. You are the ninth publicity man who has wanted to see me about locating a plant in Canada. You are the first I have seen because as a matter of fact my wife came from Milham and I have a sort of personal interest in the town for various reasons. I wanted to see how well you could put up your case. You were going to give me the same line of talk all the other men were going to give me. You thought this company was vaguely interested in tax-rates and assessment first and foremost. It isn't. You must show me in arithmetic a concrete argument for your town.

I gasped.

"I will tell you something more," he continued. "Our own agents have picked out a town that suits us. We shall spend two million dollars there next year. Year after next we expect to employ seven hundred hands—more after that. Milham never did have a look in, but — let me tell you this — it never would have had if it had depended upon *your* efforts. You came to us without preparing your case. I wouldn't make that mistake again, Mr. Jones. You are

a young man. Milham is a good little town. It has possibilities."

I left without having fired a single shot. I felt like a cream puff that has been run over by a motor lorry. I took a drink to get myself sufficiently pulled together again to face the hotel clerk and ask for my bill. I felt every atom of self-confidence and self-respect gone out of me. I was unpopular with myself, which is about the meanest feeling a man can have. I felt that I was no good, and Milham was no good. I had a grouch seven feet deep, and there was no one to blame it on.

Parsons, with his lots still unsold, glared at me pretty savagely when we met in the street two days afterward. The entire aldermanic body was out of sorts. The local paper started to print letters from citizens who had complaints to make about a publicity agent and industrial commissioner that did not get results. Three months later I was fired, with a month's pay in advance. I sent the wife home to her mother and made up my mind to go back to Toronto and the newspaper grind, even at twenty-two per. But the paper wasn't offering me twenty-two to start on again. I would have to go in again as a junior. I was at outs with the world.

It was in this time that my relative the grocer came along with a business proposition.

Editor's Note: This is the first of a short series of articles by Mr. Grantham dealing with the question of town promoting.

The second will appear in an early issue.



A Transaction in Bonds

Montague Glass is one of the most prominent American story writers. He has built up a great reputation in the business story field. In this story, "A Transaction in Bonds," as well as in other tales which MacLean's hopes to secure from him, Mr. Glass has utilized the business world, and particularly big finances, as a medium for developing humorous situations.

By Montague Glass

IT was a beautiful autumn morning. A soft breeze from the river stole through Mr. Goodel's office window, and eddied so gently around his bald head that, instead of sneezing, he sighed. Thence it ambled into the outer office and tugged at every button in the garments of Jimmie Brennan, the office-boy.

"At Fulton Market dock," it whispered, "theres good swimming."

"G'wan, what yer tryin' ter do—kid me?" Jimmie's subconsciousness jeered, while its owner industriously continued to index the letter-book. "It'd freeze de insides out'n yer!"

So back it flew to Mr. Goodel.

"I ask you in all seriousness," it almost hissed, "shall commercial paper and investment securities prevail over golf?"

And Mr. Goodel, being of weaker stuff than Jimmie, closed his roll-top desk with a bang and seized his hat and cane.

"I'm going up-town on a very important matter," he said.

Jimmie looked at him mournfully. This cutting business an hour before noon was becoming too frequent of late.

"What will I tell Mr. Luddington?" he asked.

For a man of fifty-five Mr. Goodel blushed rather easily. The operation, however, might be termed painting the

lily, for normally this gentleman's face was of a hue to pale the flamingo's wing.

"Why, tell him I've gone up-town on a very important matter, of course," he declared.

Jimmy glanced at Mr. Goodel and dropping his eyes, snorted eloquently. Luddington was Goodel's brother-in-law, and the roseate hue of Goodel's countenance was largely due to his example and encouragement. Despite Luddington's convivial habits, however, Jimmie knew that he held a business engagement sacred; and on the previous day he had distinctly heard Goodel make an appointment with his brother-in-law for the purchase of some bonds. The securities were to be delivered in person by Luddington at a quarter to one o'clock that afternoon.

"How about dem bonds, Mr. Goodel?" he said.

"Oh, yes—about those bonds," Goodel replied. "When Mr. Luddington brings them here, put them in the small safe."

He went back to his room and unlocked the safe in question.

"Be careful to see that you lock it again, after you've put the bonds in," he admonished Jimmie, "and you can go home at four."

"Where will I phone you if anyt'ing turns up, Mr. Goodel?" Jimmie inquired artfully.

Goodel cleared his throat and looked serious. Even trivial lies have a hardy growth, and they travel so fast that no one, least of all the liar himself, can predict their ultimate size or destination.

"I shall be—er—in several places," he stammered. The small railroad folder in his breast pocket felt like an unabridged dictionary. "You'd better not attempt to reach me up-town." He paused with his hand on the door-knob. "Don't forget to lock the safe after you put the bonds in," he concluded, and passed out, whistling.

Goodel conducted his business correspondence with his own hand, and contrived to make it as brief as possible. Jimmie's task of indexing the copying-book was light in proportion, and ten minutes after his employer had left he was midway in the perusal of a tattered dime novel.

Its cover displayed, in yellow and red, a most spirited representation of the burglar-hero opening a huge bank-vault, an incident which was elaborated in the text. The author described how the "yeggman" solved the combination lock by tentatively revolving the knob and noting the almost inaudible clicks that betrayed the correct numbers.

So convincing was the language employed that it fired Jimmie's imagination. He rose from his desk, and, entering Mr. Goodel's room, closed and locked the little safe. For almost two hours he revolved the knob of the combination in every conceivable manner. In vain he listened with strained attention; not the faintest click rewarded his efforts.

As he reseated himself at his desk Luddington entered.

"H'lo, Jimmie!" he cried in his usual jovial fashion. "Where's the boss?"

"Now he's gone up-town, Mr. Luddington," Jimmie replied, "on an important matter."

Luddington clucked impatiently.

"That's too bad," he said. "I have some bonds for him."

"I know ut," Jimmie answered. "He says fer you to leave 'em wit' me."

"Oh, he did, did he?" Luddington cried testily. "Why, there are ten of

them, at a thousand apiece, with the coupons attached."

Jimmie's face fell as he proffered Luddington an assurance he didn't feel.

"Dat's all right, Mr. Luddington," he said. "I'll take good care of 'em."

Luddington looked doubtful.

"What will you do with them?" he asked.

"Put 'em in the safe," Jimmie stammered huskily.

The whistle of a neighboring factory shrieked a recall to its toilers from their midday lunch. Luddington pulled out his watch.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "it's one o'clock and I'm due on the exchange in five minutes! Here they are, and be sure to take good care of them."

He threw the bonds on the desk, and bolted out of the office.

Jimmie examined the securities carefully. They represented, in their crisp perfection, the highest development of the steel-engraver's skill. Each coupon was in itself an artistic feat, and the fine green lines accentuated the whiteness of the parchment paper.

He counted them again before putting them into his inside breast-pocket, and secured the opening with a bank pin. Then he ate his lunch, with the dime novel propped up against the inkwell on his desk; but a second reading failed to elucidate the matter of the locked safe.

For the rest of the afternoon Jimmie sat in front of the safe, fruitlessly revolving the knob. At four o'clock he locked up the office and wandered disconsolately down-stairs. There the sunny autumn afternoon propelled him to the river front, and unconsciously his footsteps shaped themselves toward Fulton Market dock.

He picked his way through the empty fish-barrels to the string-piece, where stood Ignatius Ryan, the same they call Whitey. Ignatius was garbed in a scapular and not much more, and his teeth chattered incessantly as the cold wind smote his naked shins.

"Why don't you jump in, Whitey?" said Jimmie, seating himself on the edge of the wharf.

Whitey struggled with a temporary ataxia of speech.

"Aw, w-w-why d-d-d-on't y-y-y-er j-j-j-ump in y-y-y-ers-s-s-s-elf?" he barely managed to enunciate.

By way of reply Jimmie emitted a succession of jeering guffaws, which seemed to infuriate the shivering Whitey. Ignatius made a dash for his

all!" And there followed a wealth of bitter anathema that might have enriched the vocabulary of a truckman.

Jimmie proceeded up the wharf and along South Street, dripping a track of muddy water behind him. A salt stream ran down his face from his hair, and mingled with the tears which came with a realization of his predicament. His



"Here they are, and be sure to take good care of them."

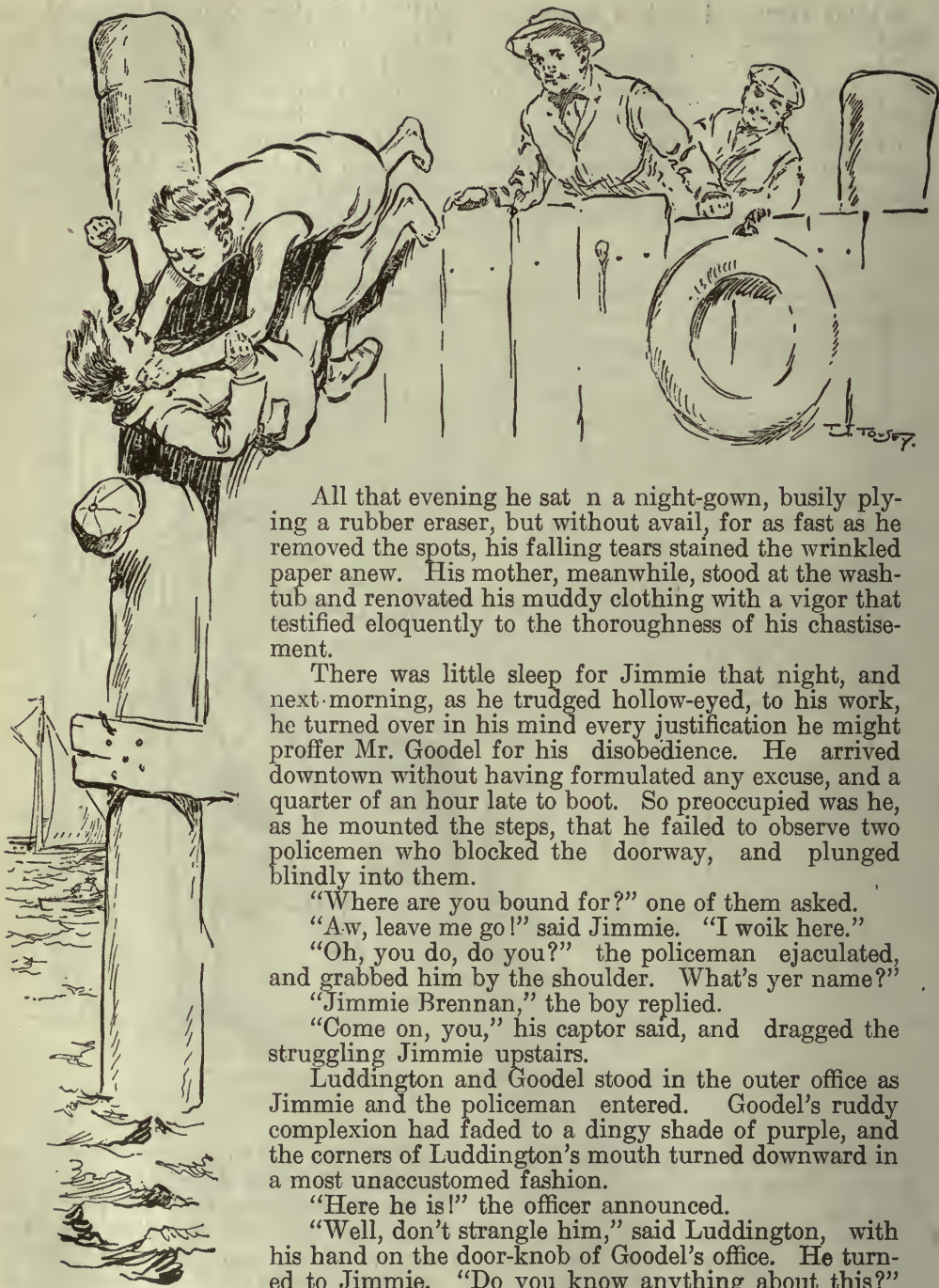
tormentor, and a moment later the two of them were struggling in a strong flood tide.

When Jimmy rose to the surface, half a dozen ropes were within easy reach. He was speedily hauled back upon the dock, shrieking lurid threats at Ignatius, whose repartee, revived by the sudden plunge, grew no less profane.

"Wait till I get yer wanst!" Jimmie shouted. "I'll lift de face off yer, dat's

cap was lost, and his only suit of clothes was dirty beyond description.

In the excitement of the past half-hour he had entirely forgotten the bonds. At the remembrance of them, his hand sought his breast-pocket. With shaking fingers he removed the pin and drew out a bundle of papers whose stained and soggy condition bore no semblance whatever to the crisp beauty of Mr. Luddington's bonds.



Ignatius made a dash
for his tormentor.

All that evening he sat in a night-gown, busily plying a rubber eraser, but without avail, for as fast as he removed the spots, his falling tears stained the wrinkled paper anew. His mother, meanwhile, stood at the wash-tub and renovated his muddy clothing with a vigor that testified eloquently to the thoroughness of his chastisement.

There was little sleep for Jimmie that night, and next morning, as he trudged hollow-eyed, to his work, he turned over in his mind every justification he might proffer Mr. Goodel for his disobedience. He arrived downtown without having formulated any excuse, and a quarter of an hour late to boot. So preoccupied was he, as he mounted the steps, that he failed to observe two policemen who blocked the doorway, and plunged blindly into them.

"Where are you bound for?" one of them asked.

"Aw, leave me go!" said Jimmie. "I work here."

"Oh, you do, do you?" the policeman ejaculated, and grabbed him by the shoulder. "What's yer name?"

"Jimmie Brennan," the boy replied.

"Come on, you," his captor said, and dragged the struggling Jimmie upstairs.

Luddington and Goodel stood in the outer office as Jimmie and the policeman entered. Goodel's ruddy complexion had faded to a dingy shade of purple, and the corners of Luddington's mouth turned downward in a most unaccustomed fashion.

"Here he is!" the officer announced.

"Well, don't strangle him," said Luddington, with his hand on the door-knob of Goodel's office. He turned to Jimmie. "Do you know anything about this?" he asked, and threw wide open the door.

Jimmie gasped in convincing astonishment. The little safe stood doorless on its side, in the middle of the room, surrounded by a pile of torn and scattered papers. Its iron door rested on Goodel's desk, while the doors



"Do you know anything about this?"

of the big safe in the corner swung ajar, one of them supported by only the bottom hinge.

"He doesn't know," Goodel muttered.

"What time did you leave here yesterday?" Luddington asked.

"Four o'clock," Jimmie murmured in tear-choked accents.

Here the policeman took a hand.

"What time did you get home?" he persisted.

Jimmie sobbed convulsively.

"Six o'clock," he croaked.

"And where was you between times?" his inquisitor bellowed.

This was too much for Jimmie. He sank down with his head on the desk, and wept unaffectedly.

"Now look here," Goodel protested, "I won't have the little chap bullied any more." He laid a comforting hand on Jimmie's shoulder. "It's all my fault,

Luddington," he continued. "If I hadn't been an ass and gone off to play golf, I might have put the bonds in my safe-deposit box instead of the safe, and they wouldn't have been stolen."

Jimmie lifted his head from the desk.

"Dey wuzn't in de safe," he said.

"What?" gasped Luddington, Goodel and the policeman in concert.

"'N' it ain't up ter me, neider," he sobbed. "Whitey pushed me in."

"What d'ye mean?" Luddington shrieked.

For answer, Jimmie unpinning his pocket and handed the soiled bonds to Goodel. They were as limp as Japanese napkins.

"I cleaned 'em as good as I could," Jimmie continued.

Then, piecemeal, they drew from him a disconnected but comprehensive account of the day's adventures. It omitted nothing, not even the dime novel.



"As fast as he removed the spots, his falling tears stained the wrinkled paper anew."

"Jimmie, you young dog," said Goodel, after he had regained his composure, "I forbade you ever to read dime novels in this office, and no sooner was my back turned than you did."

Jimmie hung his head.

"That's all right, Goodel," Luddington broke in. "You told him to put the bonds in the safe and he didn't. I guess

that makes it square, and you'd better forgive him."

A broad grin spread itself over Goodel's face.

"He gets one more chance," he said, pressing a bill into the boy's fist, "and twenty dollars to buy a new suit of clothes with. Now, get out of here, Jimmie—you smell like a fish-market!"

PEACE

A strip of sunset cloud, full fringed with gold:
A white sail, homeward bound, o'er purpling deep;
A woman waiting there upon the sands,
The rosy child upon her breast asleep.

The gaudy splendors of the East may hold
For certain ones, a sensuous delight:
For me, earth holds no rarer, sweeter thing,
Than this calm picture of the coming night.

—Mary G. Fraser.

Three Generations of Stephens

The following article is the third of a series of family sketches which will be published in MacLean's from time to time. The main purpose of the series is to tell the story of the notable success achieved by some prominent Canadian families in the professions and in business enterprises, and to present the underlying factors and elements which have contributed to their success. In this article the career of the Stephens family is reviewed.

By Linton Eccles

THE reputation of the Stephens family depends up to now upon the contributions of three of its male members, one to each of the last three generations. The first of the three was the founder of the reputations, and founder of the family itself, so far as we and posterity are concerned, though the average Canadian does not know much about him. He was Harrison Stephens, for years a leading merchant of Vermont, who migrated to Montreal eighty-five years ago, and continued in business for years more as a leading merchant.

Harrison Stephens lived about seventy years too soon to be elevated to a C. P. R. directorship, or to have a seat on the governing body of a St. James Street bank. But he was by way of being a remarkable man, nevertheless. He knew what he was doing when he quitted Vermont for the commercial capital of Canada. Grandfather Stephens may have been a United Empire Loyalist, but apparently he didn't make much bones about it. He probably had a shrewder reason for moving northward, for it is certain that he did not waste his time mooning around to try and find or found Acadia. No, sir, he came straight to Montreal, and he came with the intention of staying right there. And that was in 1828, when you hadn't to pay fifty cents a square foot for building land away back of Mount Royal, or on the city side of the bluff, either.

For years the old man carried on a profitable business both in Canada and in the United States. In Montreal he was a wheat broker, though he soon learned to play a winning hand in the real estate game. At one time he even owned property in Wall Street, New York City, and he lived long enough to regret the fact that he sold out and realized only a thousand per cent. on his original investment. It was an object lesson in the expensiveness of being in a hurry that he never forgot, and he left the lesson as a legacy to his son and his son's sons. Harrison Stephens was a forerunner of that considerable body of thinking men whose grounded opinion it is that Montreal will be some day another New York, and he inaugurated the family policy of acquiring and holding on to property near the heart of the city, with this future development in mind.

When this enterprising Vermonter first came to Canada there was no extradition law between this country and the United States, and the Bank of Montreal, then an infant institution wobbling on infancy's uncertain legs, turned him down when he wished to open an account. Accordingly, his practice was to bank his gold in Albany, N.Y., and the considerable payments that he received for his wheat exports he used to send by water and then on horseback to the capital of the adjoining state.

Harrison had many personal friends in the Northern States, and when the Civil War came his sympathies were expressed in no uncertain fashion. He was willing to go much farther than expressing his feelings on paper, for twice he wrote to Lincoln offering to

as attaché with General Sherman of the United States Army during the later stages of the Civil War, and the friendship between the Sherman and Stephens families was kept up for years.

Which introduces us to the second



The late Harrison Stephens, founder of the Stephens' family fortune.

equip a regiment for him in Canada to help the North fight the South, and twice Lincoln refused the offer. It is not surprising, therefore, that out of his strong pro-Americanism, Stephens named his son after the first president of the republic. This son, himself, served for a time

Stephens of note, George Washington, by baptism, the second son of Harrison and his wife, who was Sarah Jackson.

It is an ironical coincidence that the last two of the three Stephenses are in recollection and on record for achievements outside and independent of which the family fortune was made.

Which is noticeable, because the fortune is still the most tangible thing about the family. The Stephens pile is as big and as safe as may be reasonably expected of fortunes, even moderately millioned fortunes. It swells to

the Back River where farms are alleged to be building lots.

The biggest thing about the big Stephens fortune is that it is in *real* real estate—land that has been growing in price, just as long as the Metropolis



The late G. W. Stephens, Sr.

at least four and a procession of six noughts of dollars in Montreal real estate alone, and as most of us know, there is solid safety enough in Montreal real estate that is located not on or near the South Shore nor back of beyond

has been growing in population, which is quite some while. Perhaps if it had been left to the third of the Stephenses to acquire this longitudinally large lump of wealth that is more considerable than coin, somebody else would be

camping on it to-day and watching the price steadily go up. In our slower East, "buys" that turn over the biggest money on the original outlay have to be kept warm in the family for a generation or so.

Such a block as that fronting Dor-

executors are G. W. Stephens, who was "Junior," and his step-mother, during whose lifetime it cannot be divided. Some day the Dorchester Street West block will be let out on to a willing and waiting market. Some day it will be bidden for, fast and furiously. And



D. W. Stephens, ex-chairman of the Montreal Harbor Commissioners.

chester Street West and St. Monique Street in Montreal, for instance, has been a carefully preserved egg in the Stephens family nest. Nor can it be hatched yet; it must be preserved for a while longer. It belongs; this round million of the total of four millions, to the G. W. Stephens Estate, of which the

some day some syndicate or some one will draw a cheque of something more than two million dollars in payment of the privilege of owning it. So, some day, the G. W. Stephens Estate will be worth at least five millions instead of at least four millions.

Although he had a lot to do in creat-

ing value for these millions, George Washington Stephens is remembered by a few graybeards in the Metropolis, and by others who are not graybeards, but have been told about things as they used to be when their fathers flushed in their prime, as a notable political house-

thirtieth year he was called to the Bar, and he entered the firm of John A. Perkins, who was an eminent lawyer in Montreal. If Stephens had not been with Perkins it is hardly likely that he would have had anything to do with the celebrated cause of Connolly versus



F. C. Stephens, son of the late G. W. Stephens.

cleaner and as a leading figure in a celebrated legal case.

He was borne at Montreal in 1832, and after a few years at the High School, his father had him at work learning the hardware business. But George Washington conceived a fancy for law, and they sent him to McGill, where he took his B.C.L. Just past his

Woolrych, which established the validity of a marriage between a white person and a native celebrated according to the Indian custom.

It is worth while to turn over the heap of musty, red-tape tied records to get an outline of this big legal battle. One, William Connolly, born in 1768 at Lachine, as a youth went to the

North-West, where he pioneered through many years. Whilst in the West there lived with him as his squaw the daughter of an Indian chief, whose formal consent to the union was given. Connolly, for 28 years was faithful to the native woman, who bore him six children. Then in 1831 he brought her and her family to Lower Canada and

the union with the Indian woman was not a legal one.

Judge Monk decided that a Christian marrying a native according to native usage could not exercise in Lower Canada the right of divorce or repudiation at will, though he might have done so among the Crees. The native marriage, therefore, was valid and recognisable



The Stephens' home on Dorchester St. West, Montreal.

civilization. A year later he left her, obtained a dispensation from the then Bishop, and married according to Roman Catholic rites, his cousin, Julia Woolrych, with whom he lived until his death in 1849. He willed all his property to Julia Woolrych and their two children. Trouble came after the old man died, when his two families came to law to decide where they stood in parcelling out Connolly's estate. The case of the Woolrych heirs was that

by the Quebec Courts, and the plaintiff named in the case, a son of Connolly by the chief's daughter, was entitled to his proper share of the estate. Perkins and Stephens were the counsel for the plaintiff, and much of the legal sparring fell to George Washington Stephens, who then had been practising at the Bar for only four years. It was as good as a Parnell case to him, and his professional career was as good as made.

But, in spite of the rather brilliant

reputation he had rapidly built up, Stephens threw up what looked like a sure future thing at the Bar, and stepped out of the profession of law. For this apparently inexplicable step there was a reason, and the reason was the Harrison Stephens Estate, real estate which was advancing in value even then, and which wanted managing. But, whatever the law business lost, the citizens of Montreal were gainers, for this professor in his prime was freed to start his seventeen years' term on the City Council. And it is on this particular period of his life that his reputation with us rests.

There have been a lot of hard, and many of them deservedly hard, things said against Montreal's City Councils' past, immediately past, and present. This is no place to add damns to the indictment, but this much can be commented: the late George Washington Stephens would have enjoyed to the full spending his civic term with the Council as we have known it. And nobody who desires to have clean municipal government would cavil at the comment that it would have been a good thing for Montreal if George Washington Stephens could have so served his native city from 1896 until now.

They used to talk a lot about sidewalks in George Washington's—that is to say, George Washington Stephens'—day. They are not through talking about sidewalks yet, and the average newspaper reading elector wonders probably when they will be through. But in George Washington's (Stephens') day, they used to talk sidewalks good and hard and often. And George Washington (Stephens) talked them as good, as hard and as often as his nearest three competitors. Which was good for him, good for the sidewalks, and good for the public that has to pay for them.

He has been compared to the late Sir Richard Cartwright, but the comparison, if anything, is slightly in Stephens's favor. Old Senator Warhorse, not unlike a few other politicians, was apt occasionally to exaggerate. George

Washington—please take it for granted that we are not now discussing that other bearer of the name who became first president of the more or less United States—George Washington drew his deadly effectiveness from the fact that he knew how to stick to and hammer onto plain, bald facts. He was fully as ready and as caustic in debate as was Sir Richard, but his opponents could not make him lose his head nor his hold upon his facts. They say you couldn't possibly get him away from them, and certainly the friends of the contractor in the Council had good reason for avoiding, if they could, his points of argument, for Stephens was not nicknamed "Watchdog of the City Treasury" for nothing. George Washington himself may have known a lot concerning military matters when he was through licking the British, but his namesake in the Stephens family could have made him look like thirty cents in a bout of argument in which sidewalks were the titbit.

This same Stephen was labelled Liberal in politics, and he entered the Provincial Legislature thusly tagged in 1881, as representative for Montreal Centre. He lectured to the Assembly on economy as he had lectured the Council, and when he was beaten at the polls in 1886, his political admirers made occasion to show their continued faith in him by giving him a presentation of silver plate. He went back to the Legislature in 1892 as member for Huntingdon County and he was placed without portfolio in the Marchand Administration. G. W. Stephens Senior, was one of the founders of the Good Government Association, and later did some pioneering on a colonization commission. His first wife was Elizabeth McIntosh, daughter of an Aberdeen merchant settled in Montreal.

Their second son, although like his father, Montreal-born, was also called George Washington. I don't think he much minds it, either. Industrious magazine men are busy these days in examining with microscopic mien the threads of the reputation of the greatest United Stateser. Some day I should

not be surprised to read that one or other of them has proven to his own satisfaction that the original and only George Washington did, really and truly, tell just one little lie. But they never will be able to write down Washington as anything but the figure of his times. And, anyway, that doesn't prevent George Washington Stephens from being a good Canadian, and for what already he has been able to do for Canada most Canadians would forgive him if, when he gets a son, he named him after father and grandfather.

Our George Washington Stephens is four years and four months short of his fiftieth birthday, and is yet younger than was his father when the Watchdog went for the Legislature and got there. It is an interesting speculation what the ex-Chairman of the Harbor Board will break into when he returns to the Metropolis from his three months' jaunt in Europe, which, at the time of this writing, is still proceeding. He is slated for Mayor of Montreal, for the Legislature, for more imposing company at Ottawa, besides a whole heap of other jobs on the side. He is credited with a desire to go back to an old love of his young manhood, journalism, though this time he could jump at once on to the proprietorial perch; and there are lots of sillier things than that he might do. But, speculation aside, Montreal and Canada have not finished with G. W. Stephens, any more than G. W. Stephens has finished with them. Meanwhile, he will have his hands fairly full in managing the family inheritance, and the straightening out of an estate that contributes yearly to the city taxes thirty-five thousand dollars is no sinecure. Besides which he has to handle the million or so of his own self-made fortune.

Major Stephens, helped loyally by his two associates, Messrs. C. C. Ballantyne and L. E. Geoffrion, was given a fine chance of, and succeeded in, making some local, not to say national history. They showed in seven years what they could do with Montreal's joke of a harbor, which is a joke no longer, but acknowledges New York only as first

best on the Atlantic frontier. There were old Montrealers who were disappointed when the son of his father seemed to shun civic distinction. The Major, possibly, laughed up his sleeve at them, for he improved on the old man's record by beating the City Council and its paid experts in several notable deals in which the Harbor Board came out on top.

No doubt he was helped largely in his Harbor Board work by the experience he had gained of the ways in which things are run in other countries. His father started him out well by sending him to Europe, after he was through McGill, to round off his education. For a time he was in business in Germany's great port of Hamburg, doing quite an export trade with South American ports. Returning to Canada, he had some experience in the iron and steel trades, and then he joined his father in real estate and in the management of his grandfather's estate. With the re-discovery of the commercial possibilities of rubber, G. W. Junior found a profitable opening, and he soon became the brain behind the Canada Rubber Company and the Canada Consolidated Rubber Company. Then, after a short term in the Quebec Legislature as representative of St. Lawrence, and some useful work as one of the three Protestant School Commissioners, he was appointed to the Chairmanship of the Montreal Harbor Commission.

This was no hole-in-the-corner, no soft-job-for-an-unknown appointment. Major Stephens had made it his business to study harbors. He had gone out of his way to study them. In addition to his experience of Hamburg, in 1899 he visited the principal ports of Britain, Germany, and France, and at the end of his trip he sat down and compiled from his copious notes a book entitled "Harbors and Their Development," which served the very useful purpose of locating the attention of government people at Ottawa and elsewhere upon the author. Immediately following his appointment Major Stephens went on a more detailed tour of inspection. He even was allowed,

through the personal influence of the Kaiser, to go over the famous Kiel Canal system. Another treatise on harbors was the printed result. Later he made a visit to Russia especially to study methods used there with ice-breaking steamers, and of course, he had in mind the exigencies and possibilities of the St. Lawrence channel.

When the late Harbor Commissioners commenced their duties with the New Year of 1907, there was only one modern shed on the wharves of the St. Lawrence, and that was owned by the Allan Line. Further East there was grain elevator No. 1, and that was about all there was to interrupt the citizens' view of the river. The waterfront looked about as busy as a strip of the Sahara desert. If the ex-Harbor Commissioners are given credit for nothing else, they must be given credit for lining the waterfront with freight and passenger sheds and other structures that, remember, are used. They, of course, with the co-operation of the great steamship companies that were anxious to compete with the Allans for the Canadian trade. Rotting timbers and tumbledown shacks they have replaced by piers and revetment walls of enduring concrete. Grain elevator No. 2, the largest concrete elevator in the world, with a normal capacity of nearly three million bushels, and towering two hundred feet into the sky, will remain as a monument to their endeavors. They have increased the capacity of the old elevator by fifteen hundred thousand bushels, and replaced its wooden walls by concrete ones. The addition of three thousand feet length of dock space to the port's facilities is another considerable item of the Harbor Commissioners' work. Their crowning achievement was the recent inauguration of the huge new floating dry dock, and, had they been allowed to complete their plans, they would have commenced this spring a new bridge over the St. Lawrence, joining the city to the South Shore by way of St. Helen's Island.

All these drastic developments in the port of Montreal and those stated, are but a few of what have been carried out or commenced, have not been made a moment too soon. In fact, considering the extraordinary growth of the harbor traffic, many of these improvements should have been started at least twenty years ago. It is as well here to put on record once more, figures to prove this statement:

For the year 1912 the exports from Montreal Harbor were \$87,679,422, an increase of 16 millions over the preceding year. The imports were worth \$148,977,605, or 19 millions more than those for 1911. In customs duties there was collected \$24,552,598, an advance of four millions upon 1911. During the 1912 navigation season, from April 30 to December 3, 415 foreign-going vessels, with a total tonnage of 1,790,518 tons, reported at the office of the port warden. So that it was high time a move was made to re-create the port's facilities.

Popularly known as "Major," G. W. Stephens really holds the rank of Lt.-Col. retired in the 3rd Field Battery of the Royal Canadian Artillery. He was offered the position of second in command of the first Canadian contingent in the South African War, but as he was the only son over age, his parents prevailed on him not to go. He was in charge of the Canadian Contingent at the Coronation of King Edward. He married (three years ago), in Paris, Rosalinda Bissachi di Belmonte, an Italian lady of great accomplishments and a near relative of the Duke of Belmonte.

It is quite possible that some work is waiting for Major Stephens weightier than the bossing of the Harbor Commission, but as to that we must "wait and see." Until there is something bigger doing or done than the re-creation of the port of Montreal, that must stand as his star achievement. Meanwhile, there will be keen curiosity to see what he will do next.

Literature and Advertising

By Elbert Hubbard

The good writer to-day must be a man brought up from childhood to do things, make things and go without things.

Such men are the only ones who know the obvious. The writer must not be very much wiser than the reader. Literature is self-discovery. The things we like are the things we recognize as our own. In order to make a man pleased with you, you have to make him pleased with himself.

The poet need no longer starve in a garret, getting his living through quasi-mendicancy or the uncertain favor of a patron. Advertising has opened up a field for anyone who can push a pen, shake the literary brush-piles and put salt on the tail of an idea.

Twenty-five years ago the advertising man was unknown. The proprietor of a store wrote his own ads, and, of necessity, inertia prevailed to such a degree that an "ad" once written was run in the paper until the type wore out. The idea of a new advertisement every day was a thing unguessed.

A. T. Stewart wrote his own advertisements. He wrote them in the impersonal style, simply: "Mr. A. T. Stewart begs to inform the people of New York that he has just received a few cases of Irish linen, especially selected for him in Belfast. These will be opened on the sidewalk, in front of the Palace of Business, and offered to the first comers at fully ten per cent. below the figures which the same goods will bring after they are carried into the store."

To hire a man just to look after your advertising would have been regarded as rank extravagance at that time. The argument would also have been made that no man could write about things unless he were an expert in handling them. We did not perceive that a few simple rules apply, and that the outsider often gets a better perspective than the man who is close up against the game.

Life consists either in being in and looking out, or in being out and looking in. And the man who is outside looking in has a little better view, often, than the man who is inside struggling with details, perplexed, aggravated, worn and wondering whether he will ever get his money back.

There are now upward of twenty thousand men in America preparing advertising copy. Some of these men command salaries of princely magnitude, say a thousand dollars a month, and there are a dozen or so whose figure is just an even hundred dollars a day.

There is no doubt, however, that the genius required in writing advertisements has been more or less overrated, and there is soon to be a swinging back of the pendulum. We must understand the truth that writing is more or less of a knack.

Dean Swift said that a good man could write on any subject and make the time interesting. "Then," said Stella, "write me an

essay on a broomstick." And straightway the Dean accepted the challenge and wrote an immortal thing in literature.

Charles Lamb's essay on "Roast Pig" is another example of good writing about nothing in particular.

We work from the complex to the simple. Your high school graduate and your "highbrow" write Johnsonese — long, involved, strange sentences. Men with minds like little fishes write like whales. Good advertising copy has the gentle flow of Addison and the swing of Victor Hugo.

The ad writers who get the large checks would do well to enjoy their brief moment of butterfly existence. Advertising is going to become standardized, and not forever will this financial gulf exist between the clergy and the ad writers. All the colleges are putting in courses of advertising.

Good literature is an advertisement, and all advertisements well written are literature.

The invasion of the advertising field by the poets, essayists and clerics means an equalization of the pay envelope. When the poet does a man's work he is going to get a man's pay.

There is no quicker way in the world to lose money than through advertising — therefore the necessity of making advertising a science.

In order to make a business pay in this day and generation, it must be beautiful and it must be scientific.

Advertising demands a knowledge of psychology, and psychology is the science of the human heart. In preparing ads. we deal with the emotions, passions, tendencies, hopes, ambitions, desires.

In one sense, advertising and salesmanship are twin sisters. I do not know the girls apart. The one that is nearest I love best.

I need not argue that advertising must be pleasing.

All well-written advertising is literature, and all literature is advertising.

Literature advertises a time, a place, an event, a thing. Events do not live. All we have is the record.

History isn't the thing that happened: it is the account of it. So all history is advertising. All written advertising should be literary in style and quality.

Good advertisements start with a platitude.

That is, they begin with a bromide which every one will accept.

Then when you have the man walking down the street, you have the opportunity to tell him a few things.

Never begin advertising with a startling statement which invites dispute.

Advertisements, however, must be more than platitude, more than truism. They must be sulphides as well as bromides.

I would say that every advertisement should contain one platitude, but one is enough. Then here is the formula: Take a quart of truth, stir it up with a dash of wit, season with wisdom, flavor with love, mix — garnish with platitude, and serve.

OUR NEW SERIAL

Between Two Thieves

By Richard Dehan

XVI

The mental picture Dunoisse had formed of the surroundings of Miss Smithwick turned out to be pleasantly remote from the reality.

The Hospice for Sick Governesses was a tall, prim, pale-faced family mansion in Cavendish Street, London, West, whose neat white steps led to a dark green door with a bright brass plate and a gleaming brass knocker, through a wide hall hung with landscape-paintings of merit and fine old engravings in black frames, up a softly-carpeted staircase to an airy, cheerful bedroom on the second floor, where with birds and fragrant flowers, and many little luxuries about her to which poor Smithwick in her desperate battle with adversity had for long been a stranger, the simple gentlewoman, grown a frail, white-haired, aged woman, lay in a pretty chintz-curtained bed, whose shining brasswork gave back the ruddy blaze of a bright wood fire, listening to the quiet voice of a capped, and caped, and aproned nurse, who sat on a low chair beside her, reading from a volume that lay upon her knee.

Dunoisse, from the doorway, to which he had been guided by an elderly woman, similarly capped, and caped, and aproned, and evidently prepared for the arrival he had announced by letter to his poor old friend, took in the scene before patient or nurse had become aware of his presence.

The voice that read was one of the

rare human organs that are gifted to make surpassing melody of common ordinary speech. Soft, but distinct, through the dull roar of London traffic in the street below, every syllable came clearly. And the shabby leather-bound volume with the tarnished gilt clasps brought back old memories of Dunoisse's childhood. From its sacred pages he had been taught the noble English of Tyndale, following the travelling crochet-hook of simple Smithwick from Gospel text to text; and the words that reached him now had thus been made familiar; and they told of Heavenly pity and love for sorrowful, earth-born, Divinely-endowed humanity, and counselled brave endurance of the sufferings and sorrows of this world, for the sake of One all-sinless, Who drank of its bitter cup and wore its crown of thorns long, long before our stumbling feet were set upon its stony ways. . . .

Dunoisse's elderly guide had turned away at the urgent summons of a bell, after knocking at the partly-open door and signing to the visitor to step across the threshold. He had waited there, listening to the soft, melodious cadences of the voice that read, for some moments before his presence was perceived. Then, his poor old friend cried out his name in a tremulous flutter of delight and agitation, and Dunoisse crossed the soft carpets to her bedside, and took her thin hand, and kissed her wrinkled forehead between the scanty loops of her gray hair. And the cap-

ped, and caped, and aproned nurse who had been reading, and had risen and closed the Book, and laid it noiselessly aside upon a table at the first moment of Miss Smithwick's recognition, said to him:

"The patient must not be over-excited, sir. You will kindly ring for assistance should she appear at all faint."

Then she went, with an upright carriage and step that rather reminded the visitor of the free, graceful gait of Arab women, out of the room, soundlessly shutting the door behind her.

"I did not tell her you were coming. . . . I so much wished that you should see her! . . . Dearest Hector! My own sweet Madame Dunoisse's beloved boy!" poor Smithwick twittered, and Hector kindly soothed her, being nervously mindful of the nurse's warning, the while she held his strong, supple red hand in both her frail ones, and gazed into the man's face, wistfully looking for the boy.

He was not conscious of the old uncomfortable shrinking from poor Smithwick. Her nose was not so cold; her little staccato, mouselike squeaks of emotion were missing. Most of her sentimentalities and all of her affections had fallen away from her with her obsolete velvet mantles and queer old trinkets, fallals of beads, and hair, and steel, and the front of brown curls that deceived nobody, and never even dreamed of trying to match the scanty knob behind. The honest, genuine, affectionate creature that she was and had always been, shone forth now. . . . For Death is a skilful diamond-cutter who grinds and slices flaws and blemishes away, and leaves, although reduced in size, a gem of pure unblemished lustre, worthy to be set in Heaven's shining floor.

And now he was to learn the reason of her harsh dismissal, and to respect her worth yet more. She charged him with her affectionate humble duty to his father. . . .

"Who, I trust, has long since pardoned me for what he well might deem presumption in venturing to judge his actions, and question his"—Smithwick

hemmed—"strict adherence to the — shall I call it compact? — made with your dear mother, at the time she conceived it her duty to resume the religious habit she had discarded under the influence of — of a passion. Hector, which has made many of my sex oblivious to the peculiar sacredness of vows." She added, reading no clear comprehension of her meaning in the brilliant black eyes that looked at her: "I refer to the Marshal's unsuccessful attempt to obtain from His Serene Highness the Hereditary Prince of Widinitz recognition, and" — she hesitated — "acceptance of — yourself, dear boy, as the — in point of fact — the legitimate heir to his throne!"

"Can my father have conceived such a thing possible?" said Dunoisse, doubting if he had heard aright. "Can he have courted insult, rebuff, contempt, by making such an approach? Think again, dear friend! Is it not possible you may be mistaken? No hint of any such proceeding on my father's part has ever been breathed to me. I beg you, think again!"

Miss Smithwick shook her head and sighed, and said that there was no mistake at all about it. She had received her dismissal for—it might be presumptuously—venturing to expostulate, when the public prints made the matter a subject for discussion. It had been going on for some time previously; the comments of the principal newspapers of Widinitz, and of the leading Press organs of Munich and Berlin were largely quoted in the Paris journals which had enlightened Smithwick on the subject of her patron's plans. The cuttings she had preserved. They were in her desk, there upon the little table. Hector might see them if he would. . . . Her thin fingers hunted under the velvet-covered flaps of the absurd little old writing-box that her old pupil handed her; she followed the movements of the well-made manly figure in the loosely-fitting gray travelling-suit, with fond, admiring eyes. A blush made her old cheeks quite pink and young as she said:

"Forgive me, dear Hector! — but you have grown so handsome. . . Has . . .

has no beautiful young lady told you so? With her eyes, at least, since verbally to commend the personal appearance of a gentleman would be unmaidenly and unrefined."

"You have lived too long out of France to remember, dear friend," said Hector, showing his small, square white teeth in a laugh of heart-whole amusement, "that young ladies, with us, are not supposed to have eyes at all!"

He forgot meek Smithwick for a moment, remembering an Arab girl at Blidah who had seemed to love him . . . Adjmeb had been very pretty, with the great blue-black dewy eyes of a gazelle, and the hoarse cooing voice of a dove, despite the little indigo lilies and stars tattooed on her ripe nectarine-colored cheeks; on the backs of her slender, red-tipped hands, and upon the insteps of her slim, arched feet, dyed also with henna; their ankles tinkling with little gold and silver coins and amulets, threaded on black silk strings similar to those bound about her tiny wrists, and plaited into the orthodox twenty-five tresses of her night-black hair. . . .

Ah, yes! though at twenty she would be middle-aged, at thirty a wrinkled hag, Adjmeb was very pretty — would be for several years to come . . . Who might be telling her so at that particular moment? . . . Dunoisse wondered, and then the conjured-up perfumes of sandal and ambergris grew faint; the orange glow of the African sunset faded from the flat, terraced roof of the little house at Blidah, the tinkle of the Arab *tambur* was nothing but the ring of a London muffin-man's bell — and Miss Smithwick was tendering him a little flat packet of yellowed clippings from the *Monarchie*, the *National*, the *Presse*, the *Patrie*. . . .

Taking these with a brief excuse, Dunoisse moved to the window, and the cold gray light of the February morning fell upon the face that — conscious of the mingled anger and humiliation written upon it — he was glad to hide from the invalid. Recollections were buzzing in his ears like angry wasps, roused by the poking of a stick into their habitation, and each one had its

separate sting. It is not agreeable to be compelled to despise one's father, and the last shred of the son's respect fell from him as he read.

The chief among the Paris newspapers from which the cuttings had been taken, bore the date of a day or two previous to that old boyish duel at the Technical School of Military Instruction. The conversation occurring between the Duke and his guests, which, as repeated by de Moulny, had produced the quarrel, had undoubtedly arisen through discussion of these.

Press organs of Imperial convictions upheld the action of the Marshal, denounced the policy of the reigning Prince of Widinitz, in rejecting the pretensions of his daughter's son, as idiotic and unnatural in an elderly hereditary ruler otherwise destitute of an heir. Legitimist journals sneered. Revolutionary prints heaped scorn upon the man, sprung from homely Swiss peasant-stock, who sought to aggrandise himself by degrading his son. The satirical prints had squibs and lampoons. . . . the *Charivari* published a fearful caricature of the Marshal, in his gorgeous, obsolete, Imperial Staff uniform, tiptoe on the roof of the Carmelite Convent of Widinitz in the attempt to reach down the princely insignia dangling temptingly above him, whilst the aureoled vision of Ste. Terese vainly expostulated with the would-be marauder from clouds of glory overhead. The *Monarchie* quoted at length an article from a leading Munich newspaper. Judge whether or no the reader went hot and cold.

"We cannot sufficiently pity the son of the high-bred, misguided, repentant lady, doomed in the green bough of inexperienced youth to be the tool of an unprincipled and unscrupulous adventurer, the handful of mud flung in the face of a Bavarian Catholic State, whose rulers have for centuries rendered to Holy Mother Church the most profound respect, and the most dutiful allegiance."

"*Nom d'un petit bonhomme! . . .*"

The old, boyish, absurd expletive hissed impotently on the glowing coals of the man's fierce indignation, quenching

them not at all. The writer continued:

"He who thought little of dragging the pallet from under the dying peasant, whose greed has locked and bolted the doors of the Carmelite House of Mercy in the faces of the sick and suffering poor, now lays desecrating hands upon the princely mantle, covets the hereditary and feudal sceptre for his base-born son, adding to the impudent dishonesty of the Swiss innkeeper the vulgar braggadocio and swaggering assurance of the paid hireling of the Corsican usurper, who dared to mount the sacred throne of St. Louis; who presumed to adulterate with the plebeian blood of a Beauharnais the patrician tide flowing in the veins of a daughter of the reigning House of Wittelsbach."

Dunoisse's face was not pleasant to see, as, perusal ended, he set his small white teeth viciously upon his lower lip, and, breathing vengeance upon unknown offenders through his thin, arched nostrils, scowled menacingly at the smug-faced, genteel houses on the opposite side of Cavendish Street. His father's boast about the "blood royal" came back to him, and that "fine Serene Highness" the Marshal had promised those good people of Widinitz. Ah! what an infamy the whole thing had been! But at least one might count it buried; forgotten like these perishing strips of discolored, brittle paper. That was something to be thankful for.

He cleared his forehead of its thunder-clouds, and turned back towards the bed, but something of the ordeal of shame he had passed through was written on his face for Smithwick, in spite of the smile with which he dressed it, as he silently laid the yellowed fold of cuttings on the coverlet near her hand.

"They—they have given you pain?" faltered the poor lady.

"It is past and over, dear friend. These paragraphs have cleared up something that was obscure to me before," said Dunoisse—"conveyed in a hint of his that was never again made. One cannot pretend to judge him. He has always been a law unto himself."

The bitterness of the words, and the ironical smile that carved the speaker's

lips as he uttered them, were lost upon the simple woman who answered:

"I have always felt that. There are characters so highly elevated above the crowd of ordinary individuals, that one can hardly expect them to be influenced by the ordinary considerations, the commonplace principles that guide and govern the rest of us——"

"Fortunately for ourselves!" interpolated Dunoisse.

"—That, my dear, we who know ourselves their inferiors in intellect, as in personal advantages, cannot pretend to judge them," finished the poor lady.

"And in proportion with the baseness of their motives and the mean selfishness of their aims," said Dunoisse, "the admiration of their more moral and upright fellow-creatures would appear to be lavished upon them."

"Too true, I fear, my dear Hector," admitted Miss Smithwick, flushing inside the neat frills that bordered her cap. "But had you beheld your father in the splendor of his earlier years, you would"—she coughed—"have perhaps regarded the devotion with which it was his fate to inspire persons of the opposite sex, with greater leniency and tolerance."

"How did his path cross my mother's?" asked Dunoisse, amused, in spite of himself, at the unremitting diligence with which the Marshal's faithful votary availed herself of every opportunity that presented itself, to spread a brushful of gilding on her battered idol. "I have often wondered, but never sought to learn."

"During the last years of the Emperor Napoleon's sequestration at St. Helena, my dear, your father, chafing at the lack of public appreciation which his great talents should have commanded, and his distinguished martial career certainly had earned, found distraction and interest in travelling as a private gentleman through the various countries he had visited in a less peaceful character. And, during a visit to the country estate of a Bavarian nobleman, whose acquaintance he had made during—unless I err—the second campaign of Vienna, as the result of one of those accidents that so mould our af-

ter lives, Hector, that one cannot doubt that Destiny and Fate conspire to bring them about, he crossed your mother's path."

"To her most bitter sorrow and her son's abiding shame!" commented Dunoisse, but not aloud.

"There is, or was, in the neighborhood of Widinitz—I speak of the capital of the Bavarian Principality of that name," went on Miss Smithwick, "a House of Mercy—under the management of nuns of the Carmelite Order, whose Convent adjoins the Hospital—now closed in consequence of the withdrawal from its Endowment Fund of a sum so large that the charitable institution was ruined by its loss."

Hector knew well who had brought about the ruin. He sat listening, and kept his eyes upon the carpet, lest the fierce wrath and scathing contempt that burned in them should discompose the Marshal's faithful partisan.

"One day in the autumn of 1820," said Smithwick—"the Prince having ridden out early with all his Court and retinue to hunt—a gentleman was brought to the Widinitz House of Mercy on a woodman's cart. He had been struck upon the forehead and thrown from his saddle by an overhanging branch as he rode at full speed down a forest road. The Hunt swept on after the boarhounds—the insensible man was found by two peasants and conveyed to the Hospital, as I have said. The nun in charge of the Lesser Ward—chiefly reserved for the treatment of accidents, my dear, for there were many among the peasants and woodcutters, and quarrymen, and miners—and to meet their great need, the House of Mercy had been founded by a former Prioress of the Convent—the nun in charge was Sister Terese de Saint Francois. . ."

"My mother. Yes? . . ."

Dunoisse had spoken in a whisper. His eyes shunned gentle Smithwick's. He sat in his old, boyish attitude leaning forwards in his chair, his clasped hands thrust downwards between his knees; and those hands were so desperately knotted in the young man's fierce, secret agony of shame and anger, that

the knuckles started, lividly white in color, against the rich red skin.

"There is no more to tell, my dear!" said Miss Smithwick. "You can conceive the rest?"

"Easily!" said Dunoisse. "Easily! And, knowing what followed, one is tempted to make paraphrase of the Scripture story. Had the Samaritans passed by and left the wounded man to what you have called Fate and Destiny, the cruses of oil and wine would not have been drained and broken, the House of Mercy would not have been ransacked and gutted; its virgin despoiled—its doors barred in the faces of the dying poor." He laughed, and the jarring sound of his mirth made his meek hearer tremble. "It is a creditable story!" he said, "a capital story for one to hear who bears the name *he* so willingly makes stink in the nostrils of honorable men. For if I have Carmel in my blood—to quote his favorite gibe—I have also *his*. And it is a terrible inheritance!"

"Oh! hush, my dear! Remember that he is your father!" pleaded poor Smithwick.

"I cannot forget it," said Dunoisse, smiling with stiff, pale lips. "It is a relationship that will be constantly brought home. When I see you lying here, and know what privations you must have endured before the charitable owners of this house opened its doors to you, and realize that *his* were shut because you strove to open his eyes to the precipice of shame towards which his greed and ambition were hurrying him, blindly, I ask myself whether, with such Judas-blood running in my own veins, and such a heritage of gross desires and selfish sensuality as it must bring with it!—whether it be possible for me, his son, to live a life of cleanliness and honor? And the answer is—"

"Oh! yes, my dear!" cried the poor creature tearfully. "With the good help of God! And have you not been honorable and brave, Hector, in refusing any portion of—that money?" She added, meeting Dunoisse's look of surprise: "Do you wonder how it is I know? Your father wrote and told me—it is now years ago—I hope you will not blame

him!—though the letter was couched in terms of reproach that wounded me cruelly at the time. . . .” Smithwick felt under her pillow for her handkerchief and dried her overflowing eyes.

“What charges did he bring against you?” Dunoisse asked, controlling as best he could the contempt and anger that burned in his black eyes, and vibrated in his voice.

“He said I had revenged myself for the withdrawal of his patronage, and my removal from his service,” gulped poor Smithwick, “by poisoning the mind of his only child! He complained that you refused to touch a franc of his money—preferring to work your way upwards under heavy disadvantages, rather than accept from him, your father, any portion of the fortune he had always meant should be yours. And” — she put her handkerchief away and nodded her head in quite a determined manner—“I wrote back and told him, Hector—that I esteemed your course of conduct, though my counsels had not inspired it; and that your mother, when she learned of your determination, would be proud of her noble son!”

Dunoisse would have spoken here, but Smithwick held up her thin hand and stopped him.

“For it seems to me, dear child of my dearest mistress, that to take what has been given to God, is the way to call down the just judgment of Heaven upon the heads of those who are guilty of such deeds,” said Smithwick, nodding her mild grey head emphatically. “And rather than live in gilded affluence upon those funds, wrested from the coffers of the Carmelite House of Charity at Widinitz, I would infinitely prefer to carry on existence—as I have done, dear Hector—until my health failed me, in my attic room at Hampstead, on a penny roll a day. And she would uphold me and agree with me.”

“Who is *she*, dear friend?” asked Hector, smiling, though his heart was sore within him at the picture of dire need revealed in these utterances of the simple lady.

“I speak of our Lady Superintendent. A remarkable personality, my dear Hector, if I may venture to say so. . . .

It was she who, finding this benevolent charity suffering from mismanagement and lack of funds, endowed it with a portion of her large fortune, induced other wealthy persons to subscribe towards endowing the foundation with a permanent income, and, finding no trustworthy person of sufficient capacity to fill the post, herself assumed the duties of Resident Matron. Imagine it, my dear!” said gentle Smithwick. “At her age—for she is still young—possibly your senior by a year or two, certainly not more—to forego Society and the giddy round of gilded pleasure to be found in London and dear, dear Paris!—for the humdrum routine of a Hospital; the training and management of nurses; the regulation of prescriptions, diets and accounts!”

“Indeed! A vocation, one would say!” commented Dunoisse.

“She would ask you,” returned Miss Smithwick, “must one necessarily be a nun to work for the good of others?”

The words stirred a dim recollection in Dunoisse of having heard them before. But the image of the Lady Superintendent of the Hospice for Sick Governesses formed itself within his mind. He saw her as a plain, sensible, plump little spinster, well advanced towards the thirties, resigned to exchange hopeless rivalries with other young women, not only rich, but pretty, for undivided rule and undisputed sway over a large household dependents. . . . preferring the ponderous compliments of Members of Visiting Committees to the assiduities of impecunious Guardsmen and money-hunting detrimentials. He said, as the picture faded:

“This lady who has been so kind to you—”

“‘Kind.’ . . . The word is feeble, my dear Hector, to express her unbounded goodness,” declared Miss Smithwick. “I can but say that in the midst of sickness, and dire poverty, and other distresses that I will not further dwell on, she came upon me like an Angel from the Heaven in which I firmly believe. And when I lay down my head, never to lift it up again—and I think, my dear, the time is not far off now!—that great and solemn hour that comes to

all of us will be cheered and lightened, Hector, if she stands beside my pillow and holds my dying hand."

The simple sincerity of the utterance brought tears into the listener's eyes. He winked them back, and said:

"I pray the day you speak of may not dawn for years! My leave, procured with difficulty owing to threatened national disturbances which the Army may be employed in quelling, extends not beyond three days. I shall hope to see this lady, and thank her for her goodness to my friend before I go."

"I trust she will permit it. She is very reticent—almost shrinking—in her desire to avoid recognition of her . . ."

Miss Smithwick broke off in the middle of her sentence. She leaned back upon her pillows, lividly pale, breathing hurriedly; her blue lips strove to say: "It is nothing. Don't mind!"

Alarmed for her, repentant for having forgotten the nurse's warning, Dunoisse grasped at the bell-rope by the fireplace, and sent an urgent summons clanging through the lower regions of the tall house. Within a moment, as it seemed, the door opened, admitting the capped, and caped, and aproned young woman who had been reading to the patient upon his arrival. A glance seemed to show her a condition of things not unexpected. She went swiftly to bedside, answering, as Dunoisse turned to her appealingly the words shaping themselves upon his lips that asked her: "Shall I go?"

"It will be best! . . . Wait at the end of the passage, near the window on the landing . . . This looks alarming," she answered—"but it will not last long."

XVII

She had forgotten him before the still pure air of the sickroom had ceased to vibrate with her spoken words. She saw nothing but the patient in need of her, and had passed her arm beneath the pillow and was raising the gray head, and had reached a little vial and a measuring-glass from a stand that was beside the bed, before Dunoisse had gained the door. It might have been five minutes later, as he contemplated a

vista of grimy, leaded roofs, and cowed, smoke-vomiting chimney-pots, from the staircase-window at the passage-end, that he heard a light rustling of garments passing over the thick soft carpets, and she came to him, moving with the upright graceful carriage and the long, gliding step that had reminded him of the gait of the tall, supple Arab woman, whose slender, perfect proportions lend their movements such rhythmic grace. He said to her as she stopped at a few paces from him:

"Mademoiselle, you see one who is gravely to blame for forgetfulness of your wise warning. I beg you, hide nothing from me! . . . Is my dear old friend in danger? Her color was that of Death itself."

"There is always danger in cases of heart-disease."

"Heart-disease. . . . She said no word to me upon the subject. But it is like her," said Dunoisse, "to conceal her sufferings rather than distress her friends."

"She has needed friends, and the help that prosperous friendship could have well afforded to bestow, believe me, sir, in these late years of uncomplaining want and bitter privation."

The voice that spoke was sweet; Dunoisse had already recognized in it that quality. Barely raised above an undertone—presumably for the sake of other sufferers within the neighboring rooms that opened on the landing, from behind the shut doors of which came the murmur of voices, or the clinking of cups and saucers, or the sound of fires being poked,—this voice had in its clear distinctness the ring of crystal; and the fine edge of scorn in it cut to the sensitive quick of the listener. He started as he looked at her, meeting the calm and clear and steady regard of eyes that were blue-gray as the waters of her own English Channel and seemed as cold.

For they condemned him and judged him, the rich man's son, who had left the old dependent to the charity of strangers. His shamed blood tingled under his red-brown skin, as he said with a resentful flash of his black eyes:

"That this good woman, the faithful guardian of my motherless boyhood,

has suffered want, is to my bitter regret, to my abiding poignant sorrow, but not to my shame. A thousand times — no!"

He was so vivid and emphatic, as he stood speaking with his back to the window, that, with his foreign brilliancy of coloring, the slightness of form that masked his great muscular strength the supple eloquence of gesture that accompanied and emphasized his clear and cultivated utterance, he seemed to glow against the background of rimy February fog, and London roofs and chimney-pots, as a flashing ruby upon gray velvet; as a South American orchid seen in relief against a neutral-tinted screen. His "No!" had a convincing ring; the lightning-flash of his black eyes was genuine fire, not theatrical; the woman who heard and saw had been born with the rare power of judging and reading men. Her broad white forehead cleared between the silken folds of her hair, pale nut-brown, with the gleam of autumn gold upon the edges of its thick waved tresses; the lowered arches of her brown eyebrows lifted and drew apart, smoothing out the fold between them; the regard of her blue-gray eyes ceased to chill; the delicate stern lines of her sensitive mouth relaxed. She knew he spoke the truth.

He saw a tall, slight, brown-haired woman in a plain and, according to the voluminous fashion of the time, rather scanty gown of Quakerish gray, protected by a bibbed white apron with pockets of accommodating size. A little cape of stuff similar to that of the gown covered her shoulders. Their beauty of line, like the beauty of the long rounded throat that rose above her collar of unadorned white cambric, the shapeliness of the arms that were covered by her plain tight sleeves, the slender rounded hips and long graceful proportions of the lower limbs, were enhanced rather than hidden by the simplicity of her dress; as the admirable shape and poise of the small rounded head was undesignedly set off by the simple, close-fitting, white muslin cap, with its double frill and broad falling lappets.

Her calmness seemed immobility, her silence indifference to Dunoisse. Her hands were folded upon her apron, her bosom rose and fell to the time of her deep even breathing, her steady eyes regarded him as he poured himself out in passionate denial, fierce repudiation of the odious stigma of ingratitude, but she gave no sign of having heard. She looked at him, and considered, that was all. He said, galled and irritated by her unresponsiveness:

"I should ask pardon of you, Mademoiselle, for my vehemence, incomprehensible to you and out of place here. What I seek is a private audience of the lady who is Directress of this charitable house. Would she favor me by granting it? I would promise not to detain her. Could you graciously, Mademoiselle——"

She said, with her intent eyes still reading him:

"I should tell you it is the rule of this house that no attendant in it should be addressed as 'Mademoiselle,' 'Miss,' or 'Mrs.' . . . 'Nurse' is the name to which we all answer, and we try to deserve it well."

Her smile wrought a radiant, lovely change in her that evoked his unwilling admiration. The pearl-white teeth it revealed shone brilliant in the light of it, and the dark blue-gray eyes flashed and gleamed like sapphires between their narrowed lids. But the next moment she stood before him as pale and grave as she had seemed to him before, with her hands folded on her white apron.

"You do deserve that title, I am sure," said Dunoisse, "if you minister to all your patients as kindly and as skilfully as to my poor friend there." He added: "Forgive me, that I detain you here, when you may be needed by her bedside!"

He motioned towards the door of the room he had quitted, receiving answer:

"Do not be alarmed. Another nurse is with her. She was in the adjoining room; I called her to take charge before I came to you. And—you were desirous of an interview with our Superintendent here. . . . She sees few people, the nature of her responsibilities per-

mitting little leisure. . . . I cannot bring you any nearer to her than you are now. But if you could trust me with the message you desire to send, or the explanation you wish to make, I will give you my promise that your exact words shall be conveyed to her. Will that do?"

Dunoisse bowed and thanked her, with some shadow of doubt upon his square forehead, a lingering hesitation in his tone.

"If you were older, Mademoiselle—" he began, forgetful of her injunction, as he hesitated before her. She looked at him, and her lips curved into their lovely smile again, and her blue-gray eyes were mirthful as she said:

"I am older than you are, M. Dunoisse. Does not that fact give you confidence?"

"It should," returned Dunoisse, "if it were possible of credence."

"Compliments are a currency that does not pass within these doors," she answered, with a fine slight accent of irony and a tincture of sarcasm in her smile. "Keep yours for Society small-change in the *salons* of Paris or the drawing-rooms of Belgravia. They are wasted here."

"I know but little," said Dunoisse, "of the *salons* of London or Paris. Circumstances have conspired to shut the doors of Society, generally open to welcome rich men's sons, as completely in my face as in that of any other ineligible. You will learn why, since you are so kind as to undertake to convey a message from me to the Superintendent of this house. It shall be as brief as I can make it. I would not willingly waste your time."

She bent her head, and the high-bred grace perceptible in the slight movement appealed to him as exquisite. But he was too earnest in his desire for justification to be turned aside.

"Say to this lady whose charitable hand has lifted my dear old friend—from what depths of penury I only now begin to realize—that if she comprehends that I was a boy at a Military School, and ignorant, thoughtless, and selfish as boys are wont to be, when my good old governess was driven from the house that had been for years her

home, and that her dismissal was so brought about that she seemed but to be leaving us upon a visit of condolence to a sick relative, she will judge me less harshly, regard me with less contempt than it may seem to her, now, I deserve!—"

His hearer stopped him:

"You should be told, M. Dunoisse, that all that can be said in your favor has been already said by Miss Smithwick herself. It never occurred to her to reproach you. Nor for her dismissal can you be blamed at all. But it has seemed to me that where there was ability to provide for one so tried and faithful, some effort should have been made in her behalf by you as you grew more mature, and the ample means that are placed at the disposal of a rich man's son were yours to use. She never told you of her cruel need, I can guess that. But oh! M. Dunoisse! you might have read Hunger and Cold between the lines of the poor thing's letters."

There were tears in the great sorrowful blue eyes. Her calm voice shook a little.

"If you had seen her as she was when I was sent to her," she said, "you would feel as I do. True, a letter with a remittance from you came when she was nearly past needing any of the help it contained for her. But long, long before, you might have read between the lines!"

"Ah!—in the Name of Heaven, Mademoiselle, I pray you hear me!" burst out Dunoisse, catching at the carved knob of the baluster at the stair-head, and wringing it in the energy of his earnestness. "All that you suppose is true! Even before I came of age a large sum of money was placed at my disposal by my father. Over a million of our francs, forty-five thousand of your English sovereigns, lie to my credit in the bank, have so lain for years. May the hour that sees me spend a sou of that accursed money be an hour of shame for me, and bitterness and humiliation! And should ever a day draw near, that is to see me trick myself in dignities and honors stolen by a charlatan's device, and usurp a power to which I have no more moral right than the meanest

peasant of the State it rules—before its dawning I pray that I may die! and that those who come seeking a clod of mud to throw in the face of a Catholic principality, may find it lying in a coffin!”

He had forgotten that he addressed himself to a stranger, so wholly had his passion carried him away. He awakened to her now, seeing her recoil from him as though repelled by his vehemence, and then conquer her impulse and turn to him again.

“Pardon!” He held up his hand to check her as she was about to speak. “I speak, in my forgetfulness, of things incomprehensible to you. I employ names that are unmeaning. These have no part in the message I entreat you of your goodness to bear to the Superintendent of this house. Could it not be made clear to this lady, without baring to the vision of a stranger the disgrace of one whom I am bound to respect, and would that it were possible! Could it not be understood that this money was gained in a discreditable, vile, and shameful way? Could it not be understood that I shall never rest until it has been returned to the original source whence it was unjustly plundered and wrung? Could it not be made clear that while I was yet a boy I swore a solemn oath before Almighty God, at the instance of a friend—who afterwards cast me off and deserted me!—that this restitution should be made? . . . Might it not be explained that I have had nothing, since I took that oath, that was not earned by my own efforts? That I could take no holidays from the Technical School where I was a cadet, because I could not afford to buy civilian clothes, and that, until by good fortune I earned rewards and prizes and a period of free tuition at the Training Institute for Officers of the staff—that many of my comrades deserved better, I do not doubt!—I was very, very poor, Mademoiselle! Would it not be possible?”

“Yes, yes!” she answered him, and her pale cheeks had grown rosy as apple-blossoms, and her great gray-blue eyes were full of kindness now. “It shall all be explained. You shall be no longer blamed where you are praiseworthy, and reproached where you

should be honored. And—two breaches of faith—a double perjury—are worse than one, though a lower standard of honor than yours would have taken your false friend’s desertion as a release. You have done well to keep your oath, M. Dunoisse, though he may have broken his.”

“I deserve no praise,” said Dunoisse, “and I desire none. I ask for justice—it is the right of every human soul; I beg you to repeat to this benevolent lady what I have said, and to tell her that I will be answerable for whatever charges she has been put to, for the medical attendance and support of my dear old friend, from to-day. It is a sacred duty which I will gladly take upon myself.”

“Forgive me,” said the listener, and her voice was very soft, “but would not this be a heavy tax on your resources?—a heavy drain upon your slender means?”

He listened with his black eyes seeming to study an engraving that hung upon the staircase wall. She ended, and he looked at her again.

“It would be a tax, and a drain under ordinary circumstances, but I think I can insure a way to meet the difficulty. . . . Is it possible that I may be permitted to say *Adieu* to my old friend before I leave this house? It will be necessary—now!—that I should return to France by the packet that sails to-night.”

He was more than ever like a slender ruddy flame as he glowed there against the dull background of marble-papered wall and foggy window-panes. His virile energy, the hard clear ring of his voice, the keen flash of his black eyes won her rare approval, no less than his reticence and his delicacy. Her own eyes were more than kind, though in the respect of his seeing Miss Smithwick again that day her decision was prohibitory. He bowed to the decision.

“Then you shall say *Adieu* and *Au revoir* to her for me,” he said, and held out his hand with a smiling look and a quick, impulsive gesture. “And for yourself, Mademoiselle, accept my thanks.”

He added, retaining the hand she had placed in his:

"You will not fail of your promise to repeat to Madame the Superintendent all that I have confided to you?"

"You have my word," she answered him. "But of one thing I must warn you—if you send any money, she will send it back!"

"Name of Heaven!—why?" exclaimed Dunoisse.

"Because," she said, with a slight fold between her arched brown eyebrows, "your friend has been accepted by the Committee as a permanent inmate here, and there is no lack of funds. I must really go now if you will be so good as to release me!"

Dunoisse was still gaoler of the hand she had given, and his grip, unconsciously strenuous, was responsible for that fold of pain between the nurse's eyebrows. He released the hand with penitence and distress, saying:

"I entreat you to forgive me if I have hurt this kind hand, that has alleviated so much pain, and smoothed the pillows of so many death-beds." But his lips, only shaded by the little upward-brushed black moustache, had barely touched her fingers before she drew them gently from his, saying with a smile:

"There is no need for atonement, M. Dunoisse. As for this kiss upon my hand, I will transfer it with your message of farewell to your dear old governess. My good wishes will follow you with hers, wherever you may go!"

She was gone, moving along the passage and vanishing into a room halfway down its length before a bell rang somewhere in the lower regions of the house, a voice spoke to Dunoisse, and he brought back his eyes, that had been questing in search of another, to see the capped and caped and aproned elderly woman, who had a round, brown smiling face, somewhat lined and wrinkled, smooth gray hair, and pleasant eyes of soft dark hazel, waiting to lead him downstairs as she had guided him up. To her he said, as she opened the street-door upon the foggy vista of Cavendish Street:

"Be so good, Madame, as to tell me

the name of the Lady Superintendent here?"

The elderly attendant answered promptly:

"Merling, sir—Miss Ada Merling."

Where had Dunoisse heard that name before? He racked his brain even as he said, with the smile that showed his small, square white teeth and made his black eyes gleam more brightly:

"I must be once more troublesome, if you will allow me. What is the name of the lady to whom I was talking just now?"

The elderly attendant answered, in precisely the same form of words:

"Merling, sir—Miss Ada Merling."

XVIII

The front door of the Hospice for Sick Governesses in Cavendish Street had not long closed behind the retreating figure of a swarthy, black-eyed young foreign gentleman when the pleasant-faced elderly woman whose duty it was to answer its bell brought to the Lady Superintendent a card upon a little inlaid tray. She took the card and smiled.

"Tell Mr. Bertram that I will come down in a few minutes. And I hope you did not call him 'Master Robert' this time, Husnuggle?"

"I did, Miss Ada, love, as sure as my name's a queer one, and him a Secretary of State at War."

"He is not Secretary at War now, Husnuggle, though he may be again. Who can tell, when Governments are always changing and Cabinets being made and remade?"

"A-cabinet-making he went as a boy, and cut his fingers cruel, and the Wraye Abbey housekeeper fainted dead away at the sight of the blood, they said!—and the head-housemaid gave notice at being asked for cobwebs, which she vowed and declared not one were to be found in the place, though answer for attics how can you? And he had my name pat, Miss Ada, so soon as I answered the door. 'Halloa, Husnuggle!' he says; 'so you've come up from Peakshire to help nurse the sick governesses? And I says: 'Yes, Master Robert,' and

it's like the good old times come back, to see your handsome, smiling face again.' And you'll come to him in a few minutes?"

"The minutes have passed, Husnuggle, while you have been talking. I am going down to Mr. Bertram now."

She found in a little ground-floor parlor, sacred to accounts and the semi-private interviews accorded by the Lady Superintendent to shabby-genteel visitors with hungry faces (growing still more wan as the tale of penury was told) and smartish visitors with impudent faces; apt to flush uncomfortably under the keen scrutiny of those blue-gray eyes. It was plainly but comfortably furnished, and a red fire glowed in its grate of shining steel, and a plump and sleek and well-contented cat dozed happily upon its hearthrug.

You saw Bertram as a tall, lightly-built man of barely thirty, with a bright, spirited, handsome face and a frank, gay, cordial manner. No trace of the pompousness of the ex-Secretary of State either in his appearance, voice, or handshake: a warm and cordial grip was to be had from Bertram; or, in default of this, a brusque nod that said:

"You are objectionable, and I prefer to keep clean hands!"

He was striding lightly up and down the little parlor, with the loose ends of his black satin cravat—voluminous, according to the fashion of the time—floating behind him; and each time he covered the distance from the hearthrug to the muslin-blinded window he would stop, look impatiently at his watch, and recommence his walk.

She said, standing in the doorway, watching him do this:

"You are not in a genuine hurry, or you would not be here at all."

"Ada!" He turned with a look of glad relief, and as she noiselessly closed the door and came to meet him, he took both the womanly cordial hands she held out to him, and pressed them in his own. "It does one good to see you. It does one good even to know you are anchored here in Cavendish Street, and not flying from Berlin to Paris, from Paris to Rome, from Rome

to Heaven-knows-where — comparing foreign systems of Hospital management and sanitation with our own, and finding ours everywhere to be hopelessly out of date, inferior, and wrong. . ."

"As it is!" she said—"And is it not time we knew it? so that we can prove those mistaken who say, '*To be insular is to be strong, perhaps, but at the same time it is to be narrow-minded.*'"

"Ah! Ada, Ada!" he said, and his sweet and mellow voice had sadness in it. "If we all lived up to your standard, the Millennium would have come, and Governments would cease from troubling, and War Secretaries would be at rest."

"Are you not at rest just now?" she asked, and added, even before he shook his head: "But no! You are overworked; your face shows it."

"Mary said so this morning," he answered; "but if my looks pity me, as Peakshire folk would say, I feel fit and well."

"Where is my Mary?" she asked. "Why have you not brought her?"

"Mary has flown down to Hayshire," he said, "on the wings of the Portsmouth Express. One of the crippled children at the Home was to be operated on, under chloroform, for the removal of a portion of diseased hip-bone; and though my wife shrank from the ordeal of seeing pain, even dulled by the anæsthetic, she felt it was her duty to be upon the spot."

"Dear Mary!" she said, and if Dunoisie had seen her face he would no longer have thought it lacking in warmth and color: "True, good, noble woman!"

Bertram answered, with feeling in his own face and voice:

"The dearest, living! . . . the noblest I ever knew—but one, Ada!"

She passed the words as though she had not heard, and said, with the soft, clear laugh that had music in it for the ears of those who loved her, and this man was one of the many:

"Husnuggle was made so happy by your not forgetting her, poor good soul!"

"Her face conjured up Wraye Rest," he said, "and the yew-tree gateway be-

tween the park and the garden; and the green terraces with the apple-espaliers and the long borders of lavender-bushes; and Darth down at the bottom of the deep valley, foaming over her bed of limestone rock, and the steep paths down to the trout-pools that were easier to tread than the slippery ways of Diplomacy."

"One can always go back!" she returned, though her sigh for all the distant sweetness had echoed his, "either to my dear Wraye Rest or your own peculiar Eden of Wraye Abbey."

"Taking our respective loads of aims and ambitions and responsibilities with us," said Bertham. "My badly-housed Military Invalid Pensioners for whom I want tight roofs, and dry walls, and comfortable beds. My Sandhurst Cadets, trussed up in absurd trappings, and harassed with rules as trumpery — hide-bound with conditions quite as detrimental to health as their cut-and-dried discipline, and innumerable supererogatory belts, straps, and buckles. My Regimental Schools, where illiterate soldiers and their wives are to learn to read and write and cipher; and my Infants' Classes, where the soldiers' children may be taught as well. My Improved Married Quarters, which should — but do not, more's the pity! — occupy a separate block in every Barracks in the Kingdom, where the women and their men may live in decent privacy, and not under conditions not at all distantly recalling — to our shame! — and the Red Tapeism that preserves these conditions in their unadorned and ancient ugliness ought to blush the ruder for it! — the primitive promiscuities of the Stone Age. With a distinct bias in favor of that period!"

His handsome face was bitter and dark with anger; his voice, though barely raised above the level of ordinary fireside chat, rang and vibrated with passionate indignation.

"It has been borne in on me, Ada, in God knows how many hours of weariness and bitter disappointment, that our Peninsular triumphs — achieved in what we are accustomed to call the good old days — are a heavy clog upon our advancement as a nation now,

and a cloud upon our eyes. They were not good old days, Ada, as windbaggy orators like to call them; they were bad old days, inhuman old days, cruel old days, when Napoleon Bonaparte possessed France upon a bridal bed of bloody corpses; and ragged, underfed, untaught, unsheltered soldiers upheld, in what neglect, what misery and suffering, you and I can barely realize, amidst Famine and Slaughter and Pestilence and Devastation hideous and indescribable, the traditional glory of the British nation, the strength and fire and power of British Arms. Let us have done with the pride of those days! Let us cease to boast of them! Let us prove our advancement in Civilization, Humanity, and Science by no longer treating these our fellow-creatures as human pawns in a devilish game of chess, or as thoughtless children treat toy-soldiers; to be moved hither and thither at will, swept off the board when necessary, and jostled promiscuously into dark and stuffy boxes until we are pleased to call for them again! Since Great Britain owes so much to her Army and her Navy, let her treat the men who serve her by land and sea with respect, and decent consideration. And in so far as Governments and Administrations of the old days ignored their rights to honest, humane, and Christian usage, let us have done with those damned old days for ever, and while the life is red in us, hurry on the new!"

"They cannot come too quickly!" she said, giving back his earnest look. "Surely by raising the moral tone, cultivating the mental faculties, and improving the social condition of the private soldier, he is nerved and tempered, not softened and unstrung."

"As it is we owe him honor," said Bertham, "that, with so many disadvantages as he labors under to-day, and in the face of the bad example too often set him as to moral conduct and neglect of duty by his superiors, he is what we know him to be!"

"Ah, that is true — most true!" she answered, breaking the silence in which she had sat listening to the silvery voice of which even Bertham's enemies admitted the singular charm. "May the

day soon dawn when we shall see him what we hope he will become!"

"There will be a dark night before its dawning," Bertham returned, and his smile had sadness in its very brilliancy. "For England must lose much to win that more, be assured."

He added as his look met hers, seeing the slight bewildered knitting of her eyebrows:

"There is a grand old white head nodding at the upper end of the green Council Board at the War Office, or soundly sleeping, in the inner sanctum at the covered passage-end that has always been known as the office of the Commander-in-Chief, — that Britain, in her gratitude and loyal regard and tender reverence for its great owner, — and God forbid that I should rob him of one jot or tittle of what has been so gloriously won! — has left there long years since the brain within it became incapable, by the natural and inevitable decay of its once splendid faculties, of planning and carrying out any wholesome, needful reform in our Army's organization — even of listening to those who have suggestions to offer, or plans to submit, with anything but an old man's testy impatience of what seems new. This is deplored by personages nominally subordinate, really wielding absolute power. 'Sad, sad!' they say, 'but the nation would have it so.' Yet little more than a year ago, when, as by a miracle, the strength and vigor of the old warrior's prime seemed, if only for an instant, to have returned to him — when the dim fires of the gray eagle-glance blazed out again, and the trembling hand, strung to vigor for the nonce, penned that most electrifying letter, — published a few weeks back by what the New England party regard as a wise stroke of policy, and Officialdom as an unpardonable indiscretion, — that letter declaring the country's defences to be beggarly and inadequate, its naval arsenals neglected, its dockyards undermanned, its forts not half-garrisoned. . . . What sort of criticism did it evoke? Those who were openly antagonistic declared it to be preposterous; those who were loyal treated its utterances with contemptuous, galling indulgence. . . .

To me it was as though a prophetic voice had spoken in warning from the tomb! And even before the graven stone sinks down over the weary old white head, Ada, and the laurel are withered that lie above, the country he loved and served so grandly may be doing penance in dust and ashes for that warning it despised!"

"And if the War-call sounded to-morrow," she said, with her intent look upon him, and her long white fingers knitted about her knee, "and the need arose — as it would arise — for a man of swift decision and vigorous action to lead us in the field — upon whom would we rely? Who would step into the breach, and wield the *baton*?"

"A man," returned Bertham, "sixty-six years old, who served on the Duke's staff and lost his left arm at Waterloo; who has never held any command or had any experience of directing troops in War, and whose life, for forty years or so, has been spent in the discharge of the duties, onerous but not active, devolving upon a Military Secretary. The whole question as to fitness or not fitness turns upon an 'if.'"

The speaker spread his hands and shrugged his shoulders slightly, and a whimsical spark of humor gleaned in the look he turned upon the listener, as a star might shine through the wild blue twilight of a day of gale and storm, as he resumed:

"If the possession of the Wellingtonian manner, — combined with an empty sleeve — all honor to the brave arm that used to be inside it! — a manner full of urbanity and courtesy — nicely graduated and calculated according to the rank and standing of the person addressed; an admirable command of two Continental languages, and a discreet but distinct appreciation of high company and good living, unite to make an ideal Commander-in-Chief, why, Dalgan will be the man of men!"

"But surely we need something more," she said, meeting Bertham's glance with doubt and questioning.

"Something indeed!" he returned drily. "But be kind to me, and let me forget my bogies for a little in hearing of all the good that you have done and

mean to do. . . . Tell me of your experiences at Kaiserswerke amongst the Lutheran Deaconesses — tell me about your visit to the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul at the Hospital of the Charité, or your sojourn with the *dames religieuses* of St. Augustine at the Hôtel Dieu. Or tell me about your ancient, superannuated, used-up governesses. I should like to know something of them, poor old souls! . . .”

“They are not all old,” she explained, “though many of them are used-up, and all, or nearly all, are incapable; and Bertham, with a very few exceptions, sensible and ladylike as most of them are, they are so grossly ignorant of the elementary principles of education that one wonders how the poor pretence of teaching was kept up at all? And how it was that common honesty did not lead them to take service as house-maids? and how the parents of their pupils — Heaven help them! — could have been blind enough to confide the training of their children to such feeble, incompetent hands?”

“It is a crying evil,” said Bertham, “or, rather, a whimpering one, and needs to be dealt with. One day we will change all that. . . . As to these sick and sorrowful women, the generation that will rise up to take their places will be qualified, I hope, to teach, by having learned; and the quality of their teaching will, I hope, again, be guaranteed by a University diploma. And, superior knowledge having ceased to mean the temporary possession of the lesson-book, children will learn to treat their teachers with respect, and we shall hear fewer tales of the despised governess.”

She returned, glancing at Bertham's handsome, resolute face, and noting the many fine lines beginning to draw themselves about the corners of the eyes and mouth, the worn hollows of the temples and cheekbones, and the deepening caves from which the brilliant eyes looked out in scorn, or irony, or appealing, ingratiating gentleness.

“All governesses are not despised or despicable. There are many instances, Robert, where the integrity and conscientiousness of the poor dependent

gentlewoman has held up a standard of conduct for the pupil, well or ill taught, to follow which has borne good fruit in after-years. We have a worthy lady here, a governess long resident in Paris, against whose exquisite French I polish up my own when I have time — a rather scarce commodity in this house! . . . Miss Caroline Smithwick has been cast on the mercy of the world in her old age, after many years of faithful service, because she dared to tell her wealthy employer that a claim he pursued and pressed was dishonest and base. The man's son thinks with her, and has chosen to be poor rather than profit by riches — and, I gather, rank — so gained. It is a wholesome story,” she said, “and when he told me to-day of his intention to support the gentle old soul who was so true to him, out of his pay as an officer of the French Army, — I could have clapped my hands and cried aloud — but I did not, — for the Superintendent of a Governesses' Home must be, above all, discreet; — ‘*Bravo, M. Hector Dunoisse!*’”

“Dunoisse, Dunoisse?” He turned the name upon his tongue several times over, as though its flavor were in some measure familiar to him. “Dunoisse. . . Can it be a son of the dyed and painted and padded old lion, with false claws and teeth and a mane from the wig-maker's, who was Bonaparte's *aide* at Marengo and cut a dashing figure at the Tuileries in 1804? The Emperor created him Field-Marshal after Austerlitz, and small blame to him! . . . He ran away with a Bavarian Princess after the Restoration—a Princess who happened to be a professed nun, and somewhere about 1828, when the son of their union may have been seven or eight years old, — when the Throne of St. Louis was rocking under that cumbersome old wooden puppet Charles X.,—when the tricolor was on the point of breaking out at the top of every national flagstaff in France, — when you got a whiff of violets from the buttonhole of every Imperialist who passed you in the street,—when the Catholic religion was about to be once more deprived of State protection and popular support, Marshal Dunoisse,

swashbuckling old Bonapartist that he is, reclaimed the lady's large dowry from her Convent, and with the aid of De Martignac, Head of the Ministry of that date, succeeded in getting it."

"It is the son of the very man you describe," she told him; "who visited his old governess here to-day."

Bertham shrugged his shoulders, and, leaning down silently stroked the sleek cat, white-pawed and whiskered, and coated in Quaker gray, that lay outstretched at ease upon the hearthrug. But his eyes were on the woman's face the while.

"So that was it!" she said, leaning back in the low fireside chair she had taken when Bertham wheeled it forwards. Her musing eyes were fixed upon the red coals glowing in the old-world grate of polished steel. Perhaps the vivid face with the black eyes burning under their level brows rose up before her; and it might have been that she heard Dunoisse's voice saying, through the purring of the cat upon the hearthrug and the subdued noises of the street:

"May the hour that sees me spend a sou of that accursed money be an hour of shame for me, and bitterness and humiliation! And should ever a day draw near that is to see me trick myself in dignities and honors stolen by a charlatan's device and assume a power to which I have no more moral right than the meanest peasant of the State it rules—before its dawning I pray that I may die! and that those who come seeking a clod of mud to throw in the face of a Catholic State may find it lying in a coffin."

XIX.

She must have remembered the words for she shivered a little, and when Bertham asked her: "Of what are you thinking?" she answered:

"Of young Mr. Dunoisse, and the struggle that is before him. He is courageous. . . . He means so well. . . . He is so earnest and sincere and high-minded and generous. . . . But one cannot forget that he has not been tried, or that fiercer tests of his determination and

endurance will come as the years unfold, and——"

"He will—supposing him a man of flesh and blood like other men!" said Bertham — "find his resolution — if it be one? — put, very shortly, very thoroughly to the proof. For—the Berlin papers of last Wednesday deal voluminously with the subject, and the Paris papers of a later date have even condescended to dwell upon it at some length—his grandfather, the Hereditary Prince of Widinitz, who practically has been dead for years, is at last dead enough for burying; and the question of Succession having cropped up, it may occur to the Catholic subjects of the Principality that they would prefer a Catholic Prince—even with a bar-sinister, badly erased, upon his scutcheon—to being governed by a Lutheran Regent. And that is all I know at present."

"It is a curious, almost a romantic story," she said, with her grave eyes upon the glowing fire, and a long, fine, slender hand propping her cheek, "that provokes one to wonder how it will end?"

"It will end, dear Ada," smiled Bertham, "in this young fellow's putting his Quixotic scruples in his pocket, taking the goods the gods have sent him—with the Hereditary diadem, when it is offered on a cushion!—marrying some blonde Princess-cousin, with the requisite number of armorial quarterings; and providing,—in the shortest possible time, the largest possible number of legitimate heirs to the throne. I lay no claim to the prophetic gift; but I do possess some knowledge of my fellow-men. And—if your prejudice against gaming does not preclude a bet, I will wager you a pair of gloves, or half a dozen pairs, against the daguerreotype of you that Mary and I are always begging for and never get;—that M. Dunoisse's scruples and objections will be overcome in the long run, and that the whole thing will end as I have prophesied."

She listened with a little fold between her eyebrows and her thoughtful eyes upon the speaker's face.

"I fear you may be right. But I shall

be glad if you prove wrong, Bertham. One thinks how bravely he has borne the pinch of poverty, and the dearth of the pleasantnesses and luxuries that mean so much to young men of his age——"

"Of his age?" . . . You talk as though you were a sere and withered spinster, separated from the world of young men and young women by a veritable gulf of years!" cried Bertham, vexed.

She did not hear. She was looking at the fire, leaning forwards in her low chair with her beautiful head pensively bent, and her slender strong hands clasped about the knee that was a little lifted by the resting of one fine arched foot—as beautiful in its stocking of Quakerish gray and its plain, unbuckled leather slipper as though it had been covered with silk, and shod with embroidered kid or velvet—upon the high steel fender.

"One would like to be near him sometimes—unseen—in one of those moments of temptation that will come to him—temptations to be false to his vow, and take the price of dishonor, for the devil will fight hard, Bertham, for that man's soul! Just to be able to give a pull here, or a push in that direction, according as circumstances seek to mould or sway him, to say, '*Do this!*' or '*Do not do that!*' at the crucial moment, would be worth while! . . ."

"Faith, my dear Ada," Bertham said lightly, "the role of guardian angel is one you were cut out for, and suits you very well. But be content, one begs of you; to play it nearer home! . . . I know a worthy young man, at present in a situation in a large business-house at Westminster, who would very much benefit by a push here and a pull there from a hand invisible or visible—visible preferred! And to be told '*Do this!*' or '*Don't do that!*' in a moment of doubt or at a crisis of indecision, would spare the Member for West Wealdshire a great many sleepless nights."

They laughed together; then she said, with the rose-flush fading out of her pale cheeks and the light of merriment in her blue-gray eyes subdued again to clear soft radiance:

"I do not like those sleepless nights. Can nothing be done for them?"

"They are my only chance," he answered, "of getting any acquaintance with the works of modern novelists."

"You do not take Sir Walter Scott, or Mr. Thackeray, or Mr. Dickens, or the author of *Jane Eyre*, as sleeping-draughts?"

"No," returned Bertham, "for the credit of my good taste. But there are others whose works Cleopatra might have called for instead of mandragora. As regards the newspapers, if it be not exactly agreeable or encouraging to know exactly how far Misrepresentation can go without being absolute Mendacity—it is salutary and wholesome, I suppose, to be told when one has fallen short of winning even appreciation for one's honest endeavor to do one's duty—or what one conceives to be one's duty—tolerably well?"

He rose, pushing his chair aside, and took a turn in the room that carried him to the window.

"One has made mistakes," he said, keeping his face turned from her soft kind look; "but so have other fellows, without being pilloried and pelted for them! And two years back, when the office of Secretary At War seemed to have been created for the purpose of affording His Grace the Secretary For War and other high officials, unlimited opportunities of pulling down what the first-named built up and of building up what he, with hopes of doing good, had pulled down, the pelting bruised. But—Jove! if that part of my life were mine to live over again, with Experience added to my youthful enthusiasms, I might reasonably hope to achieve much! Happy you!"—he came and stood beside her chair, looking down at the calm profile and plainly-parted, faintly-rippling brown hair with a certain wistfulness—"most happy are you, dear Ada, who have so nobly fulfilled the high promise of your girlhood, and have no need to join in useless regrets with me!"

She smiled, and lifted her warm, womanly hand to him, and said, as he enclosed it for a second in his own:

"Wrong leads and false ideals are the

lot of all of us. And you were of so much use in your high office, Robert, and wielded your power so much for others' good; you strive so chivalrously now, in thankless, unpopular causes; you make your duty so paramount above your ambition in all things, — that I am tempted to paraphrase your words to me, and tell you that you have gloriously contradicted the promise of your Eton boyhood, when everything that was not Football, or Boating, or Cricket, was 'bad form.'"

"To my cousin de Moulny's annoyance and disgust unspeakable," he returned, with a lighter tone and a lighter look, though he had glowed and kindled at the praise from her. "I did indulge—at those periods when he was staying at Wraye Abbey — in a good deal of that sort of bosh. But — quite wrongly, I dare say! — he seemed to me a high-falutin', pompous young French donkey; and it became a point of importance not to lose an opportunity of taking him down. By the way, I heard from him quite lately. He gave up the idea of entering the Roman Catholic priesthood after some clash or collision with the Rules of the Fathers Directors, and is now an Under-Secretary at the Ministry for Foreign Affairs."

"He should have a notable career before him!" she commented.

"The Legitimist Party, at this present juncture, possess not one feather-weight in the scale of popularity or influence. France is on the eve," said Bertham, "or so it seems to me, of shedding her skin, and whether the new one will be of one color or of Three, White it will not be: I'll bet my hat on that! So possibly it may be fortunate for de Moulny that the harness he pulls in has an Imperial Crown upon it. I need hardly say a pretty hand is upon the rein."

Her laugh made soft music in the cosy, homely parlor, and amusement danced on her sweet firelit eyes. . .

"Whose is the hand?"

"It appertains, physically, to a certain Comtesse de Roux, and legally to a purple-haired, fiercely-whiskered, fiery-featured Colonel Comte de Roux — by whose original creation Comte is a little

uncertain—but a brave and distinguished officer, commanding the 999th of the Line."

She said, with a memory stirring in her face:

"That is the regiment—according to his old governess, for he did not tell me—to which M. Hector Dunoisse is attached."

Bertham might not have heard. He said:

"I regret not having met Madame de Roux. One would like to see de Moulny's reigning goddess."

"She is most beautiful in person and countenance. Your term of 'goddess' is not inappropriate. She walks as though on clouds."

Her ungrudging admiration of another woman's beauty was a trait in her that always pleased him.

"Where did you meet?"

"I saw her in Paris a twelvemonth back, on the steps that lead to the vestibule of the Theatre Francais, one night when Rachel was to play in 'Phédre.'"

"I thought you had forsworn all public entertainments, theatres included?"

"If I had I should not have endangered my oath by seeing Madame de Roux pass from her carriage and walk up the steps leading to the vestibule."

"You were not in the streets of Paris alone, and on foot, at night?"

She answered simply, looking directly at him:

"I was in the Paris streets that evening, on foot, certainly, but not alone. Sister Saint Bernard was with me."

"Who is Sister Saint Bernard?"

"She is a nun of the Order of St. Vincent de Paul. You know, the nursing-community. I stayed some time with them at their Convent at Paris, studying their good, wise, enlightened methods, visiting their hospitals with them, helping to tend their sick. We were returning with a patient that night I saw Madame de Roux. It was a case of brain-fever, a young girl, an attendant at one of the gaudy, disreputable restaurants of the Palais-Royal, delirious and desperately ill. No conveyance could be got to take her to the Charité; the Sisters' van was otherwise engaged.

We hired a vegetable truck from a street fruitseller, on the understanding that it should be white-washed before being returned to him, wrapped the poor girl in blankets, and wheeled her to the Hospital ourselves."

"By—George!" said Bertham softly and distinctly. His forehead was thunderous, and his lips were compressed. She went on as though she had not heard:

"And so, as we went through the Rue de Richelieu, and Sister Saint Bernard and I, and the truck, were passing the Theatre Francais, into which all fashionable Paris was crowding to see the great actress play 'Phédre,' a beautiful woman alighted from a carriage and went in, leaning on the arm of a stout short man in uniform, with some decorations. . . . I pointed his companion out to Sister Saint Bernard. '*Tiens,*' she said, '*voilà Madame la Comtesse de Roux.* And that is how I came to know M. de Moulny's enchantress by sight. . . . I wonder whether M. Dunoisie has met her?"

"It is more than probable, seeing that the lady is his Colonel's wife. And," said Bertham, "if he has not yet had the honor of being presented, he will enjoy it very soon. An Hereditary Prince of Widinitz is a personage, even out of Bavaria. And whether the son of the Princess Marie Bathilde and old Nap's *aide-de-camp* likes his title, or whether he does not, it is his birthright, like the tail of the dog. He can't get away from that!"

"He does look," said Ada Merling, with a smile, "a little like what a school-girl's ideal of a Prince would be."

"Apropos of that, a Prince who is not in the least like a schoolgirl's ideal of the character dines with us at Wraye House on Tuesday. The Stratelyffes are coming, and the French Ambassador, with Madame de Berny."

He added, naming the all-powerful Secretary for Foreign Affairs, with a lightness and indifference that were overdone:

"And Lord Walmerston."

"Lord Walmerston! . . ."

Her look was one of surprise, chang-

ing to doubtful comprehension. He did not meet it. He was saying:

"It was his wish to come. His friendship for Mary dates from her schoolroom-days, and she cherishes the old loyal affection for her father's friend in one of her heart's warmest corners. He is charming to her, always. . . . and I have hopes of his weight in the balance for my Improved Married Quarters; and he really sees the advantage of the Regimental Schools. . . . But it is not to bore you with shop that I propose you should make one of us at dinner!" His voice was coaxing. "Do! and give Mary and me a happy evening!"

She shook her head with decision, though regret was in her face.

"I cannot leave my post. Remember, this is not only a Home. . . . It is also a Hospital. And what it pleases me to call my Staff"—she smiled—"are not experienced. They are willing and earnest, but they must be constantly supervised. And their training for this, the noblest profession that is open to women—as noble as any, were women equally free to follow all—is not the least of my responsibilities. We have lectures and classes here for their instruction in elementary anatomy, surgical dressing and bandaging, sanitation, the proper use of the thermometer and temperature-chart, and so on, almost daily. Mr. Alnwright and Professor Tayleur"—she named a famous surgeon and a celebrated physiologist—"are good enough to give their services, gratuitously; and I must be present at all times to assist them in their demonstrations. So you will understand, there is more to do here than you would have supposed."

"Good gracious!" rejoined Bertham; "I should say so! And your band of trained attendants who are to supersede—and may it be soon!—the gin-sodden harridans and smiling, civil Incompetents who add to the discomforts and miseries of sickness, and lend to Death another terror—are they—I suppose some of them are ladies?"

"The ideal nurse ought to be a lady," she answered him, "in the true sense of

the word. Many of these girls are well born and well bred, if that is—and of course it is—the meaning of your question. Some of them are frivolous and selfish and untrustworthy, and these must be weeded out. But the majority are earnest, honest, and sincere; and many of them are noble and high-minded, unselfish, devoted, and brave. . . .”

There was a stately print of the Sistine Madonna of Raffaele hanging above the fireplace. She lifted her face to the pure, spotless womanhood of the Face that looked out from the frame, and said:

“I try to keep up with these last-named ones, though often they put me to the blush.”

“You put to the blush! Don’t tell me that!” He spoke and looked incredulously.

“They have to learn to save their strength of mind and body, and not put out too much, even in the Christ-blessed service of the sick and suffering,” she said, “lest they should find themselves bankrupt, with no power of giving more. And sometimes the more ardent among them rebel against my rules, which enforce regular exercise, observance of precautions for the preservation of their own health, even the relaxation and amusement which should break the monotony of routine; and then I long to kiss them, Robert, even when I am most severe!”

There were tears in the man’s bright eyes as he looked at her. Her own eyes were on the Raffaele print; she had forgotten him.

“What I should like best would be to endure long enough to see them outstripping and outdoing the poor example of their humble fellow-student and teacher, developing nursing as a higher Art, and spreading the knowledge of the proper treatment of the sick, until not one of the poorest and the roughest women of what we are content to call the Lower Classes, shall be destitute of some smattering of the knowledge that will save the lives of those she loves best in bitter time of need.”

Her face was rapt. She went on in a

clear, low, even tone: “I should like to live to be very old, so old that I was quite forgotten, and sit quietly in some pleasant corner of a peaceful English home seeing the movement grow. For it will grow, and spread and increase, Robert, until it reaches every corner of the world! And to that end every penny that I possess; every ounce of strength that is mine; every drop of blood in my veins, would be cheerfully spent and given. . . . Do I say would? . . . Will be! if it please God!” Her eyes left the picture and went to Bertham’s absorbed face. “I have been holding forth at merciless length, have I not?” she said. “But you and I, with Mary, constitute a Mutual Society for the talking-over of plans; and, though I sometimes tax your patience, I am always ready to lend ear. As for your dinner, it is a delightful temptation which I must resist. Beg Mary to tell me all about it afterwards!”

“Your would-be host and hostess will not be the only disappointed ones,” Bertham said, and rose as though to take leave. “Lord Walmerston is one of your admirers, and”—there was a gleam of mischief in the hazel eyes—“Prince Louis-Napoleon Bonaparte was urgent for an opportunity of meeting you again.”

“Indeed! I am very much honored.” Her calm eyes and composed face told nothing. But her tone had a clear frosty ring of something colder than mere indifference, and the curve of her lips was a little ironical. Seeing that touch of scorn, the twinkle in Bertham’s eyes became more mischievous. He said:

“The Prince’s lucky star might shine on such a meeting. Ada. A beautiful, wealthy, and wise Princess would be the making of the man.”

“*That* man!” she said, and a shudder rippled through her slight body, and her calm, unruffled forehead lost its smoothness in a frown of repulsion and disgust. She rose as though escaping from actual physical contact with some repellent personality suddenly presented before her, and stood beside Bertham on the hearthrug, as tall as he, and

with the same look of high-bred elegance and distinction that characterized and marked out her companion. The spark of mischief still danced in his bright eyes. His handsome mouth twitched with the laughter he repressed as he said:—

"So you do not covet the Crown Imperial of France, and tame eagles do not please you? Yet the opportunities an Empress enjoys for doing good must be practically unrivalled."

Her blue-gray eyes were disdainful now. She said:

"The position of a plain gentlewoman is surely more enviable and honorable than would be hers who should share the throne of a crowned and sceptred adventurer."

Said Bertham:

"You do not call the First Napoleon that?"

"There was a terrible grandeur," she returned, "about that bloodstained, unrelenting, icy, ambitious despot; a halo of old, great martial deeds surrounds his name that blinds the eyes to his rapacity and meanness, his selfishness, sensuality, and greed. But this son of Hor-tense! this nephew, if he be a nephew?—this charlatan trailing in the mire the sumptuous rags of the Imperial purple; this gentlemanly, silken-mannered creature, with phrases of ingratiating flattery upon his tongue, and hatred glimmering between the half-drawn blinds of those sick, sluggish eyes. . . .

. . . God grant, for England's sake, that he may never mount the throne of St. Louis!"

"Ah! Ada—Ada!" Bertham said again, and laughed, awkwardly for one whose mirth was so melodious and graceful as a rule. For the little dinner at Wraye House, at which the Secretary for Foreign Affairs and the French Ambassador were to meet the Pretender to the Imperial Throne of France, was really a diplomatic meeting of somewhat serious political importance, in view of certain changes and upheavals taking place in that restless country on the other side of the Channel, and divers signs and tokens, indicative to an experienced eye, that the White Flag,

for eighteen years displayed above the Central Pavilion of the palace of the Tuileries, might shortly be expected to come down.

XX.

HOWEVER, being a skilful diplomat, Bertham gave no sign: though Lord Walmerston, Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the Pretender to the Throne-Imperial of France, were to spend in the Persian smoking-room over the ground-floor billiard-room of Wraye House—a half-hour that would change every card in the poor hand held by that last-named gamester to a trump.

"Who is good enough for you, Ada?" he said, with his hazel glance softening as he turned it upon her, and sincerity in his sweet, courtly tones. "No one I ever met!"

Her rare and lovely smile illuminated her.

"Has it never struck you, Robert, how curious it is that the demand for entire possession of a woman's hand, fortune and person, should invariably be prefaced by the candid statement that the suitor is not good enough to tie her shoes? As for being good for me, any man would be, provided he were honest, sincere, chivalrous in word and deed——"

"And not the present Head of the House of Bonaparte?" ended Bertham.

"You are right," she said quickly. "Were I compelled to make choice between them, I should infinitely prefer the butcher!"

"*The butcher!*" Bertham's face of utter consternation mingled with incredulity drew her laugh from her. And it was so round and sweet and mellow that the crystal lustres of the Sevres and ormolu candlesticks upon the mantel-shelf rang a little tinkling echo when it had stopped.

"The butcher who supplies us here," she explained.

Bertham said, speaking between his teeth and with the knuckles showing white in the strong slender hand he

clenched and shook at an imaginary vendor of chops and sirloins:

"What consummate and confounded insolence!"

"No, no!" she cried, for his tall, slight, athletic figure was striding up and down the little parlor, and the fierce grind of his heel each time he turned within the limit of the hearthrug threatened the cat's repose. "You shall not fume, and say hard things of him! He knows nothing of me except that I am the matron here. And he thinks that I should be better off in the sitting-room behind his shop in Oxford Street, keeping his books of accounts and 'ordering any nice little delicate joint' I 'happened to fancy for dinner. . . . And possibly I should be better off, from his point of view?"

Bertham's heel came sharply down upon the hearthrug. The outraged cat rent the air with a feline squall, and sought refuge under the sofa.

"Come out, Mr. Bright!" coaxed his mistress, kneeling by the injured one's retreat. "He is very sorry! He didn't mean it! He will never do it again!" She added, rising, with Mr. Bright, already soothed and purring, in her arms, "And he is going away now, regretful as we are to have to send him. For it is my night on duty, Bertham, and I must rest."

"You will always send me away," said he, "when you choose. And I shall always come back again, until you show me that I am not wanted."

"That will be never, dear friend!"

She gave him her true, pure hand, and he stooped and left a reverent kiss upon it, and said, as he lifted a brighter face:

"Do you remember three years ago, before you went to Kaiserwerke—when you sent me away, and forbade me to come back until I had sought and found my Fate in Mary?"

"A beautiful and loving Fate, dear Robert."

"She is, God bless her!" he answered, with a warm flush upon his face and a thrill of tenderness in the charming voice that so many men and women loved him for.

She went with him into the hall then, and said as he threw on his long dark cloak lined with Russian sables:

"Those Berlin and Paris papers of Wednesday last. . . . It would interest me to glance through them in a spare moment, if you did not object to lend?"

"One of my 'liveried menials with buttons on his crests,' as a denunciatory Chartist orator put it the other day—shall bring them to you within an hour. I wish you had asked me for something less easy to give you, Ada!"

She answered with her gentle eyes on his, as her hand drew back the latch of the hall door:

"Give me assurance you will never help to forge the link that shall unite Great Britain's interests with her enemy's."

"Why, that of course!" He answered without heartiness, and his eyes did not meet hers. "I am not the master blacksmith, dear Ada. There are other hands more cunning in the welding-craft than mine!"

He bent his handsome head to her and threw on his hat and passed out into the rimy February fog. But he walked slowly, pondering as he went, and Lord Walmerston's influence and weight upon that pressing question, separate accommodation for married soldiers, and Military Schools for the men and their wives and children, was not to be had for nothing, he well knew.

She shut the door, and then the teabell rang, and she passed on to the dining-room, and took her place before the capacious tray at the matron's end of the long, plainly-appointed, wholesomely-furnished table.

She had declined to dine in the society of a Prince because she doubted his motives and disapproved of his character. She played the hostess now to her staff of nurses and probationers, dispensing the household tea from the stout family teapot with a liberal hand, and leading the conversation with a gentle grace and an infectious gaiety that drew sparks from the homeliest

minds about the board and made bright wits shine brighter.

The Berlin and Paris papers came by Bertham's servant as she went to her room to prepare, by some hours of rest, for the night-watch by a dying patient. She gave half-an-hour of the time to reading the articles and paragraphs Bertham had considerably marked in red ink for her.

When she set about preparing for repose, came a gentle knock at her door, and in answer to her soft "Come in!" the gray-haired, olive-skinned, pleasant-faced woman, who had admitted Dun-oisie and shown him out again, appeared, saying:

"You never rang, Miss Ada, love, but I made bold to come." . . . She added in tones of dismay, "And to find you brushing your beautiful hair yourself when your old Husnuggle's in the house and asking nothing better than to do it for you! . . ."

"Thank you, dear!" She surrendered the brush, and sat down and submitted to the deft hands that set about their accustomed task, as though it were soothing to be so ministered to. Even as she said: "For this once, kind Husnuggle, but you must not do it again!"

"Don't say that, Miss Ada! when night's the only time of all the live-long day that I get my Wraye Rest talk with you."

Entreated thus, she reached up a hand and patted the plump matronly cheek of the good soul, and said, with soft, considerate gentleness:

"Let it be so, since it will make you happy. But those who have chosen for their life's task the duty of serving others should do without service themselves. Try to understand!"

The woman kissed the hand with a fervor contrasting incongruously with her staid demeanor and homely simple face, as she answered:

"I'll try, my dear. Though to see you in this bare, plainly-furnished room, with scarce a bit of comfort in it beyond the fire in the grate, and not a stick of furniture beyond the bed and the wardrobe, and washstand and bath, and the chintz-covered armchair you're

sitting in, and a bookshelf of grave books, scalds my heart—that it do! And your sitting-room nigh as skimping. When either at Wraye Rest or at Oakenwode, or at the house in Park Lane, you have everything beautiful about you, as you ought; with paintings and statues and music, and carpets like velvet for you to tread upon, and flowers everywhere for you that love them so to take pleasure in them, and your dogs and horses, and cats and birds! . . . Eh! deary me! But I promised I'd never breathe a murmur, not if you let me come, and here I am forgetting! . . ."

"We will overlook it this time. And I will help you to understand why I am happier here, and more at peace than at Wraye or Oakenwode, or at the Park Lane house, dear to me as all three are. It is because, wherever I am, and whether I am walking or sleeping, I seem to hear voices that call to me for help. Chiefly the voices of women, weak, and faint, and imploring. . . And they appeal to me, not because I am any wiser, or better, or stronger than others of my sex, but because I am able, through circumstances—and have the wish and the will to aid them, I humbly believe, from God! And if I stayed at home and yielded to the desire for pleasant, easy, delightful ways of living, and bathed my eyes and ears in lovely sights and sounds, I should hear those voices over all, and see with the eyes of my mind the pale, wan, wistful faces that belong to them. And I should know no peace! . . . But here, even if the work I do be insignificant and ineffective, I *am* working for and with my poor sisters, sick and well. And on the day when I turn back and leave my plough in the furrow, then those voices will have a right to cry to me without ceasing: '*Oh, woman! why have you deserted us?—You who might have done so much!*'"

She ceased, but the rush and thrill of the words as they had come pouring from her, vibrated yet on the quiet atmosphere of the room.

"You had a pleasant talk, Miss Ada. with Master Robert?" the woman asked

her, turning down the snowy sheet from the pillows, and preparing to leave the room.

"A long, grave talk, Husnuggle, even a little sad in places, but pleasant nevertheless. Now go down to supper, for it is eight o'clock."

Husnuggle went, having bound up the wealth of her hair into a great silken twist, and her mistress knelt at a *prie-Dieu* beneath an ebony and olive-wood crucifix that hung upon the wall, and said her prayers, and sought her rest. When she slept, less easily and less soundly than usual, she dreamed; and the figure and face of the slight, ruddy-skinned, black-eyed man who had visited the Hospice that day, moved with others across the stage of her vision, and his voice echoed with other voices in the chambers of her sleeping brain.

The Havre packet had not sailed that evening, by reason of a boisterous gale and a great sea, and Dunoisse was spending the evening dismally enough at the T. R. Southampton, where "As you Like It" was being given for the benefit of Miss Arabella Smallsopp, advertised as of the "principal London theatres," upon the last night of a Stock Season which had been "a supreme artistic success."

Mr. Hawkington Bulph and a Full Company—which collectively and individually looked anything but that—supported the star; and to the fatal sprightliness of the hapless Smallsopp, disguised as the immortal page, in a lace collar, drop-earrings, and a short green cotton-velvet ulster, dadoed with cat-skin, and adorned down the front with rows of brass buttons not distantly resembling coffin-nails (worn in combination with a Spanish hair-comb and yellow leather top-boots), must be ascribed the violent distaste which one member of the audience did then and there conceive for England's immortal Bard. But ere long his attention strayed from the dingy, ill-lit Forest Scene, with a cork-and-quill nightingale warbling away in the flies, as Miss Smallsopp interpolated the pleasing ditty, "O Sing Again, Sweet Bird of Eve!" and he

ceased to see the dirty boards, where underpaid, underfed, and illiterate actors gesticulated and strutted, and he went back in thought to Ada Merling, and her pure earnest face rose up before his mental vision, and the very sound of her crystal voice was in his ears.

Even as in her troubled dreams, she saw Hector Dunoisse standing before her, with that swift play of his emotions vividly passing in his face; and heard him passionately saying that the hour that saw him broach those tainted stored-up thousands should be for him an hour of branding shame; and that he prayed the dawning of the day that should break upon his completed barter of Honor for Wealth, and Rank and Power, might find him lying in his coffin.

And then he yielded—or so it seemed to her, and took the shining money, and the princely diadem offered him by smooth strangers with persuasive courtly voices, and she saw the fateful gold scattered from his reckless hands like yellow dust of pollen from the ripe mimosa-bloom when the thorny trees are bowed and shaken by the gusty winds of Spring.

And then she saw him going to his Coronation, and no nobler or more stately figure moved onwards in the solemn procession of Powers and Dignities, accompanying him through laurel-arched and flower-wreathed and flag-bedecked streets to the Cathedral, where vested and coped and mitred prelates waited to anoint and crown him Prince. And where, amidst the solemn strains of the great organ, the chanting of many voices, and the pealing of silver trumpets, the ceremony had nearly reached its stately close, when the jewelled circlet that should have crowned his temples slipped from the aged Archbishop's venerable, trembling hands and rolled upon the inlaid pavement, shedding diamonds and pearls like dew-drops or tears. . . . And then she saw him lying, amidst wreaths of flowers and tall burning tapers, in a black-draped coffin in the black-hung nave. And a tall man and a beautiful

woman leaned over the death-white face with the sealed, sunk eyes, smiling lustfully in each other's. And she awakened at the chime of her silver clock in her quiet room; and it was dark, and the lamp-lighter was kindling the street-lamps, and she must rise and prepare for her night's vigil.

It taxed her, for her dream-fraught sleep had not refreshed. But she ministered to her fevered, pain-racked patient with gentle unwearying patience and swift, noiseless tenderness, through the hours that moved in slow procession on to the throning of another day.

Her patient slept at last, and woke as the dawn was breaking, and the watcher refreshed the parched lips with tea, and stirred the banked-up fire to a bright flame, and went to the window and drew up the blinds.

Drab London was mantled white with snow that had fallen in the night-time. And above her roofs and chimneys, wrapped in swansdown mantles, glittering with icicles, the dawn came up all livid and wild and bloody, with tattered banners streaming through the shining lances of a blizzard from the East that shook the window-panes like a desperate charge of cavalry, and screamed as wounded horses do, frenzied with pain and terror amidst the sounds and sights of dreadful War.

XXI.

BETWEEN Dullington Junction and the village town of Market Drowsing in Sloughshire, lay some ten miles of hard, level highway, engineered and made in the stark days of old by stalwart Romans who, ignorant of steam-rollers and road-engines as they were, knew as little of the meaning of the word Impossibility.

One of those ancient road-making warriors might have approved the fine height and shapely form of a soldier who marched at ease along the highway, wearing, with a smart and gallant air, the blue, white-faced full-dress uniform of a trooper in Her Majesty's Hundreth Regiment of Lancers, without the sword

and the plumed head-dress of blue cloth and shiny black leather, which a forage-cap—of the muffin pattern more recently approved by Government—replaced.

He walked at a brisk marching pace, and, in spite of the tightness of his clothes, broke into a run at times to quicken his circulation. For, though greatcoats were supplied at the public expense to Great Britain's martial sons; so many penalties, pains, and stoppages attended on the slightest damage to the sacred garment, that in nine cases out of ten the soldier of the era preferred to go without. Therefore, the short, tight coat of blue cloth, with the white plaston and facings, being inadequate to keep out the piercing cold of the frosty February day, this soldier beat his elbows against his sides, as he ran, and thumped his arms upon a broad chest needing no padding. But even as he did this he whistled a cheery tune, and his bright eyes looked ahead as though something pleasant lay waiting at the end of the bleak, cold journey from the military depot town of Spurham, thirty miles away; and the handsome mouth under the soldierly moustache, that was, like its owner's abundant curly hair, of strong, dark red, and curled up on either side towards such a pair of side-whiskers as few women, at that hirsute period, could look upon unmoved—wore a smile that was very pleasant.

"It's not a pretty view!" he said aloud, breaking off in the middle of "Vilikins and his Dinah" to criticize the landscape. "A man would need have queer taste to call it even cheerful, particularly in the winter-time! and yet I wouldn't swop it for the Bay o' Naples, with a volcano spurting fire, and dancing villagers a-banging tambourines—or anything else you could offer me out of a Panorama. For why, damme if I know!"

Perhaps the simple reason was that this homely spread of wood and field and fallow stretching away into the hazy distance, its trees still leafy in the sheltered hollows, bare where the fierce winds of winter had wreaked their bitter will, had been familiar to the soldier

from his earliest years. Upon his left hand, uplands whereon the plough-teams were already moving, climbed to a cold sky of speedwell-blue; and couch-fires burned before the fanning wind, their slanting columns of pungent-smelling smoke clinging to the brown furrows before they rose and thinned and vanished in the upper atmosphere. Sparrows, starlings, jackdaws, finches and rooks followed the travelling plough-share, settled in flocks or rose in bevvies, their shrill cries mingling with the jingle of the harness or the crack of the ploughman's whip. And upon the right hand of the man to whom these sights and sounds were dear and welcome, rolled the Drowse; often unseen; returning into vision through recurring gaps in hedges; glimpsed between breasting slopes of park-land, silently flowing through its deep muddy channel between immemorial woods where England's Alfred hunted the boar, speared the wolf, and slew the red deer.

Silvery-blue in summer, turbidly brown in autumn, in winter leaden-gray, in spring jade-green, as now: when, although the floods of February had in some degree abated, wide, shallow, ice-bordered pools remained upon the low-lying river-meadows, and rows of knee-deep willows, marking the course of unseen banks, lifted bristling hands to the chillv skies, while corn-ricks on the upper levels were so honey-combed with holes of rats that had abandoned their submerged dwellings, that in contemplation of them the tramping soldier ceased to whistle, and pushed along in silence for at least a quarter of a mile before his whistle, "Vilikins and his Dinah," got the upper hand, and broke out again.

The popular melody was in full blast when the piercing screech of a distant train, accompanied by a clatter that grew upon the ear, stopped short, began again after a pause, and thinned

out into silence; told the wayfarer that the London down-train had entered the junction he had left behind him, disembarked its load of passengers, and gone upon its way.

And presently, with a rattle and clatter of iron-shod hoofs, and a jingle of silver-mounted harness, a scarlet mail-coach of the most expensive and showy description, attached to a pair of high-stepping showy blacks, overtook the military pedestrian, bowled past; and suddenly pulled up at the roadside, at an order from a burly, red-faced, turn-up nosed, grey-haired and whiskered elderly man, topped with a low-crowned, curly-brimmed, shiny beaver, and enveloped in a vast and shaggy greacoat, who sat beside the smug-faced, liveried groom who drove, and whom you are to recognize as Thompson Jowell.

"Now then, Josh Horrotian, my fine fellow!" The great Contractor, being in a genial mood, was pleased to bend from his high pedestal and condescend, with this mere being of common clay, even to jesting. "How goes the world with you? And how far have you got, young man, on the road that ends in a crimson silk sash and a pair o' gold-lace epaulettes?"

"Why, not yet so far. Mr. Jowell, sir," returned the cavalryman with cheerful equanimity. "that I can show you even a Corporal's stripe upon my sleeve."

"And damme! young Josh, you take it uncommonly coolly!" said Thompson Jowell, puffing out his large cheeks over the upturned collar of the shaggy coat, and frowning magisterially. "Where's your proper pride, hey? Where's your ambition? What's become of your enthusiasm, and eagerness, and ardor for a British soldier's glorious career? I'm ashamed of you, Horrotian! What the devil do you mean?"

**"Between Two Thieves" will be continued in the May
issue of MacLean's Magazine.**



The Last Patrol

In March MacLean's we published "Pilots of the Night" a vivid sketch of a night railway journey, by Alan Sullivan. Herewith is presented another article by the same author. It is a true record compiled from the reports of the Royal North-West Mounted Police. No more heroic deeds exist than those which are narrated annually in these records. We are indebted to Harper's Weekly for permission to republish the narrative.

By Alan Sullivan

FITZGERALD'S patrol was due in Dawson on February the 1st. After three weeks of storm and cold the Indian Esau arrived, saying that he had left Fitzgerald on January the 1st, at Mountain Creek, twenty days' easy traveling from Dawson.

Thereupon Snyder, commanding B division of the Yukon, thought hard, and telegraphed to Perry, Commissioner at Regina, *via* Eagle, Valdez, and wireless.

Perry's answer halted, for the wires went down under the weight of winter winds. But, when it did arrive, Dempster's patrol pulled out for Fort McPherson on the very same day. With him were Constable Fyfe, ex-Constable Turner, Indian Charles Stewart, and three teams of five dogs each.

Three weeks later Dempster, having tramped four hundred and fifty miles,

was swinging down the Peel River. His eyes, roving restlessly, picked up an old snowshoe trail. Turning sharply, he followed it up the steep bank and pushed his way into a clump of ground willows. There he stopped, stared hard and long, and stooped over something that broke the smooth curves of drifting snow.

From Fort McPherson south-west to Dawson as the crow flies is three hundred and fifty miles. As man walks it is five hundred. As water runs it is a good deal more. Inspector Fitzgerald told Corporal Somers that it was just about thirty-five days, and, as you will see, Somers had reason to remember that just three months later.

Fitzgerald's orders were very brief. He was to patrol to Dawson in the winter of 1910-11. Thus wrote the Commissioner in Regina to the Comptroller

in Ottawa, the summer before. There was nothing unusual about it. The Mounted Police were threading the wilderness everywhere.

So Fitzgerald gathered in Constables

pounds of fish for the fifteen train-dogs. In other words, he allowed two and one-quarter pounds of food per man per day, which is less than the sub-arctic standard ration. It was to be a record



He stopped and stooped over something that broke the smooth curves of drifting snow.

Kinney and Taylor, and Special Constable Carter, who had made the trip once, from the other end, four years before. Also he requisitioned, to be exact, twelve hundred and fifty-six pounds of supplies. These included nine hundred

patrol. Every pound of weight was a handicap.

Now the recognized route is up the Peel a hundred miles, across the big bend eighty more, hit the Peel again, then turn up through the Big Wind in-

to the Little Wind River, till you strike Forrest Creek. This takes you by way of Mountain Creek to the gaunt backbone of the big divide. Here the waters on your left hand flow into Bering Sea and on your right into the Arctic. Once over the big divide you strike Wolf Creek, then down hill, across the glaciers, the Little Hart River and Christmas Creek and the Blackstone. These are Yukon waters. All of this sounds geographic. In winter-time in the North, it is something more, for here geography is vital and insistent.

On December the 21st, which was a Wednesday, a pygmy caravan swung out on the broad expanse of the Peel. Three men, three dog teams one man—that was the order of going. The wind was strong and the cold was bitter. Fifty-one below on the tenth day—you have the figures in Fitzgerald's diary for it. Half-way over the eighty-mile portage is Caribou Born Mountain. Eighteen hundred feet above the stark wilderness it shoulders, mantled with great drifts, plas-

tered with ice, searched and harried by every wind that lifts across these speechless wastes. The trail clings to its bleak flanks; and over the trail toiled Fitzgerald's patrol.

What shall be said of the trail to you who know it not? The air is tense and sharp, it almost rings. The nights are luminous with ghostly fires that palpitate through the sparkling zenith. The days are full of aching destroying, indomitable effort, when the body summons all its powers to live under the weight of arctic frosts. And through the body run the pain and torture of burning sinews and scorched sight, till the innermost essence of courage and fortitude and contempt of death rise up to laugh out in these silences. Here the soul of a man shouts aloud, for life is terrible and fierce.

On January the 8th, on Little Wind River, it was sixty-four below, with a strong head wind. A day or two before the temperature was the same, and Fitzgerald records some slight frost-bites. What eloquence of brevity!



The Indian Esau Arrived.

Then began the search for Forrest Creek, that led to the big divide. It will be remembered that Carter had come from Dawson once, but he had come north. There was a vast difference. In between times he had been roaming the sub-arctics, and, with the exception of a few gaunt landmarks, the great ridges and plains of the Yukon district are like brothers all. There was also the map that Darrel drew the summer before. But Darrel was on his way in a canoe from La Pierre House, near the Alaskan frontier, to the Red River, south of Winnipeg. This was a matter of some three thousand miles. So he was in a hurry and did not spend much time when he stopped at the Fort, and Fitzgerald was not there to see him draw it and ask questions.

A few days later the inspector pulled up. The Dawson trail was lost. The tributaries of the Little Wind River, among which somewhere lay Forrest Creek, had yielded no clue. Precious days were spent in which dauntless humanity had braved the double rigor of cold and a gradually increasing hunger. In these latitudes the body cries out for food. Its demand is primordial and relentless, and what the body receives it almost instantly transmutes into strength and bodily warmth, into an inward glow to fortify it against the death that otherwise is sure. In the north to be hungry is to be cold, and to be cold is to invite the end.

All this Fitzgerald knew, and yet, when his lean brigade faced backward on the trail, there was left of the provisions only ten pounds of bacon, eight pounds of flour, and some dried fish, the latter for the dogs. The delay was the price of his contempt for hardship and danger. But you must know that hunger and cold were no strangers to the police. They met and grappled yearly with no quarter asked.

On the seventeenth of January began the retreat of beaten men. Who shall say what thoughts animated them, moving like specks, infinitesimally small, over a blank and measureless

expanse? With nightfall came the first tragedy. The first train-dog was killed.

Now the dog of the north is cousin to the wolf and kindred to the fox. He is very wise and his teeth are very sharp. But here, more than in all the world, he is the friend and servant of man. By the trail you will know him, when his shoulders jam tight into the collar and his tawny sides break into ripples with the play of tireless muscles underneath. Man may at times kill man, but not, save in the last extremity, may man kill dog.

Fitzgerald's ax fell. There was a quick twitching of sinews and a snarling from the fourteen comrades of the trace. Then something older than man himself rose in them and they drew back from the gory fragments of their brother. Their bellies were empty, their eyes glanced shiftily and winking at their masters. Insensate hunger was assailing their entrails, but dog would not eat dog.

This continued the agonizing march. Their bodies lacking natural food, began slowly to capitulate their outposts to the frost. Gray patches appeared on faces and arms and there was no rush of warm blood to repel the invader. Day by day with dwindling strength these indomitable souls fought on, giving of themselves to the fight, but day by day having less to give. That is the great drama of the North. It demands, it seizes, it usurps; but, for itself, it does nothing but wait. It closes in little by little, by day and night, always waiting and always taking, till, after a little moment of its eternal silence, it has taken everything.

By February the 5th many things had happened. The dauntless four had travelled about two hundred miles on dog-meat. The river ice was weighted down with its burden of snow, and both Carter and Taylor had plunged through into numbing waters while the temperature was fifty-six below. The human organism shrank from its savage portion of canine flesh. The skin began to split and peel and

blacken. The tissues of their bodies shrank and contracted closer and closer round hearts that still beat defiantly. Feet and hands began to freeze, and ominous gray patches mottled their high cheek-bones that stood out sharply from hollow faces.

When and where Taylor and Kinney dropped behind is the secret of the North. But soon after the fifth a morning came when they did not break camp with the others, and the fort was only thirty-five miles away. The parting must have been brief. Then, in the gray of the arctic morning, Fitzgerald and Carter summoned their last reserves of failing strength and staggered on for help.

The day waxed and waned in the little camp and all around closed in the stark and stinging wilderness. Food there was none. By now the organs of the body, lacking sustenance, had turned upon each other to destroy. Hunger had changed from a dull pain to a fierce gnawing and snatching at the vitals. With cracked fingers they chopped at a moose hide and boiled the fragments. But their stomachs, which receded to the backbone, refused to harbor it. So beneath the Alaska robes they lay and waited.

Taylor spoke. There came no answer. He looked into Kinney's face. It stared up blankly and the hardening body did not yield to his touch. The comrade of the trail had changed places with Death—with a new bed-fellow from whose chill embraces he he struggled weakly to escape.

Strange visions came in to his mind; thoughts of running water and warm weather and bronzed men sitting round big camp-fires telling stories of patrols. And the most interesting of all was about the Dawson patrol that broke the record from Fort McPherson under Fitzgerald. Just as he was getting a light from the next man his elbow touched something, and, turning, he saw a corpse that looked like Kinney. He thrust out a hand and it encountered something cold. So his eyes traveled slowly till they saw Kinney's face, and it was gray with frost. The fire

went out. The men stopped talking. All at once he heard something coming through the underbrush. It was strangely difficult to move, for he was still very sleepy, but he did manage to get hold of his carbine. Then something lurched toward him, lumbering and dreadful, and he pointed the carbine straight at its crimson, dripping mouth, and crooked his finger.

A shot rang out, sudden and sharp. It rolled from the little camp, through the scant timber fringing the riverbank, up into the motionless atmosphere and toward the diamond-pointed stars. There was no one left to hear it. But Christ is wise and merciful, and He understood how it was that Taylor lay with the top of his head blown off, beside his comrade of the trail.

The price was not yet paid; the North demanded full tribute. Ten miles nearer home, twenty-five miles from the cheer and warmth of Fort McPherson, it was paid in full. Ex-Constable Carter lay on his back, with folded hands and a handkerchief over his face. Beside him crouched Fitzgerald, battling for life. His stiffening fingers wrote laboriously with a charred stick on a scrap of paper. His stricken eyes moved from it to the still figure, then back to his writing. "All money in despatch-bag and bank, clothes, etc., I leave to my beloved mother." It was all very clear and plain. Then, as the ultimate distress seized him, he added, "God bless all."

He was now conscious that it was left for him to balance the account. The physical struggle was ended. There remained only the mental anguish. So Fitzgerald must have summoned to his aid all the heroic traditions, all the magnificent discipline of the service. He faced the end like a soldier and an officer, without rancor, fear, or complaint. He gave himself, all of himself, to that baptism of mortality with which the vast spaces of this silent country are being redeemed.

Winds blew. Snow fell. The hollow caverns of the North emptied themselves of storm and blizzard. And after weeks of silence came Dempster.

He had searched Forest Creek, but found no sign. Little Wind River did not speak of the vanished brigade. The Big Wind had no word of them save deserted camps and the black hearts of dead fires. Caribou Born Mountain held its peace, for they were not there, but the sign came when the Peel began to broaden to the Arctic.

First, a despatch-bag in Old Colin's lonely cabin; then a tent and a stove; then dog-harness from which had been cut all hair, and hide that might retain anything of nourishment. Thus grew the tokens that tightened the cords round Dempster's breast and chilled the hot blood pumping through his heart.

And, at the end of it all, two rigid forms beneath their sleeping-bags. The face of one blue and blotched, painted with all the fearful coloring of frozen death. The other no longer the face of a man.

A few miles farther on, their brothers of the trail, the hands of one cross-

ed, his eyes decently closed and covered. Beside him the lost leader, the last to die.

Race now with Dempster to Fort McPherson, only twenty-five miles away. Call Corporal Somers and make with him the last short journey that brought Fitzgerald's patrol back home again. Stand and watch the three Indians dig a great grave in the iron earth. Listen to Whittaker, English Church missionary, speaking trembling words over the four rough coffins. Guard your ears while the red flames leap and the echoes crash from the rifles of the firing party. And, when you have done all this, do one thing more: Remember that while the wilderness endures there will also endure those to whom its terrors are but an invitation; those who will meet its last demands with the calm cognizance that mocks at danger.

Brothers of the pack-strap and the saddle—well-tried comrades of the trail—sojourners in silent places—honor to the Service and to you all!

In The Garret

Cold, is it? Maybe so. I'm used to it.
 (But chillier still the notice—"Please remit!")
 Why do I do it? Why do birds sing?
 And night stars shine and flowers fling
 Their fragrance to a quiet world at night?—
 Ah, if you knew one thought of the delight
 Pulsing the veins, when one's whole being throbs
 With ecstasy, like laughter amid sobs!

Joys? There are many. Sorrows? Maybe, too.—
 She dwells not here—and I am glad, 'tis true—
 But oft she comes with violets in her hair,
 And lingers lovingly about my chair,
 And her warm fingers flit o'er mine, so cold!
 And, then, ah, then—my life holds wealth untold!

—Amy E. Campbell.

The Escape

This story might be said to carry a moral. Opinion may differ on the question; it is largely a matter of viewpoint. But be that as it may, the story is a wholesome one, touching ordinary home life, and the reading of it cannot but prove helpful and stimulating. And in most instances the result should make for more rational living and real contentment.

By Annie Steger Winston

THE substantial form of Mrs. Mike disappeared through the door of the small dining-room, and the master of the house looked at his wife, facing him at the table.

"As the countryman said when he saw the giraffe," he remarked with impressive slowness, "there ain't no sich critter!"

Yet Mrs. Mike, reappearing with a plate of irreproachable griddlecakes, was, to outward view, ordinary enough; a rather more than middle-aged woman, with flat bands of hair about a face carved with honest wrinkles, and a broad wedding ring upon a large, serviceable hand. Only, perhaps, the way she paused—palms comfortably planted upon her hips—and watched with benevolent patronage their enjoyment of the fruits of her skill, was not strictly the way of a first-class servant.

But first-class servants—"servants" of any sort, in fact—were not to be found in Steel City, except, of course, in "Millionaire Row." There was only help—so-called. Until now, the undeniable wistfulness with which young Mrs. White would look toward the magnificent region around the corner from their own modest street was not alone because of her husband's so far futile hope of finding scope there for his art, but because there was no "help" there—no naive blonde casually requesting, in broken English, the loan of her employer's tooth-brush; no breezy, red-armed young compatriot whom one must address as "Miss," and admit to a share

in the conversation, as she waits around the table.

"I hate the very name of 'help'!" she confessed once to her husband, in a moment of unwonted irritation.

"Blind Southern prejudice!" he assured her, with his unfailing cheerfulness. It was in Norfolk, Virginia, that they had married, the winter before, upon the strength of his prospects. Had he not studied mural painting, with conspicuous success, under the best masters at home and abroad. And what mattered a little poverty—together?

"'Help,'" he went on, "is a beautiful word for a beautiful idea—service without servility, community of effort and interest upon the part of employer and employee——"

"It is," she agreed—"a beautiful idea!"

She was more than half ashamed of the cynicism of her own tone. But how could he know the effort required to have things tolerably comfortable? Dear as it was to him, if he only would not be so absurdly obstinate in not letting her do her own work!

That was before Mrs. Mike came.

He pushed his chair back from the table.

"There's simply no end to the poetry of American life, if you have eyes to see it. Take the careers of half the magnates around the corner there——"

"Or supposed to be," she said. "They seem to be true birds of paradise in keeping continually on the wing. Have

you heard when Thomas M. Kennedy will be back?"

Nobody ever gave that great man less than the full name which was so mighty a power in the business world.

"No," he answered, and swept on.

"Take him, for example. It hasn't been a dozen years, all told, since he was in the "poor but honest" class; and now——! Take the titanic youth of this place, itself. Look at that street of palaces, risen in a night, as it were—"like an exhalation," as old Milton says." He smiled a little ruefully. "Painting and all complete, I suppose, from the hands of the genii."

"Places like those," she said, with the practicality she was learning at Steel City, "never are complete, to people who don't know what to do with their money. And 'Thomas M. Kennedy's certainly isn't, stupendously splendid as it is. I saw in the paper yesterday that his object in going abroad was to buy old tapestry and pictures and cathedral glass and fifteenth-century Venetian furniture and staircases. But one thing he can't buy and bring home with him, and that is the painting of his walls to harmonize with it all. And so it is with the rest of them. If there was just any way in the world of getting in with those people enough to show what you can do!"

But how was that possible? One palace was divided from another palace by a great gulf of strangeness, and how much more from the little jig-saw cottages around the corner? The cottages might echo the boast current in Steel City that Elm Avenue was the most magnificent avenue in America, but how could the palaces be expected to do more than to forgive—and forget—the propinquity of the cottages?

Not that they were not nice cottages enough, in a modest way. Mrs. Mike, when she applied for the place of help, in answer to their advertisement, fairly gloated with approval as she scanned the premises.

"'Twas just such a snug little place I went to housekeeping in when I was married," she said—"out in Ioway. You couldn't swing a cat around in a room in the house, no more than this. And

as for furniture—how much of it was made of packing-boxes, at first, you wouldn't believe!" Her frankly scrutinizing glance passed to Mrs. White—who could well stand scrutiny.

"Why don't you do your own work?" she asked.

"My husband won't let me," the mistress of the house replied with meekness. There was small fear now that she would not be as propitiatory as the haughtiest help could demand, if there was any sign of competence. And competence, with Mrs. Mike, was stamped upon every lineament.

"Work never hurt anybody yet!" said Mrs. Mike stoutly. "But I know husbands!"

A profundity of problematical meaning was in her tone.

"You are slender built, but you don't look sickly," she resumed. "Still, I don't suppose you was brought up to work, and that makes a difference. But, lor' me! If I had a nice little cottage like this to fuss over——"

It was not until she had gone, with the understanding that she would return in the morning, with her box, that it occurred to Mrs. White that she herself had asked no questions whatever, except, rather tremulously, what wages would be expected.

"I guess I can be satisfied with what you have been paying," Mrs. Mike responded. And so it proved.

"She actually seems to like us!" Mrs. White joyously confided to her husband. (11)

About a perfect treasure, it behooves one to step carefully. What if she still knew nothing whatever of Mrs. Mike, except through her own singularly fragmentary bursts of confidence!

"Save your soap-wrappers," she adjured Mrs. White. "You can get lots of tins and things for them. Once I got a chiny tea-set, with gold bands and moss roses. I've got a piece or two put away now at the house."

"At the house?" Mrs. White interrogated.

Mrs. White took up her broom.

"Where I was before I came here," she said, in a tone which invited no further question.

"I wonder where she could have come from?" Mrs. White mused afterwards.

"It doesn't matter in the least," stoutly affirmed her husband, "so long as she is here!"

She came, she stayed, and was to all appearance satisfied. Nay, even unmistakably pleased and eager to please.

"It's been hard for her to get a place—or to keep it," Mrs. White shrewdly divined. "But whatever the objection to her is, I don't want to know it!"

Yet the inevitable happened. She could not help watching Mrs. Mike with more or less—not of suspicion ("I know she's good!" she would say), but of uncertainty.

"Doesn't she strike you sometimes as a little curious?" she asked her husband.

"Tolerably curious about us, in a friendly way, if you mean that," he admitted. "She stands over me, broom in hand, when I'm at work, and catechises me about myself and my plans."

"She's made me tell her every secret of my soul!" Mrs. White exclaimed. "But I don't mean that. Isn't there something about her just a little—singular? I suppose, out here, it's nothing for her to speak of us as her 'young people,' and join in conversation at the table; I'm past caring for anything like that; but——"

"She is singular only in her perfections, so far as I can see," he maintained. "In fact, I think she is remarkably commonplace — if the commonplace can be remarkable. She is normal to the point of abnormality — a walking type——"

"But the way she gloats!"

"Gloats?" he questioned.

"And over the strangest things! Over the pots and pans of the kitchen — a dish towel, a gingham apron, a feather duster! But the really touching thing is the way she admires our living-room furniture. Of course, dear, you *know* I'm not complaining. Anything will do now, when we are just starting out. It won't make a particle of difference, after we get our old mahogany, that we had to put up first with cheap, shiny things, reeking with newness. Only, it is funny and pathetic to see her stand before

them, lost in wistful admiration. 'They look so nice and new!' she was saying this morning. 'I can't abide old things. Out in Iowa——' and then she stopped and sighed. It's perfectly evident that she's seen better days."

No enlightenment as to her past came from Mrs. Mike. But her present, at any rate, was all that could be desired; unless perhaps ——

"She doesn't do the smallest thing in a perfunctory way," Mrs. White said to her husband.

He replied to a note in her voice.

"You don't want her to be perfunctory, do you?"

"No," she said; "but still——"

"Out with it!" he commanded.

"When it comes to kissing a broom——"

He looked at her stupidly, though he was not a stupid man.

"Kissing a——?"

"Broom. The handle of the one she sweeps with every day. I saw her do it, though she didn't know I did. Now, what do you think of that?"

"I think," he said dryly, "that it was an act wholly consonant with decency and morality."

Yet he too was plainly puzzled — to say the least of it.

"I can't help wondering if she's exactly safe," she said, another day.

He lowered his newspaper, which he was reading by the lighted lamp, and looked across the shiny centre table so admired by Mrs. Mike.

"Don't borrow trouble, little woman," he said, more sombrely than was his wont. "We'll have some, without borrowing, if things keep on this way. And I don't see what's going to change them."

She dropped her sewing into her lap.

"George," she said, "there's no use talking. I'm going to do my own work!"

"And right you are!" approved Mrs. Mike from the doorway, so unexpectedly that they started. "Right you are — if you are able. That's not for me to say. All I know is that when you take me and coop me up with nothing to do, it's next door to killing me. If I hadn't

taken my chance, and escaped when I did"—

("You see!" said Mrs. White's eyes.)

"I don't know what would have become of me! But I've had a real good rest this month and a half, and now I'm ready to go back. Any way, I've got to—and 't was that I was coming to tell you. But you needn't think you've seen the last of me."

"We don't want to lose sight of you," Mrs. White hastened to assure her. "You've been so good, and such a comfort! And if there's ever anything we can do for you——"

A vague intention was forming in her mind of gladdening the simple heart of Mrs. Mike with the furniture she admired, when they should be able to discard it. Though, of course, in an institution ——

"Whatever I can do for you and him," responded Mrs. Mike heartily, "you can count on, sure. And I haven't got any idea in the world of letting you lose sight of me. I haven't got too many friends. Seemed like I'd die of loneliness, almost, after my husband left me!"

Poor Mrs. Mike!

"Your husband left you?" said Mrs. White gently. "Was it that that preyed on your mind?"

"I made him do it," replied Mrs. Mike, with disappointing coolness.

"What preyed on my mind, if you choose to put it that way, was that house, with everything going on in it like clockwork, and me sitting there with my hands folded in my lap and pins and needles in my very soul! Many's the day I've felt that nothing would save my reason but a broom and a dust-ban. I was like something hanging up with all its roots out of the ground, just fainting and famishing. Let them have waiting on that likes it. Give me a chance to get my blood up with good honest work, and I ask no better! But there's Mike," she said, and sighed.

Then she smiled a little.

"Think of anybody's trying to please me by building a palace fit for a queen, and expecting me to live in it like a wax dummy, not lifting a finger! And I'll do it; too — for Mike. When he gets back, next week, he's got to find me there."

"Is he——?" said they together, recovering voice.

But Mrs. Mike was absorbed in her own reflections.

"I'll stay there, if it kills me — with a French maid to button my shoes for me! I won't say a word against it if he buys Egyptian mummies to put in it! A better man don't walk this earth than Thomas Michael Kennedy!"

The Eyesight and Waning Efficiency

A large percentage of the workmen whose efficiency decreases with middle age owe their declining earning powers to their eyes. Most persons experience a change in vision after they pass their fortieth birthday, the common trouble being an increasing tendency toward farsightedness. In not a few manufacturing plants there is an organized inspection of eyes. In the best developed systems the eyes of all employes are examined by a skilled specialist. The more common practice, and an effective one, is to insist upon an examination when a superintendent or foreman finds reason to suspect that something is wrong with the eyes. It is not uncommon to see a workman holding a blueprint or a piece of work far from him in order to see it better. Such a condition naturally slows up the man. Clear vision is a large asset, especially where work requiring precision is involved.



A motor party snapped "on the road."

What the Motor Shows are Doing for Canada

This article is not merely descriptive of Canadian motor shows. It strikes a deeper and more significant phase of the motor situation. In the larger sense, what are motor shows doing for Canada? That is the underlying thought. And more than that even, how are Canadians being benefited? The question in all its interesting aspects is herein discussed by a leading writer on motor subjects.

By Main Johnson

When nearly 90,000 people visit the Toronto Automobile Show during its nine days run, and when attendances equally good in comparison are recorded at the other Canadian motor shows in such places as Montreal, Ottawa, London, Winnipeg and Vancouver, it seems scarcely necessary to ask whether exhibitions of this kind are worth while. Some sceptics, however, still survive, and still "want to be shown." Moreover, the very success of the automobile show idea increases the importance of the subject and makes it advisable to attempt an analysis of the benefits coming from the institution.

The evidence, if carefully sifted, bears out the contention that motor shows are good both for the seller of a car, and for the buyer or prospective purchaser. The trade, for example, gets the benefit of the tremendous amount of advertising generated by the show. To say nothing of the outside publicity, the chief advertising asset is the show itself. The automobile is one of the leading, modern, up-to-the-minute features of life to-day, and the automobile show has taken upon itself the responsibility of living up to the reputation of the product it exhibits. It is the embodiment of the modern spirit,

activity and initiative. It is made attractive enough to provide an amusement Mecca for the whole community, and to place the motor car in the most alluring light. Money is not stinted for decorations. A giant waterfall is built, and real water tumbles down genuine, moss-covered rocks. Steep, grassy slopes are crowned with young apple trees in the full charm of the time of blossoming; canaries sing songs except when their voices are drowned out by a regimental brass band, and by an orchestra of stylish young ladies especially imported from Boston Town. Electric lights beyond computation make the scene as gay and bright as an out-door fête in Italy, and flowers are as common as at a Mardi Gras festival.

Brilliant as is the spectacle, it does not overshadow the real centre of interest in the show, the automobile itself. The visitor is amazed at the multitude and variety of the cars displayed. He sees tens and tens of models in the one line of gasoline passenger vehicles; he

sees the increased number and attractiveness of the electrics. He examines at close range, the commercial end of the business, represented by a light American parcel-post delivery wagon, and, at the other extreme, by a ten-ton truck with its heavy, efficient mechanism and its divided wheels. He sees the number of accessories and side lines that have accompanied the growth of the automobile industry, the tires, the oils, the oil-storage systems, the chains, the trimmings, the lighting and ignition specialties, the autometers and speedometers, the tire fillers, the carpets and the magazines. He sees all this, and, if he is a normal man, he will be astounded at the display, and will say in his heart, "This automobile business is far more wonderful even than I thought it was. I am out of touch with things if I haven't a car of some sort." Such a man (and the auto shows are developing the type all the time), besides thinking what is very sensible, is in a state of mind which is a decided asset to the



Scene at the annual Motor Show at Toronto.

dealer who, during the evening, suggests that he should buy a car.

Special lines of cars are greatly benefitted by the shows. Take the electrics, for example. For some reason or other, the electric vehicle has not had the sale in Canada that it deserves. Not that there are only a few in use; the aggregate sales have been considerable, but compared with the business done in American cities, the record for the electrics in this country is too low. In this, as in most cases, it is largely a matter of education, and the automobile show, as an educational institution, is gradually building up a large body of opinion in favor of electrics. Results are already apparent. Prospects in the big Canadian cities are much better this spring than ever before, and the electric, as a town car, has begun to come into its own. It isn't as if the growth of the trade in electrics was going to hurt the business in the gasoline lines. There is an ever-growing field which is large enough for both, and the prosperity of one branch will, fundamentally, help the other.

Motor cycles were prominent at the exhibitions. In fact, the changes in these models were more pronounced and striking than those in the "legitimate" field of four-wheeled cars. The cycles are becoming neater and neater, and in appearance, more closely approximate the graceful lines of the bicycle. Improvements in the side-car are almost spectacular. Instead of the bare, open, uninviting basket, there are now models with a steel, enclosed compartment, with soft leather seat and back, and with the general picturesque appearance of a closed-in sleigh. The public crowded about these exhibits, and the effect on the business can hardly be over-estimated.

Manufacturers of automobiles are one of the widest awake classes in the business world, but even these modern wizards of making and selling, require stimulus to keep them up to their best work. The motor show is the effective stimulating force that keeps the firms at high speed continuously. Every little while, they know well enough, they have to make a "show-down." They

have to exhibit their product in open market to the public in competition with all their rivals. The full glare of publicity is upon them; defects in their car will be spotted by a foe if not by a friend. Such a period of testing is a blessing to seller and buyer alike.

There is one real drawback to the automobile show, and that is the immobility of the cars. An automobile, in its very essence, is something that moves, and moves well. As far as the shows are concerned, the machines might as well be cripples. At the Toronto Show, one electric firm overcame this difficulty by using part of its space as a runway, where they exercised their cars. Of course, they could only drive them slowly, but they at least gave the public an ocular proof that the automobiles could go. It also gave an opportunity to demonstrate the methods of starting, controlling and driving better than with an hour's talking.

Other firms would have done the same thing probably if they had had room. Automobile shows are always crowded for space, but this overcrowding was less at the recent Toronto Show than at any previous year. Next season there is talk of using four buildings at the Exhibition Grounds instead of the two this year. Let us suggest that each firm be allotted enough space to provide even a small runway. Not only would it improve the general space ensemble of the exhibition by adding the attraction of motion, but it would help the public to understand the actual working of a motor-car, and would assist the dealers in making interesting demonstration. It would be harder to do this with a gasoline car than with an electric, or rather it would have been very much harder a couple of years ago. With the modern self-starters, however, and the greater facilities for grading speeds, the difficulties should be lessened. Even if the scheme proved impracticable for gasoline automobiles, its use could certainly be extended to all the electric models.

For the person who wants to buy a car or who has the intention of getting one the moment he is able (and who hasn't such an intention?) it is of the

greatest value to attend the motor shows. He can see all the makes at once. He can go from one car to another, and compare the various features and see the points of each make that appeal to him personally. The ladies in-

ing luxury in the present type of automobile, of the attractive furnishings and of the soft, deep Turkish upholstery. All these qualities they can examine at close range on car after car, and decide which they like best. The men can lift



Decorative features of the Motor Show at Toronto.

terested in the purchase can also go and examine the cars in the most pleasant surroundings. They can examine the details of interest to them. They will have read, for example, of the prevail-

up the hood and examine the works. They can investigate the electric or other system of self-starters on the gasoline cars; they can see the prevalent types of electric lighting. They and their wives

can compare, one by one, the different body models, and can figure out what color of all those displayed would please them best, the standard black, or the gray, the frolicsome red, or the fashionable yellow shades, or, perhaps the distinguished-looking white car. All this they can settle with the complete evidence before them.

That the public does take a keen interest in the mechanism of a car, besides its mere outward lines, can easily be seen at the shows. A stripped chassis or a working engine invariably attract interested and intelligent spectators. The demonstrator makes a neat, forceful speech, in which he emphasizes the unparalleled merits of his particular machine. After the talk is finished, the crowd moves on to another space, hears a similar lecture, and after one or two more experiences of this sort, really becomes conversant with the mechanical features of the machine, and can adopt a more or less critical attitude toward those they may see in the future.

The people at motor shows all want to own an automobile, and why shouldn't they? The motor car, in its short history, has been improving steadily, and has been growing useful for more and more purposes. The passenger car, used at first exclusively for pleasure, is now a business asset for hundreds of men. They can make more appointments with business associates, and can keep these appointments with greater facility and accuracy than ever before. If they are connected with a manufacturing or wholesale firm, they can run from one branch to another with no delay and with none of the fatigue involved in a street car journey under modern overcrowded conditions. If they are city

travellers, they can double their territory and their sales if they fly from customer to customer in a light runabout. Suburban travellers can adopt the same methods of covering more territory.

As a pleasure car, quite divorced from business, the auto is a valuable boon. The delights of extended tours, of visits to distant friends in your own car, at a speed and at times to suit your own convenience and not that of a railway corporation, have to be experienced to be appreciated. The healthfulness of being in the open country and in the fresh air is also a benefit which will never pass away. A motorist, also, with his facility of transportation, feels the broadening influence of change of scene, and loses the last touch of narrow perochialism. The miracle-auto accomplishes all this.

As for the motor truck, it is a vehicle which challenges the imagination. If its development in the next five years is as rapid as in the last five, the whole system of transportation of goods will be revolutionized. Firms that never thought of a truck five years ago, are enthusiastic users to-day, and as business men study the question more and more thoroughly, they come to the confirmed opinion that in most lines of trade, the motor truck is bound to supplant the horses. Before a man makes the change let him estimate every feature of cost, efficiency, time. He can get statistics from other firms in his own line, who will tell what their experience has been. Let him not install trucks blindly, but after convincing demonstration. Proof is easy to obtain, and in most cases it would be proof in favor of the motor truck.



Canadian Public Affairs

In the following contribution Mr. E. W. Thomson argues that the Ottawa Ministry illegally withhold a Redistribution of Representation Act; that this is a necessary preliminary to a general election; that it cannot be proper or wise to persist in attempting to establish the Premier's "Naval Aid" Bill without submitting it to the electorate; that such submission is the more desirable inasmuch as the Bill itself is largely good; and that prompt agreement of both parties on measures to provide coast defence for both Canadian shores is urgently required by those dangers which Canada, as a Realm of the King, plainly incurs through the alarming nature of the European international situation.

By E. W. Thomson

HIS Royal Highness the Governor-General possesses constitutional authority to untangle the "snarl" at Ottawa. It has happened because his Ministers have ignored and therefore violated the British North America Act, Canada's fundamental law. Clause 8 ordains a general census in every tenth year. Clause 5 declares that "on the completion of the census" the Representation of the Provinces shall be readjusted in a specified way. The census of June, 1911, was officially completed on April 30, 1912. Strict regard for our fundamental law required passage of Redistribution Act last year. It is now long overdue. That the Premier would obey the Law was properly assumed by the present writer in "MacLean's" of April, 1912, and again in November last. Mr. Borden did not appear determined in October to prolong defiance of the B. N. A. Act in this important matter. Since then he has intimated that he does not mean to obey it this session. He is free to change his mind, and so put himself right. Persistent disobedience of plain Law is not to be fairly expected of a Prime Minister so honorable, respectable, and respected. Mr. Borden's incessant labors, his much travelling last year, his pre-occupation with his Navy scheme and with his connected design to ascertain clearly whether "Imperial Federation" be feasible in his time—these items may account

for and somewhat excuse his seeming obliviousness to the gravity of his infringement of the B. N. A. Act. Our Royal and most admirable constitutional, unmeddlesome, wise, tactful Governor-General has not been burdened and distracted by immense and confusing labors. His mind is clear from party passions. He cannot but be aware that ruin of Constitutions and Institutions; prevalence of public disorders; usurpation by Dictators, Oligarchies, Aristocracies, Mobs, Autocrats, have commonly begun, not in Mexico and the Latin American countries only, but in Europe ancient and modern, with arbitrary breaches of Law analagous to that of Mr. Borden. This Dominion, like Great Britain, exists under what a great authority defines as "parliamentary government with an hereditary regulative agency"—the Monarch—whose Deputy is here the Governor-General. If King George V. perceived his London Cabinet to be clearly ignoring Law, surely his duty would be to exercise his regulative agency by requiring his Premier to conform to Law or resign. It seems most unfair of Mr. Borden to put H. R. H. in the dilemma of having to share responsibility for a plain breach of the B. N. A. Act, or else dismiss his Premier. It must be presumed that our Governor-General will not flinch from the right constitutional course, in case his patient waiting for the Premier to comply with Law be interpreted by that

gentleman as warranting or approving indecent continuance of its violation.

If such flagrant breach of the Constitution were not itself of immense importance this would accrue to that breach by consideration of the restiveness of the West, and of how that restiveness cannot but be fevered by plain, illegal, special injustice to that region. Its heterogeneous population consists largely of immigrants less patient than born-Canadians and other Britons. Their cup of exasperation is full already. In recent debate at Ottawa Western representatives have testified that their constituents cannot sell their grain profitably for lack of that free admission to the U. S. market which they hopefully craved in 1911. It was related that an hegira of proved-up settlers to the Republic is imminent; that farms are generally heavily mortgaged; that agricultural-implement dealers cannot collect one-tenth of their dues; that a proper bank-restriction of credits has almost wholly shattered the long boom in town lots and farm lands. Some of us have long familiarly known the West. We remember how great and dangerous political troubles sprang formerly from Hard Times on the prairies. We remember that every item of grievance originating at Ottawa was then urged as reason for disturbance and secession. We who continue to read the Western press see now precisely the former alarming symptoms. They should deeply concern Ontario, because Ontario's prosperity depends largely on tranquillity of the huge Western market for Ontario manufactures and other products, and on such Western immigration as has been invariably checked when Western turbulence occurred. To provoke the people there by illegal refusal of a long overdue Redistribution is surely a wanton wickedness likely to engage the whole Dominion in gravest risks.

Let our readers in Ontario calmly consider whether the West, while denied Redistribution, is treated in a way that Ontarians could, were the wrong theirs, calmly endure. Alberta, having now 7 representatives, is entitled to 12 by the census of June, 1911. If Ontar-

io, having now 86, were illegally deprived in like ratio, this Province would be short her just representation by 36 members. Saskatchewan, having now 10 M. P.'s at Ottawa, lacks 6 of her right. Ontario, similarly deprived, would lack 32. The Provinces west of Ontario, having now 35 federal representatives, are entitled to 57, almost 63 per cent. more. If Ontario and the Provinces to her eastward, now collectively having 186 M. P.'s, were similarly shorn, their representation would be 117 short of the due—their M. P.'s would number but 69 at Ottawa. This would be more intolerable to the East if the West were at the same time illegally over-represented, as the East now is by 9 M. P.'s, or a little more than one-twentieth of the legal quota. In illegally refusing Redistribution the Premier entrenches a House in which the East has one M. P. for each 29,340 inhabitants, and the West one for each 49,739. Fair play is here a missing jewel. To allege that Ontarians wish to prolong their illegal advantage would be to credit them with the political arrogance of Mr. Birdofreedom Sawin's, "We air bigger and tharfore our rights air bigger'n their'n." If wise Queen Victoria's wise son put up much longer with that sort of thing in his Ministry the lieges may well wonder.

Some Ministerialists say,—“O, but the West could not get its due representation by a Redistribution Act. The B. N. A. Act does not require a general election to follow Redistribution closely. This House of Commons may legally hold on till 1916.” True. But the legal may not be always the moral or practical or constitutional. John S. Ewart, K. C., in “Kingdom Paper No. 11,” quotes Anson's “Law and Custom of the Constitution” — “When any large change is made in electoral conditions, as in 1832, in 1867-8, and in 1885, it is proper that those new conditions should be put to the test, and the newly enfranchised enjoy their rights at the earliest opportunity.” Upon which Mr. Ewart comments,—“The change effected by the increased population in the West, while not comparable, in one respect, to the changes worked by the

statutes referred to by Mr. Anson, is, in another, more important; for while those statutes added many thousands to the polling list, they did not materially affect the proportionate voting of the various parts of the United Kingdom. The greater significance of our case is that it is precisely the proportions (between East and West) that are affected." The reasons why the Premier should hasten to Redistribution are two,—(1) the Law requires it; (2) the West cannot get its due representation without Redistribution. A general election, if soon forced, as it may be, on the basis of the census of 1901, would necessarily be followed by Redistribution according to the census of 1911, and then, immediately, by another general election, no matter which party were "in." To avoid thus cursing the country by two elections, with a period of something like business anarchy between them, would surely be the moral duty of the Premier, even if immediate Redistribution were not his plain legal duty. It does not appear conceivable that Mr. Borden, so honorable and so respected by all Canada, so fair as he has shown himself this session on points of order in debate, could be capable of so mean a design as to withhold Redistribution for the very reason that the West cannot get due representation without it, and because, if he were beaten at an early forced election, he might soon have another chance! Would he illegally withhold Redistribution by way of entrenching himself in office through Sir Wilfrid Laurier's reluctance to put the public to the trouble of two elections? Would not such reliance on an adversary be too shabby? I have such respect for the Premier as to believe that he will put himself right soon. It cannot be for that gallant gentleman to imitate the dead-beat tenant who won't pay overdues because he feels that a merciful owner probably won't distress the whole street by forcing Mr. D. B. and his children out into the open!

If the Law did not require immediate Redistribution surely the "Naval Aid Bill" would, in order that this may be submitted as solely as possible for approval or rejection by the electorate. If

it be largely a good measure, as the present writer still inclines to believe it, why risk it at a forced election in which it could not be everywhere the main object of discussion—why? Because at such early forced election, one brought on by Opposition tenacity, the main discussion in the West would probably turn on the impropriety and illegality of the Ministry's refusal to redistribute representation. This would infallibly be regarded by the West as requiring rebuke. Quebec, being ostensibly unaffected by Redistribution, since her representation stands constant at 65, would be, as in last election, free to whack the Borden Navy harder than her majority whacked the Borden proposals of 1911. British Columbia is certainly very susceptible to attraction by Sir Wilfrid's proposal to build and maintain a fleet unit on that Coast. Nova Scotia, and the other eastern Maritime provinces, together with their formidable iron and steel and coal producers, are equally susceptible to his scheme for spending many millions to construct and maintain a similar Unit there. Everywhere those very numerous timid electors who dislike "militarism," who regard both navy plans as obnoxious, who shun declaring their "anti" sentiments for fear of being reproached or would be enabled to proclaim themselves overflowing with horror at Mr. Borden's illegal arbitrary refusal of Redistribution. Hence his Navy Aid Bill might be heavily defeated by "side winds." Did he lay it aside, hasten to Redistribution, thus put himself right, and himself then promptly call an election on his Naval project, it might be approved on its merits, particularly if he disclosed details of his plan for building cruisers, etc., in Canada. His scheme, once so approved, would be safe from reversal, as it could not possibly be made by forcing it through an unrepresentative House, with a general election sure to come next year. There could be no need for any such forcing had the Ministry accepted the various Opposition tenders for conference intended to harmonize the Laurier and the Borden Navy projects, which could well be fitted togeth-

er. The Premier's three battleships, and Sir Wilfrids two coast-and-commerce-defence Units could be all alike forwarded under the Laurier Navy Act. As for the alleged profound difference of the two schemes in point of "Imperialism," "Centralization," "Decentralization," "Autonomy," "Tribute," and all the rest of that contrary hullabaloo, let him that difference excite who can perceive immensity between Tweedledum and Tweedledee! Mr. Borden proposes that Canadian warships shall be continually at the disposal and under the command of the London Government. Sir Wilfrid virtually proposes that they shall be under Ottawa when they are in Canadian waters, and under London whenever they sail the deep, or visit a foreign port, war or no war. This reminds me of a footman's grandiose profession that he is his own master when the Master isn't ordering him. Lord Roseberry, as quoted by Mr. Borden, declared that the Dominions adhere to "a fool's bargain" while they remain liable to be dragged into the United Kingdom's wars. The Premier and Sir Wilfrid alike declare that Canadians will remain ready to lavish their "last man and last drop of blood" in U. K. wars, which is oratorical bosh.

Mr. John Ewart, K. C., and many other native Canadians, including the present writer, wish to see this country freed from liability to be "dragged" into any war, which wish is entirely consistent with desire to see Canada speedily provided with defensive armaments proportionate to her existing liability to be "dragged" into war, or her possible inclination to engage in war, voluntarily. It is not because the Premier proposes to build three battleships in England for Great Britain's defence, but because reinforcement of that defence implies speedy lessening of Canada's liability to be invaded, that the present writer has incurred reproach from some Liberals by contending that the Premier's scheme is, so far as exposed, not bad but good. M. Borden indicated, in his introductory speech, that the Admiralty will detach squadrons capable of defending both Canadian coasts, and will maintain them with bases in Brit-

ish Columbia and Nova Scotia, when or soon after Canada shall have placed in England an order for Mr. Borden's three dreadnoughts. Those squadrons would, of course, be supplied with the torpedo and floating-mines apparatus by which the channels of approach to Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, St. Lawrence, and British Columbia coast cities, coal mines, settlements, etc., could be promptly closed, did any enemy of Great Britain threaten them. As a military scheme this has the immense merit of supplying a sufficient defence for Canada far more speedily than such defence can be obtained by Sir Wilfrid's proposal that we go undefended until Canada can build and outfit floating armaments. The debate at Ottawa has revealed, with some other valuable information, that the Admiralty maintains constantly, in good order though out of commission, a great many strong ships entirely capable of Canada's defence. Did the Premier reveal an arrangement that a sufficient number of these ships should be immediately stationed for Canada's defence, then his project would seem suitable and sufficient to the needs of the hour. With our coasts so insured Mr. Borden could, if backed by Parliament, hasten to construction of those cruisers, etc., which he designs to build in Canada. Upon their completion Canadian crews and officers, trained in the meantime, could be put in charge, whereupon the King's Old Country squadrons could be relieved from Canadian defence. This military plan would involve no infringement of Canada's real independence. It would consist perfectly with our existing political relation to Great Britain, which the Opposition incessantly declare they wish to preserve intact, which Ministerialists allege they wish to conserve pending that "Imperial Federation" for which they long, and which appears to some of us impracticable and undesirable. A Voluntary Union of British self-governing countries exists now. It has become firmer with every increase of independence in the Dominions. The clear inference is that complete independence under the common Crown would imply a Voluntary Union

quite unbreakable, the most perfect kind, such as exists between loving independent brethren of any sound family.

Oppositionists have been coming angrily at the present writer, because of these "MacLean's" articles, with accusations that he affects to believe an emergency existent, one that may produce invasion of Canada, now almost absolutely defenceless alongshore. His reply is that he believes an emergency perfectly evident, and believes that far more emphatically than the Premier appears to, since he does not hasten to direct defence for Nova Scotia and British Columbia. All signs in Europe conjoin to indicate the early outbreak of war, the most tremendous ever waged, primarily between the Germanic and Slavonic peoples, secondarily involving France, Italy, and Great Britain. This situation comes of the downfall of Turkey in Europe before a most valorous union of Slavonic and Greek races. The Balkan Confederation may not immediately insist on possession of Constantinople, but that its leaders do not aim at gaining that immemorially most important strategic place, is perfectly incredible. Closing of the present war will but give them rest to prepare for the inevitable struggle for Constantinople. Russia is at the back of the Balkanians. Germans cannot, or believe they cannot, afford to permit such an extension of Slavonic powers as these plainly design. France is in close alliance with Russia and Great Britain, whose possessions in the Mediterranean and whose route to India would be dangerously flanked did Constantinople and the Sea of Marmora fall into virtual control of Slavonic statesmen bent on acquiring naval strength. Germany's great fleet for North Sea service was planned and built while the Turks were supposed capable of holding what they had in Europe. Probably Berlin's strategic purpose in establishing that fleet was to keep England under a sense that it would be hazardous or impossible to send a great fleet by agreement with the Porte such as put England in Egypt, to occupy either Constantinople or strong masking places in the Medi-

terranean or Sea of Marmora. Berlin sought for years to establish firm friendship with the Porte; the Turks were armed with German weapons and trained on the German systems by German instructors; the great Emperor William was as if continually telling the Sultan "Codlin is your friend, not Short." His whole game seemingly was to establish German influence in Constantinople, and gradually get such a hold there as England began with in Egypt—a game perfectly consistent with expectation that Turkey would long gradually decay, meantime serving Germany's design. Now the Balkanians have proved that Berlin bet on the wrong horse. Germany, feeling newly insecure against the Slavonic countries, hastens to enormous increase of her land forces, calling on her wealthy classes to prepare kindly for enormous taxation. Because this implies or synchronizes with a "let up" of increase to her Navy, and some seeming *rapprochement* with England, Liberals at Ottawa contend that Great Britain's and therefore Canada's emergency, has vanished! It has but shifted somewhat. The danger, which essentially resides in the apparent imminence of immense European war, has lately and plainly increased. New European combinations appear probable, with severance of existing ententes or alliances. Diplomatic confusion prevails. There is no telling where ambitious Japan may turn up. All these huge, vague dangers may pass slowly away, but they are now present. Hence it surely is stark madness for Canada's Government to delay provision of sufficient defence for Canadian coasts against raiders from any quarter.

Necessary ships and outfits can be speedily obtained from England's sound reserves of uncommissioned cruisers, etc. Men are said to be lacking. That is only because pay ample to entice men, including many of the trained and discharged, is not offered. By tendering wages appropriate to the service and to the risk of life, Canada can swiftly obtain good crews and officers for all vessels and plant necessary to her coast defence—this without trenching at all on

the human supplies attractable by such pay as the Admiralty offers.

If all this be correct, what a spectacle for Gods and Men do our Ottawa politicians afford! Asleep to imminent danger, risking their country, talking in their sleep about the dream that our political independence may or may not be impaired more by one dilatory scheme than by another! Do our Jingoës never reflect that the electors, in bewildered disgust at incessant blither about "The Empire," may rally overwhelmingly to some statesman who

shall find sense and pluck to invite them to get out of it and all the perils pertaining? Do our half-hearted "Autonomists" never reflect that the electors may, as Mr. Bourassa says, prefer real Jingoës to imitation ones? To me it seems that Canadians in general say mentally to the Parties: "A plague on both your houses." Give us defence quickly for Canada as she is. We and our posterity may be trusted to follow our Fathers in taking care that the essentials of Independence shall here be preserved and enhanced."



A MEMORY

A boyish face I met to-day,
Seemed strangely to remind me
Of school-days—over long ago—
And the Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

For, through the strain and stress of
years,
Still links of mem'ry bind me
To school-friends scattered far and wide
And the Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

In class and fun, with other girls
And boyish friends, you'd find me;
But one had won the favored place—
'Twas the Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

And, when I failed to answer right,
His whisper would remind me:
He did my sums; he wrote me notes—
The Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

A friendship innocent, unspoiled,
And yet—and yet! I mind me,
A hand found mine beneath the desk—
'Twas the Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

And, strolling home one summer eve,
When stars beamed on us kindly,
I found my Boy had grown a Man,
My Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

Brown eyes met blue; with trembling
voice,
He said he would not bind me,
But work for me and wait for me—
Brave Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

And many a lad I've met since then,
But never could I find me,
A knight like my young Galahad,
Like the Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

The snowflake drifts against the pane,
Its chilling breath reminds me
The snow rests on his quiet bed—
My Boy Who Sat Behind Me.

—Freda Ernst.

The Career of "Ralph Connor"

"In a recent issue passing reference was made in a book review of "Corporal Cameron" to the career of the author "Ralph Connor." The review of the book, however,, was in no wise a sketch of the writer. The career of Rev. Dr. Charles W. Gordon bristles with so many points of interest that we have thought it well to present a more extended character sketch in this number. It is written by an intimate friend of Dr. Gordon and contains considerable new matter which will be read with satisfaction by his Canadian admirers.

By Harris L. Adams

A COMPETENT critic, when discussing the writings of Ralph Connor, stated that he had been quite misguided as to the game of poker, and that his description of its mysteries indicated that he had not been to the manner born, and had not succeeded in getting in touch with expert players. The critic, however, added that when our author came to describe a fight he could write both forcibly and accurately — none better. The advocates of heredity would account for this by the traditions of his ancestors, indicated by the possession of his family of the famous Gordon bagpipes, presented to one of his forebears for deeds of prowess on the field of war.

Ralph Connor, the nom de plume of Rev. Charles W. Gordon, D.D., of Winnipeg, is a Presbyterian minister as his father and grandfather were before him, but in his veins runs the blood of a long line of fighting ancestors. A very distant relative of the family was the illustrious General Gordon, popularly known as Chinese Gordon.

The author was born at Indian Lands in the County of Glengarry, which he has made famous by two of his books, "The Man from Glengarry" and "Glengarry School Days." When he was a lad the family moved to Harrington, in the County of Oxford, which contains the famous township of Zorra. The name, however, is of Spanish origin,

not Gaelic, as is often supposed. It was presumably one of his father's congregation who, when the Fenian Invasion from the United States was threatened, made the remark: "They may capture Toronto, but they'll no tak Zorra."

After studying at the St. Mary's Collegiate Institute and teaching himself for a short time, Gordon came to the University of Toronto. Among his college experiences, probably the one to which Ralph Connor owes most, was the fine classical scholarship of Principal Maurice Hutton from whom he acquired his literary tastes and his philosophical outlook on life and its problems. No one could come in contact as young Gordon did, with George Paxton Young, who has been described as the Prince of Teachers, without deriving great and lasting benefit from his wholesome idealism. To Sir Daniel Wilson may be ascribed his keen historical sense. Though Gordon never was a mathematician yet to the teaching of such master minds as Professor Loudon, afterward President of the University, and Professor Baker, now Dean of the Faculty of Arts, is largely due the habit of clear thinking and close reasoning, which has made him a leader in Church and State. At the University Charlie, as he was then called, took a leading share in the various College activities, such, for instance, as the Glee Club and Football, and played a distinguished

part in the successful presentation of *Antigone*.

The constant companion of his student days was his brother, Dr. Gilbert Gordon, a very distinguished physician, and one of the Professors of Trinity University and afterwards of the University of Toronto. The early and lamented death of his brother Gilbert illustrates the old saying, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. In the Gordon family circle, there was many an anxiety over the delicate health of Charlie, whereas Gilbert was the very type of stalwart robustness. Gilbert, the strong one, died in the very prime of life, just as his ambitions were coming into his grasp, a victim of over-zealous devotion to professional duty and overwork.

Charlie, the delicate one, now in addition to his literary work, undertakes the arduous duties of an important metropolitan pastorate, takes charge of the work of several large committees of the church, and performs, in a strenuous Western fashion, his duties as a citizen. In addition he finds time and energy to supervise (as he does very shrewdly) the investment of the immense profits resulting from the sale of his books; and it is alleged, to act as Critic-in-Chief of the Roblin Government and of the methods of Hon. Robert Rogers.

After graduation Dr. Gordon studied at Knox College, then presided over by Principal Caven, and subsequently at Edinburgh. Space will not permit any detailed account of his tour of Europe, and of his visits to every part of Scotland. How accurately he observed, and how vivid his impressions were, his readers well know.

All these formed part in his equipment for his life's work, but more than to any of these, or to all combined, the author owes his literary greatness to the refining influence of a cultured home. His father was a Highland Gentleman, that is not merely a gentleman in the outward manner, but a gentleman by tradition, breeding and instinct. Ralph Connor has left a noble monument of his mother in the *Man from Glengarry*, and therefore one need not attempt a description of her indescribable beauty of character.

"Happy he
With such a Mother, Faith in woman-kind,
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him."

Next in importance to the part of his mother in the moulding of his character was that of an only sister of cultivated tastes and singular charm. Dr. Gordon was devoted to his sister, who accompanied him during his first visit to Edinburgh. The two often enjoyed together the precious treasures of English literature, especially their Browning, Tennyson and Stevenson, and frequently had many a keen well matched debate on literary themes. Truly her sweet influence often swayed him to her orbit and certainly affected his life and thought.

The untimely death of his lovely sister, Greta, in 1894, during his second visit to Scotland, was a severe blow to Ralph Connor, so keenly felt that the sense of loss and of the awful tragedy of life, gave a sad tinge to some of his writings.

Such then was the preparation of the man for his life work — a home of unique culture and exceptional refinement, where plain living and high thinking was the rule—excellent educational advantages, the St. Mary's Collegiate Institute in the famous days of William Tytler and his successors, the University of Toronto in the glorious days of McCaul and Maurice Hutton, Sir Daniel Wilson, Paxton Young, London and Baker; Knox College under the wise Dr. Caven; Edinburgh, Scotland, and the Continental tour; then the contact with the mountains and the men of the West and with Dr. Robertson, the Missionary Statesman whose Biography is one of his best books, followed by a second visit to Scotland during which Ralph Connor discussed the problems of the Canadian West with the most sagacious statesmen, the ripest scholars and the most successful business men of Scotland.

Shortly after Gordon returned from Scotland he accepted the call of St. Stephens Church, Winnipeg, and threw himself with great energy and vigor into his pastoral work. This church,

which is situated on Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, has become one of the most influential in Western Canada. It is characteristic of the man, that he ex-

A few years after going to Winnipeg he married the only daughter of the late Rev. J. M. King, formerly Principal of Manitoba College, who before going to



REV. CHARLES W. GORDON (RALPH CONNOR).

pects the congregation to pay his salary regularly in a business way, but it is well-known that he hands it all back with large additions, to be devoted to the work of the church.

Winnipeg was for many years the honored minister of St. James Square Church, Toronto, to whose services his erudite scholarship attracted many of the more thoughtful of the University

students, including Gordon himself. His love of nature is intense and being an accomplished canoeist, he has seen many of the beautiful rivers and lakes of Canada, which are quite unknown to the ordinary tourist. "Beyond the Marshes" describes a thrilling personal experience of his own in Lake Winnipeg.

His keen interest in athletics, kept up since his college days, helps to make Dr. Gordon a great favorite, especially among the young people of Winnipeg and the West.

Not only does he discharge the work connected with his own congregation, faithfully and efficiently, but he also takes an increasingly important and prominent part in the work of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. He is Convener of several important committees; and on questions of church policy and statesmanship no voice is more prevailing than that of Dr. Gordon of Winnipeg.

When, for instance, difficulties arose in regard to the Chair of Colonial History at Queen's University, Kingston, endowed by the generosity of one of her most distinguished graduates, Dr. James Douglas, Dr. Gordon was Chairman of the Committee appointed to find a solution, and the matter has been settled along the lines recommended by him. The chair is now ably filled by Professor W. L. Grant, who left a more lucrative position at Oxford to carry on the great work to which his eminent father, Principal Grant, had devoted his life.

Notwithstanding the heavy demands of his pastoral, ecclesiastical, and literary work, Dr. Gordon keeps thoroughly posted on all the great public questions of the time. He has made a special study of the relations of capital and labor. When appointed Chairman of the Board of Conciliation under the Lemieux Act, to deal with the bitter strike in Winnipeg of the Street Railway employees, he succeeded in bringing the warring parties together, and in effecting a settlement along the lines which he himself worked out.

Many of the leading thinkers of Great Britain, who in increasing numbers now visit Canada, make a point of

discussing Imperial problems and Canadian conditions with Dr. Gordon and find that few others have so accurate a knowledge of Canada and its needs, or have thought more profoundly on the problems with which Canada is face to face and must solve.

His Alma Mater, Knox College, recognized his work by conferring on him the Doctor's Degree and he was similarly honored by Queen's University. Some years ago Dr. Gordon was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

It is a curious reflection upon the supposed shrewdness of our cousins to the South, that Ralph Connor's first book, which was highly valued in England, was rejected by the United States Publishers, though when his fame became established the sales of pirated editions mounted up to the millions, and publishers eagerly competed for the privilege of printing his next book, "Sky Pilot," in the following year of 1899. Only two years elapsed before the publication of his next book, "The Man from Glengarry," which was followed the next year by "Glengarry School Days." Two years later (1904) appeared "The Prospector," to be followed in 1906 by "The Doctor"; in 1908 by his Biography of Dr. James Robertson and a booklet "The Angel and the Star." Four years ago appeared "The Foreigner" and in 1912 "Corporal Cameron," which contains an adequate tribute to the patriotic work of that splendid body of The North-West Mounted Police, and was discussed in a recent issue of MacLean's as the best seller of the month.

Space will not permit a detailed analysis of his literary work or an estimate of its value. A close study, however, of his productions to date forces the conclusions upon one, that in Ralph Connor we have the promise and potency of a great literary work, which will truly and nobly interpret the voice of the Canadian West, a work which will finely combine the force and robust vigor of "The Man from Glengarry," with the exquisite polish of "The Sky Pilot" and "Black Rock," and do for this present

generation what was so splendidly done for the last, by Charles Mair.

The task is a worthy one, for the time is at hand when the voice of the West will be the voice of Canada and when the voice of Canada will dominate that Great Empire of which we may now, more truly than even in the mighty days of Cromwell, say with Milton in his "Areopagitica":—

"For as in the body, when the blood is fresh, the spirits pure and vigorous, not only to vital, but to rational faculties, and those in the acutest, and the perfect operations of wit and subtlety, it argues in what good plight and constitution the body is, as that it has, not only wherewith to guard well its own freedom and safety, but to spare, and to bestow upon the sublimest points of controversie, and new invention, it betok'n us not degenerated, nor dropping

to a fatal decay, but casting off the old and wrincl'd skin of corruption to outlive these pangs and wax young again, entering the glorious ways of Truth and prosperous virtue, destin'd to become great and honorable in these latter ages. *Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks.* Methinks I see her as an Eagle muing her mighty mouth, and kindling her undazzl'd eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance, while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amaz'd at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."



DISILLUSIONMENT

It has gone!
 Out of thine eyes that swerveless look,
 That gave thyself, in love, to me,
 —Gave until all my spirit shook
 At its poor insufficiency—
 Awed—as some little novice pale,
 Breathing to Christ her child-white vows
 By a new altar's rail.

It has gone. . . .
 And having gone, I know—dear God—
 It cannot come again. We meet
 And smile with rigid lips, or nod.
 The wound has dried, but incomplete,
 Stealthily changed is life. Alone,
 With eyes awe-starved, I crouch beside
 My broken altar-stone.

Mary Linda Bradley.

In Safe Hands

There are a number of pivotal points in this story around which the action turns. The general conception, construction and elaboration are excellent, as well befits the work of a leading writer. No small interest is lent to the narrative by the illustrations, also the work of a leading artist.

By Owen Oliver

There was nothing lacking in Ralph Trevor's manner to his sister when he met her at Woodbury Station. *Her* manner lacked cordiality. She did not speak to him until they had walked through the High Street and come to a little country lane.

"How is he?" she asked then.

"Going on all right," Trevor said.

"What is the injury?"

"Broken arm—concussion of brain."

"How did it happen?"

"Steering-gear went wrong. Car ran into a brick wall. Lane hit the wall. I pitched over it into a heap of mud, and came out safe, but dirty."

"That's how you generally come out of things," Mrs. Hunt observed.

He laughed and shrugged his shoulders.

"You'd better oil your tongue before you talk to Lane. You aren't married to him yet, you know!"

"I presume your telegram means that he intends to ask me?"

Trevor twirled his long mustache, and watched his sister out of the corner of his eyes.

"He thinks that he has asked you already," he said.

Mrs. Hunt stopped walking.

"What do you mean?"

"He has lost all memory of the last three weeks. The doctor says they often do in these cases. They don't recover it, as a rule."

"What do you mean?" his sister asked again.

Her voice was as quiet as before, but her big black eyes had quickened.

"I have supplied him with a mem-

ory." Mrs. Hunt breathed audibly, and her color heightened; but she did not speak. "It includes an engagement to a charming lady. It was made two days before he went for a motor ride — with his future brother-in-law."

"You think I'll be a party to *that*?" she cried fiercely.

"Yes," said Trevor, quite calmly. "I think so."

"What a scoundrel you are!"

"Generally, yes," he agreed. "Specially, no. I feel that I am benefiting everybody concerned in this particular transaction."

"This particular transaction will never take place," she asserted. "I am going back to the station."

"There's no train for an hour and a half," he remarked suavely; "and I should follow you and make my narration on the platform. You may just as well listen to me here. Allow me to offer you a seat."

He waved to a tree-trunk by the roadside. She sat down; and he leaned against a tree, smoking a cigarette.

"There are three people to benefit," he stated. "Lady first. You've been setting your cap at Lane ever since you left off widow's weeds; so I presume you wish to marry him."

"I must marry someone. I can't starve!"

"There were candidates more eager to supply your daily bread. You appeared to prefer him."

"We will say that the benefit to me is obvious. How about *him*?"

"How modest we are! I should have thought that his gain was still more



"Unless he gets three thousand pounds within a fortnight he goes to — perdition."

self-evident. You are no doubt aware that you are a particularly good-looking young woman."

"Not so young."

"Twenty-eight last month; and you don't look it. Looks apart, he'd find you a very decent partner. I am convinced, after a long experience, that you are a much nicer person than most people believe."

"After an experience of the same length," said Mrs. Hunt, "I take the opposite view of you."

"Exactly," he agreed, waving the cigarette. "We come to the wicked brother. He is a real bad lot. Unless he gets three thousand pounds within a fortnight, he goes to — perdition!"

"Prison!" Mrs. Hunt almost hissed.

"Perdition is a much nicer word; but

we'll say prison, if you prefer. You can't let me go."

"If I keep you, it will be for our mother's sake, not for yours."

"But a little for your own, as well," suggested Trevor. "Your position in society is none too secure as it is. With your brother gone to — perdition—"

"I wouldn't do this vile thing for my own sake," she cried passionately.

"You may choose your own reasons. I gather that they are sufficient."

She sat in silence for a time, biting her lips.

"They may be sufficient," she said at length, "if I find that he really wants to marry me; not unless. How did he come to send for me?"

"I took him to the inn after the accident, and got a doctor and a nurse. He

was unconscious for hours. When he came round his memory had stopped at three weeks ago; Saturday afternoon, four forty-five. He had just met you in the park. You were a black-and-white hat. Love notes these little details. You shook hands; and there his memory halts, till he finds himself in bed in the inn. Everything between has gone."

"It may come back."

"The doctor thinks not. Anyhow, he will only know what comes back, and not what doesn't. He can't possibly be sure that there aren't other things which he doesn't recall; tender love-passages, for example."

"You beast!"

"You—beauty! Shall I go on?"

"You may as well, since you've gone so far."

"I relieved the nurse for an hour, and improved my shining hour by asking if I should send for you. You'd be crying your eyes out, I told him. He stared at me, and fairly gasped. 'You mean—?' he said. 'Is that one of the things I don't remember?' I pretended—"

"Stop!" Mrs. Hunt seized her brother's arm fiercely. "Do you mean that he was distressed at the idea?"

"Not a bit," said Trevor coolly. "He was distressed at forgetting the engagement, that's all. He seemed rather—well, rather pleasantly curious about it. He remembered admiring you for a long time, he said, and the idea of proposing to you had been in his mind. I gather that his sister had done her best to put it out. Do you know her?"

"Yes. She looks like a doll; but she has the brains of half a dozen people. She's clever, I warn you!"

"She'll be clever if she stops him now. He quite fancies your coming and fussing over him. Upon my word, a blush becomes you, Edie."

"If I were a man," said Mrs. Hunt, "I think I should horsewhip you! I am going to do this in my own way. I shall tell him plainly that I know that he doesn't remember—"

"Don't be a fool!" Trevor dropped his cigarette.

"And that he must begin again — if he wants to — and not unless."

"Oh!" Trevor laughed. "That's all

right. He'll like you all the better for your coyness, and begin again at once. Upon my word, Edie, I believe you've a fancy for the chap. Well, you'll make a pretty good wife. He'll have something to thank you for."

"Yes," said the woman firmly. "He will. If you have this three thousand from him, you shall never touch another penny of his money through me. I swear it by our dead mother! Not if it is to save you from hanging; and I expect it will come to that. Look at me, and see if I mean it."

Trevor lit a fresh cigarette and smiled.

"Already I see you the haughty wife of the rich squire, and myself the out-cast relative," he said with mock plain-tiveness. "Well, you're not a bad sort, Edie. I've never done much harm to you, if you remember, old girl. I won't blackmail you. That's a straight promise."

"And you'll never give him any idea of this? But you're not quite so bad as that."

"I really don't know how bad I am," Trevor owned candidly. "But I don't think I'm bad enough to round on you, Edie."

He put his hand on her shoulder; but she shook it away.

"Don't touch me!" she cried fiercely; and they walked on.

She went straight up to the injured man's room when they reached the inn. The nurse eyed her, and went out quickly.

"My word!" she told the landlady. "She's a beauty! And mighty fond of him, if I'm a judge."

Mrs. Hunt sat down beside the couch.

"Ralph has told me that you have forgotten," she said. Her voice trembled. "Of course you are free."

The sick man smiled at her faintly. "How beautiful you are," he said. "I have been thinking of you; and I don't want to be free. Won't you kiss me?"

"Not now," she cried. "I — when you are well—if you want me then—"

"But if I want you *now*?" he asked. "Now that I am ill? Your name is Edith, isn't it, dear? I suppose I called

you that when—when we became engaged? I may, mayn't I?"

"Yes," she said. "Yes, I— If you want me, I am glad; very truly glad."

II.

Two days later another lady alighted at Woodbury Station — Lane's sister, Mrs. Newcombe. Trevor met her also.

allusion to the "engagement," or to Mrs. Hunt. When she met that lady, her manner was that of a very polite child to a perfect stranger with whom it does not propose to make friends.

"We shall have trouble with her," Trevor predicted when she had gone up to the sick-room. Those soft little swindles are the dangerous sort. Well, I



She found Trevor and Mrs. Hunt alone in the inn parlor.

She was little and very fair. She had baby-blue eyes, the most innocent childish face, and the most bewitching childish smile. Her husband habitually addressed her as "you pretty little humbug," and her brother called her "big sister." When she asked questions, her way was delightfully artless.

Trevor did not like her artless questions; and he liked the questions that she did not ask still less. She made no

reckon you've got him pretty tight now."

Mrs. Hunt walked over to the window without answering. Her hands clasped and unclasped, as if she alternately grasped something and let go.

Mrs. Newcombe fluttered to the sick man's couch—she always moved like a butterfly flitting — dropped on her knees, and gave him several butterfly kisses.

"Well, baby brother!" she said with a soft laugh. She always called him that, though she was twelve years the younger. "You've got into a mess, as usual, when your big sister isn't looking after you! How did it happen?"

"Trevor says that the steering-gear went wrong, and —"

She put her hand over his mouth, and laughed again.

"Never mind the steering-gear. How did *you* go wrong?"

They looked at each other.

"I suppose you mean—"

She held up a warning finger.

"Don't try deceiving *me*, Jack."

"I was engaged to her two days before the accident," he said, like some one who is sticking to a story.

"According to Mr. Trevor — in the days that you don't remember! What a baby you are, Jack! Now, really?"

"I don't remember," he owned. "I was a little surprised, because, after our conversation, I had almost made up my mind to give up the fancy. I did have a liking for her, you know, May."

"No doubt they knew that!"

He sighed.

"I see what you mean, of course. I'll be honest, and own that I didn't quite believe him at first; but after she came, I did—I mean, I do. I'm sure she's a good woman, May."

"You weren't so sure a few weeks ago. Perhaps you remember that."

"Yes, I remember. She seems changed, May. She isn't a bit cold and reserved, as she was then. She's awfully kind to me — you've no idea how kind! I look forward to her coming in, and — I'm ashamed of myself for having any doubts, only—" He paused.

"Only," said his sister, "a little of your memory has come back, eh, baby brother?"

"Yes. How did you guess?"

"I didn't guess; I made sure. I came down by an early train, got out at the junction, and went to see the doctor. I cross-examined him, like a lawyer's wife. I'd talked it over with Tom, of course, and he made some inquiries. He found out a good deal about Trevor. No, nothing very bad about *her*. She was a governess, and married for a

home. Her husband was a bad lot; but there's no proof that she assisted him in his villainies. We can trust the doctor. He inclines to my view of the case. He has a very poor opinion of Trevor. I have a poorer."

"You can't think much less of him than I do. But I won't think badly of Edith, whatever the doctor says."

Mrs. Newcombe shrugged herself like a teased child.

"He doesn't say anything against *her*. She's much too nice-looking to be ill thought of by a man! But I am a woman, baby brother!"

"Do you think so badly of her, May?" he asked wistfully.

Mrs. Newcombe's face grew older, and she stifled a sigh.

"I'll be candid too, Jack. I think she is a bit of an adventuress — driven to it by necessity, and by that villain of a brother; but I don't think she's really bad. She isn't quite our class, Jack, and — well, you wouldn't let yourself fall in love with her if you could help it, would you?"

"I don't know that I can."

"If you knew that she had entered into this infamous plot—it *is* infamous, Jack—you wouldn't marry her then, I suppose?"

"It is infamous to suspect it!"

"Ah! But you *do*! If I bring it home to her? You wouldn't marry her?"

"No, no! I'd shoot myself first! I hope you won't, May; I like her a good bit."

"Poor old baby brother!" She kissed him softly. "I'm sorry; but it's best to know, dear. I will find out. You can trust me not to be unnecessarily horrid."

"Yes, dear. You're never that; and you're sensible."

"I'm sensible!" She nodded gravely. "You place yourself in my safe hands?"

"Yes," he agreed; "but if you can't bring it home to her, I'm to have the benefit of the doubt and marry her. I want to! You'll remember that?"

"Yes, dear, I'll remember that."

She kissed him once more, wiped her eyes, and flitted down-stairs. Finding Trevor and Mrs. Hunt alone in the inn parlor, she closed the door, and took a chair.

"Now," she said, smiling her childish smile, "we'll have a talk. I'll put my cards on the table. I'm going to fight. You say that my brother is engaged to this lady. Prove it!"

"Are you your brother's keeper?" Trevor asked.

"Yes!" said Mrs. Newcombe emphatically. She smiled the innocent smile

than they look, Mr. Trevor. But it isn't you who have to settle the business. Mrs. Hunt, you say that you are engaged to my brother. I say that it is—choose any polite word that you like. I mean a *lie*!"

"Your suggestion is an insult!" said Mrs. Hunt.

"Yes!" said Mrs. Newcombe resolute-



"You are in safe hands—loving hands and faithful!"

again. "My brother is returning home with me this afternoon. My husband is coming to fetch us. He is my brother's lawyer."

"Your brother is not an infant," Trevor remarked.

"Neither am I! My brother has placed himself in my hands." She held them out daintily. "They are stronger

ly. Her babyish way had gone, and she spoke and looked like steel. "I shall put the case to my brother like this: 'If they are genuine, they will not ask you for money. Give me your word that you will not let them have any from you for six months. If you believe in them, you must agree to that.' What do you think he will answer? Do you think

you will get—shall we say three thousand pounds in a fortnight, Mr. Trevor?"

Trevor paled slightly, but he did not flinch.

"You are clever, Mrs. Newcombe," he said steadily;—"but you are not clever enough. You can stop the money; but that only hurts me. Well, I must put up with it. My sister has only to go up to your brother—she can go now, with you—and give him her word that he was engaged to her, and he will marry her. Now you see *our* cards."

"Yes; but you haven't seen all mine. Your sister won't go and say it. If she does, she can marry my brother—I admit it. But you won't get the three thousand pounds; and you'll go to prison. I know all about the affair. My husband has investigated it. If your sister admits that she is not engaged to my brother, you'll get the money. I'll see to that! Now you see all my hand."

There was a deadly silence. Mrs. Hunt broke it.

"I will acknowledge in writing that I was not engaged to your brother," she offered.

Trevor started up.

"She is doing it to keep me out of prison," he declared. "It isn't true. She is in love with him—"

"Yes," said Mrs. Hunt.

"And engaged to him."

"No," said Mrs. Hunt. "No!"

"She only says that because she —" Trevor began.

"Hush!" said Mrs. Newcombe. "Hush!" She walked over to Mrs. Hunt and put her hand on her shoulder. "There is more in this than money," she said. "Let us put that aside. We are two women who love my brother very much in our ways. You can't marry him by a trick like that; and now that you have done it, you can't marry him at all. He would never forgive it; though perhaps, if he would—well, it wouldn't have been a very suitable marriage for him in any case. You know that as well as I do; and we are thinking of him, because we both care so much for him, and—it is a hard world to us women! You can't marry him, my dear."

Mrs. Hunt bowed silently. Then she rose. Her brother gave her his arm, and they went. Mrs. Newcombe put her husband's card in Trevor's hand as he passed her.

"Call there," she said, "and he will do what I have promised."

Then she went up-stairs to her brother. She buried her face on his shoulder and cried.

III.

ONE morning, a month after Lane's accident, Mrs. Newcombe called upon Mrs. Hunt. Mrs. Newcombe's face had lost its smiles; and she noticed that Mrs. Hunt looked ill.

"You have worried over him too," she said.

"Of course," Mrs. Hunt answered. "Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you. Do you distrust me, or only dislike me, Mrs. Hunt?"

"Neither, Mrs. Newcombe."

"I am glad! You will be surprised, perhaps, to know that I am inclined to like you; and certainly I trust you. A month ago my brother put himself in my hands. He is slipping through them." She gave a little sob. "No, dear; I don't mean to *you*. He is slipping away from us both."

Mrs. Hunt threw out her hands desperately. Mrs. Newcombe took both of them in hers.

"I believe that *these* could hold him," she said, "if — but I can't talk to you as 'Mrs. Hunt.' Your name is Edith, isn't it? Edith — please forgive me—is there any reason why he shouldn't marry you?"

"I am—my father's daughter," said Edith Hunt, "and my brother's sister."

"Never mind them! Yourself, Edith—*yourself*?"

"How dare you?" Mrs. Hunt drew herself up. "How dare you? As if I would dream of marrying him, if there were any reason of that kind against it! Please go."

Mrs. Newcombe rose and put her arm round Mrs. Hunt and kissed her.

"I didn't think so," she said, "but he put himself in my hands, you see, dear. I *had* to be sure."

"You aren't sure," Mrs. Hunt said haughtily. "You have only my word."

"That is enough, Edith."

The tall woman dropped her head on the shoulder of the little one. They were silent for a long while.

"Now," Mrs. Newcombe said, "I will put him in your hands, if I can. I have always been able to do anything with Jack. I call him my 'baby brother.' But now—I don't know. You see, it isn't the — the deceit that stands in the way. If he thought that you did it because you loved him, he would forgive it easily enough. I'm not at all sure that he wouldn't regard it as rather a virtue! But he thinks that you only wanted him for his money, and that you sold him for three thousand pounds. That is his absurd way of putting it. He's quite beyond argu-

ment. It never is any use arguing with a man! And meanwhile he's just dying for the want of you, Edith; slipping away from life, because he can't find enough interest to hold to. Will you sink your pride, and come and make him believe that you love him?"

"I will try," Mrs. Hunt said.

Lane was lying upon a couch in his sister's drawing-room, blinking listlessly at the wall, when they went in. He did not turn round. His sister took both of his hands and gently placed them in those of Edith Hunt.

"Baby brother," she said, "you are in safe hands now—in loving hands and faithful!"

He turned and saw the face of the woman he loved; and she caught his hands to her, and drew him back to life and love.



LOVE'S LAST FAREWELL

Farewell, my own beloved, long farewell,
 Since dawns the hour when we must ever part.
 My prayers shall be that with you e'er may dwell
 The pure and perfect peace of God, dear heart.

Farewell, dear love, farewell through all the years,
 The yawning years that drift us far away;
 I'll plead that angels guard you; through my tears
 One earnest prayer for you I'll always say.

Farewell, beloved! While with throbbing breast,
 I watch alone the even skies above,
 Oft to my heart this pleading prayer I'll press,
 That you may have sweet dreams, sweet dreams of love.
 —Mabel Aileen Nard.

Canada's Chances in the Money Market

This department of MacLean's is handled monthly by the associate editor of The Financial Post of Canada, the leading financial newspaper of the Dominion. The articles which Mr. Appleton will contribute will deal with the business and financial situation, and will be of particular interest to business and professional men who desire to keep closely in touch with conditions and developments throughout the country. In this article the money situation is considered. While there may be some stringency this year the writer, on the whole, takes an optimistic outlook.

By John Appleton

AN EMINENT Toronto banker on several occasions recently stated to the writer that during the present year money would be tight. He did not mean that the present acute stringency would be of long duration, but that money would be much harder to get during the whole of the ensuing ten months than it has been during the past year or so. This view is held also by leading bankers in Montreal. There is, of course, some difference of opinion amongst bankers as to the exact nature of the causes which affect conditions in Canada. Some of them take an optimistic view. In making enquiries with a view to eliciting the opinion of the men who have charge of the purse strings, the writer remarked to one manager that his colleague took an optimistic view of the immediate future. "Yes," he said, "he has a little money to lend at call to-day and that is making him feel better." The banker, optimistic in his views, has good authorities from which he can quote in support of his way of looking on business and money conditions. To some of these authorities reference will be made later.

It speaks well for the Canadian banking system, and for the credit of Canada as a whole, that so critical a period has practically passed without serious disturbance. When cities like Toronto

have to sell securities on a basis that permits of their being retailed to investors so as to yield 5 per cent., it indicates that a very severe stringency exists. "Present tightness of money is quite as pronounced as it was in 1907 with the difference that the stringency at that time was accompanied by a somewhat dramatic situation in New York," is a statement made to the writer by one of the leading bankers of the continent.

To realize how stringent is the money market it is only necessary to examine the rates in force by the leading state banks of Europe, and the average rate in New York. London's bank rate is the one of most concern to Canada. Averaging the February rate there for ten years, it is found to be 3.56 as compared with one at the present time of 5.00. From November to the following July the tendency is downward and from July onward to December the trend is upward. A ten-year period is in review. Exceptional conditions have arisen occasionally which interrupted this normal trend.

In Germany the easy money period of the year, as determined by a ten-year average, is in April and in New York in May. The German rate is at present six per cent. and in New York the rate is high compared with the average of a few months ago. At these higher rates

the supply of money is not plentiful. In the New York clearing house bank depositors are over \$100,000,000 less than they were a year ago and the surplus reserve on February 21 was \$7,747,000 as compared with \$28,700,000 a year ago, and \$40,359,000 two years ago. The Bank of England's proportion of reserve to liabilities during February averaged 46 per cent. as compared with an average during the past five years of approximately 52. General decreases in cash reserve, when they should be increases, is a condition properly giving rise to some uneasiness.

Canadians, realizing that so much capital is drawn from abroad to develop their country, have cause to keep their eye on these fundamental considerations in determining the trend of the local money market. Their bankers have a good grip of the situation and are carrying out a policy that as far as possible eliminates speculation. Call loans show but slight change from month to month and at present and during the closing months of 1912 were gradually reduced. At most they are not considerable in Canada. Those abroad are not held for speculation as is popularly, but erroneously supposed. What money is out on call in Canada at the present moment is not more than the legitimate requirements of brokers. "My instructions to branches," said one superintendent, "is not to lend to other borrowers than producers."

This is the policy being generally followed at the beginning of March and undoubtedly will be adhered to until such time as more cash flows into the banks. In pursuing this policy the country will not suffer. Wealth is not created by speculation. To keep moving the forces that produce wealth is the greatest service the banks can do for the country. Though from all financial centres there come many reports as to severe stringency there are no loud complaints from the producers. Local troubles are to be found due to special causes and these are not essentially dissimilar to those prevalent when money conditions are normal. Speculative business, however, is depressed—in fact

reduced to a minimum. To Canada this is a great change. For some years the public mind has been obsessed with a moving panorama of development which afforded ample scope for the speculator. To be dropped from this exciting plane down to the humdrum daily grind of production is decidedly depressing. Tight money means fewer real estate transactions out of which huge profits are netted; it means a limited market for the disposal of unexploited mining claims; it means a public disposition to ignore all offerings of a speculative character. But a few months ago doubtful real estate offerings were readily absorbed in Canada as well as in the United Kingdom. All kinds of wild-cat stock offerings were imposed upon the public. To such an extent did this kind of thing obtain as to cause the enactment in Manitoba of a "blue sky" law. This kind of speculation was fostered successfully by the wonderful array of progress figures manipulators were able to place before the public. Statistical presentation of Canada's progress during the present decade appeals very strongly to the imagination. Enthusiasm as to the country's future waxes warmer as accurate knowledge of its growth, as shown by actual and unquestioned figures, enlarges. Canadians have every right to be proud of this progress, but to over-speculate with it as a basis is dangerous. It is exciting to do so and has been exciting. But the limit for the time being has been reached. Though the tendency to speculate may be as great as ever the means, or credit, wherewith to do so are not available. On the other hand for the purposes of production, of business not regarded as speculative, the supply of credit is not limited to the extent of provoking serious complaint.

Reference has been made to local complaints and of these perhaps the majority emanate from the West. That can be readily understood. That vast new territory has been the seat of much speculation and exploitation and to a greater extent than the eastern portion of the Dominion, depends upon a supply of credit. Take away the real estate business, the excitement incident to the

fortunes made and those anxiously expected, there is still left the great asset—perhaps the greatest the Dominion has—the productive capacity of the West. But to produce—grow grain or fell the tree—is mundane and dull compared with the excitement of laying out a paltry first payment to-day and to-morrow selling at a huge profit as by gambling in real estate. But it is the mundane and the dull, so-called, that tells in the upbuilding of the country. If the banks take care of the producers, those who hew and till, the country will continue to progress as substantially as ever.

If there is trouble in Canada at the present time it is largely psychological. The public is conscious of the absence of the excitement of speculation of which there has been too much. To settle down to normal is depressing and too often the discomfort of having to do so is credited to "tight" money. The reality is that the unproductive effervescence of speculation has been dissipated but the substantial agencies of production are strengthening and expanding. Clear heads and discrimination is all that is needed to keep Canada moving forward during the present and immediately succeeding years. Cessation of speculation will help in a large measure and the abundance of production will stimulate exploration for which the field is greater than ever.

In March it was pointed out that the great railroad undertakings had their operations for the present year financed. Their operations on a larger scale than last will continue throughout the present year. That part, and it is an important part, of Canada's needs are provided for in so far as new capital is concerned. There are however other needs. Building operations cannot continue on as large a scale in the West as they have been doing. Last year's record was exceptional. But money is needed for a very large amount of necessary building. This has not reference only to cities but to the farmstead as well. It is more necessary to the growth of the country as a whole that the farm home should be made desirable than that the cities should be provided with magnificent buildings, spacious boulevards and

monuments. Money is needed also to build up our industries and to develop our mines. These are reproductive undertakings. Take for instance the mining industry of British Columbia, which during 1912 turned out \$9,106,928 in value more than in the preceding year. In 1890 the output was only \$2,608,808. Compare this with the record of the last two years:

	1912	1911
	\$	\$
Gold	5,461,000	5,151,513
Silver	1,676,000	958,293
Copper	8,339,000	4,571,644
Lead	1,520,000	1,069,521
Zinc	501,000	129,092
Coal	9,275,000	7,675,717
Coke	1,584,000	396,030
Miscellaneous ..	4,250,000	3,547,262

Total .. 32,606,000 23,499,072

In 1912 the mineral output of Ontario was \$47,471,990 an increase over 1911 of \$5,495,193.

From other provinces similar figures indicating expansion of productive resources could be quoted but the foregoing are sufficient. Quite recently the census figures showed to what a large extent our industrial products had increased, as well as those from agricultural industry. It is superfluous to enlarge upon this point. Capital being invested in Canada is augmenting her productive capacity, which is not being handicapped at the present time by the lack of bank credit. Canadians have nothing to fear in regard to the money outlook in the immediate future so long as the banks take care of the productive agencies of the Dominion and this they are doing at the present time.

Already it has been indicated that reserves of banks are very low. Those of Canada abroad are unusually light. This is not a condition that augurs well, the cause of the lower balances of Canadian banks in London and elsewhere is the reticence of Canadians to sell securities at the prices offered. Market conditions were certainly not favorable nor have they up to the time of writing changed. But now through the pressure of Canadian banks there has been selling in London on terms

demanded there. Interest rates are higher, no doubt, but even at the present level, Canadians are in a more fortunate position than countries not blessed by being included in the empire. Proceeds from the sale of these securities will strengthen the position of the Canadian banks and enable them to cope with the commercial demands that will be made upon them during the spring months. Wholesalers are already negotiating for accommodation during the shipping season of 1913 and drafts are coming to hand from exporters to Canada. This class of business is not in much danger of being exposed to lack of credit. But as to the supply of money for the loan company, for the extensive building operations in the Canadian West and for the farm loans the outlook at the present time is not so hopeful. This class of money is now obtained from the continent of Europe to a very large extent. Last year a million or two was invested in cities of the Canadian West by the larger of the life insurance companies of New York but those organizations have not as yet been convinced of the soundness of the western farm mortgage. It may be that higher rates may attract money from across Canada's southern border for farm loans as higher rates for municipal loans have attracted United States buyers. But for some years yet the farm loan money supply will have to be drawn from across the Atlantic and from the European mainland at that. Britishers have been making money out of their own industries and they find that they can get higher rates from borrowers abroad by holding out for them. Either the supply of money for the farm loan will be less or the rate will be higher. It is not likely that the companies operating will pay more to the lenders from abroad unless they can get more from the borrower. The present margin for operating expenses is none too large. It is possible, however, that the atmosphere in Europe may clear.

Already we have referred to authorities that take a very hopeful view of the future. Some of the best of the Canadian bankers are in this category. It will not be necessary here to refer to

more than one or two, and these from the larger centres of capital supply.

In the middle of February, Sir George Paish, writing from Paris, stated that conditions there were in a state of "masterly inactivity." But he added: "Everything is in shape for an active year, but the public and bankers are just waiting on events. They are not pessimistic. They are, indeed, of good courage, but they think the time to make a movement will come when peace is restored in the Balkans. They believe peace to be near, and that it will bring renewed peace confidence and activity. No great importance is now attached to the hoarding of cash which has been going on in France as well as in Germany and Austria since the war began.

It is recognized that hoarding has been fairly general, and that a good deal of cash has been put into safe deposits, strong boxes, and even into stockings as a precaution against possible developments in the Balkans. Nevertheless, the very fact that a large amount of cash is hoarded is now one of the causes of optimism, bankers anticipating that the conclusion of peace will bring all this cash back to the banks in subscriptions to new loans, and that money-market money will thus become abundant and relatively cheap."

More cheerful still is the assurance of Sir George Paish that France and Britain will still have each year £200,000,000 for investment and as soon as these countries are satisfied that peace is established on a secure basis the inducements to lend their money will be better than they have hitherto been. Canada can offer the best of inducements to lenders and a year's, or two or three years' freedom from excessive speculation, will give the productive resources of the country more opportunity to impress themselves upon the investing public of the world.

Lord Fabre, another Englishman, referred to by one of London's leading journals as the greatest provincial banker, stated that the profits from manufacturing industry in Britain were of an exceedingly satisfactory character. This means an accumulation of savings that

will in due course be available for investment. If Canada maintains her credit in England's market, these profits will, in a measure, be available. But Lord Fabre points to one cloud on the industrial horizon of Britain that may present its silver lining to Canada. His Lordship, while fully realizing the temporary advantage that will occur to the factories of Bradford by a reduction in the tariff on textiles imported into the United States, says that if a radical reduction is made the result will be an industrial development in the States that will make the British manufacturers "look about." An industrial development in the United States would create a demand for the raw materials of the Dominion. Canada stands to profit no matter which way the pendulum swings in the United States. When England's industries flourish we are assured of a supply of new capital and if those of the United States by tariff re-adjustment are placed on a basis that enables them

to enter the world's markets, the exploitation of the resources of Canada will follow. Meanwhile England's thriftiness is such as to afford the Dominion every hope that our new capital needs will be met. There is an additional assurance in the fact that the higher interest rates have widened our market. We can with confidence, look to the United States for more money than hitherto has been received from that source. Big purses on that side of the line are far more accessible to us as the owners realize that our annual production is reaching such a volume as to affect prices of the leading commodities on which the great wealth of the United States rests. With an acute stringency passing away, war clouds disappearing and the assurances of the highest authorities as to the soundness of fundamental conditions, there does not appear to be any reason for over-anxiety for the business health of the Dominion.



WHAT THINK I!

Have you sinned, what think I?
Should I ever pass you by?

Loving once and loving free,
I love to eternity.

Did you wound me, what think I?
Shall I always bitter sigh?

Anything, each sad mistake,
I can pass for your dear sake.

Will you kill me, what think I?
I'll be happy where I lie,

If I meet your lips once more,
In a kiss like those of yore.

—Aileen Beaufort.

The Best Selling Book of the Month

In each issue of MacLean's we are telling the story of the most popular book of the month. For this purpose we have called to our aid the editor of "The Bookseller and Stationer," the newspaper of the book trade in Canada. At the end of every month the leading booksellers from the Atlantic to the Pacific send a report to that paper, giving the list of the six best sellers. This will be most valuable information for our readers who want a popular book, but who, until now, have had no really reliable information to guide them. In addition to telling what the book is about, the sketch will be made doubly interesting by timely references to the career of the author. In no other way can our readers so readily, with so little expense of time and money, obtain up-to-date education in current literature.

By Editor of "Bookseller and Stationer"

AGAIN it becomes necessary to devote attention to the novels coming second in the list of six best sellers, Ralph Connor's "Corporal Cameron" maintaining its lead for another month. But the appearance of "The Happy Warrior" is none the less sensational as an event in the book trade. This novel, in the general enthusiasm marking its reception by the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic, recalls the big success scored several seasons ago by Jeffery Farnol with his "Broad Highway." The "Happy Warrior" is the vehicle which carries another young English author into high fame. His name is A. S. M. Hutchinson. "The Happy Warrior" is not his first novel, having been preceded by "Once Aboard the Lugger." But it is a significant fact that "Once Aboard the Lugger" was published in Canada only after the coming of "The Happy Warrior."

The first novel was not so ambitious an undertaking as the author's second effort, being a humorous tale somewhat "chaotic and discursive" as one reviewer put it, but remarkable for its "amazing variety and originality." "Once Aboard the Lugger" at times suggests Fielding, but in it Hutchinson cannot be said to have followed any known model and the book stamped him as being a man of rare imaginative powers, possessed of a

fund of delicate humor expressed in a most refined manner.

Now he has given us a genuinely big novel. It is one of those wholesome tales written for the pure delight of unfolding a story with characters of strength and sincerity, making it stand out in bold relief against books written simply as a means of introducing discussions of sex or psychological problems emphasizing unhealthy conditions of life and having a pessimistic influence. "The Happy Warrior", in fact, may be taken as a protest against such literary muck-raking. It lifts one into a better atmosphere and after following the career of the magnificent central character of Hutchinson's fine new story, the reader cannot but have the impression that this old world is, after all, not such a bad place in which to live.

Canadian readers will be interested in learning something about the author of "The Happy Warrior." A. S. M. Hutchinson is to-day the editor of "The Daily Graphic" of London, England, and the remarkable success he has scored with his novel, has not induced him to leave the active newspaper field. He is a native of India, his father having been a general in the British Army. The family shares the military instincts. Two brothers are in the army and the author himself would have joined but



A. S. M. Hutchinson and his sister. He regards his sister as the best judge of fiction he knows, and has read to her "The Happy Warrior," bit by bit as it was written.

for being prevented from doing so by reason of defective eyesight. He has expressed the opinion that soldiering is the only career for a man. When unable to enter the army he essayed to a military medical career but found that he could not be satisfied with the shadow in place of the substance. It was while a medical student eight years ago, that he began writing and after having a couple of poems and a short sketch or two accepted by London Weeklies, he deliberately adopted literature as his means of livelihood. For three months he wrote something every day and some of his writings attracted such attention with Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson's, Ltd., that he became assistant editor of the "Royal" Magazine and co-editor of the "Rapid Review." After four years with Pearson's he entered daily journalism, beginning as a leader-note writer and recently he became editor-in-chief of The Daily Graphic, though still on the sunny side of thirty.

His first novel appeared in 1908, having been written in his spare time dur-

ing a period in which he was engaged on two London dailies, beginning his writing for one at 9 o'clock in the morning and the other at ten o'clock at night!

"The Happy Warrior" was started four years ago and what manner of man the author is may be judged by the fact that although the tale was completed, except for final revision, in September 1911, owing to slight discrepancies of time and place, which might easily have been passed over, as they frequently are by successful authors, he decided that the whole story would have to be written over again. This conscientious decision meant another year of the closest application, for by nature he is a slow and painstaking writer. Some of the scenes had to be written over and over again many times in order to remove obstacles in the nature of slight improbabilities which the writer's scrupulous conscience could not allow to pass.

Mr. Hutchinson is a great walker and spends hours at a time roaming over the stretches of Hampstead Heath, on

the edge of which he lives with his mother and sister. Unlike many other writers, however, the thinking which enters into his books is not done during

his sister, whom he considers the best judge of fiction he knows and to her he reads his novels in the making. The author of "The Happy Warrior"



A. S. M. Hutchinson, 'in his best clothes,' taken in his garden when starting out.

his walks. That he can only do, he says, when he is seated at his desk pen in hand.

In one of the accompanying illustrations the author is shown along with

attributes his success to "luck." "When I look back," he said recently, "at the ease with which—absolutely without influence—I got a footing in Fleet Street, I know, contrasting myself with infin-

Review of Reviews

In this department MacLean's is running each month a synopsis of the best articles appearing in the leading current magazines of the world. An effort is made to cover as wide a range of subjects as possible in the space available, and to this end the reviews are carefully summarized. In brief, readable reference is made to the leading magazine articles of the day—a review of the best current literature.

Lord Morley as a Man of Letters

IT is only lately that America has seen the entry of literary men into the political arena. In England it is an old story. But in both countries the trend is in one direction only—we do not find retired politicians going in for literature. Few rise to eminence in both fields; such a one, we are reminded, is often "known only as a man of letters among politicians, and as a mere politician among men of letters," but this is not the way to describe Lord Morley, who as a man of letters, chiefly figures as plain John Morley. "No statesman has held higher rank in the realm of literature," declares Alexander Mackintosh in the *English Bookman*, "no writer of books, except Disraeli, has risen higher in the service of the State." Lord Morley seems to have seen both sides of such a career with almost equal force, for he is found saying of Burke that, like some others, he "showed that books are a better preparation for statesmanship than early training in the subordinate posts and among the permanent officials of a public department." On the other hand, in his essay on Vauvenargues, he writes that "for sober, healthy, and robust judgment on human nature and life, active and sympathetic contact with men in the transaction of the many affairs of their daily life is a better preparation than any amount of wholly meditative seclusion." The author here analyzing Lord Morley presents another quotation that seems to indicate that the literary life is the lesser in its appeal to him. In writing of Turgot he said:

"Most literature, nearly all literature, is distinctly subordinate and secondary; it only serves to pass the time of the learned or cultured class, without making any definite mark either on the mental habits of

men and women, or on the institutions under which they live. Compared with such literature as this, the work of an administrator who makes life materially easier and more helpful to the half-million of persons living in the Generality of Limoges or elsewhere must be pronounced emphatically the worthier and more justly satisfactory."

For all that, it seems probable more actual years of Lord Morley's life have been given to letters than to affairs. The "two men who made me," as he said, were John Stuart Mill and Gladstone—men of the pen as well as the forum. "Burke and Wordsworth, Goethe and Emerson were among the teachers who influenced him through the printed word; for a time he felt the spell, also, of Carlyle, and he owed much in his walk through life to the companionship of George Meredith." He began editorial work as soon as he left Oxford, and in the early sixties was writing for *The Saturday Review*. Some of the pearls he was sprinkling then are here strung together:

"In an essay on 'False Steps,' the young man remarks that 'probably about the most fatal blunder that anybody can perpetrate is a bad marriage; and, moreover, of all blunders this is the commonest.' Again, in 'Clever Men's Wives,' he declares: 'No wife is perfect who cannot be a severe critic upon occasion.' Discussing 'Minor Tribulations,' he says: 'If a man tells you that he likes the flavor of Gladstone claret as well as that of Lafitte, or Cape as well as Port, or a bad dinner as well as a good one, you know at once that he is talking only for the sake of some imaginary effect; and you not only scout his execrable philosophy but entirely disbelieve in his sin-

cerity.' On 'Philosophers and Politicians,' he gives a hint of his own ambition by saying: 'Some men would rather have been the author of "Hamlet" or the Principia, than have held the highest authority in the State, but they are very often just the men of the smallest intellectual caliber and least likely to erect one of these intellectual monuments more lasting than brass.' Perhaps he was thinking of himself when he saw 'no good reason why the hopes of a political career should stand in the way of what might be an extremely useful literary career.'

Lord Morley's literary and political power really dates, we are assured, from the time when he assumed the control of *The Fortnightly Review*. As contributors he drew such men as Bagehot and Freeman, Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, Swinburne, William Morris and Rossetti. Besides his biography of Gladstone his books deal with the leaders of French and English public life in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He has made excursions

also into the realm of pure letters, writing about Emerson, Wordsworth and Matthew Arnold among others.

"Lord Morley told Matthew Arnold that 'whenever I travel I carry a volume of your writings with me. Before making a speech I read it for inspiration and afterwards I read it again for consolation.' There are politicians and journalists who frequently turn for stimulus and also for solace to his own essays, finding therein a store of suggestive ideas expressed in a style which is both easy and dignified. Take, at random, that literary gem, the sketch of W. R. Greg. The personal touches are graphic, as when we read that 'he liked pleasant gardens; set a high value on leisure and even vacuity; did not disdain novels; and had the sense to prefer good wine to bad.' One thinks several times of the writer himself when reading what he says of Greg. For instance, 'the vice of small talk and the sin of posing he was equally free from; and if he did not happen to be interested he had a great gift of silence.'"

From Ape to Man

JUST as man's brain is enormously larger than that of the ordinary monkeys, although his general make and anatomy is closely similar to theirs, so we find that the rhinoceros has an enormous brain as compared with extinct rhinoceros-like animals, the predecessors and ancestors of those now living, says Sir Ray Lankester, K.C.B., F.R.S., in an article under the above heading in the *Daily Telegraph*.

Descartes and other philosophers have held that there is a great difference in the mental processes of animals as compared with those of man in this, namely, that man is "conscious," that is to say, conscious of himself as "I," and, as it were, looks on at himself acting on and being acted on by surrounding existences, whilst (so it is assumed) animals have not this consciousness, but are "automata," going through all the processes of life, and even behaving more or less as man does in similar circumstances, yet without being "conscious." This difference between man and animals is certainly not so absolute as it is sometimes asserted to be. It is, no doubt, true that many of the complicated actions of insects are carried on without consciousness of what they are doing. Such

is the storing by certain wasps of smaller insects in carefully-cut chambers, to serve as food for the wasp's young, to be hatched from an egg to be laid in the "cold-storage chamber." The mother wasp will go on doing this when she has had the hind part of her body removed and has no eggs to lay. The "procession-caterpillars," which migrate from tree to tree, crawling in a long row of forty or more individuals, one behind the other, the head of each touching the tail of the one in front (as one often sees in the South of France), can be gradually turned in their course, so that the head of the first, or leader, the only one unoccupied, shall touch the tail of the last. They then continue moving round and round in a circle for many hours, even days, according to M. Fabre, who remarks of them and of other insects which carry out most elaborate operations which look like the acts of conscious reason: "Ils ne savent rien de rien" ("They know nothing about anything"). They are, in fact, unconscious "automata." This is the conclusion of the greatest student of insect life who has lived in my time.

At the same time, there is no reason to doubt that something like consciousness—

a beginning of it—exists in such animals as dogs and monkeys.

The insects of which Fabre says: "They know nothing about anything," inherit a nervous mechanism—a brain and elongated mass of nerve-cells and fibres, like our spinal cord—which works sharply and definitely like a toy-automaton.

On the other hand, there are in higher animals, and especially in man, a vast number of actions performed which are not the outcome of an inborn ready-made nervous mechanism. On the contrary, these actions are determined by a mechanism built up in the animal during its individual existence—a mechanism which is formed by its individual experience acting on its nerve-cells, and is the outcome of observation, comparison and more or less of processes which we call judgment and reasoning. The persistence of this mechanism built up by the individual, as well as its continuous elaboration and development, is what we call "memory," unconscious or conscious. It is misleading to speak of "inherited memory" or "race memory;" the word should be reserved for its ordinary limitation to an individual's record. This new and superior apparatus appears to require a much larger bulk of brain-substance for its elaboration than that which is sufficient for the inherited mechanisms of instinct. In proportion as the brain increases in volume, the animal to which that brain belongs loses, gets rid of, inherited mechanisms or instincts, and becomes "educable," that is to say, forms for itself new individual brain mechanisms based on memorized experience.

"Educability" is the quality which distinguishes the brain of increased size. Dogs are more "educable" than rabbits; monkeys more so than dogs; and men more so—vastly more so—than monkeys and apes. The human infant is born with a few inherited mechanisms of "instinct." It is singularly free from any large number of inherited "instincts," and, to its own great advantage, has, during the many years in which it is protected by its parents, to learn everything and to construct new brain mechanisms—the results of "education" of the individual, using the word "education" in its proper and widest sense.

Thus we get an indication of "the reason why" the modern rhinoceros has a brain eight times as big as the titanotherium's. It is more "educable." The ancestors of our modern armor-plated friend have been surviving and beating their less "educable" brothers and sisters and cousins through a vast geological lapse of time; and the brains

of the survivors have always been bigger, and they have become more educable and more educated until the race has culminated in those models of "sweet reasonableness," the modern rhinoceroses! The same signification—"educability"—attaches to the large brain of the higher apes; and man's still larger brain means still greater educability and resulting reasonableness.

It is found—so far as observation and experiment have been carried—that savages belonging to races showing very low mental accomplishments in their native surroundings are yet capable of being "educated" to a far higher level of mental performance, when removed in early youth from their natural conditions and subjected to the same conditions as the better-cared-for children of a civilized race, than any of them ever reach in their own communities.

Very few really satisfactory experiments have been made in this direction, but the history of the negroes in America shows that the pure unmixed negro brain is capable of showing high mathematical power, musical gifts of the best, and moral and philosophical activities equal to those of the best, or all but the exceptionally gifted individuals of European race. It seems that the large educable brain gained by man in a relatively early period of his development from the ape has now entered on a new phase of importance. The pressure of natural selection no longer favors an increased educability (and therefore size) of brain, but the later progress of man has depended on the actual administration by each generation to its successors of an increasingly systematized exercise of that brain; in short, it has depended on education itself, and on the gigantic new possibilities of education, which have followed from the development, first, of language, then of writing, and lastly of printing, together with the accompanying growth and development of social organization, the inter-communication of all races, and the carrying on, by means of the Great Record—the written and printed documents of humanity—of the experience or knowledge of each passing generation of men to those of the present time.

A great difference between man and apes is the greater power of expression of various feelings or emotions by the face, and also the greater variety and significance in man of the gestures both of the upper and the lower limbs. Man seems to have developed in an ever-increasing degree the habit of watching and interpreting the face and of giving by it expression to his emotions and states of mind, thus establishing

a ready means of producing common feeling and interest in a group of associated individuals.

What I have written on the differences and likenesses between apes and man and the probable steps of the transition from ape to man, may assist the reader to form a judgement as to the importance of such remains of extinct races of men as the skeleton of the Sainte Chapelle, the Heidelberg jaw, and the Piltown jaw and cranium lately dug up in Sussex, in helping us to further knowledge of those steps. It should be definitely noted that we have not yet found any extinct ape-like animals which come nearer to man than the chimpanzee

and gorilla, although we are led to infer that such creatures existed, and that their fossil remains will probably some day be discovered. As I have already stated, we do not suppose that these forms will prove to be actually intermediate between the existing higher apes and man, but that they will indicate a separate branch from the Simian stock coming off at any earlier date and independently of these existing higher apes. The fossil remains mentioned above as well as the skull-top and thigh-bone from Java indicate creatures well on "the man side" of the transition. They are vastly more man-like than ape-like. We do not yet know of fossil apes more man-like than existing apes.

Pantry Secrets of a Great Hotel

HOME cooking is likely to suit the individual palate so much better than the fare of the average hotel or restaurant that the phrase in the ears of the homeless man means positive luxury, writes L. Lamprey in the *Delineator*. Yet there are points in first-class hotel service which are worth knowing and keeping in reserve for those occasions on which the house-wife wavers between thought of the expense of a caterer and fear of not achieving perfect service.

A few minutes spent in the serving department of a really first-class hotel is instructive. In a business in which minutes, even seconds, count and there is no time for "fussing," system becomes an art, and executive ability is worth much fine silver.

The difference between having these qualities and not having them spells success or failure in the hotel business. They are peculiar possessions of the hotel man which, as a rule, the boarding mistress can not boast, and yet there is not a device used in the hotel "pantry" that can not be duplicated in the home or the boarding-house.

The "pantry" is the technical name for the room in which the serving is done and the dishes washed and dried and put away. The first thing encountered in this room is the huge plate-warmer heated by steam or gas, in which every dish and plate and platter needed for hot food is kept at a temperature just short of being too hot to handle.

This is the first and most important difference between home service and good hotel service—hot dishes. It is easy to

keep the platter, bowl and plate hot, either in a pan of hot water, a plate-warmer or a tin oven, and care in this respect makes the difference between the well-served meal and the one that comes on haphazard. Things that are hot should be piping-hot; cold things should be ice-cold. This is the first law of gastronomy and is the rule in good hotel service.

The roasts in the hotel are kept hot in a specially constructed serving-table built like a huge oblong tub, with the trays containing the meats on top, set into water kept hot by steam-coils or some other appliance. The fact that a roasting-pan set into simmering water will keep the roast, closely covered, in far better condition than a hot oven, is one of those truths which hotels have grasped and boarding-houses have not. The same rule applies to vegetables which have to be kept hot for several hours. These are kept covered when the serving is not actually going on, so that the flavor may be retained.

Many of the large hotels now cook by gas or electricity, and the huge gas-ranges made for their use, instead of having a certain number of burners, have the whole top grid-ironed so that pots can be moved about and crowded more closely than would otherwise be possible. This extra cooking room can be obtained on a home gas-range by the use of one of the sheet-iron tops sold for the purpose.

The hotel waiter, passing from one table to another, receives his portions and vanishes behind the swinging doors into the dining-room. The secret of his art is to

have everything within reach without wasting a motion. It should be said for the much-abused fraternity that, in nine cases out of ten, slow service in a hotel is the fault, not of the waiter, but of the kitchen furnishings.

In some hotels which pass as the best there is not enough silver of any kind, and an order has to wait until a tray comes out of the dining-room with silver on it which can be washed hurriedly for use again. These conditions, however, do not apply in the really first-class hotel. It is not often, nowadays, that the waiter has to give half of his tips to the cook to secure precedence. Hotel men have learned by losses that time is money.

The way in which a hotel cook makes an omelet is an object-lesson in dexterity. There is at least one man on duty at breakfast-time who does nothing but cook eggs. He has a small griddle just the right size for an omelet. Flip! the eggs drop into a bowl! Swish! they are beaten into a froth! Sizz! they drop on the hot griddle! One turn of the wrist and the eggs are folded once then—flop! the omelet is finished and slides off on to the hot platter.

A lesson taught by the hotel is that to make a successful omelet it must be cooked quickly on a hot iron griddle and served on a hot platter with a cover over it. Metal covers last forever and cost less than fine china, yet they are seldom found in the house-keeper's kitchen.

Home and boarding-house service is particularly prone to failure in cases where food must be kept warm, or cooked at an

undefined hour. The average woman will delay clearing her table or washing her dishes for an hour or two rather than make fresh coffee or serve a separate meal. She will set a plate of food in the oven where it dries to a crisp, when it could as easily be kept hot or much more satisfactorily reheated in hot water.

The hotel-keeper can not depend on regular attendance at meal-times. The better his hotel, the more likely are guests to drop in at unheard-of hours. He is accustomed to provide for such contingencies, and he does.

There is many a woman eking out a difficult life keeping boarders who might make a comfortable living with a well-kept lunch-room or restaurant if she would take the trouble to master the few points in which good hotel service excels—hot food, hot dishes, clean linen (easily achieved in these days of washing-machines and mangles) and flavoring.

The hotel chef understands that there are other seasonings besides salt and pepper. He flavors with parsley, chives, tarragon and a half dozen other things perfectly easy of access to anybody who can grow a kitchen window-boxful of green herbs, the use of which gives variety and delicacy of flavor.

The sprig of parsley or watercress around the chops, the leaf of lettuce under the vegetable salad—these are the things which we pay for at the rate of a dollar or two a night, when they would cost us in our own homes a fraction of that sum if we chose to study the art of serving.

[Painting the Wonders Under the Sea

MR. Z. H. PRITCHARD, an artist now working in California, devotes his life to painting pictures under water. He holds that it is impossible to catch the colors and what might be called the atmosphere of submarine scenery by any method of observation from the surface. Even when the disturbing effect of the broken surface of the water is eliminated by using a glass-bottomed boat or tube, everything appears unnatural and distorted to the beholder. Mr. Pritchard goes down to the bottom of the ocean wearing a diver's helmet, and makes sketches on waterproof paper with waterproof crayons. The paintings are then completed in his studio. The wonderful work of this artist is described by

Charles H. Carroll in an article in the Scientific American.

Mr. Pritchard is an Englishman by birth. When still a boy he made for himself a pair of water-tight goggles, similar to those worn by the famous pearl divers of the South Seas. These goggles are merely bits of cow horn cut and shaped to fit the eyes. They allow a small space of air between the eyes and the water so that one can see very well. With these goggles the young man studied the "landscapes" under water with a clear vision. His imagination had been fired by Jules Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," but he speedily discovered that it was impossible to shoot birds from the sea bottom, as

Verne asserted, as the sky is rarely glimpsed by the diver, and then only by looking directly upward, for at a moderate angle the surface becomes a gigantic silver mirror, reflecting the silent cities of coral and the lone, grotesque figure of the diver.

Mr. Pritchard became a decorator in England, and a very successful one. He had preserved a few sketches made from memory of the scenes under water, and showed them to some critics; but when his fellow artists ridiculed his work, he became discouraged.

About this time his health failed, and his doctors ordered him to go to Egypt. Instead, he went to Tahiti, one of the South Sea Islands, where he learned the most wonderful coral formations in the world were to be found. Arrived there, he decided to take up actively the work of painting the under-water world.

His process at first was comparatively crude. He would go out in his boat with his helpers, find his country with a glass-bottomed box and descend by means of weights hooked to his waist. Then he would make mental notes of the rock or coral formations, ascend, and paint them. But this method proved unsatisfactory. He wanted to make actual sketches under the water.

After seemingly endless experimenting he discovered a way of making waterproof paper by soaking extra heavy drawing paper in cocoanut oil and draining off the surplus. This, after drying, proved to be a good working surface. Mr. Pritchard fastened it to plate glass, which served as his drawing board, by means of surgeon's tape, in order that the water might not ooze under the paper and wrinkle it. He used Raffaelli crayons, semi-solid oil points, which are especially adapted to submarine painting.

After putting on his diving dress and goggles, he would take a good breath and lower himself down in the water, using a heavy lump of coral attached to his belt by means of a hook to keep him down. Arrived at the bottom, he would sketch from 30 to 45 seconds, then unfasten the piece of coral and ascend for breath. The coral was then drawn up by means of a rope for another descent. In this way he was able to complete his sketch after a number of descents. Nowadays he uses a diver's helmet, and is able to complete his sketch in one descent.

Thus he works, clad in his clumsy diving suit, sitting on a rock and surrounded by

the wonderful tropical fish. Of these fish Mr. Pritchard is enthusiastic. He tells of many varieties, from some so tiny that many of them together can be carried on his thumb nail, to huge monsters that drift silently and ominously past. There are the bizarre coral-eating chaetodons, that resemble nothing so much as huge butterflies on the wing. Exquisite little fish, noted for their curiosity of this strange creature in their world, and also for their almost unbelievably perfect and brilliant markings, crowd around him and swim between his fingers. The parrot fish are more dangerous, for their beaks, like those of our parrots, are sharp and strong, and if the fish is one of the larger species it can easily take a nip out of one's hand.

Under the water, says Mr. Pritchard, one seems to see rivers, lakes and waterfalls just as one does above the water. The gleaming sand, swept down by the action of the tides, furnishes this illusion. One of Mr. Pritchard's paintings of coral rocks gives the impression of a raging torrent, forcing its way between cliffs and dashing its spray up the sides of the rocks.

From sharks, octopi and swordfish there is, of course, danger. But Mr. Pritchard takes care never to descend in a spot where there is a notable absence of small fish, for that is a sure sign of danger. The most beautiful and bewildering sight of all, says the artist, is a school of fish darting by in a maze of reflected light, making the water quiver and scintillate and thrilling the silent watcher.

Mr. Pritchard's finest work has been done at Tahiti, but he has secured excellent subjects off Santa Barbara. According to the artist, the coloring beneath the ocean is all in the lowest keys, merging from deep indigo and purple into the lighter, delicate tints of pale greens, grays and yellows. Every point, every sharp edge, shimmers like silver in the upper regions. Rocks and cliffs in the dim light assume an appearance of inconceivable size. On land we see the foundations of every object, no matter how large or small its bulk, but when one looks down into the depths of the huge coral formations under water they seem to be resting upon deep, blue air.

Although he can work at any reasonable depth, Mr. Pritchard prefers about thirty feet, for there the light is clearer and at its best. He can remain under water, when wearing a diving helmet, over half an hour with perfect comfort.

Canada's Literary Dependence

THE Canadian, as revealed by Mr. Frank Wise, the president of the Macmillan Company of Canada, seems to suffer from a two-fold sensitiveness. First, because the English criticize him as un-English; second, because he finds that the propinquity of an overpowering neighbor really forces him to be what he doesn't choose to be of his own free will. "The great pity is," observes Mr. Wise in the London Daily News, "that the English can not realize that Canada is not just across the Channel, and think, because it is British, it must therefore be English." On the other hand, he confesses with some reluctance, "it is our contiguity to our neighbors that makes us what we are in our customs, manners, and habiliments, even while our hearts and natures are British." Mr. Wise is led to these reflections by an article in an English magazine in which the writer "quite failed to grasp most of the big salient facts, which by their mere existence make Canada what it is, what it has lately become, and what it is to become ever more emphatically as the century advances—this century which is Canada's." He thinks it "much to be regretted that such criticism, which is only cynicism, can find a publisher," for to him it only "suggests the poking of fun at one's country cousin because his clothes are made in the provinces rather than in Bond Street, forgetful of the fact that some day he may quite likely become the head of the family." Mr. Wise goes on to dilate on Canada's dependence on American literature, even American-made British news, and so accounts for her subtle deviations from the British character as formed in the "right-little, tight-little isle." Thus:

"We do not often stop to consider how much we are molded by what we read. It is a subtle, unconscious education that we swallow from the morning paper with our coffee, that we take from the newspaper bulletin boards as we go to lunch, and read in the evening papers or weekly journals of one kind or another as we doze in the evening over the fire or on our verandas. If it is not 'out-and-out' American news, it is foreign, often British news strained through the sieve of an American news agency. Sometimes it is very easy to see the Stars or the Stripes or sometimes both. Our English Parliamentary news frequently comes to us with the prejudice of our neighbors but lightly veiled. The bias may be unintentional, but it is, nevertheless, news material

originally intended for a people who are not British, who never intend to be, and who imagine that Canada will some day be an 'adjunct' to the United States.

"And for bright, snappy reading, whether shall we turn? Surely not to English popular magazines. There is nothing in them to attract the general Canadian reader. The dramatis personae of the stories are not comprehended by anyone who has not mingled with the English in England, and even then one does not care to read so much about commonplace people and their hopelessly commonplace daily life. Many English magazines are made for 'below-stairs' and the suburbs, and do not appeal to the average Canadian reader, who is as critical in his reading as is an American."

Mr. Wise protests that he is not bent on eulogizing Canada's neighbors, but "to show the perils of propinquity":

"In their hundred millions of people in the United States there are many more interesting writers than at present we can boast of. In their many excellently produced weekly and monthly magazines are stories, well told, of conditions of life wholly analogous to our own. They write of a climate we recognize, the same kinds of food we eat, clothes we look upon as like our own, and people who live, amuse themselves very much as we do, and die as we do from the same kind of overwork or the same kind of accidents.

"Let us for a moment consider our own attitude toward the British press. How many Canadians ever see an English daily newspaper? Not one in five thousand. It is doubtful if there is a single hotel newspaper stall where one can obtain a copy of a current English daily or weekly or monthly (except, perhaps, one), or quarterly. In Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and hundreds of smaller places, it is possible to buy the latest issue of one or two Boston and several New York dailies, while the further west you go the greater grows the variety. Yet the amazing thing is that we hang together as Canadians, and draw the lines of nationship tighter and tighter, and seem to develop more and more our affection for the mother country, and a pride in the Empire of which we realize we become daily a more important factor.

"The Englishman at home, who has not been here to see for himself, can not understand why we should not be just as content as he to be 'English'; why we fail to take a great interest in his sports, why we de-

dine to buy the clothing, both under and upper, he sends to us; why we prefer, apparently, to read papers and books written by Americans, why we drive American motor-cars rather than those of English make! Of course, we know that we have no leisured class for fox-hunting, for instance, and even then, wire in place of hawthorn would make it impossible, even if the Canadian farmer would stand for the damage. We know that we are uncomfortable in most of the clothing made for the Englishman, with his damp climate and unheated houses and offices. We know we can find in yesterday's New York paper, omitting consideration of our own, news a week or ten days fresher than in the latest London paper. And some of us here have ridden in motors of English build, made for English roads, not Canadian, although probably in respects

other than the springs the better value is in the English ear!"

The end of the matter is that members of the same family should refrain from unjust criticism of one another, or—

"If there is to be discussion one of the other, let us be fair. The occasional, unthinking Canadian, to be sure, careless of his great heritage, talked carelessly of the advantage of commercial union with the States. He was more or less ready to walk into the trap set for us a year or more ago. He says he knows more of the American than he does of the Englishman. It is not his fault, it is his contiguity.

"It is England who must make the effort. It is she who must look into Canada and learn the ways of Canadians, not give way to cynicism or allow cheap raillery to pass as honest criticism."

Amundsen on Polar Risks

THE question whether polar results are worth the risks, raised by the tragedy of the Scott expedition, is answered by Roald Amundsen in an article entitled "The North and South Poles: The Steam Boilers of the Earth," contributed to *The American-Scandinavian Review*, the official organ of the American-Scandinavian Foundation. In this article, the distinguished explorer tells also for the first time his plans for the coming expedition to the North Pole. Captain Amundsen writes:

"Is it worth while? is the question I am often asked. Are the results such as to justify the enormous expenditure of human energy and wealth consumed in polar expeditions? Your researches may interest a few learned scientists, but of what practical benefit can they be to the men who plod in the common ways of life? No doubt this old question will lift its head again, now that my companions and I are preparing to start on our long-projected voyage to the arctic regions. Although the North Pole has been reached since I formulated my plans, I expect to carry them out precisely as I first stated them before the Norwegian Geographic Society in October, 1908. The experience we have gained on the antarctic continent can be of little or no service to us, as the conditions we expect to encounter are entirely different, and we face now an expedition compared to which our trip to the South Pole was a mere pleasure-jant.

We shall probably be gone five years, but are prepared to spend seven years in the arctic regions, if necessary, to complete our plan, which includes a drifting across the polar basin from the Behring Sea, across the vicinity of the North Pole, and out again on the Atlantic side of the continent. We know well that the undertaking is hazardous and that much suffering awaits us. Is it worth while?

"My answer is that to extend human knowledge is always worth while. The time has surely come when we human beings can no longer be content without knowing even the little planet on which we live. We must realize that all that we have and are we owe to the scientists, the patient searchers after knowledge. Without them we should probably still be killing our meat with stone knives and crunching it raw. Knowledge must first come to the scientist before it can be applied to the practical every-day concerns of the world and become of benefit to all humanity.

"The importance of the polar regions in the household economy of nature is little realized. The North Pole and the South Pole have been aptly called the two steam boilers of the earth. If the power they generate were suddenly to cease, all activity on the earth would come to an end. It is a new thought to most of us that life and power come out of the frozen fastness of the Poles, and yet it is true. We have all

learned in our schooldays how the heavier water of the arctic regions presses in on the lighter, because heated, water of the equatorial regions, and so causes ocean currents, just as the same process in the air causes the trade-winds, but it is only recently that the science of ocean-ography has revealed to us the stimulating, rejuvenating effect of these frigid currents on the plant and vegetable life in the ocean. The teeming fish life in the Atlantic Ocean depends for its existence on the food brought it on the currents from the virgin ice fields of the north. With the mixture of the northward flowing warm current and the southward flowing cold waters from the polar basin fish life is waked to activity: the fishes begin to spawn and become, as it were, resuscitated. If any polar expedition brought no other result beyond an exact study of the polar currents in question, their course, velocity and direction, as well as the animal and vegetable life they contain—then the expedition would richly have paid for itself."

Meteorological observations, Captain Amundsen goes on to say, will constitute another important phase of the expedition. In this he is working in conjunction with Professor Hergesell, Count Zeppelin's partner, who is thoroughly in sympathy with the project. Amundsen proposes to take a

wireless apparatus with him, and Professor Hergesell hopes, through the generosity of German friends, to encompass the polar basin with four or more meteorological stations,—one probably in Alaska, one in Siberia, one in Spitzbergen, and one in Labrador. The Fram will thus be in constant wireless communication with these stations; and in this way a much larger area will be covered for a longer period and much more exhaustively than would otherwise have been possible. What has been said of the polar currents in the water holds good, the writer assures us, of the currents in the air; they give the key to weather conditions the world over. Of the magnetic observations he says:

"Our work in this field will dovetail with that of the Carnegie Institute, which has at its service the good ship Carnegie, ably directed by Prof. L. A. Bauer. His vessel is constructed of wood and copper, with a special view to taking magnetic observations, and has already done much excellent work in this field in all quarters of the globe. If it is possible for me to work in conjunction with the Carnegie, adding my observations to those of Professor Bauer, both being worked out simultaneously, then the scientific world will at last have a completed magnetic record from which to make deductions."

The Man's Room

MEN in this country are often too greatly engrossed in their own particular affairs to assert themselves in the matter of the furnishing and decorating of their rooms. So, with the indulgence that is characteristic of the fathers and husbands of this land, they allow their wives or daughters to carry out their own ideas as to what a man's surroundings should be. But, unfortunately, the woman's idea as to the furnishings and decoration of a man's room does not often coincide with the masculine point of view. It is characteristic of women to have certain fixed notions as to the requirements and tastes of the opposite sex—to feel, in fact, that she knows better than the man himself what he really wants.

Women are convinced, of course, that this knowledge of man's real needs is a matter of intuition—an innate insight into masculinity. This intuitive knowledge takes no account of particular tastes or temperaments, but places all men conveniently in

one like-minded group. For instance, there is a tradition among women that all men like red, hence the multitudinous red rooms all over the country.

Vogue points out: "If the woman who hold to this tradition could but make a tour of inspection through a dozen or so well-furnished bachelor apartments where men have been left free to carry out their own decorative schemes, this theory of man's fondness for red would be exploded. These women would find that there are as many differences in color schemes in these apartments as are to be found in the rooms occupied by their own sex, and certainly as great a diversity in the manner of furnishing. Assuredly there is as much originality in men as in women, and originality when left to itself must make its impress on the abode of the person who possesses it.

Many decorators, too, have arbitrary and unimaginative opinions on this particular

subject, and in some instances have only one stock plan which they can use when called upon to fit out a man's room. Certain department stores show one, or at most two, examples of men's rooms that they propose to fit to the measure of any man as they would a ready-made suit.

Of the atrocities of the "den" as interpreted by cheaper department stores it is not necessary to speak to anyone who has ever had even the slightest acquaintance with one of these ready-made apartments. It is difficult to see how rooms approaching these hideous abortions could be tolerated by enlightened people. But throughout the land, in many houses otherwise tastefully furnished, we are confronted by these monstrosities of affectation and bad taste. With an expressive gesture of pride, the householder who possesses one of these rooms, bids the visitor glance at the "oriental nook," filled with cheap Turkish hangings and rugs, papier-mache armor, and other gimeracks from which any true son of Allah would flee.

Yet this is the type of room in which every male is supposed to revel. Rooms of this kind are seldom used, for it is generally found the men of the house prefer to remain in the living-room or even in the dining-room—anywhere except in "that den." And this preference naturally mystifies the feminine contingency of the family.

Almost as bad as the Turkish dens are the rooms decorated in the Western-American style, with its cheap display of sham Indian rugs, pottery, baskets and tomahawks. Happily, however, there are some exceptions to this rule. In the middle and far west where the people are familiar enough with genuine Indian products to refuse the imitations, there are to be found many beautiful rooms decorated in a combination of the Indian and the Spanish colonial. Usually these rooms are to be found in houses that have been built in the mission style, and the furnishings of the interior are carried out to some degree under the same influence. Here the man's room, that is his sitting-room or "den," is furnished with good, comfortable mission furniture built on symmetrical lines. On the floor and sparingly on the walls, there are genuine Navajo rugs, and the only ornaments are good examples of Indian pottery and basketry. This kind of decoration especially adapts itself to billiard-rooms, for some of the Indian rugs and pottery combine harmoniously with the

green of the billiard-table. The cheaply carried-out, American-Indian room, however, is quite as atrocious as the tawdry, oriental one; it is bearable only when the best of furnishings are used. As genuine Indian examples of arts and crafts are scarce nowadays, only a few men are able to possess a room of this order.

As a man's needs are fewer than a woman's, the furnishing of his room should be carried out with great simplicity. It is certainly not the place for ruffles and furbelows. Even women's rooms—though at the moment they show a tendency toward the rococo—have little place for mere prettinesses which have no reason for being. The present-day woman has no love for the pointless accessories that delighted women of a generation ago, so she should be quite willing to omit the pointless and useless additions with which she is usually tempted to adorn the man's room. After all, home is the place where men "renew their strength and courage" quite as much as ever it was, and so comfort should be the guiding principle of all attempts at decoration where they are concerned. Chairs that have not only the appearance of being comfortable, but really are so, substantial tables of generous size with legs that allow one to sit close to them while reading under a lamp, desks that provide elbow room and that do not shake with every movement of the writer's hand, curtains that are easily adjusted for admitting and shutting out the light—these are a few of the necessities that stand for comfort in a man's room.

The woman who really wants to cater to man's taste in these matters will do well to select furnishings that are honest in workmanship, and harmonious, not only as to pattern, but also in relation to the other furnishings of the room in which they are to be placed. With these essentials provided, the man should be allowed—nay, forced if necessary—to select for himself any embellishments in the way of pictures and ornaments.

Too often men's rooms are made the depository of odds and ends of furniture that should only have been relegated to the storeroom. "Quaint effects," such as door-harps, fairy lamps, Chinese mandarin figures with nodding heads, queer receptacles for holding cigars and tobacco, curious chairs that were never made to sit in, will be suffered by only the most good-natured or the most fatuous of men.

What Makes Us Hungry?

THE ultimate cause of hunger is, of course, the need of food. But how does this need act to produce the familiar sensation? Until recently it has been generally believed that hunger is a general sensation — that it is the whole body that feels the lack of food. Hunger would thus be merely the nerve-cells "suffering from the shortage of provisions," as one writer puts it. But this view has been vigorously opposed, and now that Professor Carlson of Chicago University has had access to "a man with a lid on his stomach," it seems to have been definitely disproved. Subjects whose stomachs are accessible through a healed wound, so that they can be used for direct observation and experiment on digestion, have been in demand ever since Dr. Beaumont of St. Louis made his celebrated experiments on Alexis St. Martin half a century or so ago. These useful gentlemen are not numerous, however. Professor Carlson's specimen was a find, being a man of normal health who, for sixteen years, has fed himself through a permanent gastric fistula, his throat having been closed up as the result of accidentally drinking a caustic soda solution. Says *The Journal of the American Medical Association* in part:

"Cannon . . . maintains that hunger is not a general sensation. The sharp onset of its pangs and the abrupt arrival of the characteristic ache which many have noted could scarcely be the expression of a general bodily state; for this does not change with such critical suddenness. Neither will the general sensation theory explain the intermittency of hunger which is frequently observed. Cannon's experiments lead to the conviction that hunger results from powerful con-

tractions of the stomach. With this general view the observations which Carlson has now been able to make on his new fistulous subject are in accord. He notes that the empty stomach exhibits, at least during the first twenty-four hours after a meal, two types of rhythmic movement; one is relatively feeble but continuous; the other falls into periods of relatively strong contractions. In confirmation of Cannon the individual contractions of the continuous rhythm are recognized as hunger pains. The strong 'hunger contractions' are promptly inhibited by chewing palatable food and by stimulation of the gustatory nerve endings in the mouth. According to Carlson the mere sight or smell of food, or any kind of olfactory stimulation, does not appear to affect the stomach movements of a hungry man.

"The stomach contractions (and the hungry sensations) are not influenced by the introduction of therapeutic quantities of a variety of drugs. Familiar beverages — water, coffee, tea, beer, wine and brandy — on the other hand, cause inhibition, water appearing to have the least effect in this direction. It appears that, in the earlier periods of hunger at any rate, the empty stomach is never completely at rest.

"Hunger, or the lack of it, is a condition which at times commands the considerate attention of the practitioner. The fortunate physiologic observations on an occasional unfortunate individual serve a useful purpose in medicine by directing attention to numerous little-understood and hitherto unexplained gastric manifestations of disease."

Is the Race Progressing?

IN THE first January number of *La Revue*, M. Jean Finot has one of his delightful optimistic articles on the Progress of the Race.

Sociologists and philosophers are agreed as to the decadence of the race in our day, he writes. Listening to them, one might think that material progress has for its corollary a diminution, if not the disappearance, of all the evangelical virtues. The truth is, our ardent desire to attain the heights makes us misunderstand the efforts

of the untiring traveller, advancing humanity. But as we advance, the horizon widens. We dream of ever greater things, and everything which is going on around us seems to make us lose sight more and more of the star shining in the distance. Hypnotised by the material changes, inventions and discoveries which have transformed the surface of the earth, we are desolate that a similar revolution has not taken place in the working of our souls. At the bottom of all the recriminations against progress there

is to be found a curious misunderstanding which makes us want to compare things radically different—the material and the moral domain, the outward and the inner life. Faith in the growing perfection of human beings is more necessary than faith in the amelioration of things. What is the use of suffering if man is never to have any recompense beyond a little material comfort or a little money in the bank? On such conditions life would hardly be worth living, either for ourselves or for those who follow after.

M. Finot takes exception to an opinion expressed by Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace in the *Fortnightly Review*, to the effect that to-day we, the race, are probably, mentally and morally, inferior to semi-barbarians. Such a statement from an ardent and convinced evolutionist comes as a surprise to M. Finot. What, therefore, can be said of the philosophers, scientists, and sociologists, adversaries or partisans of the doctrine of progress, who do not hesitate to speak ill of man and his destiny? For such men moral progress is non-existent and impossible. To them humanity must always be going back. But there is no scientific basis for such pessimism.

Is moral progress possible? Since the perceptible forms of progress constitute only an insignificant part of life as a whole, it is not enough to compare people who enjoy such things as the use of railways, telephones, motors, etc., with those who are deprived of these conveniences of civilization. The discussion must be raised to a higher plane by examining the parallel evolution of our sentiments and sensations, the fulness of our life, and the growth of sympathy animating us with a wider and deeper altruism. Rapidity of communication is nothing, considered by itself, but since it brings the nations of the world nearer and nearer to one another, it increases their solidarity. The love of one's neighbor is more widely developed, and our inner life is widened. A civilized European now sympathizes with China or Australia when these are overtaken by disasters, and his heart beats in unison with his fellow-creatures all over the globe, no matter what their belief or the color of their skin. This alone makes him a better man, and causes him to dream of universal peace and international friendship.

Purely material progress blinds us, and in the feverish and agitated pursuit of it we forget that it should be accompanied by corresponding moral progress. Yet the world is advancing morally, though slowly. Our social and international life, as a

whole, shows that the people of our day, taken as an abstract entity, are very superior to their ancestors of some ten centuries ago. We are permeated with the idea of the dignity of life and human thought, and from it flow tolerance, solidarity, and comprehensive goodness. The people of to-day not only love more, they love more intelligently and more humanly, and the motive of their goodness enables them to rise to heights unknown to the people of past ages. An average person now often surpasses in this sense the geniuses or the supermen of other days. The essential principle of all morals and all religions, "Love thy neighbor as thyself," has assumed proportions unknown in the past, for it now embraces every civilized country in the world. What makes us unjust is our impatience. The reality seems to contradict our aspirations. That, however, is a healthy discontent with the existing state of things, and the discouragement which unfits us for action. Every now and then it is necessary to take a survey of our moral victories. M. Finot turns to the Bible and notes that some of the best men mentioned in it seem often to have been cruel and immoral. He refers to the God of the Psalms, and says His anger and vengeance can only seem intolerable to-day. Nor can M. Finot admire the incredible mortification of the body, the useless suffering of many of the saints raised to sanctity.

The Jesus of the modern conscience imposes on us more duties towards others than to ourselves, fewer prayers for ourselves and more deeds for our fellow-creatures. All the cruelties of a bygone day are fast giving place to sentiments of gentleness and mercy; and all the great religions are hastening towards a concord of souls in a common emotion of supreme faith. It is vain to aspire to the kingdom of heaven if we do not work for the kingdom on earth. We no longer adore the letter of religion, but its spirit and truth. The humanity of our time understands that the Sabbath is made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Much more, the God in us is revolted against injustice, egoism, and disorder, and seeks to extirpate them from the world; and also helps us in the conflict by endowing us with renewed energy and means more and more ingenious. M. Finot compares the saints of our day with those of the past. Referring to the story of the city of Sodom, he says no modern city could be in a similar danger, for it would always be easy to find more than ten righteous men in it. It is the unexpected flashes which from time to time illuminate the depths of the modern con-

science and show its great beauty. A catastrophe, such as that of the Titanic, reveals an incalculable number of heroes of duty. This ship contained enough supermen to people the most beautiful heroic books of antiquity. The day of our death is indeed the supreme test of our conscience, and of our moral life. The serene majesty with which hundreds of passengers on the Titanic left the world is one of the most striking and comforting testimonies in favor of the human race. Everywhere heroes can be found if trouble is taken to look for them.

Speaking of ancient Greece and Rome, M. Finot points out that their system of morals contained no conception of duty, conscience, moral responsibility, or immortality. God conceived as an Infinite Being, identifying Himself with the causes of the universe, is a conquest of recent times. M. Finot makes it clear that the moral progress of the race, by becoming more human, has become more divine. We know now that the earth is a part of heaven and that paradise during our sojourn here is in us and

about us. Man is trying to make the world better, juster, and happier. A grand new fraternity is breaking out everywhere. On its altar the cruel and unjust prejudices of races, sexes, and beliefs are being sacrificed. But as the fish swimming in the ocean has no conception of the ocean's depth and extent, we are unconscious of the moral revolutions going on in us and around us. The Peace Movement is a striking example. Notwithstanding its recent date, it has already spared us a score of wars, and we reproach it for not having succeeded in transforming into lambs men who have lived as wolves for thousands of centuries. Our books, our laws, our speeches, our aspirations, all reveal the same desire to realize paradise on earth. Contemporary humanity is still awaiting the historian of its virtue and moral beauty, its compassion, charity and respect for the entire race. There is such a thing as moral progress, as there is more happiness in the world, but we must observe life and love our fellow-creatures to discern it.

The Play With a Punch

THE new bee that buzzes in the bonnet of the theatrical manager is said to hum an insistent note about "the play with a punch." No American product can get by the doorkeeper of our playhouses, at present, we are assured, unless it has this pugilistic feature. "The play with a punch," explains Mr. Adolph Klauber in the New York Times, "is the kind that contains at least one oratorical, emotional, or extravagant period, leaving the auditor breathless when the curtain falls." The authors may not be wholly to blame for the inconsistencies of character and plot involved in landing these "punches," but the fact that their plays present these inconsistencies degrades them from playwrights to play-makers, asserts this writer. It is apparently only another mistaken fetish of the producer, like his substitution of "types" for actors, for experience is showing that "as many plays are ruined by such climaxes as are saved by them." Mr. Klauber goes on:

"It is possible, as in 'A Bridal Path,' to produce such a sudden change of mood in an audience that what has hitherto seemed moderately agreeable and diverting becomes pallid and unprofitable by contrast with the more highly colored inci-

dent. And if there is only one such incident, or high point, in a play which is otherwise on the flat, it will be hardly enough to satisfy an appetite for the sensational.

"The mistake is due to a misunderstanding or a complete ignorance of dramatic laws and values.

"Drama and melodrama are chiefly dependent for their effect upon the objective exposition. In fact, many such pieces might be played in pantomime and still be intelligible and interesting.

"In comedy, however, the play of wit and humor and the contrast of character and point of view are far more important than mere extraneous incident. When the play-maker, then, proceeds to pull his comic exposition apart in order to introduce the so-called 'punch' he is engaged in an exceedingly dangerous process. And in nine times out of ten his play falls to pieces at this very point.

"There can be no doubt in the mind of any one familiar with the practical workings of the theatre that much may be done in the way of shaping and amending the form and substance of a play in the course of rehearsals. But something more is necessary than the mere familiarity with points

of favor in current successes and the reproduction of those points.

"Time and again plays are offered in which the tampering has been done without any regard for the character of the play under consideration. And in this way the insistent cry for 'the punch' has worked no end of harm.

"It is exactly at the point at which he attempts to introduce 'the punch,' for example, that Mr. Edward Sheldon has shot widest of the mark in his otherwise charmingly conceived and beautifully written play, 'Romance.' But there is here less obvious violence and a lesser sense of the making of a climax without respect to what has been developed previously.

"And after all, though it is true that several plays containing the big, forceful scene, 'the punch,' in fact, have been unusually successful, it is equally true that its absence has not prevented success in other cases.

"Is there a 'punch' in 'Milestones'?

"Is there a 'punch' in 'Years of Discretion'?

"A punch, yes, but not represented in violent incident. The punch of these plays consists in their naturally human qualities, in their consistent development.

"The freshest inspiration this season has shown, yes, several seasons, is found in 'The Poor Little Rich Girl.' And the public likes it. The public in possibly larger numbers than have patronized any Belasco production in years is rushing to see 'Years of Discretion.' That same public has been liberal in its patronage of 'Milestones,' and its long London run is a matter of common knowledge.

"It will be a good thing when our play-makers and our producers stop worshipping this recently discovered fetish of 'the punch.' Let them strive a little more for plausibility and consistency. And it's dollars to a pass-out check that they will find it more profitable in the long run, and—in long runs."

A New Fossil Man

A VERY great interest is being shown by all students of man's early history in the fossil skull and fragment of a jaw-bone found in a gravel pit in Sussex, England. The bones differ so radically from any previous fossil remains that they are considered as representing a new genus. So writes Dr. Williams in *Hearst's*.

The find came about in an odd way. Mr. Dawson, the discoverer, in honor of whom the name *Evanthropus Dawsonii* has been suggested for this newest species of prehistoric man, observed some chipped flints in a layer of gravel that had been dug from a pit and spread on the road by workmen. Now chipped flints, of course, imply the work of men. So, Mr. Dawson was led to investigate the gravel pit. He learned that a curious coconut-like object had recently been found and broken up by the workmen. Making search he was able to recover fragments of this object, which proved when put together to constitute the left half of a human skull. Subsequent search revealed not far away the portion of a lower jaw-bone, also fossilized, which was presumed to have belonged to the same skull.

There were also found in the same mass of gravel the fragment of a tooth of the mastodon and various fragments of the teeth of a pre-historic elephant; also of the

hippopotamus, the beaver, and an extinct type of horse, and a bit of a large deer's antler.

It is not quite certain that all of these remains are of contemporary origin with the human remains, for, as Sir Ray Lankester explains, the gravel bed in which the relics are found represents a deposit made by the slow wearing away of the chalky rock in which the insoluble flint was originally imbedded. The residue or sifting of all the ages during which the wearing away of the rock went on would be thrown together in this thin layer of gravel. It seems probable, however, according to Professor Lankester, that the remains are contemporary; and this probability, if justified, shows that our ancestor lived in England at a period so remote that one hesitates to name the term of years involved. In geological terms the fossil animal remains represent what is called the Pleistocene Age, a period at which it has usually been supposed man had not yet been evolved from his simian ancestors.

The characteristics of the skull itself, and in particular of the jaw-bone, justify this presumption. The articular process or condyle which hinges the jaw on the skull, and which is peculiarly developed in modern man, is of a very primitive type in this

specimen; and, what is equally characteristic, the chin altogether lacks the point which distinguishes the chin of human kind from that of all lower animals, including the man-apes. Only one prehistoric skull hitherto known — that of the "man of Heidelberg" — has this peculiarity. The Sussex jaw is unfortunately broken, and its front portion has not been recovered. But the receding chin remains, and its close similarity in outline to the chins of the chimpanzee and the gorilla is strikingly obvious. On the other hand, the two teeth that remain in the jaw, which are the first and second molars, are distinctly human in contour.

While very great interest attaches to this discovery, it can not be said to have revolutionary importance.

The fact of the very great antiquity of man has long ceased to be matter for controversy. That man was contemporary with the pre-historic mastodon in Europe was demonstrated by the remains found in the caves of France, which included frag-

ments of tusks on which pictures of the mastodon itself were sketched. Since that discovery was made by Lartet and Christy, almost half a century ago, it has been impossible to doubt the extremely ancient lineage of our race.

On the other hand, the precise steps that mark its evolution are but dimly traced as yet by the modern investigators; so such a find as the Sussex skull and jaw adds an important new bit of evidence and brings the genealogical tree one stage nearer to completion.

It is particularly interesting to note that the new skull is very different in contour from the famous Neanderthal skull which came from a cave in Germany; and that it bears a curious resemblance in type to the skulls of the people inhabiting Sussex as recently as a thousand years ago. It is at least conceivable that the tribe of *Evanthropus Dawsonii* has continued to inhabit Britain throughout the intervening centuries and that some of the blood of this pre-historic race courses in the veins of contemporary Britons.

Marie Corelli as Una

THE "star turn" on Nash's bill is Marie Corelli, who contributes an appeal against war, entitled "Savage Glory." As might be expected, the appeal is pitched in a very high key. The argument is a comprehensive challenge:—

"Civilization is a great word. It reads well—it is used everywhere—it bears itself proudly in the language. It is a big mouthful of arrogance and self-sufficiency. The very sound of it flatters our vanity and testifies to the good opinion we have of ourselves. We boast of "Civilization" as if we were really civilized — just as we talk of "Christianity" as if we were really Christians. Yet it is all the veriest game of make-believe, for we are mere savages still. Savages in "the lust of the eye and pride of life"—savages in our national prejudices and animosities, our jealousies, our greed and malice, and savages in our relentless efforts to overreach or pull down each other in social and business relations. If any confirmation of such a statement be needed, it is found in the fact that war is still permitted to exist. War is unquestionably the thrust and blow of untamed savagery in the face of civilization. No special pleading can make it anything else."

This is, alas! so much beating of the air; it has been said with greater vehemence by Anarchists and with more restraint by Carlyle and Ruskin.

Miss Corelli, faced with the "popularity" of war, seeks to trace the causes, and finds the offenders to be Jews and journalists:—

"Roughly speaking, most of the money advanced at interest for all important purposes comes from the Jews. All nations are more or less under the thumb of Israel, disguise it as we will or may. No great scheme either in peace or war can be started without Jewish gold and Jewish support. . . . Unctuous newspaper articles lamenting the "horrors" of war and disclaiming all responsibility for fermenting and agitating the motives of quarrel, are only so much meaningless "copy." Whereas the very suggestion of war is a paying "sensation" for press-men—it gives plenty of opening for big "head-lines" and attractive "posters," which help to sell their penny or half-penny sheets to the best advantage."

If the Press were really responsible for war, peace would not be difficult of attainment; the journalist is only a part, however important, of the nation, and the whole

is greater than the part, as was once said by an earlier writer than Miss Corelli.

The fault lies deeper; no attempt has ever been made in these islands to educate the rising generation with any regard to modern facts, and the value of thought as a means of attainment is unheard of in the schools where religion rides rampant and the classics of pre-Christian pagans are the first and last word of the pedant.

Miss Corelli is horrified at the recent development in the instruments of destruction:—

"Another instrument of treachery is the submarine—a truly devilish invention devised for the avowed object of destroying war-vessels by murderous action from the hidden depths of the sea."

"And now, not satisfied with attack from the secret depths of the ocean, we are preparing to shower bombs upon our enemies from 'military aeroplanes,' so that the hitherto neutral skies will be made spaces of vantage for pitiless assault. All these 'civilized' inventions for the practice of

barbarity ought to give so-called "Christian" Empires food for serious thought, yet, strange to say, it would seem that every new and more murderous weapon of warfare is hailed with columns of praise in the press and such general acclamation as may truly be called "savage"—for no "civilized" community, educated according to all that we boast of in our advanced state of progress, could or would rejoice over the construction of mere killing machines for the slaughter of their fellow-creatures. Therefore, it may be asked—Are we truly "civilized," or is it all a sham? Are we really humane, or as bloodthirsty as when, in our aboriginal savagery, we cracked open the skulls of our enemies with flint axes?"

All this has been said in Hyde Park for a generation, as ably and as fiercely, and the gibes at patriotism are as old as the dictionary definition. John Ruskin once said that wars would cease if women decided to go into universal mourning against bloodshed. Will Miss Corelli preach this practical doctrine to her innumerable admirers?

The Wheel of Fortune

THE most interesting article in McClure's is one by Mr. C. N. Williamson on "Systems and System-Players at Monte Carlo."

This privileged resort has been described as a Garden of Eden and likened unto a Hell upon Earth. The spirit of evil may be the only nexus, but whether for pleasure or excitement, Monte Carlo continues to attract an amazing assortment of men and women from the four corners of the earth. The most notable, if not the most picturesque, amongst these are undoubtedly the system-players. Mr. Williamson gives us an odd glimpse of these hopeful ones:

A little after nine o'clock in the morning a stranger would be surprised to see a crowd, composed mostly of men, solemnly assembled on the pavement across the road opposite the Casino. They look more like business men waiting for a suburban train to take them to the city than gay Riviera idlers. Their faces are intent, though not visibly anxious. They talk little to their neighbors, and laugh less.

Mr. Williamson chats pleasantly of the great Jaggars who succeeded with a system invented on the ordered fluctuations of a faulty roulette wheel:—

"The 'system' began to seem supernatural and in a few months Jaggars had

taken from the Casino the unprecedented sum of \$600,000. The authorities began to suspect that all the cylinders were imperfect. The maker was sent for, and each wheel was subjected to a rigid scrutiny. The faulty one was discovered and taken away, and next morning Jaggars' tide of fortune turned. For a few days he went on playing, and lost back to the Casino some \$200,000 of his enormous winnings. Then he was wise enough to see that he was beaten. He discharged his staff, ceased play, and retired with the comfortable sum of \$400,000 intact. Never did he appear again at Monte Carlo; but his memory has lived there since as a classic one."

The simplest system is that adopted by the Grand Duke Michael:—

"He is a most popular figure: handsome, dignified, striking, easy to find in a crowd because of his height, and amazingly lucky. His system is one that seems to be based on an absurdity—that numbers, having appeared, will immediately repeat themselves several times in succession or close together; 20 and 36 are the Grand Duke's favorite numbers. When one of these appears, he bets the maximum (\$1,200) that it will repeat, staking also on chevaux and carrés, so that if the number itself does

not come, another near it may still give him a limited success."

Mr. Williamson does not pretend to give a complete picture of the tragedies which must be enacted daily in the artificial atmosphere of the gamblers' paradise—or hell, but he gives the details of an ingenious system, the author of which died miserably poor in a London suburb while his pupils were daily winning considerable sums at

Monte Carlo. The ingenious inventor called himself "the Conqueror." His system, when tested "over more than 50,000 authentic spins of the roulette wheel, has given the surprising average of four wins more than the Bank on each hundred coups, after annihilating the zero percentage, and actual play at the tables has corroborated these results." So there is something in system after all!

Sentiment in the Modern Novel

IN HIS London letter in the Book Monthly for January, Mr. James Milne puts in a plea for more sentiment in the new English novel.

By sentiment Mr. Milne does not mean mawkishness or the blubbering-over kind of thing which some people call sentiment, but sentiment of the real, healthy, hearty kind, the feeling of a thing and the expressing of it enthusiastically. To have sentiment is surely nothing more than to be moved by feeling, to be susceptible to emotion, to sensibility; in fine, real sentiment is sincerity of feeling expressed sincerely. This, he says, is conspicuously lacking in the modern novel. Mere cleverness does not appeal to the heart of the great public. What people want is a touch of human feeling, and there are many novelists to-day who could find a place for honest sentiment if they

only would, and if they only thought it not beneath their dignity to do so. Every woman has sentiment, but if she is a literary woman she hesitates to let herself go on the subject. An idea seems to have arisen that a woman novelist must write only of the drab realities of life rather than of the side where the spring of sentiment flows. Mr. Milne wants more "stories which are true to life and which still carry you up the hill and over it, and far away to the happy land in which the average reader likes to wander." A tired man wants to be made happy, to have a rest for his mind, and a woman likes to be taken to the realms of bright fancy and inspiring sentiment. Mr. Milne mentions Barrie, Stevenson and the Kailyard school as having done so much to give us healthy sentiment.

An Ancient Egyptian Mechanical Problem

HOW did the ancient Egyptians install their gigantic monuments? The question has long been a puzzle to modern engineers. In the Open Court F. M. Barber offers a solution which appears to be satisfactory.

In the rock tomb of the surgeon Psamtik at Saqqara (about 500 B.C.) was found an empty sarcophagus with its 17-ton cover resting on blocking sufficiently high above it to admit the mummy sideways. It is an important proof of how sand was actually used in lowering heavy weights. The cover was furnished with four projections, two on each side, which fitted into vertical grooves in the sides of the tomb chamber. The vertical grooves connected at the bottom with horizontal grooves which in turn

connected with a cavity in the floor under the sarcophagus. Immediately under the projections of the cover were cylindrical wooden plugs, the remainder of the grooves and the connecting cavity being filled with sand. After the mummy had been placed in the sarcophagus the blocking was removed, leaving the cover resting on the wooden plugs. A workman then went under the sarcophagus and gradually removed the sand from the cavity, thus permitting the sand under the plugs to flow into the cavity until the cover descended to its final resting-place on top of the sarcophagus. Occupied tombs were afterwards found with cover and plugs in place.

The geared wheel and water buckets

worked by cattle embodies the principle of the capstan, and Wilkinson and most other Egyptologists suppose it to have been introduced into Egypt at the time of the Persian invasion B. C. 527, but its principle must have been used as early as the time of the Papyrus Anastasi I. By its use the obelisk was hauled up and projected on top of a sand-box. There must have been also a solid wide border or ledge on each side and higher than the road bed, not only for mounting the capstans, but in order to be able to wedge the obelisk back into position in case it got out of line in coming up the incline. The size of the box would be at least 40 by 20 by 50 in order that the obelisk might swing about its centre of gravity. The box would be carefully caulked and would contain 11,000 tons of sand, exclusive of the space occupied by the pedestal, which weighs 461 tons. Haswell's American Tables give the weight of granite as 166 pounds per cubic foot and sand as 120 pounds per cubic foot. Perhaps Egyptian and sand granite may be nearer alike. The nearer they are the less would be the tendency of the obelisk to slide as it approached the perpendicu-

lar, though any such small tendency could be overcome by leaving at the quarry a small projection on the obelisk nearly under the centre of gravity, which would be cut off afterwards. The box would be strongly buttressed to prevent its bursting, and there would be lashings about the pivoting point of the obelisk.

The obelisk would at all times during its pivoting be steadied by rope guys from the head and heel, and the pedestal would be placed at such a point that the obelisk when reaching it would rest on the edge of the heel and there would be a space of five or six inches at the opposite edge to clear the sand out before bringing it to the vertical by means of the guys. Very likely the edge would be splintered on account of the immense weight resting on it, and it would necessarily pivot on this edge when coming to the vertical. Probably it would jump an inch or two just when it reached an upright position; but nearly all obelisks are splintered at the base, and Professor Borchardt's careful measurements show that they nearly all have jumped.

Notable Women Financiers

THE most notable feminine figure in finance is Mrs. Hetty Green, as she is known to every one who ever thinks of one of the wealthiest women in the world, but who signs her checks Hetty Howland Robinson Green. There is a homely motherly sound to "Hetty," and though Hetty Green has the reputation of being cold, calculating and grasping, an intimate acquaintance with her endorses the choice of "Hetty" for the name of this New England woman who is shrewd in a masterful masculine fashion in matters of finance, but who is truly womanly in many others. Thus writes Edith T. Kaufman in *Leslie's Weekly* in an article on "Notable Women Financiers."

Hetty Green was born seventy-eight years ago at New Bedford, Mass. Her father was Edward Mott Robinson, who died in 1865 leaving her a comfortable fortune. Even as a girl when she attended Mrs. Lowell's school in Boston it is said she was of the most saving character, though not mean. In 1867 she married Edward H. Green, of New York. Mr. Green died in 1902. From the beginning of her married life Mrs. Green demonstrated that

she was capable of handling the fortune left by her father, and her husband retired into the background. While she was the greater financier of the two, she was likewise a wonderfully tender and able mother to her son and daughter and a devoted wife whom Mr. Green never ceased to praise and admire.

Hetty Green is said to be the richest woman in America and is probably the greatest feminine financier in the world. While affairs of magnitude do not appear to worry her, and her quick decisions where millions are involved are given without hesitation, she will haggle over trifles, to the despair of tradespeople with whom she has to deal. Before the marriage of Miss Green, her wealthy mother took a flyer in society by living for a short time at one of New York's highest priced hotels. The life evidently did not appeal to her, for she was shortly reinstalled in an \$18 per month flat in Hoboken, N.J., where she enjoys doing her own housework and marketing. A delicatessen dealer in the neighborhood gleefully tells of her purchase of three cents worth of sliced ham. The only doubt that can be thrown on this story is that no deli-

catessen man ever born would cut three cents' worth of anything.

"Hetty Green" is a name to conjure with, and it is spoken of in connection with nearly every large corporation and enterprise in the world. The sound judgment of this world-famous woman of finance requires no advisory board. She personally manages her large properties in stocks, bonds and real estate in Chicago, New York and other cities.

Every day, rain or shine, finds her at her office in the Chemical National Bank, New York, carefully going into all details in connection with her vast estate. One evening upon her return to Hoboken she discovered the loss of her purse. She notified the ferryman, who said he had been told that a lady in the same house with Mrs. Green had found a purse. Mrs. Green called upon this lady, only to discover that it was not her purse, as it had over a dollar in it, while Mrs. Green's purse contained less than sixty cents. Surely this naive confession of the loser who can count her money in millions is a humorous commentary on financial conditions.

Until the death of Edward Henry Harriman in 1901 few knew that the great American railroad magnate and capitalist was constantly advised by his wife in every movement of gigantic scope that Mr. Harriman made. When his will was made public there was a gasp of astonishment that everything was left absolutely to his widow, who at once stepped into the control of 25,000 miles of railroad, with a dominating voice in the management of 50,000 miles more, and the addition of 54,000 miles of sea routes. The death of Mr. Harriman left also to Mrs. Harriman the handling of \$474,664,240 in stocks and bonds and \$150,000,000 in cash. It is said that it was largely due to Mrs. Harriman's keen foresight that, when the Union Pacific Railway went into the hands of receivers in 1893, Mr. Harriman with a few associates bought the system for \$41,000,000. Mrs. Harriman's judgment at the time of the famous struggle with J. P. Morgan and J. J. Hill for the control of the Northern Pacific Railroad was conceded to be Napoleonic and her grasp of intricate details that are Greek to the average woman helped her husband over many a difficult decision.

There was never a couple more devoted or more congenial in interests of both a family and financial character. Mrs. Harriman's gorgeous estate of 50,000 acres, Tower Hill, Arden, N.Y., is one of the show places of the country and is a monument to her wonderful executive ability, as it

was designed by her in all its palatial beauty with very little guidance from architect or builder. Mrs. Harriman was Miss Mary Averell, daughter of W. J. Averell, a banker of Rochester, N.Y. She is almost sixty years of age.

Mrs. Russell Sage, who became the second wife of the great financier, Russell Sage, in 1869, was born at Syracuse, N.Y., September 8, 1828. She was the daughter of Joseph and Margaret Slocum. In 1847 she graduated from the Troy, N.Y., Female Seminary with the honorary degree of Mistress of Letters. Mrs. Sage is not only a wonderful financier, managing and increasing the great fortune of \$80,000,000 left by her husband, who died in 1906, but is also a noted philanthropist. Her birthday benefactions have become famous, as she accentuates her increasing years by gifts on the occasion of every twelve month older to favorite associations and charities, that most appeal to her. Among those especially favored are the Emma Willard Association, of which she is president; the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, the Y.M.C.A. of New York, a seminary at Northfield, Mass., and a public school at Sag Harbor, L.I. Mrs. Sage also established a \$10,000,000 endowment known as the Sage Foundation for social betterment, the income going largely to improve the housing of the working classes. The New York home of Mrs. Sage on Fifth Avenue has been practically deserted by its mistress since the encroachment of trade, and she spends a great deal of her time at Sag Harbor, L.I., and Northfield, Mass., the two places where her pet philanthropies are located.

Mrs. Hetty Green, Mrs. Russell Sage and Mrs. H. Harriman are all women well up in years, Mrs. Sage having reached her 85th birthday with vigor unimpaired and financial judgment clean cut, believing in maintaining the policies that made her husband famous, though her liberality is of a much wider scope, and there is no record of her endorsing the pie and milk meals which made "Uncle Russell" at once the despair and delight of embryo financiers, eager to emulate his methods.

In all her distribution of immense funds, Mrs. Sage is willing to be guided by trustees whom she personally appoints, but no decision is made in any matter involving large sums in which she does not have the dominant voice. Without children, it is a matter of conjecture into whose control the immense Sage fortune will pass, if it is not entirely given away to charity. The late Russell Sage left only a few minor bequests to nephews and nieces, thus indicating his

confidence in the financial management of Mrs. Sage.

Mrs. Finley J. Shepard (formerly Miss Helen Miller Gould), eldest daughter of the late Jay Gould, has shown her ability to finance her affairs, and by clear-sighted investments has more than trebled the fortune of five million dollars left her by her father. While her interests are most closely allied with the railroad in which she has large holdings her philanthropy vies with the business side of her nature, and she gives bountifully and largely as her fortune increases. Her well-known philanthropy is the cause of her receiving on an average

a thousand begging letters a day, an item of correspondence which does not bother Hetty Green. When the engagement of Miss Gould and Mr. Shepard was announced the number of letters of this kind rose to such proportions that a special secretary had to be engaged.

As figures in the financial world whose manipulations of millions show more than ordinary ability, it is interesting to know that Mrs. Green, Mrs. Sage, Mrs. Harriman and Mrs. Shepard agree that investments in sound industrial and real estate are the safest ways for women to augment their fortunes, whether they be large or small.

The United States and Anglo-German Rivalry

THE effect upon the United States of a conflict between England and Germany is discussed in an article in the National Review.

Defeat for Great Britain, says the writer, would be fatal to the Empire whose disintegration would almost inevitably ensue. It is apparent that the fate of Canada and the British possessions in America immediately concern the Republic. Of Canadian loyalty to the Empire there is here no question. It is certain that like the other self-governing British Colonies, she would be the best of her ability support the Mother Country. But if the fortune of war prove adverse, there is no reason to suppose that Canada would long continue under the control, however nominal, of a parent State deprived of prestige and authority, and ruined by an unsuccessful war. Canada could not by herself stand up against an all-powerful enemy, and the fate of the Crown Colonies would be even more immediate. A strong appeal would in all likelihood be made for American protection, which could hardly fail to awaken generous response. The consequence of any such action on the part of the United States is apparent, reinforced, moreover, by an alternative which in contradiction to the Monroe Doctrine would ask it to countenance a transfer of sovereignty upon the American Continent for the benefit of a European Power hitherto deprived of such possession.

Without going to the length of such extreme conclusions, a likely possibility would be that of a contest long drawn out between the two countries wherein neither could obtain decisive advantage. If the struggle should be protracted, extensive borrowing

will have to be undertaken, and New York is more and more becoming one of the money markets of the world. It is probable that it will be called upon, possibly by both sides, to furnish pecuniary assistance, even though the obligations of strict neutrality are somewhat questionable on this point.

As all industry in the belligerent nations would be brought to a virtual standstill it is likely that while American manufactured exports in Europe suffered there would be a greatly increased demand for food-stuffs as well as for whatever might be of utility in the conduct of war.

Without a merchant marine under the American flag no adequate benefit would be derived from this situation. The export of American products would be rendered increasingly difficult by the few remaining neutral bottoms with the consequent increase in freight rates. The creation of an American Merchant Navy thus becomes a primary necessity whether affected by postal subventions, direct subsidies, or the admission of foreign-built ships. The sad anomaly of the present position in this respect can hardly be overstated, and until steps are taken to remedy the deficiency of existing navigation laws, all efforts to win new markets will be severely handicapped. Pride is often the forerunner of real interest, and while it is only the former that suffers to-day by the absence of the American flag on the high seas, a European war, with its wide ramifications and consequences, would soon awaken the United States to realising the shortcomings of its present policy. Unless remedy be found for exist-

ing conditions it is not difficult to picture American factories and workmen reduced to idleness because a foreign war had brought about a virtual cessation of ocean transport.

Even more important than the creation of an American merchant marine is that at a time of uncertainty like the present, with the future still befogged, no efforts be spared to maintain its relative naval strength. Already the United States has fallen from the second place which, for a decade, it had occupied, and without greater exertion is likely to sink still further in the scale.

In the event of a European conflagration the American fleet, even if maintained at its present relative strength, might find difficulty in accomplishing its double task of preserving the status quo in the Far East, and enforcing the neutrality of the Caribbean, where the presence of hostilities would certainly embarrass and possibly endanger American interests.

An Anglo-German conflict would thus affect the United States at various points and in various ways. There is hardly a branch of American national activity, governmental or economic, which would not feel its consequences in varying degree or be concerned by its outcome. While the American attitude in such contest would in the beginning be one of strict neutrality, which would be maintained as long as possible, this does not mean that a far-sighted policy might not, under certain contingencies, impose a different course of action. However considerable the responsibility incurred, however great the bait offered, it would hardly be wise statesmanship to remain passive if England should by any series of disasters be crushed. Even though the immediate consequence would be to throw Canada and the British Antilles into the lap of the United States, it would leave the latter confronted by an Empire supreme on land and sea, and would force it to pursue a preparation of armaments which for its own preservation could not be inferior to what it might be called upon to face. Unperceived by many Americans, the European balance of power is a political necessity which can alone sanction on the Western Hemisphere the continuance of an economic development unhandicapped by the burden of extensive armaments. At no time, even unknown to the United States, were European politics a matter of indifference to its vital interests. But if hitherto it was impotent to alter their march, a fortunate destiny preserved the existing balance.

Seeking, as little as in the past, any selfish benefit in the Old World, even though it were possible, America has to-day a distinct and legitimate duty in the family of great nations in contributing to preserve those elements which compose the balance of power, and to which it can only be blind at a later cost. The disappearance or diminution of any one State in Europe would be a calamity, varying with its degree. But while the importance of such extinction might not in most instances be sufficiently close to warrant or provoke active intervention, this would not be true with Great Britain. The disintegration of the British Empire would be a defeat for America by the erection of a Power supreme on land and sea. A German historian of reputation, Professor Oncken, of Heidelberg, has lately, with reason, expounded the view that in 1864 in the war over the Duchies, England was unconsciously defeated. "Had Schleswig-Holstein remained Danish, the right bank of the Elbe up to the gates of Hamburg not been German territory, and the Canal from the Baltic to the North Sea an impossibility, all the conditions of Germany's maritime position would have been non-existent." French historians have similarly traced the beginnings of their disasters in 1870 to their non-interference in the affair of the Duchies. The lesson of how a failure to act later reacts should not be lost.

To consider the possible contingency of such intervention by the United States as tantamount to an alliance with Great Britain would be untrue. Where there is no treaty there is no alliance. America does not keep England from war nor push her toward a conflict. In the event of hostilities the assertion of its neutrality would at once be made and strictly lived up to. If Germany and England choose to indulge in the luxury of war such is their right. However much one may lament the loss of life, it is no affair of the United States even though England were defeated, so long as the general balance is preserved. But if ever decisive results are about to be registered of a nature calculated to upset what has for centuries been the recognized political fabric of Europe, America can remain indifferent thereto only at her own eventual cost. If it then neglects to observe that the interests of the nations crushed are likewise its own, America will be guilty of political blindness which it will later rue. To guard against this danger the diplomatic role of the United States in Europe should

be far more active than in the past. Properly understood and carried out by skilful agents it would be one which instead of being resented should entitle it to the grati-

tude of all lovers of peace, since it would be apparent that without selfish designs of its own it aimed to preserve the rights of all.

A Six Year Term for President

CANADIANS will be interested in the movement in the United States favoring a six-year Presidential term. Commenting on it in the March issue *World's Work* has the following:—

There is a possibility that Woodrow Wilson will serve as President until March 4, 1919.

The House of Representatives is in favor of the resolution that originated in the Senate for an amendment to the Federal Constitution changing the term of the President from four years to six and making him ineligible for re-election. After being passed by a two-thirds vote of both branches of Congress a constitutional amendment must be ratified by the legislatures of three quarters of the States—at present thirty-six out of the forty-eight.

The public imagination has never become stirred up over the relative advantages of having the Presidential term four years and the President eligible for re-election, or having it six years and having him ineligible. But both the great critics of our Government, De Tocqueville and Bryce, voiced the unfavorable opinion of our present Presidential term that is held by a very large number of thoughtful Americans.

De Tocqueville, writing in 1834, with Jackson's re-election of 1832 before him, puts the situation very bluntly:

"When a simple candidate seeks to rise by intrigue, his manoeuvres must be limited to a very narrow sphere; but when the chief magistrate enters the lists, he borrows the strength of the Government for his own purposes. In the former case, the feeble resources of an individual are in action; in the latter, the State itself, with its immense influence, is busied in the work of corruption and cabal. The private citizen who employs culpable practices to acquire power can act in a manner only indirectly prejudicial to the public prosperity. But if the representative of the executive descends into the combat, the cares of government dwindle for him into second-rate importance, and the success of his election is his first concern. All

public negotiations, as well as all laws, are to him nothing more than electioneering schemes; places become the reward of services rendered not to the Nation, but to its chief; and the influence of the Government, if not injurious to the country, is at least no longer beneficial to the community for which it was created.

"It is impossible to consider the ordinary course of affairs in the United States without perceiving that the desire of being re-elected is the chief aim of the President; that the whole policy of his Administration, and even his most indifferent measures, tend to this object, and that, especially as the crisis approaches, his personal interest takes the place of his interest in the public good."

Mr. James Bryce, writing fifty years later, puts the same idea in somewhat softer words:

"The fact that he is re-eligible once, but (practically) only once, operates unfavorably on the President. He is tempted to play for a renomination by so pandering to active sections of his own party, or so using his patronage to conciliate influential politicians, as to make them put him forward at the next election."

And again:

"The founders of the Southern Confederacy of 1861-65 were so much impressed by the objections to the present system that they provided that their President should hold office for six years, but not to be re-eligible."

Methods of getting renominated differ somewhat with different Presidents, but it is a fact that no President that has lived out his term of office, except Pierce and Hayes, has been succeeded by another man of his own party until he had obtained a nomination for a second term. A careful study of the succession shows that if his party stayed in power the President could practically always succeed himself if he chose. Mr. Roosevelt as President could even nominate Mr. Taft as his successor as Republican candidate, but Mr. Roosevelt as a private citizen could not

prevent Mr. Taft's renominating himself, even after an unpopular administration, and Mr. Roosevelt characterized the condition of affairs which made this possible in language no less severe than De Toqueville used.

To make him ineligible for re-election would remove the temptation from a President to work for his own ends, and would leave him free to attend to the Presidency during the campaign for nomination. The six-year term would give the country a longer period undisturbed by national campaigns and would give each Administration a better opportunity to do the tasks which it has pledged itself to perform.

But on the other hand there are distinct disadvantages to the proposed amendment. Half way through Mr. Taft's Administration, he had ceased to represent the will of the electorate. To have continued his

Administration in office for four years after such a landslide as gave the House of Representatives to the Democratic party would have been a travesty on popular government. Six years is too long for a President who is out of sympathy with the people who elected him. But for a man who is doing his great task well, six years is too short a term. Our history shows that we as a people believe this, for we have re-elected nine Presidents and refused to re-elect the same number.

But perhaps the greatest objection to the proposed amendment now is that it cannot be decided upon its general merits but must necessarily be fought out upon its bearing upon the length of Mr. Wilson's Administration, his eligibility to re-election, and the eligibility of Mr. Roosevelt for another term in the White House.

An Age of Wonderful Progress

AT the recent annual dinner of the Old Students' Association of the Royal College of Science in London, Sir William Crookes, the president of the association, gave an interesting talk about the work which, in its incipient stage, was being done in the field of science throughout the world in 1848, when he was a student at that institution, and gave a glance at some of the achievements of the two-thirds of a century since then. It is a wonderful exhibit, declares a writer in *Harper's Weekly*. The exploits by Wheatstone, Faraday, Joule, Grove, Thomson, Ebelman, Pasteur, and others may be said to have created electricity, chemistry and other sciences out of the new. The researches of Darwin and Wallace, with the broad generalizations of Spencer, who are not mentioned in the summary of Sir William's address which has been sent across the Atlantic, have also been epoch-making.

More progress in many fields has taken place in the world in the past half or two-thirds of a century than in half a dozen times that many years in any earlier age of the world. When the telegraph sent the news from Baltimore to Washington of the nomination of Polk for the presidency in 1844, a marvel which was unbelievable to most of the people of that day was wrought. To-day the uttermost ends of the earth are connected by telegraph, and thirty cables

thread all the world's seas. The steamship and the railway, although extant at that time, were crude things, compared with those which we know. The telephone, the electric light, the phonograph, wireless telegraphy and many other of the familiar agencies of our time are creations of the past few decades. Darwin's "Origin of Species," published in 1859, revolutionized men's ideas regarding the beginnings and the development of the universe. Nobody now looks at life and its various manifestations in the same way that he did before that date.

In the political world there have also been vast advances in the period of which we are speaking. By its franchise law of 1867 England took the first step by which it has been transformed into a democracy; in 1870 France became a republic and a year later the German Empire became a limited monarchy, with a constitution, and with its popular chamber chosen by manhood suffrage; Austria dropped her old autocracy in 1867 and became a modern state; while Italy, Spain, Brazil (which drove out Dom Pedro II. in 1889 and became a republic) and Japan have since then embraced liberalism. Within the past few years Russia and Turkey have adopted constitutions, Portugal and China have become republics, leaving only one lone absolutism, Abyssinia, to

represent that governmental cult which spread over the larger part of the globe a few decades ago.

Advances equally stupendous have taken place in the social world in the same length of time. International arbitration has stepped in to adjust many controversies between countries; wars have diminished in

number and in their accompanying atrocities; benevolence has become far more active and intelligent than ever before; the church is doing a larger work than it did in the past; and the world is a much better place in which to live than it was in the earlier days of millions among us who are still actively at work.

The "Grand Prix de Littérature" of 1912

THE AWARD for the first time of the "Grand Prix de Littérature" founded two years ago by the Académie Française constitutes the chief Literary sensation of the year 1912 in Paris, writes Theodora Davidson in the Fortnightly Review. Its aim was defined by the august Forty in the following words:

The condition that candidates should not present themselves, but that the Académie should select the competitors for its favor, left a field as wide as France itself, and greatly enhanced the excitement.

Writers there were in plenty whose feet were already placed on the ladder of fame. The Académie was fully alive to their claims, but its desire was rather to distinguish some new author, to discover some hitherto unrecognized talent.

A committee of the most illustrious among contemporary *littérateurs* was appointed to make the initial selection. Numerous works were subjected to the critical scrutiny of the members, and finally, Mr. Maurice Barrès was deputed by his colleagues to draw up a report for the Académie. On the great day a member rose, and with all the persuasive force of polished oratory, pleaded the cause of a youthful, unknown usher of a country college, who, he said, had produced a work perfect in tone, insight, and delicate charm. And the selection was ratified by a powerful majority.

André Lafon, the author of *L'Elève Gilles*, had only just been made aware that his book was under consideration.

And what of the hitherto obscure author who awoke one morning in his suburban college to find the great crown of the year resting, unsought, unexpected, upon his shrinking brow?

André Lafon, the only child of middle-class parents, was born at Blaye, twenty-seven years ago. Reverses of fortune compelled him to interrupt the course of his

education at the early age of fifteen, and enter a house of business as a clerk. Though he did his best, he disliked the life, and was unable to settle down in the line Fate seemed to have chosen for him. His whole heart was in literature. He continued his studies at night and at every spare moment. At the end of seven years of hard, solitary toil, his perseverance received its reward. He took a University degree, and initiated his scholastic career with an appointment as *répétiteur*, or what we should term usher, in his former school at Blaye. Thence he passed successively in the same capacity to a school at Bordeaux, and to the Lycée Carnot. Finally, he joined the staff of the collège de Sainte Croix, at Neuilly, near Paris, as *préfet*. This office does not exist in any other school in France. A *préfet* is practically the superintendent of the boys' morals and amusements; a sort of "boys' friend." As such, he must be present in the dormitory and at recreations, as well as during preparation hours; he escorts his pupils to museums and galleries, reads the news of the day to them, and is always at hand to answer questions or administer advice and assistance.

Lafon is peculiarly fitted by temperament to fill this niche at Neuilly. His book is the best proof possible of his wide sympathy with the needs of youth. Indeed, so well does he love his boys that his recent honors have failed to induce him to leave them. It is his present intention to remain at Neuilly and continue writing in his leisure hours. *L'Elève Gilles* was produced thus, in the stray moments he was able to snatch from his exacting duties.

A correspondent who visited him to discuss the topic of the hour found him in his Spartan little room adjoining the study hall. His surroundings were of the utmost simplicity—merely a huge desk strewn with papers, a round table with a lamp, a few

wooden chairs, some shelves containing his favorite books, and in a curtained recess a bed, washing stand, and wardrobe. As he stood at his desk smilingly answering questions, but proffering no information on his own account, the author of *L'Elève Gilles* looked almost as young as one of his own pupils. He is very retiring in manner, and seems almost bewildered by the publicity so unexpectedly thrust upon him. A twinkle lighted his eye as he described the humors of his daily letter-bag. Love-letters from romantic girls form not the least important item; fathers consult him about their sons' careers; an old woman begged him to get a manuscript of her own writing published, giving as her reason that it would please her children so much, and that "she feels sure it would have a considerable sale in New Orleans;" a boy asked for a loan of forty pounds on the ground that he is one of eight sons. To these freakish missives are added the kindest of congratulations from such leading members of the Académie as Maurice Barrès, the Comte d'Haussonville, Paul Bourget, and Paul Hervieu, besides sundry offers for his next novel from enterprising publishers.

André Lafon admitted under pressure that his book was partly autobiographical:

for instance, the school described is the one where he received his own education; Gilles is "myself, plus imagination;" all the incidents have occurred within his experience, though not in the order given; the boys are real, but the father is fictitious. Lafon stated his conviction that "although imagination should be a leading factor in a novel, the setting and characters must be built on a solid groundwork of personal experience and observation."

It is self-evident that the remarkable sincerity and vividness of the story are due to the fact that the author makes little Gilles the mouthpiece of the joys and sorrows and fancies of his own emotional childhood.

Several years went to the planning of the book, though only one was spent in actual writing.

The next novel from his pen will describe the life of a young man, again "myself, plus imagination," but under another personality; the idea of a series, all representing the same character, does not attract him. He means to introduce more incident, and possibly a love episode, and he remarks modestly that as he grows older and his horizon widens, he hopes to be able to make his books more interesting.

What's Wrong With Marriage?

IN a striking article in Cassel's, Pearkes Withers conducts a frank consideration of some of the chief causes of matrimonial misery. So important is the subject and so clever its treatment that we present Mr. Withers' observations herewith:

With the marriage-rate of this country at its very lowest, and a Royal Commission recognizing urgent need of the community for easier divorce, it would be absurd to imagine, even for a moment, that there is nothing wrong with marriage. Manifestly, if there were nothing wrong with it bachelors of both sexes would not seek to shun it, and husbands and wives would not seek to escape from its bonds.

There should be nothing wrong with marriage, ideally, of course. Ideally, marriage should be a flawless union of man and woman—a perfect, lifelong companionship of mental, physical, and domestic intimacy, sanctioned by the law (or, as Mr. George Bernard Shaw would express it, "recognized by the police") and sanctified by the Church.

The fact that if marriage were as perfect as this there would be no occasion for any elaborate ceremony to begin it, or of man-made laws to secure its continuance, would not disturb the serenity of the ideal husband and the ideal wife. They would accept the ceremony as an advertisement of their affection, no doubt, and the marriage laws as something necessary for the intimidation of moral burglars or the discontented couple next door.

Unfortunately, however, ideal marriage is so rare nowadays that it may almost be said not to exist. It is true that we meet, now and then, with instances of what we are pleased to term "ideal marriage," but we do not delude ourselves into believing that such marriages are in fact ideal. We use the phrase merely as a convenient way of saying that some people are happier in their union than others. And even these instances are regrettably uncommon, compared with the number of flagrantly wretched marriages with which we are all acquainted.

What is it, then, that is wrong with mar-

riage? The answer consists not of one thing but of several things—its mis-application; its too utter intimacy; its common-places; its restrictions; its responsibilities.

Let us take its misapplication first.

How many husbands of the present day do you suppose are married to the right women? How many wives to the right men? Very few. Nine people out of ten sacrifice their proper share of happiness by making makeshift marriages. This, however, is not so much their fault as their misfortune. The instinct for home-building is well developed in them, but they cannot find a perfect partner.

If a man knew exactly the sort of girl he needed he might very possibly decide to grow old—if necessary—in looking for her, but a man seldom even guesses at the quality of his ideal unless he blunders upon her. The poetry and passion in his nature send him out in quest of a mate, but circumstances choose his route. The average man knows, perhaps, a score of girls in his bachelor days, and he may not feel specially attracted to any one of them. But if he cannot withstand the desire to marry, what is he to do? He can meet girls at private and public dances; at social gatherings organized by church and chapel; at the office or the railway station; in the street. If he is a nice man he does not expect to make the acquaintance of nice girls in an unconventional manner out of doors; and even if by dint of sundry worn-out expedients he manages to increase the number of his girl acquaintances to thirty, he is probably as remote as ever from the discovery of the "golden girl."

For all its progress in the matter of science, art, and mechanics, the world offers him no material assistance in this the most momentous affair of his existence. He must look for his future wife in the next street, or in the next suburb, for the simple reason that, socially, he is no better off to-day than his great grand-father was ninety years ago.

Environment plays the biggest part in the game of love. A lucky few may encounter their proper mates in unexpected places, but we are not dealing with the lucky few. The luckless many have no alternative but to remain unmarried all their lives or wed with one of the girls in their own microscopical corner of the universe.

The average girl is no better off. Unless she accepts the attentions of strangers in the streets, or on the seashore, her acquaintance with men is extremely limited. She may not particularly like the young

man with the red hair who is always talking about himself, but if he is the most attractive of the men who woo her, she must either accept him or remain a spinster on the off-chance of a real mate one day stepping into her circumscribed world.

Can you expect happiness from a marriage wrongly compounded? It would be as reasonable to expect the exhilaration of champagne from a draught of weak cold tea. Yet these makeshift lovers bring themselves eventually to believe that they are devoted and suited to one another. Their temperaments and tastes may be opposed, but imagination drugs their reason, and their real selves are not revealed till too late.

No woman really knows a man till she has been married to him for six months; no man really knows a woman till she has become his wife. There is nothing honest about courtship, though there may be nothing intentionally dishonest about it. Men and women alike endeavor to appear at their best, and cloaking their natural, normal selves with romance, meet on their best behavior. Even when they quarrel, they quarrel artificially, and mainly about insignificant trifles—a fact which their elders ascribe to their state of mind, though really and truly the mere inclination to quarrel when there is nothing but their idiosyncrasies to quarrel about proves them ill-assorted.

Disillusionment is part and parcel of the early days of all marriages, but it need not necessarily beget disagreement and misery. If the marriage is not misapplied the revelation of their true characters will result first of all in a sense of disappointment, but ultimately in a more lasting, practical, wearable affection than the thing we call "love," which brought them together.

Love is not only the expression of passion, it owes much of its intoxication to the fascination of the unknown. Marriage means intimacy—the elimination of the unknown—and intimacy injures when it is ugly. If a husband and wife can love one another for their very faults and failings, then it is scarcely likely that there will ever be anything radically wrong with their marriage, for intimacy does not permanently injure when it is not ugly, and the most perfect form of marriage is that in which familiarity does not breed contempt.

But one of the things that is wrong with matrimony is undoubtedly the utter intimacy into which so many couples blindly rush. The barriers erected by convention between the sexes are removed by the wedding-ring, but that is no reason why all the

little illusions of life should straightway be destroyed—why two who have hitherto displayed themselves at their best should make haste to exhibit themselves at their very worst.

Nearly all women embark upon marriage with "nice" instincts and excellent ideals, and it is nearly always the husband's fault (and folly) if these instincts and ideals are spoiled or destroyed. Brute passion may not frighten a woman, but the abrupt termination of all the privacy to which she has been accustomed through the years certainly murders her romance and mars her wifehood. One can only approach a delicate subject with delicacy, but if husbands realized how much they lose and how little they gain by denying their wives every vestige of the sanctity of sex, every right to personal seclusion, they would have a dressing-room of their own from their wedding-day onwards, even if that dressing-room (through lack of accommodation) contained the bath.

It is the ugly intimacies of married life that beget its dreary commonplaceness. Only exceptionally matter-of-fact people can find content in an existence which is utterly void of romance, and wives who prove unfaithful are often driven to wrong-doing, not so much through any latent evil in their natures, as through a craving for the poetry of life. The dull, stupid daily round of housework is too much of an anti-climax to the picturesque days of courtship in the majority of homes. A woman who is worth her salt will do the most menial work for the man she has married, but he must continue to love her, he must continue to tinge the grey monotony of household cares with the glow of his affection, exhibit an appreciation for the woman as well as for the housework she accomplishes, or something will speedily go irretrievably wrong.

Commonplace work, commonplace cares, commonplace leisure, and a commonplace husband—these factors are sufficient to bring ruin into any marriage. Yet they are the most commonplace factors of the commonplace home. The wife endures them till they are no longer endurable, and then—well, what can be expected when everything is wrong with marriage, and some other man comes along? The intruder may be less worthy than the husband, but he offers what the husband has denied—novelty and romance.

Sometimes, it must be confessed, it is the wife who is in fault, and not her spouse. She has, perhaps, the mind of a servant, the soul of a housekeeper, and makes the home a place of torment to him. He wants a wife

—a human little woman—but the woman offers him only a spotless home and unending conversations about ways and means. There are many married couples in one or other of these plights; but there would not be, had all the marriages of the universe been properly contrived from the first day of the honeymoon.

It is the earliest appearance of the wife in curlpapers at the breakfast-table that matters more than all her protestations of love; it is the first piece of thoughtless commonness on the part of the man that matters more than all the presents he can heap upon his domestic partner.

The restrictions of married life are numerous, but they need not be galling. However tied a woman may feel to the home over which she presides, she should hasten to accept her husband's invitation to a theatre, a concert, a dance, or even a walk; for once he has acquired the habit of going out alone, the unity of the marriage is at an end. He loses sight of the fact that she needs him, despite her reluctance to accompany him, and he is prone to seek what he calls "consolation" out of bounds. The wife who becomes a slave to the restrictions and responsibilities of marriage loses the consideration of her partner. He comes to accept her slavery as a thing more essential to her than to himself, and ceases to find any great pleasure in her society. Better a bad housekeeper than a bad wife.

On the other hand, a woman's extravagance is often a fruitful cause of matrimonial misery. The restrictions of marriage should not be studied too exclusively, but they should not be ignored to the extent of getting into debt, for debt spells the doom of happiness. Debt leads to deceit; distress and desertion. Ignorance of financial matters is quite a forgivable defect in a wife, but she should show a readiness—even if an aptitude be impossible—to learn how to control the domestic expenditure. Innumerable marriages have come to grief simply through the uncalculated, ill-advised efforts of a wife to provide for husband with pleasures beyond the common purse, and the indulgence of vanity in the shape of new frocks and hats and shoes, involving preposterous bills to be settled sooner or later, has soured many a husband's temper. It is part of a wife's province to please, but not by plundering.

The tendency of husbands and wives to flirt and frivol with people other than their lawful partners is another defect of modern marriage.

This is an age of irresponsibility and pleasure-seeking, but marriage is a respon-

sible state and cannot be trifled with. It is because so many people marry before they have come to realize the seriousness and significance of marriage that so many subsequently rail against its bonds. According to Max Nordau the perfect marriage lasts only for seven years, but other less famous philosophers might very well venture the opinion that if marriage were less lightly and casually undertaken, even an imperfect one would last a great deal longer. If a man and a woman can hold an affection for one another for the space of seven years they can continue to hold it for a lifetime. Statistics show that the first three years of married life form the most crucial period; after the third year the parties to the bond have either grown together, or drifted asunder. And perfect marriage—if such a thing were humanly possible—would surely continue for life at least, without the aid of any legal compulsion.

But a husband should be older than his wife. Women grow old—in appearance at all events—sooner than men, and the elderly wife is liable not only to lose the admiration of her youthful husband, but to lose him altogether, if a younger, more attractive woman challenges him with bright eyes when his lawful partner has become passé. Let women, therefore, avoid the danger of unhappiness which lies in marrying mere boys and growing old while the boys themselves are growing up.

So far I have made no mention of children, but children are a frequent cause of domestic dissension and matrimonial disaster. They are a blessing in the eyes of sane men and women, and they perfect hundreds of imperfect marriages; but they are a responsibility, and they increase the cost of the partnership. There is no defensible reason why these two drawbacks should mar a marriage when children begin to arrive, but the fact remains that children often estrange their parents. Even the first

innocent little baby, cooing on its young mother's knee, has sent the father jealously out of the front door; and children of an older growth have caused almost as many separations as the more understandable things that are wrong with matrimony.

This article would be incomplete without the inclusion of one other factor in the destruction of marriage—the modern sex-problem novel.

The fairy tale that pleased us in our childhood invariably ended with the gratifying information that the prince and the princess married and were happy ever afterwards. We had a notion, as children, that one was inevitably happy once one was married, even if the case of our own parents failed to support that notion. But hundreds of modern novels have waged war with our healthy childish belief. These books begin with the wedding-bells, which used to end the old three-volume novel, and proceed to revel in the dissection of tortured souls united by irksome bonds.

It would be difficult to estimate with any degree of accuracy the extent to which such vile productions have deterred men and women from marrying, but with this side of their influence I am not just now concerned; for, what is even worse, they fall into the hands of girl-wives, who read them by the dozen and unconsciously absorb their venom. They teach these wives to suspect their husbands; they encourage them to look for the insignificant acts of neglect which are alleged by the authors to be so sure a sign of infidelity and lost affection.

Books such as these preach the insidious gospel of discontent, and make martyrs of married women who should be happy. For the sake of marriage as an institution, for the sake of public decency, the so-called psychological sex novel should be suppressed. It encourages a low standard of morality and exaggerates the things that are wrong with matrimony.



